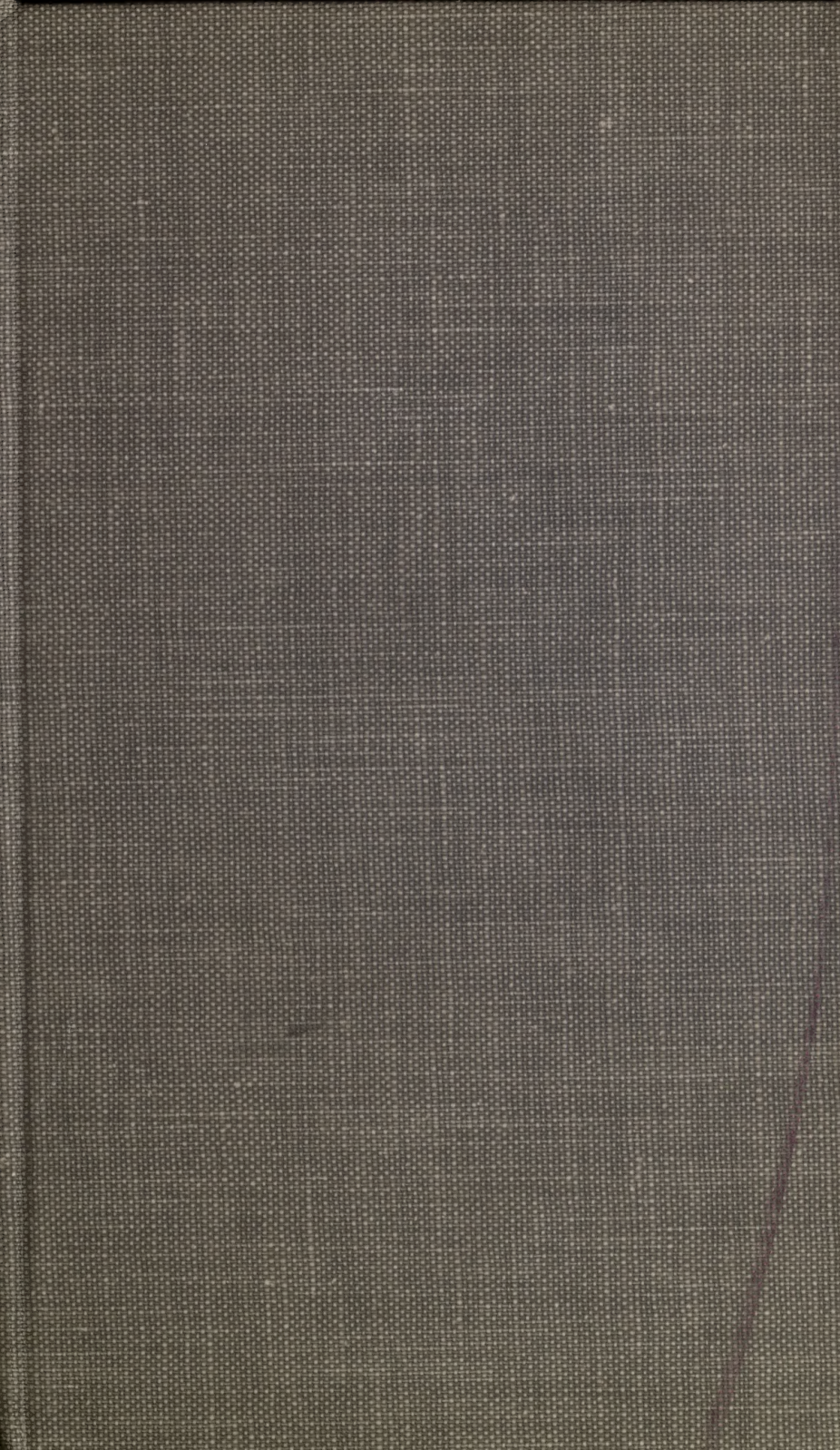






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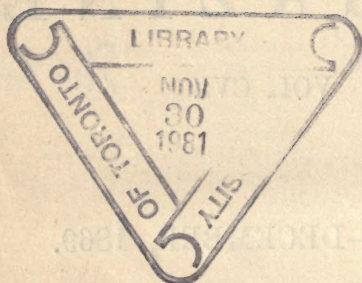


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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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A YEAR AND A DAY.—PART III.

CHAPTER X.—MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

ANY account of Grayport, however slight, would be incomplete without something more than a bare allusion to the great man of the neighbourhood. But before anything is said of the Earl of Farleigh, it is only due to the princess Rose to give an outline of her uneventful history during the time that her prince was engaged in breaking the hearts of foreign ladies.

The Baron, then, was grimmer than ever; for the pride in his nephew's talents, which somehow underlaid all his ungraciousness, made him, after all, inclined to regret the Frankfort scheme; but, after his usual manner, he chose to express his regret, which he did not own even to himself, by daily complaints of Arthur's failure to send the promised letter. He even had a touch of the gout for the second time in his life: he ate more than ever—and drank more also, so that the redness of his face became rather alarming. Of Brandon, Rose could not avoid seeing a good deal; but although she was unable to find anything personally objectionable

about him, and though he was always most kind and courteous to her, still she remained true to her colours, like a little heroine as she was, and proclaimed "No surrender"—a proceeding which puzzled Brandon extremely, as well it might, seeing that she treated him almost rudely, without any apparent cause. It was not for want of good-breeding, that he could see; and so he became rather piqued in his own turn. It was almost the first wound to his self-esteem that he had ever received from the hand of a woman; and doubtless, though in this case it was dealt unjustly, it did him all the good in the world.

And yet sometimes he was inclined to set her down as being, after all, nothing more than a mere provincial coquette, and of rather a clumsy sort; nor, judging from her outward conduct towards him, was the idea quite unreasonable, in spite of its being in reality as wrong as possible. Thus, for instance, when taking his after-breakfast stroll, he might occasionally, and by chance, meet Miss Arnold on her way from

marketing in the town, and she would seem to make a point of turning suddenly down some by-street, so that she might not meet him; or else would quicken her pace as though she were in a great hurry, so that she might pass him with the coldest of bows. If, however, speaking was inevitable upon any of these occasions, she would make great play with her hand-basket or whatever she might be carrying—young ladies were not ashamed to go out marketing in a place where there was no one to see them—so as to avoid shaking hands if possible. It must not be supposed for a moment that Brandon gave her the least reason to complain of his forcing his company upon her, for he was the last person in the world to be guilty of conduct at once so impolitic and so unbecoming a gentleman; but Grayport was a small place, and he could not help often meeting her both out of doors and at her own home. Indeed it was more often at the cottage that he met her than elsewhere; for her uncle had taken so great a liking to his society, and, in consequence, asked him to dinner so often, that he could not always excuse himself without either being guilty of rudeness or else leading Rose to suppose that her conduct had offended him. But on these occasions he took care to let her see that he considered himself solely as her uncle's guest, and that it was not the prospect of her society that drew him from his solitude at the Dolphin.

And so matters went on until Rose became piqued in earnest, and on her own account. If she had hoped to punish her enemy, or force him to quit the field by showing him that there was one person at least who understood his baseness and saw through his schemes, she had certainly found herself mistaken. Besides, no woman likes to think that even the man she most dislikes regards her with simple indifference. It is not to detract from the character of even the purest and

most simple-hearted of girls to say that she cannot, without being ever so little moved, find the first man worth meeting whom she meets apparently altogether indifferent to her good opinion. And so, it seemed, matters would go on, until the end of Brandon's stay at Grayport, now rapidly approaching, should separate them—she to regard him for the rest of her life as a clever but cold-blooded and mean creature, of whom her world was well rid, and he to puzzle over her character and conduct for a while, and then to forget her as not worth remembering.

Perhaps, if Brandon had behaved towards her rather differently, with less apparent indifference and less scrupulous courtesy, she would have come to discover how mistaken she was as to his part in the matter of her cousin's banishment; but as she resolutely avoided all mention of Arthur, and as Brandon himself saw that, for some reason or other, it was delicate ground with her, the very delicacy of his conduct towards her only had the effect of confirming her in her unfounded suspicions. Besides, as the days went on, these suspicions were still more strongly confirmed by another circumstance—the influence that Brandon seemed to acquire over her uncle. The matter was, in reality, all simple enough—the influence of the stronger over the weaker, of the cultivated over the uncultivated mind, and of him who knew men, and women, and books, and himself, over him who knew none of these things; and it was naturally made greater by the pleasure that old Corbet took in the society of a good listener, and of one who interested him, and was not as the Grayport barbarians, who did not know the difference between *béchamel* and *sauce à la sou-bise*. It must be confessed that in their intercourse old Corbet received much more pleasure than he gave; but then, on the side of Brandon, it was pleasant to give

pleasure, especially when it may be given without difficulty. The old gentleman was amusing in his way, and by no means without brains. Liking begets liking; and every one, however fond of solitude, must often feel the need of talking to somebody or other, more especially when the talk is accompanied by a really good table and really good wine, and the hermit has arrived at the age of discretion in such matters—say about one-and-thirty, at the soonest. After wandering about all day, boring himself with his own thoughts and plans, in a dull place like Grayport, it was infinitely pleasant, instead of having to sit down to the unvarying fried sole, eccentric cutlet, and hot *quasi*-sherry of the Dolphin, to find a message asking him to share a dinner which, in a culinary sense, was never far from perfection—served in a pleasant room, and accompanied with not unpleasant talk, excellent wine, and the sight, at least, of a young and pretty hostess. Thus it was because it was agreeable as well as because it was polite, that Brandon often found himself a guest at the cottage. But the distorted imagination of Rose Arnold saw in all this not the result of the natural weariness that a man who thinks much must at some period of almost every day find in his own society; she, judging him according to her prejudices, suspected him vaguely, but not the less strongly, of some farther design with which her uncle and Arthur must in some way or other be connected. So she put herself all the more on her guard, and weighed every word, and almost every gesture, of Brandon, and thought about them afterwards, far more than Bertha Reinhold weighed or thought about those of Max Werner—not that that is saying much: of Arthur Corbet would be more to the purpose, perhaps. The hour after dinner during which he and her uncle talked by them-

selves over their Lafitte was always an hour of misery to her; and she could not have been more glad, had he been her affianced lover, than when he returned to the drawing-room, and was again under her own eye.

It may seem that this state of mind was a pretty strong growth to have taken place from the one seed sown by Arthur Corbet. But such seeds notoriously do have strong growths; and that a whole forest of weeds may spring from a single unfounded suspicion is a stock truism. Rose Arnold's heart was indeed a fertile garden, but not as yet cultivated by any skilful human hand. Now, where nature alone is the gardener, she is not too careful to separate the germs of the nettle from those of the rose: and it is not very unfair to Arthur to suggest that the seeds sown by him were slightly inferior even to the random sowing of unassisted nature.

But, however that may be, it was with a mixture of relief and distrust that Rose one evening heard Brandon announce his intention of leaving Grayport and returning to London: with relief, for obvious reasons; with distrust, because she thought it a symptom of his having succeeded in his scheme, of whatever nature it might be. And yet, strange as it may seem, with the relief and distrust was mingled a strange feeling of another kind, far too subtle to possess a name in the catalogue of emotions, which would not have prevented her saying "go," but would have induced her to add, "to-morrow." After all, the presence of disagreeable excitement is in some cases better than the absence of excitement altogether; and though peace may be better than war, it is certainly far more dull.

"What! going?" asked Corbet, with an air of astonishment, when Brandon had first given him the information over the second bottle of Lafitte; "where the devil are

you going to? Excuse the question."

"Well, I suppose London must be my next move. I have been idle long enough; and, thanks to Grayport, I am now well enough to be idle no longer."

"Ah, well, I suppose you know best; but I am sorry we shall lose you. And I tell you what, Brandon, I really don't see why you should go just yet."

Brandon smiled. "I'm afraid I do see it," he said. "But I shall be here a day or two still. I don't mean this to be a parting visit."

"I should think not!" answered Corbet. "Before you go—and I suppose you know your own affairs best—not that it follows, though—we must give you something better than this. We must let you see all we can do, first. Let's see—this is Friday——"

"My dear sir, pray don't let me put you out——"

"Put me out? I'm never put out. This is Friday; by the Lord, we'll have—but when do you think of going?"

"I was thinking of Monday."

"No, no; wait till over then. You must dine with me on Monday. Pass the claret."

"Well, Tuesday would suit me just as well; so I will say good-bye to you on Monday—with pleasure, I was going to say, but that would not be true. I mean I will dine here with the greatest pleasure."

"Good—and then you shall have—but I won't tell you what. Some dishes ought to come as surprises; not many, but certainly one or two. By the way"—here he began to fidget about in his chair—"do you ever hear from that friend of yours at Frankfort?"

"I heard from him only yesterday."

"Does he mention Arthur?"

"I ought to have told you sooner. Yes; it seems he met him at a ball, or something of the kind, soon after his arrival, and was in-

troduced to him there, so there was no need of my letter."

"Well?"

"He seems to like him, and to have seen a great deal of him lately. They were introduced by a Madame Nordheimer."

"Yes, the wife of our correspondent there. Anything else?"

"That is all. I hope your nephew finds life in Frankfort pleasant?"

Old Corbet turned very red indeed. "There!" he said, taking a letter from his breast-pocket and handing it to Brandon, "that is the only word we have had from him since he left us."

Brandon hesitated; but, as his host insisted, there was nothing for him but to obey. The letter was certainly very short; it contained no excuse for not having written before, but many for not writing at greater length now, and many professions of being hard at work; and, above all, it complained in strong terms of the extraordinary expense of living at Frankfort—a complaint which, in fact, took up the greater part of the whole letter, and was introduced wherever it was possible. The writer ended by sending his love to Rose, and by remaining his uncle's "very affectionate nephew, Arthur." "This doesn't look as though there were anything between the cousins," thought Brandon to himself, "unless, indeed, they correspond secretly, which, from the character of the three parties concerned, I should think not unlikely."

"There, you see," said Corbet, returning the letter to his pocket-book; "there, you see—money, money, money! Does he think me an old fool not to see through all that rubbish about heavy expenses, and so on? No, no!"

Brandon had his own reasons, drawn from Werner's letter, for keeping himself for the future out of the private affairs of the Corbet family. Seeing, moreover, that his host had, as was becoming more and more usual, taken fully enough

wine for one sitting, he said, "Of course your nephew must find many heavy expenses in first settling down—and Frankfort is not a cheap place. I certainly did not find it so. But, if you will allow me, I will just say good-night to Miss Arnold, and then, if you will excuse me, I will say *au revoir* till Monday."

"Won't you have any more wine? No? Then suppose we go to the drawing-room."

Rose was sitting there, waiting to give them some tea. "Rose," said her uncle, suddenly, "Brandon has heard about Arthur."

Something in his tone frightened her, though his voice was, in reality, affected by nothing more than much wine and the remains of his slight outburst of anger. "About Arthur?" she asked.

"Yes. You tell her, Brandon; you know more about him now than we do."

"I'm afraid, Miss Arnold," said Brandon, "I have but very little to tell. I only happened to hear from a friend of mine with whom I correspond" — "the spy," thought Rose to herself—"that he and Arthur had become acquainted at a ball, that they had taken a liking to one another, and are likely to become good friends."

"What is your friend's name, if I may ask?" asked Rose. The information, she thought, might prove useful—not that she had the faintest notion how.

"He is, strangely enough, the very Herr Werner to whom I gave your cousin an introduction. It seems, however, that they have become acquainted through a better means than myself."

"Will you have some tea, Mr Brandon?"

"Thank you. I am glad that they get on well together."

The uncle was by this time asleep in his arm-chair, and rather audibly so. Rose was making tea in silence. Brandon felt a little awkward; but as this was a state in which he never permitted him-

self to indulge, he abruptly changed the subject, and rushed into what he thought would prove neutral ground. It need hardly be said that Rose had scented danger on learning what had formed one of the topics of after-dinner talk between her uncle and his guest.

"I fear, Miss Arnold," said Brandon, after a pause of which the shortness was immensely creditable to him, "that this is the last time but one that I shall have the pleasure of finding myself in the cottage."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I meant to have left next Monday, but Mr Corbet has been kind enough to ask me to dine with him then, so I shall leave on Tuesday morning instead."

"I hope you are the better for your stay at Grayport."

"So much so that I shall be sorry to leave it."

"I should have thought you had found it dull."

"On the contrary, I rather expect to find London duller. The sea is never dull."

"I am glad you think so."

"Ah, I see that you, like all people who live by the sea, do not appreciate your advantage."

"Indeed I do, Mr Brandon. I would not live away from the sea, even if I could."

All this was said on both sides with the utmost solemnity, as though the two were discussing some all-important matter. In truth, however, Brandon was trying to make talk under difficulties, and not often having any difficulties with which to contend, was unused to the process; while Miss Arnold was meditating as to how she should enter upon the execution of a grand *coup*. It was high time she did so, if she was to execute one at all. The difficulty, however, was, that she did not know in the least of what nature her *coup* was to be. At last, looking steadily at Brandon, and without changing colour, she said,—

"I suppose you knew my cousin Arthur when he was in London?"

Brandon suddenly looked at her in return. It was the first time she had ever mentioned her cousin to him.

"I have certainly met him, but I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"And you have seen some pictures of his, have you not?"

"I saw some sketches of his once. I thought they showed great promise—but I am no painter, and can only speak of the general effect. Do you paint or draw at all, yourself?"

"I spoil paper sometimes. You are a poet, are you not?"

Brandon smiled; certainly the question was *naïve* enough. "I must answer you in your own words—I have spoiled a good deal of paper and wasted a good deal of ink. But, as you see I plead guilty, I may claim your cousin as a fellow-criminal, may I not? I beg your pardon," he continued, seeing the expression of her face, "I do not mean in spoiling and wasting, but in making rhymes at all."

"And what did you think of Arthur's?"

"I fear the very slight glance that I was able to throw over them was not enough to allow me to say very much. But I am sure that I am fully inclined to believe in him, and wish him all success—if he really means to cultivate poetry as an art, and not as an amusement."

"And yet you think he can do so in Frankfort?"

"Certainly—why not? Why should not a merchant be a poet, if he has genius and patience?"

This, by the way, was scarcely the real opinion of one who held that the artist, whether painter, musician, or poet, must let nothing external, no mere bread-calling, come between himself and his art. But to Rose, to whom the language of Brandon's theories was unknown, the argument seemed unanswerable, although not exculpatory of him

who used it. Her *coup*, whatever it was to have been, had failed, it is true; but she, like a true woman, scorned to let feeling yield an inch to argument. As to Brandon, for a professed student of women he was certainly very stupid. The cross-examination to which Rose had tried to subject him, and her manner of doing it, ought to have explained to him a hundred things. As it was, however, he saw nothing. He was trying to look into depths, whereas there lay before him only shallows—not an uncommon mistake of his, as must, by this time, have become sufficiently evident.

"Then you think it best that he should be at Frankfort?"

"My dear Miss Arnold, I can see that you take a very great interest in this matter. I can only say that I am sure that, had I had to decide upon what his entrance into life ought, under the circumstances, to be, I should have been acting very wrongly indeed had I advised him to throw away such an excellent chance as he—I suppose—has of becoming well off, and free to follow his own inclinations before many years are over. Of course I do not know exactly what your uncle's circumstances are, but I imagine that to be a partner in his firm is better than, without the support of the highest genius, to throw away a chance which need scarcely interfere with the highest genius itself."

Now this short speech, though most sensible, innocent, and made with the best intentions, was most unfortunate. In the first place, it did not carry with it the full weight of sincerity, for it was not altogether sincere; it contained a theory upon which Brandon would always be the last man to act, however sensible he might hold it to be. In the second place, it was apologetic in tone—always a mistake when no accusation has been directly made and admitted, and doubly a mistake when it is a woman who is addressed. In the third place, to

a mind already inclined to look for interested motives, it seemed as though the speech were indirectly intended as a means of fishing for information as to the standing of the firm and circumstances of Paul Corbet. In the fourth place, it upheld a rather worldly and prosaic creed, which savoured of the worst kind of heresy to the romantic mind of Rose. Lastly, and in the fifth place, it as much as asserted that the genius of Arthur was not of a high order. And so Rose, all her suspicions being confirmed, managed to make sufficient noise with the tea-things to wake her uncle from his nap, rather to the disappointment of Brandon, who had never before held with her anything so nearly approaching to a conversation as this.

After receiving a warm good-night from his host and a cold one from his hostess, he returned to the Dolphin, and re-read the letter he had received from Werner. The following is the part that related to Arthur Corbet:—

"I seem perpetually coming across some one who knows you. The other day it was the Countess de Marsay—who, by the way, has left Frankfort, leaving behind her quite a harvest of fees—and a little while since I met at a ball a young Englishman named Corbet. As I always

sooner or later come to speak of you to any Englishman I come across—don't be conceited—I soon found out that he is a great friend of yours. He seems a very good fellow, with plenty to say for himself, and clever. It was a curious chance that I met him, for he says he had a letter of introduction from you to me, but lost it. We were introduced by a Made. Nordheimer, with whom he is staying. I will do all I can to make his stay pleasant, and will suppose your letter delivered. Between ourselves, though, he seems perfectly able to make the place pleasant for himself—to speak with all moderation, he is what you call in England 'going the pace.'"

"I am afraid Master Arthur is a little given to romance if he talks much of his friendship with me," thought Brandon. "However, I shall be out of this on Tuesday, thank Heaven. For once in my life I feel positively bored with laziness, and I am certainly getting enough of the *famille* Corbet."

The fact is that Arthur, for very obvious reasons of his own, had found it convenient to speak in very different terms of Brandon to Werner from those in which he had spoken of him to Rose—and with about as much foundation for them in the one case as in the other.

CHAPTER XL.—MADAME LA COMTESSE DE MARSAY.

To do justice at last to Grayport, its environs and its lions, such as they were, Farleigh Castle, then, with its large park, its avenues, its traditions, and its historical associations, was a very fine place indeed, and, what gave it its principal importance in Seavarnshire, the seat of the Earls of Farleigh for any number of generations. The present Earl, who at this period was about sixty years old, was a rather eccentric, and indeed almost unique, specimen of the modern English nobleman: he hated

politics, he hated sport, he hated business, he hated the country, he hated study, and he almost hated his earldom itself: what he liked to do—and he generally did what he liked—was to turn his back upon everything that was English, to lounge about in Paris and Italy, to be a great man behind the scenes, and to play at being a patron of art by patronising the less reputable among its professors, more especially if they happened to be women and to be tolerably good-looking or amusing. It is therefore

needless to say that, personally, he was by no means popular in an aristocratic county like Seavernshire, where to stand upon the old paths was held to be the first and greatest of social duties; but this unpopularity of his did not trouble him much, for he, in return, seldom troubled the county with his presence, and when he did, mixed but little with its society. Nor did his peculiar tastes interfere much with his hereditary influence, which was well managed by his lawyer and his steward: for his wealth was enormous, and his heir-presumptive—he had never married—was everything that an English country gentleman ought to be; so that when the Earl himself should die—an event which, from his failing health, could not but be in a very few years—there was an excellent prospect of the restoration of Farleigh Castle to the position in the world of Seavernshire that it had worthily held of old. But the Earl, habitual absentee as he was, did sometimes take it into his head to recollect that he was master of one of the finest places in all England, and to pay it a visit; and then he was generally accompanied by visitors of a sort with which country houses are seldom favoured. They were not such as to give any real ground for scandal—for the Earl was not one who cared to fly openly in the face of his neighbours—but they rather scandalised the county for all that; and the dinners that he was in duty bound to give on these occasions were distinguished by rather a scarcity of the county silks and jewellery.

Every now and then, however—sometimes at an interval of two years, sometimes of three—the Earl would give a great ball, or great *fête*, or some similar entertainment, on a scale large enough to give it something of a state character, to which everybody was invited and everybody went, and which was considered an occasion on the side of the Earl himself for proving that,

after all, he felt something to be due from the Earls of Farleigh to the county in which their lands lay, and, on the side of the county, for showing that, in spite of his shortcomings, they still recognised him as being the natural head of their society. When any of these great entertainments took place he did not bring with him many visitors; and it was a tacitly understood thing that any whom he did bring, whether English or foreign, were such as by their presence to trespass in no way upon the decorum of Seavernshire.

Another feature of these general receptions was, that the aristocracy of Grayport, though not regarded as forming part of the regular county society, were for the time treated as if they belonged to that sublime circle; and, consequently, invitations were duly sent to Paul Corbet, and, even before the time at which young ladies are held to be “out,” to his niece also; and these invitations were as duly accepted—theoretically by both, and practically by Rose, who used to go under the protection of the wife of the Rector of Grayport, who went for the sake of her own daughters. The last grand affair of this sort had been the most remarkable event that had as yet disturbed the life of Rose Arnold, and still formed her type of all that was exciting and magnificent; and though she had been nothing more than an obscure unit among the second-rate portion of the guests, and though she knew nobody who was considered in Seavernshire to be worth knowing, she had enjoyed it very nearly as much as she had expected, had had plenty of partners and plenty of admiration, looked back upon it with recollections that were all pleasant, and looked forward to its successor with equally pleasant anticipations. Now it so happened that, the very morning after she last saw Brandon at the cottage, she found on the breakfast-table one of these very invitations;

and so, all in a flutter of excitement, as soon as breakfast was over, she set out to make the necessary arrangements with her *chaperone* at the Rectory, which lay a little way out of the town on the road which led to Farleigh. At the entrance of the lane which joined it with the road she saw a lady on horseback riding slowly in the direction of the Castle, a groom in the well-known Castle livery following at some little distance, and a gentleman walking and talking by her side. The lady was a stranger to her: the gentleman was Maurice Brandon.

According to her usual tactics, Rose would have waited behind until she could enter the lane without passing them; but, not being so unwomanlike as to be without a natural curiosity to see the face of another woman, she rather quickened than slackened her pace, so that, by the time she reached the turning, she saw the most beautiful face and figure that had ever been seen at Grayport, at least by her. Until now she had seen no face more beautiful than that which she found in her looking-glass; but now she found herself surpassed altogether. Brandon, in his turn, saw her, and raised his hat; she returned the salute with a slight bow, and passed on, revolving many things after her usual imaginative fashion. She felt but a very poor heroine indeed after seeing the beautiful horsewoman, whose face had almost fascinated her. Had Maurice Brandon not been her enemy, she would have felt that she had seen her rival.

The lady had also observed Rose, and the recognition that had passed between her and Brandon.

"I see," she said, in a soft and sweet but rather thin voice, "that this delightful place has other charms besides solitude."

"You will not find very many, I am afraid," he answered.

"Perhaps not, but you seem to have found them."

"Oh! you mean Miss Arnold?"

"If that is Miss Arnold she is a very pretty girl. You show good taste in making her acquaintance. I suppose she is the belle of the place?"

"Not that to be the belle of Grayport is to be very distinguished. But, absolutely, she is very pretty, and very singular, too."

"Of course. Men always find something singular and interesting in a pretty girl, do they not? and you especially. I suppose you have been making studies of her to your heart's content."

Brandon smiled. "Of course I have tried my hand, but it was no use."

"Surely Maurice Brandon does not mean to say that he found a little country girl too hard to read? That sounds very dangerous."

"Far be it from me to confess to failure. You must conclude that I have not tried very hard—and, in fact, I very much doubt if to try hard is worth the trouble, in this case."

"Ah! perhaps you have stuck a pin through the specimen before, and do not care about duplicates."

"Duplicates do not exist in nature."

"In nature? Do you mean that Miss——"

"Miss Arnold."

"That Miss Arnold is *ingénue*? Then it is more dangerous than I thought. You are not so young as you were a little while ago——"

"Thanks for the compliment. But you are right, so far. It is only the Countess de Marsay who——"

"Don't say that. You should not compliment a woman on looking young. It is very stupid, indeed, for it looks as though you mean that she is not young really. Besides, if you pay *me* compliments, I shall think we are no longer friends, and I should be sorry to think that."

"My dear Ida, I shall forget how to make them at all in this

uninhabited place if I do not keep my hand in somehow."

"That is better. I adore frankness, even when it is rude. But would not Miss—I shall never remember her name—do for practice? Besides, it would be charity. I should think they would come freshly to her in a place so desolate."

"All the more reason why she would not do. It is no use for a *maître d'armes* to fence with a beginner for his own practice."

"That is a compliment to yourself, but is it a compliment to me or not? Mind this another time, that a woman does not like to have it implied that she is not a novice."

"How strange it is, that you and I, who never heard of Grayport in our lives two or three weeks ago, should find ourselves here together!"

"Is it?"

"Is it not?"

"I have quite given up thinking that anything in the world is strange."

"And yet strange things do happen sometimes."

"We think so, when we are children. When we are grown up, we talk of Providence and Destiny—we don't believe in them, of course, but we do our best to fancy we do, and that shows at all events that we do not believe in strange coincidences."

"And which theory is favoured by the Countess de Marsay—Providence or Destiny?"

"Neither the one nor the other. I am not an infidel, at all events."

"What in the name of nonsense is she driving at?" thought Brandon. "I suppose she is going to give me a lecture on faith and philosophy." The Countess went on,—

"No, I have a presentiment—and my presentiments are never wrong—that we have met once more, now, and at Grayport, for some good purpose."

"Is not the pleasure that two such good friends find in meeting again a sufficiently good result for fortune to have brought about?"

"Fortune? Well, you will know better one day.—Are you going to the *fête* next week? That dear Lord Farleigh! he is so amiable, and so is that dear Lady Harriet. It is quite charming to stay there. I wish I were a grand lady in England. Provincial life at a house like that would suit me admirably."

"I should think so," thought Brandon. "Why don't you secure it then, and become the Comtesse de Farleigh instead of de Marsay?" he asked, with a laugh.

"Nonsense. You know I would not, if I could. But you do not say if you are coming."

"I could not, if I would, for I have not been invited. Besides, I leave this on Tuesday."

"You will not leave on Tuesday."

"Is that a prophecy or a command?"

"Neither. It is a presentiment. But do you not know the Earl?"

"No, farther than having been introduced to him at the Lyrique, I think it was, or somewhere in Paris."

"Well, you will come, nevertheless. That is settled. But what made you talk of leaving so soon?"

"That was my plan, and must remain so, I am afraid."

"We shall see.—Who is Miss Arnold? you see I scent danger afar off."

"Is that another presentiment of yours? If so, I shall lose my faith in them. She is the niece of an old fellow whose acquaintance I made here by chance—in fact, the only person I know here at all: and I know him only because I could not help myself. He is rather a character, in his way."

"Very likely; but, my dear friend, I really was not asking about Monsieur Arnold."

"I beg your pardon. But I can tell you very little indeed about the young lady—except that she

is young and is a lady and rather pretty, and that is all I know."

"I hope your 'can't' doesn't mean 'won't'?"

"Is it any use my saying No?"

"That depends. But I am afraid I must say good-bye now—till the *fête*, that is, unless we meet before, as I hope we may."

"I hope so too—otherwise we shall not meet at all."

"We shall see that, as I have said already. '*Ce que femme veut*'—you know. So don't pack up on Monday, at all events."

She gave him her hand, and then, lightly striking her horse, cantered off, followed by the groom. "It is at any rate strange," thought Brandon, "that I can read that woman thoroughly, and yet am puzzled by a young girl like Rose Arnold: nor, in spite of Madame de Marsay, can one very well solve the difficulty by calling in Providence, or Destiny, or the Catholic Church. I wonder whether she has the least idea of the meaning of the words she uses?"

Now that his return to the world was drawing so near, he had to spend a good deal of the time that he had heretofore spent upon the beach and the cliffs, in writing letters and otherwise making preparations for opening up a field of work: and he accordingly spent the whole of that afternoon in his room at the Dolphin. While thus engaged, one of the waiters, with an air of additional respect, brought him a note, saying that it had been brought by a groom from the Castle. The envelope contained two sheets of paper: one, a form of invitation for the *fête*—the other as follows:—

"Am I not a true prophetess? Surely you will not have the heart to falsify my prediction. If you do, I shall think you leave Grayport on purpose to avoid me, and I have so much to talk to you about. I will take care that you shall not be bored, and you shall not dance unless you please. Need I say more

than that? I am sure you will not leave on Tuesday now—or, if you must, Farleigh Castle is not unattainable from town. I myself leave England a day or two afterwards, so that—well, you must absolutely come to the *fête* on Thursday.

"I. M. L. DE M.

"Let me have a line to say yes. If not—but I will not suppose that."

Certainly the life-histories of men turn sometimes, if not always, upon the very smallest matters. The rest of Brandon's future life—nay, of his future character—turned upon the question whether he should accept or decline an invitation to a ball. He was himself inclined to say No: but he had no wish to offend the Countess, and he wished to see her again, for they had been friends, after a fashion, for a long time. Besides, he was not sorry for an excuse to add nearly another week to his time of idleness, which, in spite of its having bored him, he was sorry to bring to an end, and—But men are not guided in such matters by tangible reasons; so, thinking "what does a week or two sooner or later signify?" he wrote a short note to Madame de Marsay to say that he would come. He paid, however, an immediate and disagreeable price for his change of purpose, for he had to rewrite most of his letters. More particularly he had to postpone for a week a most important personal interview which he had arranged with a view to entering upon the career of journalism, and which had been fixed for Thursday itself. He had yet to learn that a man who is poor cannot afford to let his watch drop a day behind the clock of the world, which never stops and never gets slow. That privilege is accorded only to watches that are set in brilliants.

But before the day was over he was to receive yet another note. This was also directed in a woman's hand, and when he looked at the

signature, he could scarcely believe his eyes. Till now, all communications from the cottage had either been verbal, or in the writing of old Corbet.

"DEAR MR BRANDON,—I am sorry to have to tell you that my uncle is very ill, though, fortunately, not seriously. Still I must ask you to consider your engagement to dine with him on Monday put off, as Dr Sands says that he will have to

keep his room for several days.—
Yours truly,

"ROSE ARNOLD."

"Gout, I suppose—and no wonder," thought Brandon, when he had read the note; "I should think it an illness that must be pretty familiar to him by this time." Dr Sands, the chief surgeon of the place, had said nothing: but, if he had, he would have said "Apooplexy—or something very near it."

CHAPTER XII.—A FETE AT FARLEIGH.

It is to be hoped that it will not seem inconsistent with the real affection of Rose Arnold for her uncle that one reason for her being glad of his quick recovery from his attack was that she could thus leave home on Thursday evening. And so she put on her ball dress, went to the Rectory, drove, in company with her *chaperone* and her *chaperone's* two daughters, to Farleigh Castle, and was soon lost among its lights and its crowds.

But she was not one who, young and small of figure and comparatively plainly dressed as she was, could long remain unnoticed, even among thick crowds and brilliant lights, by any man with eyes in his head, or by any woman who was not so imbued with Severnshire as to overlook, as a matter of course, any Grayport beauty. Among other eyes, she soon attracted those of one who was herself as unquestionably the most beautiful woman in that room as she had been in the ball-room at Frankfort before the appearance of Bertha Reinhold. Madame de Marsay was not long in recognising the young girl to whom Brandon had taken off his hat at the corner of the lane, and it was scarcely longer before the recognition was mutual. The foreign, almost eastern face, and the tall, undulating figure of the Countess, were too different from anything with which

she had as yet met to make the change from the riding-habit to the ball-dress operate as a disguise.

She who acted as hostess and mistress of the ceremonies was a sister of the Earl; a rather stiff and ultra-decorous old lady, who held by all the neglected traditions of the Castle, but who, though disapproving of her brother's imported guests, found her advantage in the gratification which she received from occasionally helping to entertain the county in something approaching to the hospitable manner to which she had been accustomed in her father's time, when she, too, used to attract her full share of admiration. Between Lady Harriet Farleigh and the French Countess, as may well be imagined, no love was lost. Madame de Marsay, however, was by no means a person to be in the least put out by any amount of like or dislike felt or shown towards her by any one of her own sex; and, while treating her hostess with all due deference and courtesy, had decidedly the best of a battle—if there may be said to have been a battle between them at all—which, unlike many others, is always to the skilful and the strong.

Thus she felt no awkwardness in braving the habitual stiffness of Lady Harriet towards her by approaching the temporary throne from which the Earl's sister was

holding congenial converse with two matrons of either the bluest blood or the broadest acres in all Seavarnshire—it matters not which, for the familiar approach of the Countess was equally presumptuous in either case—and by saying,

“Dear Lady Harriet, I have quite fallen in love with one of your guests to-night, and I am dying to know her.”

Lady Harriet looked stiffer than before, and smoothed the lap of her dress. “Which is it?” she asked.

“I wish I were Monsieur instead of Madame! That charming-looking girl in pink, sitting by that delightful old lady.”

“Oh, Miss Arnold,” answered Lady Harriet carelessly, and with a mind relieved.

“Miss Arnold, did you say? Thanks. There is something so *sympathique* about her.”

Lady Harriet, not knowing in the least what her guest meant, implied assent by silence.

“I should so like to know her,” went on the Countess, in her quick way. “Would you be so very kind as to introduce her to me, if it would not be disturbing you too much?” and she seated herself calmly in a chair by Lady Harriet’s side that happened to be vacant.

“George,” said the latter to a young man who was passing in front of her, “the Countess de Marsay wishes to be introduced to Miss Arnold—that girl with Mrs Fletcher. Will you ask her to come here to me?”

He crossed over, and gave his arm to Rose, who blushed with gratification at this special notice from the Earl’s sister, and at being led to her on the arm of the Earl’s nephew.

“I hope you are enjoying yourself, Miss Arnold,” said Lady Harriet. “I hear that Mr Corbet has been ill. I trust he is better?”

“I am enjoying myself very much indeed, Lady Harriet—and my uncle

is very much better—he is nearly well again now.”

“Pray give him my kind regards, and say that Lord Farleigh and myself are sorry he could not come to-night. Let me introduce you to the Countess de Marsay. This is Miss Arnold, Madame.” So saying, she moved away and erected her throne in another place.

“Do not let me keep you from your partners, Miss Arnold,” said the Countess. “But they are not dancing just now, I see, so sit down by me, and let me be your *chaperone* till you are claimed.” Rose sat down by her in the chair left vacant by Lady Harriet. “If I am not wrong,” the Countess went on, “you are acquainted with an old friend of mine, Mr Brandon—are you not?”

“My uncle has become acquainted with him at Grayport,” Rose answered, ready to do battle on hearing the name of the enemy—and yet somehow without her old zeal. Now that Brandon had, as she supposed, left Grayport—for her uncle’s convalescence had rendered it unnecessary for his friends to make inquiries after him for two or three days past, and her confinement to the house as nurse had prevented her from meeting any one out of doors—and now that her cousin had been all this while away without the world’s coming to an end, she missed the presence of one about whom her suspicions and prejudices had made her think much and often, and whose constant courtesy and careful avoidance of anything like forcing himself upon her, had, combined with a manner and tone of conversation infinitely above anything that she had known as yet, extorted from her a greater interest in him than she would have cared to own to herself. She did not know him well enough to know his real faults and weaknesses; and the faults that she imagined, being really altogether imaginary, only made the better side of his real nature—the side which he had

really shown to her—seem to stand out in more remarkable relief by force of contrast.

"I have known him for years," replied Madame de Marsay. "What do you think of him?"

What did she think of him? She thought for a moment before she answered only,—

"We have found him very pleasant."

Madame de Marsay misinterpreted both the hesitation and the guarded words of Rose.

"Come, Miss Arnold," she said, "I like to have my friends spoken of a little more warmly. I expect he would speak a little more warmly of you if he were here. Whom do you think to be really the prettiest girl in the town?"

Rose laughed. "There are so many," she said.

"Well, never mind," said the Countess. "And do you expect your friend here to-night?"

"Mr Brandon?"

"Of course, Mr Brandon."

"No—he has left Grayport: he was going on Tuesday."

"Do you believe in presentiments, Miss Arnold?"

Rose was beginning to think her new acquaintance a very odd person. "Do you?" she asked.

"I believe in my own, and I have one now."

"And what is it?"

"Why, that we shall see Mr Brandon here to-night. See—I will even act upon it." She took Rose's card containing the list of dances from her hand, and, in the first vacant space, wrote Brandon's name. "I have studied magic a little," she said, "and that is my incantation."

In effect, at that moment Brandon entered the room.

The Countess de Marsay watched Rose, and saw her give a little start. "There," she said, "am I not a veritable witch to be able to call the absent to my side merely by writing down their names?"

"You are a great enchantress indeed," said Brandon, who had

made his way to them in time to hear her last words. "I hope you are satisfied with me?"

"Quite. But I never doubted you would come. At the same time I am sufficiently grateful, I assure you, for your having stayed so many days at Grayport for my sake—if it was for my sake, that is."

"It was entirely for your sake, I assure you, that I have put off my leaving till to-morrow; so I shall expect you to let me talk to you a great deal this evening, by way of reward." He turned to Rose, and asked after her uncle, but did not make her any compliments. She was a little put out by the first words that had passed between him and the Countess, for, instead of playing the part of heroine in the romance which she had developed out of nothing, it seemed now as though Brandon was playing the chief part in one in which she was only second lady, if even she was that. She began also to think that he might very likely have come to Grayport for other reasons than any connected with Arthur, now that she had seen Madame de Marsay; but, singularly enough, the idea was far from giving her any satisfaction. At that moment, however, she was claimed by a partner—no other than the Earl's nephew—and carried off. Brandon took the seat that she left empty.

"Are you not dancing?" he asked.

"No; I am not in the humour. In fact I very seldom do dance now, and I expect you to sit out one or two sets."

"What else did I come for? Besides, do you not know that I am not exactly what is called a dancing man?"

"I know that you were one of the very worst partners that I ever stood up with in my life."

"Well, then, we will do what we used to do in the old times—sit out as many dances together as we can."

"You are very imperious; but I have no objection. And now, what have you been doing with yourself all this long time?"

"Oh, nothing very interesting. I have been trying to do something, but the world does not seem to appreciate my merits as it ought. I won't tell you that I have just been publishing a book, because——"

"I shan't read it, you mean? No, you need not tell me, for I know it already; and I intend to quarrel with you about it one of these days."

"What is my offence?"

"Oh, the old offence of men—sneering in an underhand way at women, and trying to dissect them and find out all about them, as though they were slugs and toads."

"I suppose you mean birds of paradise."

"Do not make matters worse. But your reply is all of a piece: you first tell us we are fools and worse, and then you treat us to a lump of sugar to make it up."

Brandon smiled. "I have, at all events, tried to go to work scientifically," he said.

"No man ever yet understood women," went on the Countess, "any more than any woman ever—I confess it—ever understood men; only men have not the frankness and humility of women to confess their ignorance in the matter. Oh, it is disgusting the way in which you all write and speak of us, as though even what appear our virtues are only happy directions of one all-absorbing instinct."

"And yet women have described women much as men have described them."

"And would women dare to describe themselves otherwise when every word they wrote would be misinterpreted? The language of books was invented by men—women must invent a book-language for themselves before they can speak out as they ought to speak. We have thoughts and feelings

that cannot be clothed in your words."

"I, too, wish that there were a language for feeling and passion by which they could be expressed directly, without having first to pass through the brain. That want is not peculiar to women by any means."

"There—you do not understand me, of course. But I wish I could write. There are many things I should like to say, and I should have the courage."

"Let me be your interpreter."

"No—you would translate me into yourself. But you can do this: the next time you write about women, show what you write to a woman whom you can trust to tell you the truth."

"I appoint you my critic on the spot."

"Good; I accept the office. And I will begin by telling you that no man can ever hope to understand more than one woman in the whole course of his life, and that very few can hope to understand even one."

"You mean through what people call love?"

"What people call love is too gross an idea, even at its purest, to be what I mean. Sympathy is nearer. But I mean something for which there is no word."

"I terribly fear that my next book will have to consist of blank pages."

"Then it will be a better book than most I ever read."

"That would not be difficult," thought Brandon; and he recalled to mind with a smile the time when he would have thought it rather fine to be talking in this sort of way to a beautiful woman in a ball-room while others were dancing and flirting and talking nonsense, as he would have called ball-room talk in former times, comparing it with his own wisdom. Now he knew better: but Madame de Mar-say still loved to talk what she chose to consider philosophical sentiment at all places and at all times, whether in or out of season.

Had she been other than she was she would have become a bore: but no bore ever had eyes and a voice like hers; and she was the last woman in the world to take up any line unless she knew that it became her.

She observed his smile, and gave a little sigh. Her sentiment was very genuine as far as it went, and she believed in it thoroughly for the time being, though she was as likely as not to think and speak in an exactly opposite manner an hour or two afterwards. "Well," she said, "I hope we understand one another a little. But I see this dance is over. Oh dear!" she said, looking at her card, "I see you must leave me. You are engaged for the next waltz with Miss Arnold."

"Indeed!" he said, "I am quite ignorant of it, then: and, where ignorance is bliss——"

"If you really think so, come back to me when it is over. But you must go now, as my own credit is at stake, and you must redeem it."

"I shall come to grief, most terribly. I assure you that bodily fear has a great deal to do with my preference for your society at this moment."

"That is charming. But you must really go, or I will take you by main force. You do not wish to be the means of a girl's sitting out a whole waltz by herself? Do not look at your chair so wistfully—I see you prefer it to whirling about the room, but do not be alarmed—it shall be yours when you come back."

"Well, if it must be," he said, rather ungraciously, and crossed over to where Rose was sitting near her friend, and talking to her late partner.

"Miss Arnold," said Brandon, "I am come to fulfil an engagement that was made for me, it seems, by deputy."

She just glanced at her card, and, as the music was already beginning, rose, and took his arm.

For all practical purposes, however, the waltz was over for them long before the music ceased, and Brandon said,—

"There—I am afraid you have not been thinking very kindly of your partner. I must get up my dancing before I come to Grayport again."

Rose fully agreed with him, but she only said, "You need not be afraid—you did very well. But I feel rather tired, and, if you would not mind, I should like to stand out a little." She had certainly not found him so satisfactory a partner as George Farleigh.

"And I should like the opportunity of saying good-bye to you before I go. My stay here has been far more pleasant than it would have been had I not been fortunate enough to meet Mr Corbet."

"I am very glad that you have found it pleasant, though you must have found it dull. And my uncle, I know, will be sorry to lose you. We thought you had gone on Tuesday, and he had begun to miss you already."

This was by far the most cordial speech that he had ever heard from her. The fact was that his evident intimacy with Madame de Marsay, the presence of the latter at Grayport, and his having certainly remained to meet her, even if he had not originally come for that purpose, had scattered all the old suspicions—for the time, at least, as they were destined hereafter to return with tenfold strength—into thin air; and Rose now felt very unwilling that he should leave Grayport with a disagreeable impression of her.

Brandon was exceedingly gratified by this change in her manner towards him, though he ascribed it only to the natural effect of excitement and pleasure in opening the heart of a shy but fresh-spirited girl. But, to whatever cause he ascribed it, he was not one not to take advantage of the opportunity. He met her fully half way, and

found the contrast to Madame de Marsay infinitely refreshing. She did not say much; but good feeling, even though unexpressed, and simplicity of heart, make a very little go very far in giving pleasure. Madame de Marsay may have been right in thinking that the feelings have no direct verbal language, but she was altogether wrong if she supposed that they cannot express themselves perfectly well without the aid of any direct verbal language at all. He soon saw that Rose was worth cultivating, and even found himself lamenting the improbability of her ever falling into competent hands.

He had altogether had a very much pleasanter conversation with his partner than he had expected, and returned to the side of the Countess with as much regret as when he had quitted it.

"You did not seem to enjoy yourself so badly, after all," she said to him as he resumed his seat. She had been watching him the whole time, with an expression made up partly of amusement, partly of a sort of contempt.

He shrugged his shoulders. "One must behave one's self, and make the best of things."

"And the young lady seemed to stand out with a very good grace, I thought—not at all as though she wished not to be understood. Have you engaged yourself for another waltz?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Not even for a quadrille?"

"I am devoted to you for the rest of the evening."

"Just look at Lady Harriet. I am sure she is wondering who you are and how you came here. I assure you that your attention to me will by no means have prejudiced her in your favour."

It was true that Lady Harriet Farleigh was looking towards Brandon at the moment, and speaking of him also. She stood so near to Rose that the latter heard her say to a gentleman who was with her,—

"Who is that who seems so attentive to the Countess de Marsay?"

"That? Oh, I don't know at all. Perhaps he is from Grayport."

"I can tell you," said another. "I have come across him at one or two good houses in town. He has lots of money—he belongs to some banking firm, I believe. His name is Maurice Brandon."

"By Jove! I expect that must be the Maurice Brandon that I met once or twice, and that A—— and M—— are always talking about," said Lord Farleigh himself: "I must speak to him;" and he went over to Madame de Marsay.

"So that is Mr Brandon!" said a lady who professed literary tastes and knew the names of books and their authors. "Well, I am disappointed. I thought he must be something so very different."

Thus, what with the lady who knew he was an author, the man who believed him to have lots of money, and his being seen in close and animated conversation with the Earl, a rumour soon got about among the multitude that there was a lion in the room—a celebrated author, a man of immense wealth, and on intimate terms with half the peerage. Rose was not sufficiently versed in the ways and thoughts of society to be much affected by the attribution to him of either the commercial gold or the aristocratic gilding; but, from her habits of solitary reading in the midst of people to whom books were practically unknown, and from her association with her cousin, she was very easily impressed by an acknowledged reputation for intellect. She began to think that the cottage might, after all, have been entertaining a prince in disguise instead of an enemy; and the thought troubled her a little that no disguise ought to be too thick to conceal a real prince from the penetration of a real princess.

Brandon himself was by no means indifferent to being lionised, even by people to whose opinion he was

indifferent; and Madame de Marsay was delighted at finding the eyes of Lady Harriet's guests turned more and more upon her and hers. It was quite a little victory for her, and she enjoyed it all the more because, not knowing Brandon's real circumstances, she fancied that it was legitimately gained. But, however it may have been with Rose, neither Brandon nor the Countess felt much sorrow when the great Farleigh solemnity at last dragged itself out to an end.

Bidding adieu to the Countess, and a rather prolonged good-bye to Rose, Brandon returned to the Dolphin to sleep there for the last time. He was now in excellent humour with Sevarnshire, Grayport, and Miss Arnold, fancying, with regard to the latter, that, after all, the difficulty which he had found in making her out was one of time only, and did not arise from any want of skill or penetration on his part. As he walked from the Castle to the town, he employed himself in thinking about her a good deal. But just when she was most in his mind—alas that every little triumph should always seem to be followed by its own Nemesis!—he found three letters for him, each one more disagreeable than the

other, if that were possible. From one, he learned definitely that there was no chance of his recovering a single penny from the ruin of Wood & Field's; from another, that his publishers looked upon his last work as a certain loss, in spite of its reputation; and from the third, that, by having postponed his appointment, he had lost the only opportunity of entering the profession of journalism in anything like a satisfactory manner that he was likely to find for a very long time, and a better opportunity than he could fairly hope ever to have again. This accumulation of evils put his evening at Farleigh altogether out of his head for a time; but after much pondering and many hours of wakefulness, it recurred to him, strangely enough, in the closest connection with his troubles and difficulties. It flashed across his mind that that very evening had suggested to him a way out of them all, and though he almost laughed outright at the idea at first, he somehow could not help dwelling upon it; and the more he dwelt upon it the less ludicrous it seemed. The result was, that by the time he had breakfasted next morning, he had formed a resolution of a most important nature.

CHAPTER XIII.—FACTS AND FANCIES.

Put plainly and shortly, the resolution at which Maurice Brandon arrived was nothing less than this—that he would marry, and that he would marry Rose Arnold.

Prudentially, it was certainly not a bad idea. He wanted money very badly—he wanted a great deal, and he wanted it immediately; and, as he was quite ready to admit, money might be accompanied with far more burthensome conditions than that of marriage with a beautiful and innocent girl whom he liked already, and might soon and easily learn to love. It was upon this last consideration that

he principally dwelt in considering the whole question; at last, indeed, his good intentions towards Rose seemed to him to predominate over his good intentions towards himself. But still the latter, in his heart, were not forgotten. In reality, however it might appear to him, it was not that he disliked the idea of marriage less than formerly, but that he disliked other things more. Unconsciously, he ran through the various means open to him for living in some measure the life which he had sketched out for himself, and which he honestly believed to be the

truest and best. No saint ever longed to save his own soul more than Brandon longed to save his own intellect; and he was by nature always more apt to regard ends to be obtained than the means for obtaining them. Marriage, he thought, would be at all events a freer condition than any appointment—supposing that he could obtain one—now that sinecures are nearly abolished; and certainly freer than a profession, supposing that he could afford the time and the expense required for adopting one. If he was to do anything for Art, in the high sense in which he understood the word, he must have his time clear, and his energies free from the danger of becoming absorbed in a barren attempt to live. Whether he was right or wrong in thinking this is of course very open to doubt; but, in either case, Brandon sincerely thought so; and there may be some logical difficulty in blaming a man who sincerely believes that the risk of doing some slight injury to another is little in comparison with the risk of failure in an attempt to carry out a great and noble design. Besides, he believed, also, that whatever sacrifice there might be in the matter would be all on his own side: he was not one to think that a woman could possibly lose much, if anything, by becoming his wife, whether he gave her his love or no. Conscience, even if it be awake, is easily salved over in such cases by better than Maurice Brandon; and his aims and motives, at least, were higher and nobler than are those of nine men out of ten who think they have an opportunity of marrying an heiress.

But prudential considerations are not everything: and, of course, however much special motives and the usage of the world may palliate Brandon's plan, it was all very wrong judged by the standard by which, according to a long line of authorities, heroes of romance ought always to conduct themselves, and by

which, it is to be hoped, the readers of this chapter will have romance enough in them to judge him and to wish him all ill success accordingly. After all, Arthur Corbet, who seemed about to give up all for love, appeared to be acting in by far the more heroic manner of the two.

Such, then, was the resolve at which, under the influence of Rose's amiability the evening before and the tide of ill luck that seemed promising to set in, Brandon seriously arrived. But to resolve and to execute are very different things, and he was long in drawing up his plan of attack. He had quite enough self-confidence not to be afraid of a very strong or resolute defence on the part of Rose; but there were certainly difficulties to encounter, of which not the least, so far as her guardian was concerned, was his own want of means. But still he had advantages. Old Corbet liked him and believed in him, and he had now the means of cultivating an acquaintance with Farleigh Castle that would certainly do him no harm with any inhabitant of Grayport, from the lowest to the highest.

Full of this scheme he called at the cottage, to ask after the health both of the uncle and niece in their respective capacities of convalescent and victim of last night's ball. On his way he even tried his best to imagine himself really in love with her whom he intended to secure as his substitute for the late bank of Wood & Field; and by the time he knocked at the door, he had made very fair progress in his attempt. He found Paul Corbet nursing himself with a slight refection of clear soup, a *salmi* of game, and a bottle of Burgundy.

"Why, Brandon?" said the latter, "Rose told me you were to be off this morning, and I thought you had been off on Tuesday. But still I thought you would not have gone without saying good-bye. Or

have you thought better of it altogether?"

"Something very like it. But, first of all, how is Miss Arnold after last night? I hope she enjoyed herself. She seemed to have no want of partners."

"I'm bound she hadn't. Oh, she's all right. Take some Chambertin."

"And yourself?"

"Getting on. I shall be getting out again to-morrow, and am getting back my appetite. I tell you what, Brandon—the doctors are all humbugs, especially Dr Sands. If you ever get ill, I'll recommend you a doctor—Dr Chambertin, from the Côté d'Or."

"You could not recommend a more agreeable one at all events. I am very glad to find you so well."

"Thanks to him. He puts body into one, instead of taking it away. You must dine with me again, soon."

"I shall be delighted—for I have almost made up my mind to make Grayport my headquarters for the present. I have nothing to do but write, and I can do that all the better in a place like this, where there are no interruptions. For write I must—I had very disagreeable news last night."

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"You shall judge. You must know that all my property, such as it was, was invested in Wood & Field's." At all events he would not open the campaign under false colours.

"The devil it was!"

Brandon handed him the letter upon the subject which had arrived the evening before. Corbet read it attentively through without speaking. "Of course," he said, when he had finished; "I could have told you that a year ago. Well, the milk's spilled. And so you don't own a penny?" he asked, bluntly.

"Except a little ready money, and not too much of that."

"You're lucky you're not Arthur.

He wouldn't have a halfpenny to bless himself with if Corbet & Freeman went this minute. But, look here—Corbet & Freeman isn't going yet awhile, so I can help my friends as well as my nephew. Excuse me—just stay on at Grayport, and we'll see if something can't be done. There are more ways of killing a dog than one."

"You are indeed good, and I shall be very glad indeed of your advice and experience; but, as you say, the milk is spilled, so it is no use to cry after it. I did not tell you of my ill luck except that I might explain my position to you."

"Of course, of course. Why else? So come and dine—let's see, the day after to-morrow. Dr Sands is an infernal humbug, of course: but one mustn't get well too fast: it wouldn't be fair to him, and he's not a bad fellow, though he is a humbug. So that's settled: and then we'll have a good talk. For the present, help yourself—I mean to the Chambertin—and pass it on."

The campaign had not opened badly. Brandon had been made sure of a friendly feeling on the part of old Corbet towards him, which it would be his own fault if he failed to increase. He duly presented himself at the cottage in pursuance of the invitation, and received from his host much good advice, and most friendly offers of assistance, which, though he was fully sensible of them, he declined. But he scarcely obtained from Rose as cordial a welcome as he had hoped: and whether this was an omen of good or evil augury he was unable to decide. In point of fact it was of both.

One circumstance, however, he felt to be very much in his way—the continued stay of Madame de Marsay at Farleigh. He felt that she was continually watching him. He certainly did not wish to make her his *confidante*, and yet it was terribly difficult to avoid doing so. She was one of those women, he

knew, who, from sheer restlessness of mind and innate jealousy of every other woman in the world, would be just as likely as not to spoil all his plans, for no other reason than that she was not allowed to have anything to do with them. He was right so far; but there were other causes also which made the beautiful Countess especially dangerous to him and his hopes just then. Meanwhile he was unable to avoid going to see her often. He would have done so from choice under other circumstances, but, as matters stood with him, it was partly from politeness and partly in order to keep her in good-humour. She was quite sharp enough to make it impossible for him to conceal from her the frequency of his visits to the cottage, and he saw what she thought of his relation to Rose. Every time that he saw her he hoped to hear some suggestion of her leaving Farleigh; but every time he was doomed to disappointment.

Although no two women could possibly be less like one another than Rose Arnold and the Countess de Marsay—although nothing would be easier than to make out a very long catalogue of their differences, and nothing more difficult than to make out a very short one of their resemblances—yet in one point they resembled one another closely, though even then with a difference. Of the two large classes consisting, on the one hand, of those who feel themselves to be shadows in a world of realities, and, on the other hand, of those who feel themselves to be the only realities in a world of shadows, both Rose and the Countess belonged to the latter. Each intensely felt her own existence, but to Rose it seemed that she was surrounded by shadowy characters of romance, and to the Countess, that she was the centre of the more substantial, but not more real, characters of a long and elaborate drama. And this was, in fact, the fundamental

difference between them, that Rose, taking the romantic view of life, was of necessity led to take things as they happened to come, without power or inclination to alter the plot where she disapproved; while Madame de Marsay, taking the dramatic view, might aspire to have a voice in the control of the company, to create and improve situations, and to take a considerable share of the leading business. It was an intense intellectual pleasure to her to feel that she was behind the scenes, and to read, as it were in a private *libretto* of her own, what the actors were going to say and do, and, still better, to make alterations in the text if it did not suit her ideas of dramatic propriety. But it was not only as a skilful stage-manager that she desired to excel: she had dramatic ambition also, not so much for the sake of gaining position, or gold, or applause, as for the sake of satisfying her own active nature. She liked to hold the whip and the reins, not for the sake of sitting on a high seat, but for the sake of the pleasure that she found in driving the horses. Her type was much commoner in kind than that to which Rose belonged: most households know an instance of it in a small way, and Madame de Marsay was exceptional only as regarded the larger stages and worse-matched teams that she endeavoured to govern, in the means that she had at her disposal, in the frequency of her success, and in the bad temper which she showed when she failed—for she did not understand the art of losing gracefully.

Now, to a woman like this, life at Farleigh, where, however, it suited her for many reasons to prolong her stay, was never very lively or amusing, and was sometimes exceedingly dull and tiresome. She wanted far more room and scope for the exercise of her social energies than the Earl and his sister and their few other guests could possibly afford. Trivial, therefore, and apparently unimportant to her as the matter

was, she took great interest in watching how matters went on between Rose and Brandon, intending, however, to step in when things began to go farther than she liked, and meanwhile to direct them in the way in which she was pleased to think they ought to go.

That Brandon should ever go so far as to think of marrying Rose, she did not suspect, knowing as she did all his opinions on the subject of marriage, and thinking, woman-like, that what a man thinks or does once, he will think and do in the same manner for the whole of his life. If she had suspected it for a moment, she would very soon have tried to put a stop to his farther progress in the affair, for she had a real liking for Brandon, and believed in him as much as she was capable of steadily liking or believing in anybody; and though she had never as yet thought of him as a successor to the late Count de Marsay, she certainly did not intend that he should marry any other woman. She had come to look upon him as her social and intellectual confessor, and she would have lost all faith in him had she found him faithless to his celibate theory, in the same manner as she would have thrown over her spiritual director had he been false to his vows. She wished to treat him as the great Catharine used to treat Potemkin; she would permit any number of temporary *liaisons*, on the part of her favourite, so long as he remained constant to her in the long-run, taking even a reflected pride in them, though, in case of final desertion, she would without scruple have mercilessly crushed either him or her rival, or more likely both, according to the mood she happened to be in: and the parallel holds good, although the connection between the Countess and her friend was purely Platonic and intellectual, *bien entendu*.

In this atmosphere of misunderstandings and unsatisfactory relations, the three—Rose, the Countess,

and Brandon—went on for some little time, Brandon finding success to be not so easy as he had imagined, and seeing that there was some secret obstacle in its way which, being unable to guess at its nature, he was also unable to set about removing; Rose, at sea altogether about Brandon and the Countess, sometimes fancying one thing about them, and sometimes another, but, on the whole, taking much more interest in the former than, under the circumstances, she ought to have taken; and Madame de Marsay, fancying that she was guiding the course of circumstances, as to some of which she was entirely ignorant, and as to others entirely mistaken. But at last she became so interested in watching, that she began to think seriously—or, at least, to undergo those effects of passion and sentiment which, with her, stood for thinking seriously.

One afternoon, when in one of her not unfrequent fits of depression, she retired to her own room a full hour before it was time to think of dressing for dinner, laid herself at ease upon a couch, took up a book, and fell to staring at the coals. Some people say that they can read a great deal in the forms and colours taken by burning coals besides mere warmth and comfort; and the Countess de Marsay was one of these people.

What she saw was something after this fashion: First of all, she saw a clear glow, as bright as the life of ten years ago; and then she saw it grow dull and brown and dimmed, even as she herself must become in less than ten years hence—for her beauty had been precocious, and she had lived quickly. With her, age would necessarily be premature; and, even as it was, she was obliged to have recourse to art to a greater extent than her number of years warranted. But the actual and the probable were accompanied also by a vision of the possible.

On the probable side, she saw

herself a useless relic of a vain past, condemned either to sit like the memorial skeletons of Egypt at feasts which were now only tolerable to her in so far as they afforded her room for the exercise of energy and power, or else obliged to seek among preachers and confessors for the only form of excitement that would then be open to her. She was somewhat *dévoté* as it was, and she foresaw that that would be her natural line. But, on the possible side—just possible—she saw herself still in some sort a queen—the queen of a household, a wife, and a mother. Having married already for wealth and position, might it not be open to her now to marry for love—the only side of woman's life that she had not as yet known? She very nearly followed the example of Brandon by making a resolution, but it was the converse of his. In his case, it was a man, for the sake of unworldly aims and motives, determining to marry a woman for money. In hers, it was the most worldly of women thinking of marrying a man for the sake of the love which she still thought herself able to inspire.

Of course it was so far nothing

more than a resolve made in a dream—scarcely even as much as a conscious wish. But then, with her, imagination, impulse, and action meant much the same thing. Nor was it unnatural that the name of Maurice Brandon should be associated with this impulse of hers. They had been so intimate, and she knew him so well, that she would run no risk of any danger in uniting herself with him for which she was not prepared. He was a gentleman; he had brains; he was not so rich as to make him suspect her motives in choosing him, nor was he, she thought, so poor that she need suspect his motives, should he prove willing to be chosen. She fully intended that it should be a love-match on the part of her second husband, and that it should not be much less so on her part. Of failure to chain him to her if she pleased, she was not in the least afraid. Her weapons were splendid, and she knew how to use them. A beautiful woman must be stupid or unlucky indeed who cannot turn a devoted friend into a lover; and the Countess was not stupid, seldom unlucky, and had plenty of experience besides.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD BYRON.

ONE of the most beautiful of the songs of Béranger is that addressed to his Lisette, in which he pictures her in old age narrating to a younger generation the loves of their youth, decking his portrait with flowers at each returning spring, and reciting the verses that had been inspired by her vanished charms :—

“Lorsque les yeux chercheront sous vos rides

Les traits charmants qui m'auront inspiré,
Des doux récits les jeunes gens avides
Diront : Quel fut cet ami tant pleuré ?
De mon amour peignez, s'il est possible,
L'ardeur, l'ivresse, et même les soupçons,
Et bonne vieille, au coin d'un feu paisible
De votre ami répétez les chansons.

“On vous dira : Savait-il être aimable ?
Et sans rougir vous direz : Je l'aimais.
D'un trait méchant se montra-t-il capable ?

Avec orgueil vous répondrez : Jamais !”

This charming picture has been realised in the case of a poet greater than Béranger, and by a mistress more famous than Lisette. The Countess Guiccioli has at length given to the world her ‘*Recollections of Lord Byron.*’ The book first appeared in France under the title of ‘*Lord Byron jugé par les Témoins de sa Vie,*’ without the name of the Countess. A more unfortunate designation could hardly have been selected. The “witnesses of his life” told us nothing but what had been told before over and over again; and the uniform and exaggerated tone of eulogy which pervaded the whole book was fatal to any claim on the part of the writer to be considered an impartial judge of the wonderfully mixed character of Byron. When, however, the book is regarded as the avowed production of the Countess Guiccioli, it derives value and interest from its very faults. There is something inexpressibly touching

in the picture of the old lady calling up the phantoms of half a century ago—not faded and stricken by the hand of time, but brilliant and gorgeous as they were when Byron, in his manly prime of genius and beauty, first flashed upon her enraptured sight, and she gave her whole soul up to an absorbing passion, the embers of which still glow in her heart.

To her there has been no change, no decay. The god whom she worshipped with all the ardour of her Italian nature at seventeen, is still the “Pythian of the age” to her at seventy. To try such a book by the ordinary canons of criticism would be as absurd as to arraign the authoress before a jury of British matrons, or to prefer a bill of indictment against the Sultan for bigamy to a Middlesex grand jury.

The Countess Guiccioli was the daughter of an impoverished noble. At the age of sixteen she was taken from a convent and sold as third wife to the Count Guiccioli, who was old, rich, and profligate. A fouler prostitution never profaned the name of marriage. A short time afterwards she accidentally met Lord Byron. Outraged and rebellious nature vindicated itself in the deep and devoted passion with which he inspired her. With the full assent of husband, father, and brother, and in compliance with the usages of Italian society, he was shortly afterwards installed in the office, and invested with all the privileges, of her “Cavalier Servente.”

This arrangement, with some interruptions—occasioned partly by the attempts of the husband to make money of his disgrace, and partly by the impetuous attachment of the lady, which revolted against the restraints imposed by Italian etiquette—continued until Lord By-

ron's departure for Greece, whither he went, accompanied by the brother of the Countess, the younger Count Gamba, in the month of July 1823.

Probably the first chapter of the book to which the majority of readers will turn is that which treats of "Lord Byron's marriage and its consequences." They will be disappointed in the expectation of finding any new light thrown on that mysterious subject. Anecdotes from Medwin, reflections not very profound from Moore, and one of the most eloquent, just, and manly passages that ever fell from the pen of Macaulay, constitute all that will reward their curiosity. No clue whatever is afforded by which to unravel the mystery in which the separation is yet shrouded; and we see no reason why it may not remain for ever one of those enigmas which perpetually arouse the curiosity of generation after generation only to disappoint it.

We have no taste for the inquiries which take place before Lord Penzance, still less for prying into those unhappy matrimonial differences which never reach the tribunal over which he presides. It is told of a late learned judge that, when asked by his clerk if he had any objection to his marrying, he replied, "Objection? I have no objection; only, if you marry, when you repent—as you probably will—and hang yourself—as you possibly may—do not hang yourself *in my chambers*, as your predecessor did."

In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, people may marry, quarrel, part, meet again, and hang themselves or not as they please, and the world at large, in whose chambers they do not perform the last melancholy act, not care one jot about the matter.

But Lord Byron's was an exceptional case. It is not too much to say that, had his marriage been a happy one, the course of events of the present century might have been materially changed; that the genius which poured itself forth in 'Don Juan' and 'Cain' might have

flowed in far different channels; that the ardent love of freedom which sent him to perish at six-and-thirty at Missolonghi might have inspired a long career at home; and that we might at this moment have been appealing to the counsels of his experience and wisdom at an age not exceeding that which was attained by Wellington, Lyndhurst, and Brougham.

Whether the world would have been a gainer or a loser by the exchange, is a question which every man must answer for himself, according to his own tastes and opinions; but the possibility of such a change in the course of events warrants us in treating what would otherwise be a strictly private matter as one of public interest.

More than half a century has elapsed, the actors have departed from the stage, the curtain has fallen, and whether it will ever again be raised so as to reveal the real facts of the drama may, as we have already observed, be well doubted. But the time has arrived when we may fairly gather up the fragments of evidence, clear them as far as possible from the incrustations of passion, prejudice, and malice, and place them in such order as, if possible, to enable us to arrive at some probable conjecture as to what the skeleton of the drama originally was. We need not follow those who have discussed the unnecessary question, why Lord Byron married Miss Milbanke; or the equally useless one, why Miss Milbanke married Lord Byron. There were abundant motives for the marriage on both sides; and had it not turned out unhappily (as the most promising marriages sometimes will), it would have appeared to everybody the most natural, reasonable, and proper union in the world—with rank, youth, beauty, and fame enough to fill the head of the most romantic school-girl, and just sufficient worldly prudence to satisfy older heads and colder hearts.

The marriage was solemnised on the 2d January 1815, and the

"happy pair," as the newspapers have it, went first to Halnaby, a house belonging to Sir Ralph Milbanke, from whence Lord Byron wrote to Moore, announcing his marriage:—

"HALNABY, Jan. 10, 1815.

"I was married this day week. The parson has pronounced it—Perry has announced it—and the 'Morning Post' also, under the head of 'Lord Byron's marriage'—as if it were a fabrication or the puff-direct of a new stay-maker!

"P.S.—Lady Byron is vastly well. How are Mrs Moore and Joe Atkinson's 'Graces'? We must present our women to one another."

A few days after, Lord and Lady Byron moved to Kirkby, in Leicestershire, from which place he again wrote:—

"Jan. 19, 1815.

"So you want to know about milady and me? But let me not, as Roderick Random says, 'profane the chaste mysteries of Hymen'—damn the word, I had nearly spelt it with a small *h*. I like Bell as well as you do (or *did*, you villain) Bessy, and that is (or was) saying a great deal.

"Address your next to Seaham, Stockton-on-Tees, where we are going on Saturday (a bore, by the way) to see father-in-law Sir Jacob, and my lady's lady mother."

To Seaham, accordingly, Lord and Lady Byron went, and from thence, on the 2d February, he again wrote to Moore:—

"Since I wrote last I have been transferred to my father-in-law's, with my lady and my lady's maid, &c. &c. &c., and the treacle-moon is over, and I am awake and find myself married. My spouse and I agree to—and in—admiration. Swift says 'no wise man ever married,' but for a fool I think it is the most ambrosial of all future states. I still think one ought to marry upon *lease*; but am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though next term was for ninety-and-nine years."

He adds, in a letter written a day or two after: "Bell desires me to say all kinds of civilities, and assure you of her recognition and high consideration. I will tell

you of our movements south, which may be in about three weeks from this present writing."

Accordingly, on the 8th of March he says:—

"We leave this place to-morrow, and shall stop on our way to town (in the interval of taking a house there) at Col. Leigh's,* near Newmarket, where any epistle of yours will find its welcome way.

"I have been very comfortable here, listening to that d—d monologue which elderly gentlemen call conversation, and in which my pious father-in-law repeats himself every evening save one, when he played upon the fiddle. However, they have been very kind and hospitable, and I like them and the place vastly, and hope they will live many happy months. Bell is in health, and unvaried good-humour and behaviour. But we are in the agonies of packing and parting, and I suppose by this time to-morrow I shall be stuck in the chariot, with my chin upon a bandbox. I have prepared, however, another carriage for the abigail and all the trumpery which our wives drag along with them."

On the 17th March he writes, apparently from Colonel Leigh's, in reply to some inquiries which Moore, as an old and intimate friend, had felt himself entitled to make as to the probability of an heir to the Byron honours:—

"To your question I can only answer that there have been some symptoms which look a little gestatory. It is a subject upon which I am not particularly anxious, except that I think it would please her uncle (Lord Wentworth) and her father and mother. The former (Lord W.) is now in town, and in very indifferent health. You perhaps know that his property, amounting to seven or eight thousand a-year, will eventually devolve upon Bell. But the old gentleman has been so very kind to her and me that I hardly know how to wish him in heaven if he can be comfortable on earth. Her father is still in the country.

"We mean to metropolise to-morrow, and you will address your next to Piccadilly."

A few weeks after this letter was written Lord Wentworth died, and

* The husband of his half-sister.

by his will the greater part of his property was entailed on Lady Milbanke and Lady Byron; and in June Lord Byron again writes:—

“Lady B. is better than three months advanced in her progress towards maternity, and we hope likely to go well through with it. We have been very little out this season, as I wish to keep her quiet in her present situation. Her father and mother have changed their names to Noel, in compliance with Lord Wentworth’s will, and in compliance to the property bequeathed by him.”

As time passes on he speaks of a plan that Lady Byron should go to Seaham for her confinement; but this projected journey was abandoned, and on the 28th of October he writes: “All the world are out of it” (London) “except us, who remain to lie in—in December, or perhaps earlier. Lady B. is very ponderous and prosperous apparently, and I wish it well over.”

The event took place at the time anticipated, and on the 5th of January Lord Byron writes as follows:—

“The little girl was born on the 10th of December last; her name is Augusta Ada (the second a very antique family name—I believe not used since the reign of King John). She was, and is, very flourishing and fat, and reckoned very large for her days—squalls and sucks incessantly. Are you answered? Her mother is doing very well, and up again.”

At the time that Lord Byron was writing this letter there was an execution in the house; and as soon as her health was sufficiently re-established to enable her to travel, Lady Byron left London for Kirkby, in Leicestershire, then the residence of Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. Either on her journey, or immediately after her arrival at Kirkby, Lady Byron wrote to her husband a letter, which is described by Moore as “full of playfulness and affection; by Leigh Hunt as “written in a spirit of good-humour, and even

fondness, which, though containing nothing but what a wife ought to write, and is the better for writing, was, I thought, almost too good to show;”* and by Lady Byron herself as written in a “kind and cheerful tone.” This letter was accompanied or immediately followed by one from Lady Noel, “inviting him to Kirkby Mallory;”† and the next communication received by Lord Byron was a letter from his father-in-law, Sir Ralph Noel, commencing “My lord,” and announcing to him that his wife had left him *for ever*.

Here we pause. Up to this point there can be no dispute as to facts, beyond it we have to feel our way through a labyrinth of inconsistencies and contradictions.

Owing to the fortunate accident of Moore’s absence, and to Lord Byron’s singular frankness, we have a picture of his first and only year of married life, far more vivid and more trustworthy than any we could have possessed by other means. It may be left to speak for itself. His letters are the spontaneous reflection of his feelings. There was no cloud in the sky indicating the storm that was about to burst on his head. There might be ebullitions of temper and hasty words amply sufficient to account for the generous admission of error, which was afterwards so cruelly tortured into a confession of guilt; and who can say truly that such has not been his own experience? But with these letters before us, we say confidently that it is impossible that, during the period from their marriage up to Lady Byron’s departure from London on the 15th January 1816, anything could have occurred to afford reasonable cause to prevent her return.

As soon as it became known that a separation had taken place between Lord and Lady Byron, the British public, in profound ignor-

* Leigh Hunt, vol. i. p. 8. He says it was signed with a playful name (Pippin Face), by which Lady Byron was in the habit of calling herself. Captain Medwin adds that it began “Dear Duck,” and that Shelley used to amuse himself by translating the appellation into Italian, “Anitra Carissima.”—Medwin, p. 41.

† Lady Byron’s Statement, Moore’s ‘Life of Byron,’ Appendix II.

ance of all the circumstances, was seized with a hot fit of that moral ague under which John Bull becomes the maddest and most absurd of beasts. Not a crime prohibited in the Decalogue, not an abomination recorded in Holy Writ or heathen mythology, but some one was found to assert, and some one else to believe, that Lord Byron had committed, nay, was in the constant habit of committing, it. Even the purest and tenderest affections of nature were turned to poison, into which the shafts of slander were dipped, and all this for no other reason than that his wife did not choose to live with him, and would not say why. It was of no avail that a small band of faithful and tried friends stood by him, that women (two or three, to their honour be it spoken) had the courage to face the storm of obloquy which awaited all those who did not join in the howl of execration.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;

The vultures to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion."

All that was base, mean, envious, and revengeful, was banded together; and in April 1816—one year and three months after his marriage—Lord Byron was hunted out of England, never again to set his foot on her soil. Lord Macaulay has drawn a vivid picture of this outburst of idiotic frenzy:—

"The case of Lord Byron was harder. True Jedwood justice was dealt out to him. First came the execution, then the investigation, and last of all, or rather not at all, the accusation. The public, without knowing anything whatever about the transactions in his family, flew into a violent passion with him, and proceeded to invent stories which might justify its anger. Ten or twenty different accounts of the separation, inconsistent with each other, with themselves, and with common-sense, circulated at the same time. What evidence there might be for any one of these, the virtuous people who repeated them neither knew nor cared. For, in

fact, these stories were not the causes but the effects of public indignation. They resembled those loathsome slanders which Lewis Goldsmith and other abject libellers of the same class were in the habit of publishing about Bonaparte; such as, that he poisoned a girl with arsenic when he was at the military school—that he hired a grenadier to shoot Dessaix at Marengo—that he filled St Cloud with all the pollutions of Capreæ. There was a time when anecdotes like these obtained some credence from persons who, hating the French Emperor without knowing why, were eager to believe anything that might justify their hatred. Lord Byron fared in the same way. His countrymen were in a bad humour with him; his writings and his character had lost the charm of novelty; he had been guilty of the offence which, of all offences, is punished most severely; he had been overpraised; he had excited too warm an interest; and the public, with its usual justice, chastised him for its own folly. . . . The obloquy which Byron had to endure was such as might have shaken a more constant mind. The newspapers were filled with lampoons. The theatres shook with execrations. He was excluded from circles where he had been the observed of all observers. All those creeping things that riot on the decay of noble natures hastened to their repast; and they were right: they did after their kind. It is not every day that the savage envy of aspiring dunces is gratified by the agonies of such a spirit and the degradation of such a name."*

Whilst all this was going on, Lady Byron maintained an absolute and rigid silence. She, at any rate, must have known the utter falsehood of at least ninety-nine out of a hundred of the slanders that were circulated against the husband she had sworn to love, and the father of the child that was hanging at her breast; yet no word escaped her—thus, by her silence, giving sanction and authority to the vilest of these vile fabrications.

Lord Byron erred almost equally in the opposite direction. He was generous to excess, and his generosity was turned against him. On the 8th of March he wrote to Moore:—

"I must set you right on one point,

* Lord Macaulay's *Essays*; Moore's 'Life of Byron,' 1831.

however. The fault was *not*—no, nor even the misfortune—in my ‘choice’ (unless in *choosing at all*); for I do not believe—and I must say it in the very dregs of this bitter business—that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had nor can have any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself; and if I cannot redeem it, I must bear it.”

On the 25th of the same month he wrote to Rogers:—

“You are one of the few persons with whom I have lived in what is called intimacy, and have heard me at times conversing on the untoward topic of my recent family disquietudes. Will you have the goodness to say to me at once, whether you ever heard me speak of her with disrespect, with unkindness, or defending myself at *her* expense by any serious imputation of any description against *her*? Did you never hear me say that where there was a right or a wrong, she had the *right*? The reason I put these questions to you or others of my friends, is because I am said, by her and hers, to have resorted to such means of exculpation.”*

To what extent Lord Byron was justified in attributing Lady Byron’s conduct to the influence exercised over her by her mother, Lady Noel, we shall probably never know. It is clear that he readily adopted any hypothesis that would exonerate Lady Byron from blame, and it is by no means improbable that he cast on the mother (between whom and himself there was a natural antipathy) the responsibility of acts for which the daughter was really answerable.

Lord Macaulay said truly that the accusation never came at all. Not only did the public condemn Lord Byron without knowing with what offence he was charged, but his nearest friends were as equally in the dark; and even he himself went to his grave in total ignorance why he had been sent into the wilderness with all the iniquities, transgressions, and sins of the children of Israel on his head.

Lady Blessington says:—

“In all his conversations relative to Lady Byron, and they are frequent, he declares that he is totally unconscious of the cause of her leaving him, but suspects that the ill-natured interposition of Mrs Charlmont led to it.”†

To Murray he wrote, “No one can more desire a public investigation of that affair than I do.”‡

Nor was the challenge for investigation confined to personal conversation and correspondence. In August 1819 an article appeared in the pages of this Magazine (erroneously attributed to Professor Wilson) containing some passages, to which Lord Byron replied in a pamphlet which was sent to Murray for publication and put to press, though it did not appear until some time afterwards. In reference to a passage relating to his separation from Lady Byron, he says:—

“When I am told that I cannot ‘in any way *justify* my own behaviour in that affair,’ I acquiesce, because no man can ‘*justify*’ himself until he knows of what he is accused; and I never have had—and God knows my whole desire has ever been to obtain it—any specific charge, in a tangible shape, submitted to me by the adversary, or by others, unless the atrocities of public rumour and the mysterious silence of the lady’s legal advisers may be deemed such.”

Again he says:—

“Of me or of mine they [the public] knew little, except that I had written what is called poetry, was a nobleman, had married, become a father, and was involved in differences with my wife and her relations—no one knew why, because the persons complaining refused to state their grievances. . . . I shall say nothing of the usual complaints of being ‘prejudged,’ ‘condemned unheard,’ ‘unfairness,’ ‘partiality,’ and so forth, the usual changes rung by parties who have had or are to have a trial; but I was a little surprised to find myself condemned without being favoured with the act of accusation, and to perceive, in the absence of this portentous charge or charges, whatever it or they were to be, that every possible or impossible crime was rumoured to supply its place, and taken for granted.”

* Lord Macaulay’s Essays; Moore’s ‘Life of Byron,’ 1831.

† Lady Blessington, p. 22.

‡ Life, p. 431.

This cruel silence was persevered in until Byron was in his grave.

"Treason had done its worst—nor steel
nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Could touch him further."

Then, and not till then, was it broken. On the appearance of Moore's '*Life of Lord Byron*,' Lady Byron printed and circulated a pamphlet entitled '*Remarks occasioned by Mr Moore's Notices of Lord Byron's Life*,' dated 19th Feb. 1830. In the April following, these Remarks, accompanied by a commentary, which, we regret to say, has the signature of Thomas Campbell, appeared in the '*New Monthly Magazine*.' Of the commentary it is painful to speak. The most merciful conclusion is, that it was written under the influence of stimulants, which for the time had deprived the illustrious author of '*Hohenlinden*' alike of judgment and taste.*

The Remarks we shall examine with more care, as they afford the only authentic utterance that has proceeded from the pen or lips of Lady Byron.

"The facts" stated by Lady Byron are :—

1st, That on the 6th January Lord Byron signified his absolute desire that she should leave London on the earliest day that she could conveniently fix.

2d, That previously to her departure it had been impressed on her mind, by communications made "by his nearest relatives and personal attendant," that Lord Byron was under "the influence of insanity," and "was in danger of destroying himself."

3d, That on the 8th January, "*with the concurrence of his family*," she consulted Dr Baillie respecting this supposed malady.

4th, That Dr Baillie never saw Lord Byron, and did not pronounce a positive opinion.

5th, That on the day of her departure from London, on the 15th January, and again on her arrival at Kirkby on the 16th, she wrote to Lord Byron "in a kind and cheerful tone."

6th, That up to the time of her arrival at Kirkby her parents were "unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy her prospects of happiness."

7th, That on the 17th Lady Noel "wrote to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby," and that both Lady Noel and Sir Ralph "assured those relations who were with him in London" that "they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady."

Before proceeding further we would ask, Who were the persons here alluded to as the "nearest relatives," who made the communications from which Lady Byron came to the conclusion that her husband was mad, and who are again alluded to as "his family," and as *concurring in her consulting Dr Baillie*, and further on, as "those relations who were with him in London," and on whom Lady Byron throws a part "of the responsibility of her acts"? The only person who can properly be held to come within the designation of "family" was his half-sister, Mrs Leigh; and not only is no trace to be found of her participation in these proceedings, but her subsequent conduct negatives in the strongest manner the suggestion that she could be any party to them. "Relations" might, no doubt, include his cousins—one of whom succeeded to the title—but we have not been able to trace their presence, after a careful examination of the correspondence which took place at the time. To whom, then, does Lady Byron allude?

The next paragraph we shall

* It is but justice to state that the writer of this article knows that Campbell disavowed any intention to convey the imputation commonly understood to have been implied by his observations, and expressed surprise that such a construction should have been put upon them.

transcribe is the *ipsissima verba* of Lady Byron :—

"The accounts given me, after I left Lord Byron, *by the persons in constant intercourse with him*, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind as to the reality of the alleged disease, and the reports of his medical attendant, were far from establishing the existence of anything like lunacy. Under this uncertainty I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinion on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother."

We now come to the most important part of the Remarks. The "legal opinion" alluded to was that of Dr Lushington.

We have been so long accustomed to consider the name of the sole survivor of that brilliant array of forensic talent which appeared at the bar of the House of Lords when a queen of England stood upon her trial, as the representative of all that is venerable in the administration of the law, that it is difficult to realise the fact, that in the year 1816 Dr Lushington was simply a rising advocate of about five-and-thirty years of age. To him Lady Byron, in January 1830, applied for a statement of his recollection of what had occurred in 1816, just fourteen years previously, and here is his reply :—

"MY DEAR LADY BYRON,—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement :—

"I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf whilst you were in the country. The circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed

a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt, most sincerely, a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not, on Lady Noel's part, any exaggeration of the facts, nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron : certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town—in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel—I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed ; I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added that, if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it.—Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.

"GREAT GEORGE STREET,
January 31, 1830."

Let us now look back and see what, *upon her own showing*, was the conduct of Lady Byron.

She lives with her husband for more than a year without communicating to her own parents, or to any one else, any cause for discomfort. She leaves him without the slightest indication of her displeasure. She tries to prove him mad ; failing that, she declares her determination never to return to him. Through her mother she lays before Dr Lushington a statement of her case. He (no doubt very wisely) advises a reconciliation ; failing with Dr Lushington, as she had with Dr Baillie, she seeks a personal interview, and then, in the secrecy of his chambers, under the seal of a confidence stricter than that of the confessional, she imparts to him *something* which he was bound to assume on her sole assurance to be true—which he was, without investigation or inquiry, to accept as the basis of his opinion—which he was, under no circumstances whatever, without her express authority (an authority which death has now put it out of her power to give), to divulge, upon which she obtains his opinion that a reconciliation was impossible. What that something

was we shall probably never know, but, save in the case of the victims who were sent to the guillotine on suspicion of being suspected, we know no condemnation so monstrous, so revolting to every principle of justice and common-sense, as that which has been passed on Lord Byron.

We would deal tenderly with the memory of Lady Byron. Few women have been juster objects of compassion. It would seem as if nature and fortune had vied with each other which should be most lavish of her gifts, and yet that some malignant power had rendered all their bounty of no effect. Rank, beauty, wealth, and mental powers of no common order were hers, yet they were of no avail to secure her happiness. The spoilt child of seclusion, restraint, and parental idolatry—a fate alike evil for both—cast her into the arms of the spoilt child of genius, passion, and the world. What real or fancied wrongs she suffered we may never know, but those which she inflicted are sufficiently apparent.

It is said that there are some poisons so subtle that they will destroy life and yet leave no trace of their action. The murderer who uses them may escape the vengeance of the law, but he is not the less guilty. So the slanderer who makes no charge—who deals in hints and insinuations—who knows melancholy facts he would not willingly divulge, things too painful to state—who forbears, expresses pity, sometimes even affection, for his victim, shrugs his shoulders, looks with

“The significant eye,
Which learns to lie with silence,”—

is far more guilty than he who tells the bold falsehood which may be met and answered, and who braves the punishment which must follow upon detection.

Lady Byron has been called

“The moral Clytemnestra of her lord.”

The moral “Brinvilliers” would have been a truer designation.

We have always regarded the destruction of Lord Byron’s Memoirs as a crime, committed, as crimes often are, from honourable motives. We fully acquit Moore of the charge which was brought against him of having been actuated by pecuniary considerations, and we believe Lord Broughton to have been utterly incapable of a dishonourable act. Nevertheless, we think that each committed a most lamentable error. With regard to the Memoir itself, Lord Byron, writing to Murray in December 1819, says :—

“I sent home by Moore (*for Moore only, who has my Journal*) my Memoir, written up to 1816, and I gave him leave to show it to whom he pleased, but not to publish on any account. You may read it, and you may let Wilson read it if he likes—not for his public opinion, but his private, for I like the man, and care very little about his Magazine. And I should wish Lady Byron herself to read it, that she may have it in her power to mark anything mistaken or misstated, as it will probably appear after my extinction, and it would be but fair that she should see it—that is to say, herself willing.”*

This offer to let Professor Wilson read his Memoirs was made, be it observed, at the very time that Lord Byron was smarting under the strictures upon ‘Don Juan’ which had appeared in this Magazine shortly before, and which he erroneously attributed to the Professor. He offers to lay his “Confessions,” as they have been called, open before the man whom he believed to be the most severe and hostile critic of his life and morals. If still stronger proof were wanted of his good faith, it is to be found in the wish he expresses that the Memoirs should be shown to Lady Byron herself. This offer was rejected in the following letter :—

“KIRKBY MALLORY, March 10, 1820.

“I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a Memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect

it. I consider the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake, I have no reason to shrink from publication; but notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the consequences.

A. BYRON.

"To LORD BYRON."

To this Lord Byron replied :—

"RAVENNA, April 3, 1820.

"I received yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such, even by the most malignant casuistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be—and I cannot pretend to unriddle it—I could hardly be very sensible even if I understood it, as, before it can take place, I shall be where 'nothing can touch him further.' . . . I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your intention, for be assured, no power of figures can avail beyond the present; and if it could, I would answer with the Florentine,—

" 'Ed io, che posto son con loro in croce
e certo
La fiera moglie, più ch'altro, mi nuoce.'

"BYRON.

"To LADY BYRON." *

Lamentable as we consider the destruction of the Memoirs to have been, we regret their loss more as having destroyed the proof of what they *did not*, than from anything that we think it probable they *did*, contain.

With regard to the question, whether they would have thrown any light upon the causes of the separation, we think it is in the highest degree improbable that they could have done so. If Lord Byron was sincere (as we believe him to have been) in his repeated declaration that he was in ignorance of what was laid to his charge, it is

manifest that they could contain no such information; if he was not, it can hardly be supposed that he would have submitted to the perusal of any one to whom Moore might choose to show the manuscript, and expressly to Professor Wilson and to Lady Byron, the conclusive proof of his own duplicity.

We are disposed, therefore, to acquiesce in the judgment pronounced by Lord Russell, who, after detailing the circumstances attending its destruction, says :—

"As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the Memoirs of this great poet." †

We have thus laid before the reader everything connected with this subject that deserves the name of evidence.

The conclusion at which we arrive is, that there is no proof whatever that Lord Byron was guilty of any act that need have caused a separation or prevented a reunion, and that the imputations upon him rest on the vaguest conjecture.

That whatever real or fancied wrongs Lady Byron may have endured are shrouded in an impenetrable mist of her own creation—a poisonous miasma in which she enveloped the character of her husband—raised by her breath, and which her breath only could have dispersed.

"She dies, and makes no sign—O God, forgive her!"

* 'Life of Moore,' vol. iii. p. 115.

† Lord Russell, 'Life of Moore,' vol. iv. p. 192.

SKETCHES IN POLYNESIA—THE FIJIS.

IN a former number of this Magazine—January 1868—we gave an account of the Samoa or Navigator's Islands, with an outline sketch of other parts of Western Polynesia; and in fulfilment of the promise made at the close of that paper, we now devote the following pages to the Fiji Islands, which are likely to become before long of considerable importance to this country.

It will be seen, on referring to the map, that the Fijian Archipelago occupies the central position of Western Polynesia. Covering a space of 300 miles from east to west, by 200 from north to south, it consists of some 300 islands of all sizes, from the large islands of Viti Levu and Vanua Levu*—each of which is about 300 miles in circumference—down to small islets and barren rocks. About seventy islands are inhabited, and the population was estimated at 200,000 some years ago, but it is decreasing rapidly. The greater part of the natives have been converted to Christianity, but the tribes in the interior of the two large islands are still in their former savage state. The Wesleyan body has the entire missionary occupancy of the group, with the exception of some French Roman Catholic priests, who have but few converts. The two large islands contain several rivers of considerable size, the largest and most important of which falls into the sea at the south-eastern extremity of Viti Levu, and is navigable for boats fifty miles from its delta-mouth. It is called by the natives the Wai Levu, or Great River, but is known to the settlers as the Rewa River, from a town of that name on its banks.

Very little was known about the Fiji Islands before the visit of the

United States exploring expedition in 1839. Part of the group was discovered by Tasman, in 1643; and Cook, in his second voyage, sighted one of the outlying islands. Bligh, in his celebrated boat voyage after the mutiny of the *Bounty*, passed several of them, but did not land. In 1797, the missionary ship *Duff* visited some parts of the group, but from the dangers of the navigation and the hostility of the natives, no missionaries were landed. Early in this century, trading vessels, many of them belonging to New South Wales, began to visit Fiji for the purpose of procuring sandalwood for the China market; and since then trade has been steadily on the increase, cocoa-nut oil, tortoise-shell, and *bêche de mer* being the other articles in request. Inter-course with the natives in those days was, however, very dangerous; and the vessels trading amongst the islands were obliged to be well armed and on their guard. The treacherous disposition of the inhabitants—with their horrible customs of human sacrifices, cannibalism, infanticide, and strangling of widows, which exceeded in abomination that of any other country—was sufficient to shut them out from any further communication with white people; and all honour to the brave missionaries who were the pioneers of Christianity and civilisation in that blood-stained land.

Long previously to our knowledge of the islands, there had been frequent communication between the inhabitants of the eastern part of the group and the natives of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, situated about 250 miles to the south-east. The want of suitable timber in their own country, made the Tongans

* Viti Levu, "Great Fiji;" Vanua Levu, "Great Land." The proper native name of the group is Viti—Fiji being a corruption—but we give it its ordinary appellation.

dependent upon their Fijian neighbours for their large canoes; and thus for centuries, as is supposed, the Fijians have been the ship-builders for Tonga, whose people are noted sailors. For this reason, and from the fact of the prevailing trade-wind blowing directly from Tonga towards Fiji, which caused many of their canoes to be drifted thither, colonies of Tongans became established in Eastern Fiji, and intermarried with the inhabitants. Of the two races which people the Pacific Islands—the brown-skinned Malayo-Polynesians and the darker Papuans—the Tongans, like the Samoans, belong to the former, and the Fijians to the latter race. But the intercourse between the two peoples has occasioned an admixture of blood, causing much variety of shade in the colour of the Fijians.

There is no regular government in Fiji. The tribal system prevails, and the islands may be said to be divided into several petty kingdoms, each under some powerful chief. But the boundaries of these divisions can hardly be defined, and the extent of the chief's authority varied with his success in war, or was dependent on the prestige of his personal character. Every village has its petty chief, who is under the control of the recognised head of a certain district; while these, again, are subject to, or vassals of, one of the superior chiefs above mentioned. In former times the chiefs were absolute despots. Nearly always men of large stature, and excelling in manly exercises and the arts of war, they ruled by the authority of hereditary right, backed by those physical qualifications which in olden days, even in more civilised countries, were considered essential to a ruler. They possessed little or no personal property, but took possession of anything belonging to the tribe as their wants or their fancies dictated. The lowest class of people were considered as slaves, and under the absolute control of the chiefs.

Foremost among these separate states is the kingdom of Mbau, which, before the beginning of this century, held a pre-eminence over the other parts of the archipelago, and is now specially important from the principal white settlements being within its territory. Mbau itself is a very small island, covered with houses, close to the shore of Viti Levu, near one of the mouths of the Rewa river. The inhabitants are mostly of high rank; it is, in fact, a tribe of chiefs, and they show both a physical and mental superiority to the majority of their countrymen. All the coast tribes in the vicinity, and many of the neighbouring islands, are under the dominion of the chief of Mbau, and his influence is more or less felt throughout the greater part of the group. The present chief is the well-known Thakombau, a most remarkable man, a short account of whom will be interesting.

This celebrated individual, whose name in boyhood was Seru, was born about the year 1817. His father Tanoa succeeded an elder brother in 1829, about which time Mbau had attained the height of its power. Tanoa was a ruthless cannibal, and was noted even in that cruel land for his inhuman disposition. Not satisfied with eating the bodies of prisoners and those killed in battle, he used to sacrifice numbers of unoffending people of either sex to gratify his lust for blood and his unnatural appetite. As the young Seru grew up, he showed himself a worthy son of such a father, and likewise gave early evidence of the ambition and craftiness which characterised his manhood. His career of blood commenced when a child of six years old, when he clubbed to death a boy of his own age who had been taken prisoner.

In 1832 an opportunity arose to show the talents and energy of the young chief. A rebellion broke out amongst the Mbau chiefs, and Tanoa was compelled to fly from his

dominions ; but Seru, then a mere lad, was allowed to remain in Mbau, being considered harmless on account of his youth. For a time he kept quietly nursing his projects in his breast, leading a life of apparently idle pleasure ; but by degrees he formed his plans, and having secretly gained over a strong party in Mbau, he broke out into open hostility to the usurper, and with the aid of some of the neighbouring tribes succeeded in re-establishing his father after an exile of five years. This exploit gained for him the name of Thakombau ("evil to Mbau") by the rebel party. On the restoration of Tanoa horrid cruelties were perpetrated upon those who had been in rebellion. It is recorded of Thakombau that on one occasion at this time, upon a prisoner being brought before him, he ordered the man's tongue to be cut out, which he devoured raw, all the while joking the unhappy wretch, who, after further torture, was killed and eaten. Some idea can be formed of the revolting practices of those days from the fact that, upon all important occasions, it was customary to offer human sacrifices. This was especially the case on the building of a war canoe, when it was launched upon the bodies of men used as rollers ; and at every place which the canoe visited upon her first voyage, fresh sacrifices took place, the victims being always eaten.

Thakombau now became the real ruler, although Tanoa lived some years longer. Certain white residents flattered him, for their own purposes, by styling him Tui Viti (King of Fiji), which title was applied to him even before his father's death ; but he has no claims even now to any such title ; he is merely chief of Mbau, though doubtless the most influential one in Fiji. In former times there were two chiefs or kings to the principal tribes, as in Japan. The highest in rank was called the Roko Tui, or "Sacred King." His office was closely allied to the priesthood, and

his person was considered sacred. He took no active part in war. The second in rank was styled the Vuni-valu, or "Root of War," and he filled the offices of prime minister and commander-in-chief. It is not surprising that the latter, though inferior in rank, was higher in importance ; and so the interest of the historic records of Mbau centres in the exploits and disasters of its Vunivalu, which rank Tanoa held. The peculiar functions of the Roko Tui having been connected with cannibalism and heathen worship, the importance of his position ceased upon the introduction of Christianity, and he is now a person of no consequence, though the title still exists.

The missionaries had by this time established themselves in several parts of the group, even in close vicinity to Mbau, and had made much progress ; but Thakombau long withstood all persuasions to abolish cannibalism and other heathen customs in his island metropolis. In order to give some idea of the state of Fiji at that time, we give the following incidents, collected from various sources.

In the year 1849, one of the distant tribes, under the vassalage of Mbau, visited the capital with a large quantity of tribute ; and being an occasion of some importance, etiquette required that the visitors should be entertained with a cannibal feast. As Mbau was not then at war, and there were no prisoners on hand, an expedition was despatched in search of victims ; and fourteen unhappy women, with one man, were captured as they were picking shell-fish on the shore. On Sunday, July 29th, the beat of the death-drum proclaimed the arrival of the victims—the awful sound being heard at the neighbouring island of Viwa, where two missionaries with their families resided. At this time, however, the missionaries were absent in a distant part of the group at their annual meeting, and their wives were

alone. In the evening intelligence reached Viwa that the captives were to be slaughtered next day, upon which these courageous women made their resolution. What followed shall be told in the words of the captain of one of her Majesty's ships who visited the place a few weeks afterwards:—

“On the Monday morning Mrs Lyth and Mrs Calvert, accompanied only by the Christian chief above mentioned, embarked in a canoe for Mbau, to make an effort to save the lives of the doomed victims. Each carried a whale's tooth decorated with ribbons, a necessary offering on preferring a petition to a chief; for even in this exciting moment these admirable women did not neglect the ordinary means of succeeding in their benevolent object. As they landed at the wharf, not far from the house of old Tanoa, the father of Thakombau, and in this instance the person to whom they were to address themselves, the shrieks of two women, then being slaughtered for the day's entertainment, chilled their blood, but did not daunt their resolution. They were yet in time to save a remnant of the sacrifice. Ten had been killed and eaten, one had died of her wounds, the life of one girl had been begged by Thakombau's principal wife, to whom she was delivered as a slave, and three only remained. Regardless of the sanctity of the place, it being *tabued* to women, they forced themselves into old Tanoa's chamber, who demanded, with astonishment at their temerity, what these women did there? The Christian chief, who well maintained his lately-adopted character, answered for them that they came to solicit the lives of the surviving prisoners, presenting, at the same time, the two whale's teeth. Tanoa, apparently still full of wonder, took up one of these, and, turning to a messenger, desired him to carry it immediately to Ngavindi (the chief executioner), and ask “if it were good?” A few minutes were passed in anxious suspense. The messenger returned, and “it is good” was Ngavindi's answer. The women's cause was gained, and old Tanoa thus

pronounced his judgment:—‘Those who are dead are dead; those who are alive shall live.’ With these three rescued fellow-creatures these heroic women retired, and already had the satisfaction of experiencing that their daring efforts had produced a more than hoped-for effect. A year or two ago no voice but that of derision would have been raised towards them; but now, on their returning to their canoe, they were followed by numbers of their own sex, blessing them for their exertions, and urging them to persevere.

“Any further remarks on the conduct of our countrywomen on this occasion would be superfluous. If anything could have increased our admiration of their heroism, it was the unaffected manner in which, when pressed by us to relate the circumstances of their awful visit, they spoke of it as the simple performance of an ordinary duty.”*

On Tanoa's death, in 1852, five of his wives were strangled, in accordance with the usual custom on such occasions, and in spite of the continued earnest remonstrances of the missionaries, and the captains of various men-of-war that had visited Mbau, who had been told of the horrible sacrifice that the customs of the people would demand when the old chief's death should take place.

“The Rev. J. Watsford happened to be the only missionary within reach of Mbau at the time. On going to the royal residence, he found that the king† was dead, and that the prince had already given orders for the performance of the usual sanguinary custom. The principal widow was a lifeless corpse, with the strangling drapery still round her neck. A second was in the midst of death, her strangulation being effected by the prince himself and his companions. Two or three were pulling the cord on either side, whilst a lady of rank, forgetting her Christianity in her desire to honour her royal relative, pressed down the covered head. Just as the third was making her appearance, Thakombau recognised the mis-

* ‘Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific.’ By J. E. Erskine, Capt. R.N. Murray. 1853.

† When the missionaries speak of “the king,” they mean only king of the Mbau dominions, not king of Fiji.

sionary—a sight which caused considerable agitation. ‘How now?’ exclaimed the prince. ‘Refrain, sir,’ said Mr W., with tears in his eyes, and compassion beaming from his whole countenance. ‘Two are already strangled—let them suffice; spare the remainder. I love them.’ ‘We also love them. But there are only a few—only five. But for you missionaries many more would have been strangled.’ The third lady then bade farewell to her relatives and knelt down. The cord was then adjusted, the covering thrown over her, and she died without a sound or struggle. Two others followed. All this was effected without the slightest noise, hurry, or confusion. A stranger might have supposed it to have been a wedding of the living rather than of the dead.*

Thakombau was formally inaugurated as Vunivalu of Mbau in July 1853. On this occasion eighteen human beings were put to death and cooked; but through the energetic interference of the missionary, and of Mr Owen, a merchant of Australia—who happened to be present, and threatened to cease all business transactions if the cannibal feast took place—the bodies were not eaten, but were given up to him for burial. Cannibalism continued, however, to be practised in Mbau until 1854; but on the 30th of April in that year, Thakombau, who had long been wavering, took the decisive step of professing Christianity, and this horrible custom ceased there at last. At nine in the morning of that day the great drum was beaten to summon the people to witness the public conversion of this dreaded heathen; only ten days previously the same drum had sounded in announcement of a cannibal feast. It was not, however, till nearly three years later that the chief abandoned polygamy; but in January 1857 he dismissed his numerous wives, and was solemnly married to his favourite one, who is now the mother of several grown-up sons. The mis-

sionaries had made a rule not to baptise any person living in a state of polygamy; but this obstacle being removed, Thakombau and his wife were publicly baptised on the 11th of January. The scene which then took place is thus feelingly described by one of the missionaries who were present on the occasion:—

“In the afternoon the king was publicly baptised. In the presence of God he promised to ‘renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.’ He engaged to believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and solemnly vowed, in the name of the Holy Trinity, ‘to keep God’s holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of his life.’

“In accordance with my request, previously conveyed, the king then addressed the assembly. It must have cost him many a struggle to stand up before his court, his ambassadors, and the flower of his people, to confess his former sins. And in time past he had considered himself a god, and had received honours almost divine from his people. Now he humbles himself, and adores his great Creator and merciful Preserver.

“And what a congregation he had! Husbands whose wives he had dishonoured! widows whose husbands he had slain! sisters whose relatives had been strangled by his orders! relatives whose friends he had eaten! and children, the descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers!

“A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment, as Thakombau gave utterance to the following sentiments:—‘I have been a bad man. I disturbed the country. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity; but I said to them, “I will continue to fight.” God has singularly preserved my life. At one time I thought that I had myself been the instrument of my own preservation; but now I know that it was the Lord’s doing. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.’ He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence.”†

* ‘The King and People of Fiji.’ By Rev. J. Waterhouse, for fourteen years a missionary in Fiji. London. 1866.

† ‘Fiji and the Fijians.’ Heylin, Paternoster Row. 1858.

Since then Thakombau has faithfully carried out his Christian obligations, and sets a good example to his countrymen by a correct mode of living, and by the encouragement of religion.

Space does not admit of entering fully into the manners and customs of the Fijians, but we will give one more example in illustration of their habits, and it shall be of a less repulsive nature than those above quoted. It was customary, as in New Zealand and throughout the South Seas, to hold a great feast upon all occasions of public importance, and especially when visits of ceremony were made. Enormous quantities of food were then prepared, of which much was wasted. On one occasion, when Thakombau went to assist his vassal, the chief of Somo Somo, to conquer some tribes that had revolted from his authority, a great feast took place, which is thus described :—

“ June 12.—It was reported that all the warriors had assembled at Vuna. On the 13th, Tui Kila Kila (chief of Somo Somo), with forty of his chief men, joined the Mbau party at Vuna to perform the ceremony, when the chiefs were presented with one large bale of native calico, forty dresses, and fifty large whales' teeth. The Vuna people prepared food, danced, and presented a quantity of native cloth that excited the surprise of the receivers. On Monday Thakombau arrived at the chief town with a fleet of 66 large double canoes and 16 single ones. . . . When the Mbau chiefs had landed, the ceremony of swimming to the canoes was performed, when they received about one hundred dresses, twenty whales' teeth, and a quantity of baked yams, taro, and pigs. On Monday night the inhabitants of Somo Somo, with those of many other towns, were employed in preparing food. On Tuesday 200 people were employed till noon in piling food. The warriors passed their time in shouting and in blacking themselves. The accumulated labours of the cooks were seen in the shape of one large heap of ground taro puddings, four heaps of baked taro and yams,

covered with arrow-root puddings and turtles. Seventy turtles were placed by themselves in another heap. These hills of food were flanked on the left with a wall of kava, 35 feet long and 7 high. On the right was a fence of uncooked yams, numbering 38,000.” *

The Tongan settlements before alluded to were established in the small islands forming the eastern portion of the Fijian Archipelago, of which one of the most important is Lakemba. The natives of this part of the group were also of a milder disposition than those on the large islands, and it was therefore here that the mission-work of Fiji commenced. Soon after the successful establishment of the Wesleyan Mission in the Friendly Islands, Christianity became known to the Eastern Fijians by the reports of their Tongan visitors, and before long native teachers were sent over to them from Tonga. In 1835 the mission directed two of their number to proceed to Lakemba, where they succeeded in locating themselves without difficulty. Progress was at first slow, but the mission gradually extended its operations to other parts of the group, being strengthened by reinforcements from England. In the beginning of 1838, missionaries were established at Rewa, in Viti Levu ; in 1839 at Somo Somo, in the island of Taviuni, and on Viwa, an island close to Mbau ; in 1847 at Mbua, in Vanua Levu ; and at the close of 1853, in Mbau itself. An unfortunate misunderstanding with Thakombau had caused him to oppose a resident missionary before this ; but they had been permitted to visit Mbau, and even to conduct public worship there, for some time previously. A printing-press was set up at Lakemba in 1838, and shortly afterwards a Catechism and one of the Gospels were published in the Fijian language. Other portions of Scripture and several educational works followed, and in

* ‘The King and People of Fiji.’

1847 the entire New Testament appeared. The Old Testament was completed and sent home for publication in 1855 ; and in 1864 the whole Bible issued from the press of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and is now in the hands of 90,000 Fijians.

The system pursued by the Wesleyans in Fiji is similar to that of the London Missionary Society in Samoa, described in our former paper. At the outset of their labours they had to trust entirely to the older mission in Tonga for the supply of native teachers—just as the missionaries in Samoa had at first been dependent upon their society's establishments at Tahiti and Rarotonga ; but after a time institutions were organised for the purpose of educating intelligent young men for that position. The principal training institution is on the island of Kandavu, where it has been established for seven or eight years, and is under the special charge of one of the missionaries. When we visited it, in 1867, there were about forty-five young men under training. The establishment occupies a large extent of land ; for in addition to the chapel, schoolrooms, superintendent's house, and the houses of the students, there are extensive cultivations, in which most of the food required for the institution is raised. Many of the students are married, and their families reside with them on the establishment, the women and children being looked after by the worthy partner of the superintendent. Each family has its own house, and the single men live five or six together. There is a model school where the children belonging to the institution are taught, and the whole establishment forms a model village, whose inhabitants are trained to habits of cleanliness, order, and decency, as well as method and industry. We were much struck with the neatness and order which prevailed, and there seemed nothing to be desired in

the arrangements. We assisted at an examination of the students, and were much gratified at the practical nature of the system pursued, and the intelligence and proficiency of the scholars. Reading and writing, geography and arithmetic, composition and Scripture history, form the leading features of the curriculum, together with the doctrinal teaching that is necessary for the position of village pastors, for which the young men are destined. The course of training occupies a period of two or three years.

This establishment is not, however, nearly adequate to the requirements of the whole group, and there is at each mission-station a minor institution to provide for more immediate wants. From these local institutions the most promising of the students are selected for the higher course of study at Kandavu. Some of the most intelligent and promising of the teachers have been regularly ordained as ministers, and are entitled Native Assistant Missionaries ; the others are designated as Catechists and Local Preachers.

The returns of the Fijian mission for the year ending April 1867 gave the following statistics :—Chapels, 481 ; other preaching places, 238 ; missionaries, 12 ; native assistant missionaries, 38 ; catechists, 591 ; day-school teachers, 1351 ; local preachers, 474 ; church members, 17,829 ; attendants on public worship, 90,442 ; day-schools, 1215 ; Sabbath-schools, 750. And considering the character of the people, and the dangers and difficulties of the work, this result of only thirty-three years' labour cannot but be considered as most successful and surprising.

During our stay in Fiji we had occasion to visit Mbau for the purpose of having an interview with Thakombau on certain matters of public business. The little island is situated in a deep bay, completely sheltered from the swell of

the ocean by outlying coral reefs ; and on approaching the anchorage we had to thread our way through the numerous shoals and patches of coral with which it abounds. The appearance of the island is very singular. Not above a mile in circumference, it is completely covered with buildings, with the exception of the grassy slopes of a mound in the centre, the summit of which is occupied by the mission premises. The channel between the island and the mainland is about half a mile wide, and is so shallow as to be almost dry at low water. The island of Viwa—upon which there is another mission-station—is about two miles distant, somewhat larger, and covered with vegetation. There is no space in Mbau for cultivation ; supplies of every description have to be brought from the mainland, or from neighbouring islands. The style of the houses here is indicative of the rank and importance of the Mbau people ; it is by far the neatest and most pretentious town in Fiji. The houses are large, but very dark and close, as there are but few apertures for light and air ; and these are very small, and frequently closed with mats. In this respect, as well as in cleanliness, they are a great contrast to the houses in Samoa. The roofs are of thatch, and very high pitched, supported on stout posts, and the walls are constructed of reeds and grass. The only partitions are temporary ones, formed by screens of mats or native cloth, except in the teachers' houses, where the missionaries have introduced separate apartments. On ascending the eminence leading to the mission-house we passed a large tree whose trunk and lower branches were covered with notches ; and close at hand a hollow in the side of the hill was pointed out to us. This hollow was the remains of the great oven, in which, but a few years since, the human bodies were cooked ; and each notch on the tree marked a separate victim.

Lower down, amongst the houses, we had passed the great sacrificial stone upon which the priest was wont to immolate the victims. It was impossible to look around without an involuntary thrill of horror ; but this feeling quickly gave way to one of deep wonder and thankfulness at the remarkable change which had been wrought in this place in so short a time ; for within twenty yards of this spot, at the foot of the hill, stood an immense edifice—the largest and finest ever constructed by the Fijians—in which, every Sunday, the whole population of the island assembled for the worship of the Almighty.

It was our good fortune to be present at the service in Mbau church on one Sunday afternoon, when we witnessed a most striking scene. The church is an immense oblong building, raised by an artificial foundation several feet above the level of the ground ; the floor is covered with mats, and there are no pews or divisions. It is built in the native style, with the exception of having several large doors and unglazed windows, so it is very light and airy, and it holds 800 persons with ease. The pulpit stood in the centre of one side, and the congregation was seated on the matted floor, the men on one side of the pulpit and the women on the other, the children in front, and every person decently attired. In a clear space in front, on either side near the pulpit, was placed a chair, in one of which was seated Thakombau, surrounded by his principal chiefs ; and on the opposite side his wife, with her attendant maidens. The preacher was a Tongan, an ordained minister—for the missionary had justly thought that it would be more interesting to us to see the service entirely performed by natives. Nothing could be more orderly and reverent than the mode in which the service was conducted, nor could any congregation have been more quiet or attentive. The sing-

ing was pleasing, though peculiar, and the whole congregation joined in it heartily. The preacher's style was fluent and impressive, but the language being unintelligible to us, we could, without any impropriety, indulge our reflections; and it may well be supposed that the scene and place gave rise to feelings not easily to be described. Close by us, Bible in hand and spectacles on brow, sat the grey-haired chief, who but a short thirteen years previously had been the incarnation of cruelty and barbarity. Of the people before us there was scarcely a man that had not been a cannibal; and even many of the women had indulged their unnatural craving in this respect—for though it was forbidden to them they would partake of it secretly—and we were pointed out one fine young woman, a chief's wife, who had acknowledged to having done so when a child. Hard by stood the tree of death, with the fatal hollow at its foot; and the very drum that had summoned us to church, had sounded the death-knell of hundreds of unoffending human beings! It was impossible not to be deeply moved at such reflections; and the thoughts which then arose in our mind can never be effaced from the recollection.

Thakombau looks every inch a chief. Tall in stature, though now advanced in years, he still bears the remains of the great personal strength that distinguished him; while in dignity of presence and composure of manner he might compare with Czar or Kaiser. His colour is very dark, almost black, but his features have not the coarseness of the natives of lower rank; and for a Fijian he must, when a young man, have been very handsome. In his heathen days he used to wear his hair dressed out like an enormous wig, according to the old customs; but, in common with all his countrymen, on becoming a Christian, he followed the desires of the missionaries in this respect,

and now wears his grey hair cut close. His wife Lydia is an immensely stout elderly woman, with the remains of considerable beauty. She is much lighter in colour than her husband, and her high-bred appearance denotes her to be of noble birth. Strange though it may appear to those who have not visited such countries, there is as much difference in appearance between the chiefs and the common people in the Polynesian Islands as there is between the old families and the lower classes in Europe. High breeding shows itself there in finer features, and in natural dignity of manners, as in our own country; and a stranger soon readily distinguishes a chief, though there may be nothing in his dress to denote his rank. One of the principal causes of this distinctive appearance is, that in the chiefs' families only strong and healthy children were permitted to live; the greatest care was taken of them in their infancy and childhood; and, since rank was inherited from the mother, only those sons born of a wife of high family were considered as chiefs, and eligible for the succession.

In the eastern islands before mentioned, the Tongan influence now greatly predominates. Maafu, the present chief of that part of the group, is a near relative of King George of Tonga, who is, next to Kamehameha, King of the Sandwich Islands, the most civilised prince in the Pacific, and is, moreover, a man of great force of character. Maafu, when a young man, was of a very wild disposition, and was banished from Tonga for his turbulent conduct. He settled amongst his countrymen in eastern Fiji, and speedily became a famous warrior, conquering many of the tribes in Vanua Levu, and gaining a great ascendancy in that island. He has always been regarded as Thakombau's great rival; but the two chiefs have generally been upon good terms, and have frequently

exchanged friendly visits. Maafu is a most intelligent and able man, and it is not unlikely that he may be King George's successor in the Friendly Islands.

In describing the Fijians as a Christianised and partly civilised people, we did not include the tribes inhabiting the interior of the two large islands, who are still in the same degraded savage state as they were formerly, and are cannibals to this day. Very little is known about these people, as the coast tribes have but little intercourse with them. It will be in the recollection of our readers, that in July 1867, one of the missionaries, the Rev. Mr Baker, and seven Christian natives, were barbarously murdered and eaten by one of these mountain tribes in Viti Levu. The deceased missionary was stationed a short distance up the Rewa river, and the special duty assigned to him was to advance the work of Christianity towards the interior. In the fervency of his zeal this devoted man undertook a journey across the centre of the island, with the view of opening up the country. He did not communicate this intention to any one—had he done so he would have been strongly dissuaded from making the attempt; indeed, on setting out on his journey he did not himself seem to have contemplated going so far. On one occasion only had that part of Viti Levu been visited by white men before, when, a year or two previously, Captain H. M. Jones, V.C., H.M. Consul, with three companions, crossed the island, and passed a night in the same village in which the murder took place.

The following account, written by one of the colleagues of the murdered missionary, from particulars obtained from two of his companions who escaped, will interest our readers; and it will also serve to further illustrate the habits and customs of the natives:—

"On Saturday, 13th July, Mr Baker sent me a line to say that he was just

preparing to leave home on a visit to some of the inland tribes. I may remark that, as many of these tribes have lately thrown heathenism aside for Christianity, we have, at their request, stationed a large number of teachers in their towns and villages. These teachers require constant pastoral oversight and direction. Such a visit, then, as Mr Baker was preparing to make, did not surprise me, as he had been many times before on similar work.

"*Saturday, 13th.*—Mr Baker left his home, and, reaching Naitasiri in the afternoon, was kindly accommodated at the house of Mr Morton.

"*Sunday, 14th.*—He preached to a small congregation of white settlers who assembled at Mr Lee's in the Viria district. In the afternoon he went on to Viria, where he preached in Fijian and remained that night.

"*Monday, 15th.*—He was early in his boat, and that afternoon he reached and slept at a town called Navunimoli, situated on the northern branch of the Rewa river, known as the Wai Levu. Here he left his boat, giving instructions that should they hear that he had determined to go from tribe to tribe until he reached the western coast, his boat was to be sent home.

"*Tuesday, 16th.*—Mr Baker struck across the country, and that night stopped at Taberna, in the district of Navunidakua.

"*Wednesday, 17th.*—He passed into the Dawarau district, and came safely to the chief town called Namara. Here he met three out of four native teachers who have been lately sent to this tribe. This is our farthest inland Christian station; all beyond to the westward are heathen. Mr Baker remained here all Thursday, and then proposed to leave on Friday; but the chief begged him to stay, as they wished to give his people a feast of 'yams and pork.' To this he appears to have readily consented. During his stay at this town he made many inquiries about the next tribe, and expressed a wish to proceed, for the purpose of asking the people to abandon heathenism, and also, if possible, to get their permission to pass through their territory to Vunda in the west.

"*Friday, 19th.*—The feast was given; after which Mr Baker, presenting a whale's tooth to the principal chiefs, asked to be conducted to the next tribe in the district of Navosa. The chief accepted the tooth, but afterwards, as I am informed, he urged Mr

Baker to return, and not to think of going any further. At this point, and on the evening of this day, Mr Baker wrote two pencil-notes—one to Mrs Baker, and the other to myself. These notes, while fully making known his intentions, do not speak of any attempt made by the chiefs of the Dawarau tribe to prevent his onward march. The notes state that, being so far inland, he had that evening decided to go right through the land. He says: 'We start early in the morning for Navosa. We hope to reach Navosa to-morrow, and if they *lotu*,* to spend Sunday there. This tribe, I expect, will be the only difficulty we shall meet with; but if they will allow us, we shall go right on to Vunda. There is no fighting now anywhere, so I feel the coast is all clear. If they do not let us pass, why, we then return.'

"*Saturday, 20th.*—The chief of Namara having provided two young men as guides, Mr Baker and his party were early on the road to the heathen tribe of Navosa. Exclusive of the guides, the party now numbered ten—viz., Mr Baker, Shedrach Seileka (native assistant missionary), two native teachers, and six young men from our institution. They were without arms. They arrived at the town of Gagadelavatu, the principal one of the tribe, about 3 P.M. On entering the place they at once proceeded to the chief's house. The chief's name is Nakatakataimoso. This man came out into the courtyard and sat down on a stone, when Mr Baker and the N. A. missionary went up and shook hands with him. Mr Baker then requested the N. A. missionary to 'report.' In compliance with Fijian custom, the N. A. missionary, holding a whale's tooth in his hand, then reported where the missionary and his companions had come from, what they had come for, and where, by the chief's leave, they wanted to go. Having listened to the report, the chieftain took up the tooth, and promised that on Sunday the travellers should be led on the way to Vunda. He further said that the British Consul had slept there on his way across the island from south to north. This seemed to satisfy Mr Baker's mind, for he at once communicated the fact to his attendants, and told them that he should not proceed further that night. The whole company then went to the chief's house,

which they found was nothing but a miserable hovel. The principal man, whom I have already named, together with another chief called Buibuita, went in with them, and remained all night. A long conversation took place between them during the evening, and Mr Baker and the N. A. missionary many times expressed the hope that the chief would abandon heathenism at once. If he would do this, he (Mr Baker) would spend Sunday in the town. The chief is said to have replied, 'No, I shall not *lotu*, but I will show you the road to Vunda.' He is also said to have remarked that he hated the *lotu*, and pointing to a battle-axe said, 'There is the thing for *that*.' No food whatever was presented to the strangers. Early in the evening, the missionary and most of his party, being wearied with their long walk, fell asleep. Mr Baker was very tired and footsore. During the night the N. A. missionary looked out of doors, and observed that many lights appeared to be coming towards the town.

"*Sunday, 21st.*—Mr Baker and his men were awake pretty early. Mr Baker was observed looking from the door through his telescope, and soon afterwards said to his people, 'Lads, let us be off at once, or we shall be killed to-day.' Why he spoke thus is scarcely clear. He probably saw a number of armed men going on ahead, and it might have struck him that they were going to lie in wait for him.† It has also been said that he observed the countenances of the men of the place to indicate mischief. About 7 A.M. Mr Baker went outside, whereupon the chief came up to him and said, 'Come, let us be off; let us show you the way to Vunda.' Mr Baker then called his men, and the line was formed at once in the following order:—The chief, carrying a short club in his hand, led the way; Mr Baker followed, and next to him came a strong-looking man of the place carrying a battle-axe. Then came the N. A. missionary, followed by the rest of the party. The last man but two in the line was carrying on his shoulder a small iron box. Now the company moved on, but had not proceeded a hundred yards, when the two last men, looking behind them, saw the chief Buibuita marching steadily up at the head of an armed company of twenty-five or thirty men. This fright-

* *Lotu*—Christianity, or to become Christian.

† According to Fijian practice.

ened the two men, who ran forward to the middle of the line, thus leaving the man with the box behind. On coming up with the party, Buibuita struck at the head of the last man with a club; the box received the full force of the blow, and the man, throwing it down, jumped aside into the long reed-grass that grew on both sides of the path, and eventually escaped. Mr Baker, hearing the noise, turned round out of the path to see what had happened. The strong native with the battle-axe went on a little, and then turned round too, thus coming again behind Mr Baker. At this moment, and just as Mr Baker, with his hand uplifted, was saying, 'Don't, don't,' the man struck him with great force across the back of the neck, and he fell dead.

"The account is now continued by the two young men who acted as guides from Dawarau to this place, and who, when the bloody deed was done, were sent back to Dawarau to 'report.' These men say that the N. A. missionary was next killed, and then all the rest. The bodies were then dragged back into the town, and piled in the courtyard, one upon another; that of the missionary, my late ever-working and esteemed colleague, on the top."

A second man escaped by hiding in the reeds, and then making his way across the island. The two guides mentioned above saw the bodies portioned out to the several villages to be eaten, the chief reserving the white man for himself; and later information from different parts of the country confirmed the fact of the bodies having been thus disposed of.

It was clear to every one that the missionary's death could not be attributed to any other cause but his somewhat imprudent zeal. It was the first occasion in Fiji of a missionary suffering violence at the hands of the natives, and it was well known that these mountain tribes were not to be trusted. It was suspected that one of the tribes through which he passed was accessory to the murder; but the feeling amongst the Christian natives was one of general horror and indignation at the crime. Thakombau of his own accord resolved

to send an expedition to capture the perpetrators of the deed. After a long delay, caused by the dilatory nature of the Polynesians, the expedition started in April 1868, and marched inland from three separate points, Thakombau in person leading one division. The result was disastrous, and wholly unexpected, as the expedition had to retire with the loss of many of their number, and without a single prisoner. But they had killed a great many of their enemies. Over-confidence, producing a neglect of ordinary precaution, was the cause of the disaster; and also a lukewarmness, if not treachery, on the part of some of the allied tribes. The consequences were unfortunate in several respects. The murderers escaped punishment; the disaffected natives—those unfriendly to the whites and to the Christian religion—became encouraged in their hostility; and Thakombau's prestige suffered much loss, thereby checking the consolidation of authority in his hands—a thing greatly to be desired in the interests of civilisation, and which the successful result of the expedition would have done more than anything to promote. When we last visited Fiji, Thakombau was very desirous of arranging another expedition in order to regain his lost renown, and had sent out a summons for this purpose to all the tribes subject to him; but want of ammunition, or means to provide a proper supply, was then a serious difficulty.

The internecine wars, which until the last few years so continually prevailed in these islands, and the absence of all law and order, have been productive of evils of which the natives are still feeling the effects. On various occasions the whites suffered losses from the burning and plundering of their houses, and amongst them were, unfortunately for the Fijians, sundry American citizens, who were more numerous in the group twenty years ago than they are at present,

and at that time formed the majority of the white residents. One Mr John B. Williams was then American Consul in Fiji, and on a certain 4th of July, while he was celebrating the national anniversary by firing cannon and setting off squibs and crackers on an island where he resided, his house caught fire and was burned. A crowd of natives collected, and a considerable amount of the Consul's property was stolen. It should be mentioned here that these natives belonged to a tribe which was then hostile to Mbau, and it was not until some years later that Thakombau succeeded in bringing it under his subjection. Two years after this occurrence, the United States ship of war *St Mary's* visited Fiji, and Mr Consul Williams made application to the commander for compensation for his losses, claiming the amount of 5000 dollars and some odd cents. Captain (now Admiral) Magruder was unable to inquire fully into the matter, as his time was limited; but on leaving the group he requested the Rev. Mr Calvert, one of the missionaries, and the United States Vice-Consul, to examine the claims of Mr Williams, and of certain other American citizens, preferred against the native chiefs. These gentlemen were requested to arbitrate in the matter, and to report their decision to the Government at Washington, as well as to the commander of the next United States ship visiting Fiji. At the end of 1853, the town of Levuka, in the island of Ovalau—which has always been the principal commercial depot, and the chief place of residence, of the whites—was destroyed by fire, by the work of an incendiary, and further losses were sustained by Americans. Public opinion at the time fixed upon Thakombau as the instigator of the deed; but to this day it has never been ascertained whether or not the supposition was correct, and therefore common justice would have given him the benefit of the

doubt. Consul Williams had, however, a strong personal dislike to this chief, and it suited his purposes to saddle him with the whole of the claims against the natives.

In the year 1855, the Commodore commanding the United States squadron in the Pacific sent the sloop of war *John Adams*, Commander E. B. Boutwell, to the Fiji Islands, to inquire into the American claims, giving that officer instructions to pursue his inquiries in a fair and impartial spirit—"not to take for granted that all the allegations against the supposed offenders are true"—and that "a close and thorough examination, upon the strictest principles of justice, should be made into every case presented for adjustment." These instructions, which were honourable alike to the Commodore and to the Government he represented, were entirely disregarded and set at nought by Commander Boutwell. Upon his arrival in Fiji, Mr Calvert reported to him the decision that he and the Vice-Consul had come to, in accordance with Captain Magruder's request, which decision was somewhat unfavourable to Mr Williams's claim. In reply, Mr Calvert was informed that his interference was a piece of presumption, as the Consul and Commander Boutwell "were fully competent to settle all such affairs without any of his assistance;" although the missionary had been specially requested to do so by Boutwell's superior officer. Commander Boutwell, then, acting in conjunction with Consul Williams—who, it must be remembered, was the principal claimant—and without making any investigation in the manner prescribed by his instructions, proceeded to inform Thakombau that certain charges had been made against him of despoiling American citizens of their property, and required him to restore the value with interest, and to ask pardon of the American nation! The following day, without waiting for a re-

ply, another letter was sent, demanding payment of 30,000 dollars, or an equivalent in produce, of which Mr Williams was to receive 15,000 dollars, for loss of property when his house was burned, and the remainder was to go to various other United States citizens, in compensation for losses at the burning of Levuka, and on other occasions. The Consul's claim had thus, by some peculiar process, grown to three times its original amount. This second letter contained a very vulgar threat, in the event of the claims not being forthwith settled; and it was accompanied by a document for the chiefs of Mbau to sign, acknowledging the justice of the demand, and promising to pay the amount in twelve months. Thakombau was absent at this time, but the chief next in authority addressed a respectful remonstrance to Commander Boutwell, protesting that the island where the Consul's house stood was not subject to Mbau at the time when the affair took place, that the burning of Levuka was still wrapped in mystery, and that they were not accessories to it. To this humble remonstrance the Commander replied by another letter, informing the chiefs of Mbau that the only answer he expected to his former demand was one of compliance, and not letters of explanation, going on to inform them that he was fully satisfied with the guilt of Thakombau, and again making a peremptory demand for payment, accompanied with vulgar sarcasm.

Just at this time another United States ship arrived, whose commander was Boutwell's senior officer. To him Mr Calvert, who was now chairman of the mission, addressed himself, informing him of the rudeness he had received from Boutwell in consequence of his compliance with the request of Captain Magruder. Mr Williams, apprehensive that Commander Bailey might not prove to be such a

staunch supporter of his interests as his junior officer, informed him that in his opinion the matter ought to be left in Boutwell's hands, as it was now in a fair train for settlement; and that any change in the demands upon the natives might be injurious to American citizens! Commander Boutwell, finding that Bailey did not approve of his summary proceedings, requested him to remain in Fiji and settle the affair himself; to which the latter replied, that as Boutwell appeared to be acting in deviation from his instructions, he should certainly have felt it his duty to remain and settle it, if it were not that the Consul had expressed a decided preference for Boutwell's adjustment. He therefore left it in his hands, but cautioned him against the least deviation from his instructions, and ordered him "to afford the accused every opportunity, upon all formal occasions, to appear in person, as well as by respectable counsel, without regard to their nation or religion." For the honour of the American navy, it is much to be regretted that Commander Bailey did not determine on taking the matter into his own hands; for upon his departure Boutwell proceeded to carry out these orders after his own peculiar fashion. He summoned Thakombau to come on board his ship to answer the charges made against him, and appointed two of his own officers to act as arbitrators. One of the missionaries was permitted to appear as counsel for Thakombau, but was treated in an insulting manner, and was not allowed to call any witnesses to reply to Mr Williams's charges. As a matter of course, the arbitrators decided in favour of the claims. It was not probable that such a man as Commander Boutwell had proved himself to be would have suffered his officers to come to any other decision in the matter. But it will hardly be credited that this officer, with a

stroke of the pen, actually added another 15,000 dollars to the claim, on account "of the interference of Commander Bailey and the representations of the Rev. Mr Calvert." Of this 15,000 dollars, 3000 went to Mr Williams, whose original claim of 5000 dollars and a few cents now stood at 18,331 dollars! A paper was then drawn up, which Thakombau was terrified into signing, by which he agreed to pay the amount in two years; but immediately upon his return to Mbau, he addressed a formal protest to the United States Consul at Sydney, in which he declared that he did not sign the paper of his own free will, but under the greatest fear. He said that Commander Boutwell "threatened to take me away to America, and stamped on the floor right in my face because I objected to give my signature, and then I was afraid and signed it."

About a year later, Captain Ma-gruder, in reply to a letter from Mr Calvert, stated that he remembered that when he investigated the claims of Mr Consul Williams, he considered some of those preferred unjust, and thought him in the wrong, and that he had officially reported to this effect to his Government. Since then, various United States naval officers, on visiting Fiji, have expressed themselves in no measured terms regarding the injustice of the whole transaction; yet, strange to say, the claim continues to be pressed by the United States Government, and in 1867 a sloop of war was sent to demand payment from Thakombau of the 45,000 dollars. It was quite out of the power of the chief to pay down such a sum of money; so an arrangement was come to by which he was to pay it in four yearly instalments, certain islands belonging to him being given in security. It is little creditable to a great nation like the United States to press a demand like this against a helpless Polynesian chief,

in the face of such strong testimony of its injustice. Apart from the shameful manner in which the award was made, we have shown that it was most unjust to lay the burden of these claims upon Thakombau, who never was King of Fiji, but only one of the independent chiefs, some of the offences not even having been committed in his dominions.

It may be remembered that a few years ago an offer was made by the chiefs of Fiji to cede their islands to Great Britain, and that her Majesty's Government declined the offer.

In the early part of 1859, Mr Pritchard, then H.M. Consul in Fiji, arrived in London, bringing with him the deed of cession, signed by Thakombau and other chiefs. The conditions attached to the offer were: That Thakombau should retain the rank and title of Tui Viti (King of Fiji), and that the sum of 45,000 dollars—about £9000—claimed by the American Government, should be paid for him; in consideration of which he was to make over to her Majesty two hundred thousand acres of land. It was therefore assumed by this proposed transaction that Thakombau was really King of Fiji, which, as we have seen, he never was, and of this Consul Pritchard must have been well aware. It was evident that Mr Pritchard was exceedingly desirous that the offer should be accepted: he wrote repeated despatches urging it upon the Government, and he had left his consulate unauthorised for this purpose. It also appeared afterwards that he had been mainly instrumental in inducing the chiefs to sign the deed, and a year or two later he was dismissed from his position for improper conduct in his official capacity.

Some months after this proposal was laid before the Government, Colonel Smythe, R.A., was appointed to proceed as Commissioner to the Fiji Islands, in order

to inquire into the state of affairs there, and as to the desirability of accepting the offer. Colonel Smythe arrived in Fiji in July 1860, and after travelling through the greater portion of the group, and visiting all the chiefs of note, he made his report in the following May. He reported that in several important points the information furnished to the Government by Consul Pritchard was incorrect; that Thakombau had no claim to the title of King of Fiji, being only one—though probably the most influential—of the numerous independent chiefs, and had consequently no power to cede the sovereignty of the entire group; that Thakombau could not convey two hundred thousand acres of land to her Majesty, as he did not possess them. But the Colonel added the important qualification, that although, in offering the sovereignty of the islands, Thakombau offered what was not his to bestow, the cession might be considered valid, as being acquiesced in by the other chiefs.

The reasons which had been adduced by Consul Pritchard in favour of the acceptance of the offer were: that the islands might prove a useful station for mail-steamers running between Panama and Sydney; that they might afford a supply of cotton; and that their possession is important to the national power and security in the Pacific. Colonel Smythe replied to these reasons by showing, in the first place, that the Fiji Islands lie entirely out of the route between Sydney and Panama.* Respecting the prospects of a supply of cotton, he assumed that there would be so much difficulty in the way of obtaining land and labour for its cultivation, that the supply could never be otherwise than insignificant. As regards the last point, he argued that the possession of the

Australian colonies and New Zealand is quite sufficient to maintain England's maritime supremacy in those seas, and that there was no reason, in that respect, why she should require the possession of the Fijis more than of any other group of islands in the Pacific. And he came to the conclusion that it was not expedient to accept the cession of the islands. This conclusion was entirely acquiesced in by the Government, who seemed, by the tenor of the instructions given to their Commissioner, to have been by no means desirous for this extension of territory; and so the offer made by the chiefs of Fiji was politely declined.

In considering now the present aspect of affairs in Fiji, we shall endeavour to show that it is every day becoming clearer that it would have been better if the offer had been more favourably considered; and that it is extremely probable that, owing to the rapid extension of commerce and the fast-increasing number of English settlers in the group, our Government will find itself compelled before long to take some important steps regarding these islands. And although it must be admitted that, from the tone of his instructions, and the state of affairs at that time, the Commissioner could scarcely have come to any other conclusion than that of advising against the acceptance of the islands, later experience has shown that, as regards the prospects of Fiji for a supply of cotton, his assumptions were erroneous. The report passes very lightly over the singular advantages of soil and climate which the islands possess, and their boundless capabilities for raising every kind of tropical production as well as cotton, which, by his own showing, succeeded admirably in an experimental plantation during his stay in the group. But

* We may observe, however, that although this group is far out of the track of the steamers lately running between Sydney, New Zealand, and Panama, it lies directly in the line between the Australian colonies and California.

the fact is, that the Fiji Islands have perhaps greater natural advantages than any other tropical country. Although very mountainous, there are few parts which cannot be cultivated, as the soil, being chiefly decomposed volcanic matter, is extremely fertile. The cultivations of the natives may be seen far up the hill-sides, and the alluvial and vegetable deposits in the valleys form a layer of the richest mould several feet in thickness. Situated between the 16th and 19th degrees of latitude, the heat is not at all excessive, and is tempered for the greater part of the year by the trade-wind, which here frequently blows with considerable strength. The islands are well watered, and more or less rain falls in every month throughout the year. The climate is remarkably healthy, fevers are almost unknown, and white people pursue their various avocations, exposed to the heat of the mid-day sun, with much greater impunity than they could have done in this country during last summer. The rainy season is from Christmas to the end of April, when the trade-wind is weak and uncertain, and the weather is damp, close, and oppressive, as in all tropical regions at that season. During those four months this part of the Pacific is visited by hurricanes; but they are not nearly so violent or so destructive in their effects as at the Mauritius or in the West Indies, and at the Fijis they seldom blow with greater force than a strong gale. The harbours are numerous and secure, being formed principally by the outlying coral reefs with which nearly every island is surrounded. But these reefs render the navigation of the group very intricate and dangerous, as many of them are far detached from any land, and they cannot be seen on a dark night.

The scenery of the Fiji Islands is very varied and picturesque; nature has there been lavish of her charms. Here may be seen a low coral island raised but a few feet

above the sea, covered with waving cocoa-nut palms; its white sandy beach gleaming in the sunshine, and contrasting well with the deep blue of the surrounding sea. Yonder tower the cloud-capped summits of one of the volcanic islands, clothed with the richest vegetation, and presenting an endless diversity of deep wooded ravines and bold masses of basalt of fantastic form and appearance. The spurs of the mountains in some places come down to the very sea, and intervening between them are fertile valleys, each with its stream of clear cool water running down from the heights above. Peeping out from amongst the groves of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees near the beach are seen the thatched roofs of the native houses, and on the sloping sides of the valley beyond, their plantations of yams, taro, and bananas. On the surface of the clear still water inside the reef are canoes, with their picturesque sails, skimming along before the fresh trade-wind like so many sea-birds; while farther out the long swell of the ocean breaks heavily and grandly on nature's breakwater, the coral reef, in one unceasing sullen roar. Although the larger islands are of volcanic origin, there are no traces of any recent action, and earthquakes are seldom or never felt.

Besides the plants we have named, the natives cultivate tobacco and the sugar-cane; coffee of excellent quality is grown by the settlers; arrowroot, tapioca, ginger, and many other useful plants, are found wild; and, as we have said, every kind of tropical production grows here freely. On the western side of Viti Levu are large tracts of grassy land well adapted for grazing purposes, and both sheep and cattle thrive well. The number of white residents in Fiji on the 30th of June last was about 700, of which five-sixths were British subjects. In addition to these there is also a considerable number of half-castes, who also claim to be,

and are considered as, British subjects. Shipping to the amount of 4000 tons was entered at Levuka in 1867, and the exports that year were valued at £40,000, of which £34,000 was cotton.

As yet the white settlers in Fiji have been engaged solely in trading with the natives, and in the cultivation of cotton. Not the slightest difficulty has been experienced in obtaining land; the chiefs are generally willing to sell, and a great quantity has been purchased during the last three or four years. The plantations are scattered all over the group, but the land in most request are the rich alluvial banks of the Rewa river, where over a hundred settlers are located, some of them at a distance of fifty miles from the mouth. The soil and climate of Fiji have proved to be admirably suited to the cotton plant. It is not indigenous, but has grown there for many years, and all kinds thrive to perfection, and are perennial. The celebrated "sea-island" variety is most in favour with the planters, from the superiority of its quality and its succeeding so well. In four months from the time of planting the seed, ripe pods are seen. The plants yield two crops annually, and will continue to bear for several years without any falling off in quantity or quality. The Fiji cotton has been reported on most favourably by the Cotton Supply Association, and it commands a high price in the market. Very little capital is required to start a plantation in these islands. The price of land is low—four or five shillings an acre—and it can be cleared at a moderate cost. The machinery requisite for cleaning the cotton is simple and inexpensive, and the whole work of the plantation requires only care, and but little skill or experience. It is probable, however, that before long sugar-growing will become the principal industry of Fiji. The large amount of capital necessary for manufac-

turing the sugar is the only cause which has hitherto prevented its being cultivated by the settlers, who have generally been men of very moderate means; but the attention of the capitalists of Australia is now being turned in that direction, and companies are being formed to commence sugar-planting on a large scale. The cane grown by the natives for their own use is of excellent quality and great luxuriance, and the islands would seem to be quite as well suited for the cultivation of that plant as they have proved to be for cotton. With the markets of Australia on one side, and those of the American continents on the other, it is not rash to predict that, at no very distant day, Fiji is destined to become the Mauritius of the Pacific. She, however, already has a rival in Queensland, where for some years sugar-growing has been practised with success; but it will most probably turn out that the article will be producible in Fiji at a much lower cost than in that colony, and in time the cultivation of cotton in these islands will very likely be in great part abandoned for that of the sugar-cane.

The only difficulty which the cotton planters have hitherto experienced is the scarcity of labour. It is very difficult to persuade the Fijians to work for hire regularly in the plantations. They will assist in clearing land, or building a house, or any work of a temporary character, but do not care about engaging in the ordinary work of a cotton plantation. From one district only can natives be got to engage as labourers, and the settlers are chiefly dependent upon imported labour obtained from the New Hebrides and other islands. The same difficulty obtains in Queensland, though from a totally different cause, and the sugar and cotton planters in that colony are likewise obliged to have recourse to labourers imported from the same locality.

This labour question is one of growing seriousness, and calls for earnest attention on the part of the Government. The islands from whence the natives are procured are remote from the localities where the consuls reside; they have scarcely as yet been under missionary influence; and there has been no trade but that of sandalwood, which used to be often attended with lawlessness and violence on the part of the brutal ruffians who have so frequently disgraced the name of the English sailor in those seas. There is therefore no check whatever upon the proceedings of the masters of vessels sent to procure labourers for the Queensland and Fiji plantations, and it is not surprising that complaints have been made of the nefarious nature of many of their transactions, which have undoubtedly, in not a few instances, been nothing less than kidnapping. The Queensland Government has done what it could for the protection of the island natives after their arrival in the colony; a Polynesian Labourers' Act has been passed, containing provisions for their proper treatment, and for the due fulfilment of the contract entered into by them with the planters. In the Fijis, the energy and determination of Consul Jones, and his successor, Acting-Consul Thurston, have done much to keep the system under restraint in those islands, and to secure the foreign labourers just treatment in the plantations. But neither authority can avail in the localities from whence the natives are taken, since the consul in Fiji has no power beyond the limits of his consulate, and the Queensland Government no jurisdiction outside the colony. The Australian Governments may legislate as wisely and humanely as the most ardent philanthropist could desire; but they can exercise only a very limited control over the action of individuals amongst the islands. It is an Imperial ques-

tion, and can only be dealt with by the Home Government; and it is earnestly to be desired that the matter may be promptly taken up, since already public meetings have been held in Sydney and other places to protest against what is very like a slave-trade springing up in their neighbouring seas. The Queensland Government has been petitioned in favour of abolishing the practice altogether. This is, however, not only unnecessary but not at all to be desired; for, as we shall see presently, the emigration system properly carried out would tend greatly to the benefit of the Polynesians in question.

The New Hebrides natives are sunk in utter barbarism, and are ruthless cannibals to this day. In one of the islands, Tanna, the missionaries have twice attempted to gain a footing; but on each occasion, after a very short residence, had to fly for their lives. Another island, Erromango, has twice been stained with missionary blood. On Faté, or Sandwich island, missionaries have at last succeeded in establishing themselves in one locality of an island some four or five times as large as the Isle of Wight, and so their influence is felt but by a very small part of the population. The natives of all the islands in this group are savage and treacherous, but are by no means low in intellect, since they build good houses and canoes, and manufacture serviceable weapons and domestic utensils. Taking, therefore, these people from their barbarous associations into the midst of an English community such as Queensland, or amongst another race of their own colour, who have been raised from an equally degraded position to a state of semi-civilisation and Christianity—as the Fijians—must be productive of good in teaching them peaceful and industrial habits, and giving them an insight into the advantages of civilisation. The writer of this paper has visited

these islanders in their own savage homes, and also in the plantations of Fiji: he cannot but feel convinced of the great benefits which they derive from this contact with civilisation; and it is his firm conviction that this plan of emigration, legally and judiciously carried out, will do more to raise the natives from their present degraded state than anything that could be devised.

No vessel should be permitted to proceed on a voyage for native labourers without a formal licence, and proper interpreters on board, who should be answerable to the Government that the natives properly understood the nature of the engagement they were entering into. The number to be embarked, together with the supply of food and water for the passage, should be carefully prescribed; and, in short, the system should be placed under strict regulations—as in the case of coolie emigration—and both masters and owners bound under heavy penalties to comply with the law. No vessel should be allowed to engage in this business at all during the hurricane months. A small man-of-war cruising about the islands during the proper season—the commander having full powers to prevent breaches of the law—would serve to check any who should be disposed to evade the regulations; and the natives would speedily be imbued with a spirit of confidence in a nation whose war-ships were sent to protect their interests.

This leads us to another matter concerning the South Sea Islands. Western Polynesia—to the south of lat. 10° S.—is included within the limits of the Australian naval station; and within these limits lie the four groups of the Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, and New Hebrides Islands, besides many others detached. When it is considered that the five Australian colonies, Tasmania, and New Zealand, have frequently to be visited by the

squadron on that station—which now consists of four vessels only, one of them being specially set apart for service in Torres Straits—it may be easily imagined that but little time can be spared for the islands; and indeed, during the late war in New Zealand they were not visited for three years. The result of these infrequent visits is, that when a ship does arrive, it is generally in consequence of some complaints against the natives on the part of English traders or settlers; and therefore the arrival of a man-of-war is in many places looked upon by the natives with dread and suspicion. This is much to be regretted. It is not a pleasant feeling for our officers and sailors that they are held up to the natives as a bugbear, and that whenever anything goes wrong between them and the whites, they are threatened with a visit from a man-of-war to chastise them. It is a positive relief to a commander when, on visiting an island, he finds no complaints awaiting him, and he is able to tell the chiefs that he has merely come to pay them a friendly visit. It must be observed that this state of things has only come about of late years with the development of commerce, and that, as the trade of Western Polynesia is increasing year by year, matters are not likely to improve in this respect. In many islands, the only notion which the natives have of white people is derived from their intercourse with traders, with perhaps, at long intervals, a day's visit of a missionary vessel; and at such places the occasional visit of a well-ordered man-of-war could not fail to be beneficial. During the eight months when navigation is quite safe—and which are also the most healthy—two vessels would be most usefully employed in cruising among the islands of Western Polynesia, and cultivating friendly relations with the natives. The New Hebrides are not the only islands from whence native labourers are ob-

tained. They are also got from the numerous small islands lying near the equator to the north of Fiji, the inhabitants of which are far less degraded than those of the New Hebrides, cannibalism being there unknown. These islands—the Ellice, Gilbert, and Kingsmill groups—are beyond the limits of the Australian station, and are never visited by our vessels of war. In many of these out-of-the-way places are to be found white men of very indifferent character living with the natives; in fact, as may well be supposed, the traders in the South Sea Islands are not always of the most desirable class of men; and in such a remote part of the world it is highly necessary that the emblems of lawful authority should occasionally be seen.

The only English official in Fiji is the Consul. He lives at Levuka, and has no means of getting to other parts of the group except on the occasion of the visit of a man-of-war; and indeed his duties in Levuka have of late become so multifarious that he is fully employed there, and considerable inconvenience is experienced during his absence. He is not invested with any magisterial or judicial authority, and, strictly speaking, is utterly powerless to maintain order among the white residents. But the natural good sense of Englishmen on this point has led them to regard the Consul as the only person in a position to exercise control over their community, and so far they have supported him in his endeavours to promote order and justice, as well amongst themselves as in their dealings with the natives. It has been repeatedly urged that the consuls in the South Seas should be invested with special powers in this respect, as is the case in some parts of the East; but the recommendation has not been carried into effect. The Supreme Court of New South Wales has, by Act of Parliament, a certain jurisdiction over this part of the South Seas; but, from the construction of the

Act, it is virtually a dead letter. The technical difficulties in the way of carrying out this jurisdiction of the Court are so great, that it is next to impossible to get a conviction, even in the clearest case of felony; so that, in point of fact, her Majesty's subjects in Western Polynesia are practically beyond the control of the law. All sorts of objectionable characters find their way to the South Sea Islands from the colonies, and Fiji has not been exempt from them. Such people soon find out that there is really no law that can touch them, and a few determined vagabonds can at any time set the Consul's authority at defiance, and produce an immense deal of mischief amongst the natives. The only resource for the Consul in such a case is to apply to the commander of a man-of-war to remove the offenders from the group; but it may be months before an opportunity occurs to do so.

The position of the British Consul, therefore, in Fiji, and other places in the South Seas, is a most trying one. He finds himself the only person in a position to assume authority for the maintenance of law and order, and yet is endowed with no legal power to deal with matters which every day occur around him, and with which he *must* deal. He is looked to by his countrymen to redress their grievances, either with respect to each other or the natives; and he is compelled frequently to take very strong and decided measures for the preservation of order, without any other support than such as the good sense of the more respectable part of the community may dictate. He is appealed to by the natives in any case where they consider themselves aggrieved by white men; and he feels himself bound, from his position, to act as the protector of the imported native labourers. It is evident that such a position requires the utmost tact and judgment, with great decision and force of character; and it is fortunate for the English settlers in Fiji that

the occupants of the consular office for the last four years have been men of this stamp.

It is quite time that matters should be put upon a more satisfactory footing in this respect. Probably the best course that could be adopted would be the appointment of a Consul-General or Commissioner for Western Polynesia, with special magisterial and judicial powers; to reside in Fiji—being the most important group as regards British interests—but with consuls at other places subordinate to him, to whom certain of his powers might be delegated. The Consul-General should make the round of all the islands at least once a-year in a vessel of war, and should have the means of frequently visiting all parts of Fiji, a vice-consul acting for him in Levuka during his absence.

In our former paper we pointed out the very unsatisfactory condition of the Samoa Islands as regards their system of government—the group being divided into several distinct districts, each under the control of a superior chief, but these all independent and jealous of each other. The tribal divisions are less distinctly marked in Fiji than in Samoa, because in the latter country the distinction is a political one, and the natives were of a more peaceable disposition; but in Fiji the territorial influence of the chiefs has depended entirely upon their success in war, and has therefore been continually fluctuating. But the obstacles in the way of establishing anything like a settled government under one head are just as great here as in Samoa, and the only chance of attaining such a result would be the establishment of a protectorate of some civilised power for a limited time, in order to organise a proper system of government and a regular code of laws. The Fijians have a great dread of falling into the hands of the Americans or the French. They dislike the former on account of the demands made upon them by

the United States, mentioned above; and the French are both feared and hated throughout the South Seas in consequence of their proceedings at Tahiti. This feeling is kept up in the minds of the natives of Polynesia from the threats constantly held out by the French missionaries, of their islands being taken possession of by France. But the chiefs of Fiji would gladly see the English flag hoisted in their land, and under that influence it would not be difficult to induce them to submit to the authority of one supreme chief as King of Fiji.

However indisposed our Government may be to take such a step as this, it will certainly be compelled ere long to interfere in Fijian affairs whether it will or no. The number of English settlers is rapidly increasing, and a considerable amount of land is passing into their hands by purchase. Many small islands have become in this way the entire property of individuals, as well as extensive tracts upon the larger ones, and the native inhabitants have had to remove and find a home elsewhere. As yet no difficulties have occurred in this respect, but it is far from improbable that the natives may before long become impatient at seeing their lands falling into the possession of foreigners, and at having to move from place to place to find a home for themselves. Difficulties and complications in respect of titles to land are also certain to arise, as was the case in New Zealand; and indeed the state of matters in Fiji at the present day is by no means dissimilar to that in New Zealand some thirty years ago. Let us hope that the unfortunate mistakes which attended the early settlement of that country—the consequences of which are felt to this day—will serve as a warning in this case; for if these fine islands are not taken possession of in the mean time by some other Power, there is little doubt that they are destined to become, at no very distant period, a flourishing English colony.

MORRIS'S POEMS.

Not always, perhaps not often, do men of genius so make the most of their powers as to give to the world all which it might rightfully expect from them. Some leave their great undertakings incomplete through indolence, others let love of a theory hinder their minds' spontaneous workings. In some cases bad models impart a false direction, which is late, if ever, set right; in others, even good ones impair a fine nature's originality, through the very excess of the reverence which they inspire. The greater the genius, the higher the aim; the higher the aim, the greater the risk of failure.

"This low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit."

Altogether it is a rare thing, far rarer than any one would suppose beforehand, to see (as we do see in the poems named below) very considerable power employed precisely in the way most suitable to it. Mr Morris's aim is not the highest aim possible to a poet, but it is a very legitimate one; and between the object which he has in view and the resources which he can dispose of for its attainment, there exists so harmonious a proportion as to dispose the minds of all bystanders to admiration and envy.

Mr Morris was born to be a teller of the tales of old, and he has not despised his vocation. He belongs to a brotherhood dear to all ages and to all lands; which owns for members the Greek rhapsodists; the singers of King Arthur and his knights, of Roland and Charlemain; the Eastern reciters of the fortunes of Sindbad and Aladdin; and the minstrel rehearsers of the exploits of Robin Hood, or the sad fate of

Syr Cauline. To him a story of the olden time is dear for its own sake; the task he chooses is to set it forth in all the grace and beauty which are its rightful dowry, not to use it as a vehicle for subtle analysis of motive, or as an introduction to philosophical reflections. Now it is here that we especially admire Mr Morris's boldness. He has dared to be himself. He has not sought to put off, or conceal, his love for the objective, in deference to a presumed love for the subjective on the part of his audience. He has sung to satisfy the promptings of his own mind; and, by so doing, has pleased his audience as much as he can have pleased himself. The love of hearing a story is universal in early life, as every nursery can bear witness; and most of us show filial respect for that child who "is father to the man," by dutifully imitating him whenever we meet that *rara avis*, a thoroughly good story-teller. For, alas! one reason why added years bring added sorrow is, that we grow so terribly fastidious; so intolerant of those repetitions, digressions, and improbabilities which were so small a trouble to our strong youthful digestions. Now the primary qualification for his task is possessed by Mr Morris in an eminent degree. He tells a story as well as Chaucer himself does; and possesses much of the straightforwardness and simplicity, the fire and the tenderness, of that admirable narrator. Doubtless we find many things in Chaucer's writings which do not appear in the poems before us. We miss his wit and humour; for the exhibition of which qualities there is no stage provided here. We look in vain also for his nice appreciation of shades of character; since the

personages of 'Jason' and of the 'Earthly Paradise' interest us in general rather by what they do and suffer than by what they are. Well too as Mr Morris loves nature, an unstudied word or line here and there of his master (as he affectionately calls Chaucer), breathes a more hearty delight in her than many a pleasing but more laboured description by the scholar. But not the father of English poetry himself can more vividly arouse your interest for the creatures of his fancy, or succeed better than Mr Morris does in dissolving romance or legend in the crucible of a poet-brain, to issue it afresh with the impress of a master-hand stamped on its clear-cut outline. This gift of relating a story well, is, as we have said, a rare gift in these days; at least if many of our poets possess it, they decline to exert it for our profit; sacrificing it perchance to the exercise of higher endowments, but depriving their hearers of a great and innocent pleasure. They needlessly contract their circle of audience; repelling, by avoidable obscurities and misplaced metaphysics, many women and children for whom their respectful pity should have carefully provided accommodation. Mr Morris kindly takes his stand in the market-place, and sings his sweet song to all comers. Its subject-matter varies, being drawn from many ages and many lands: its charm remains the same.

In the two books before us classic themes preponderate. We open the first, 'The Life and Death of Jason,' with some wonder at the author's boldness in undertaking so trite a theme. We close it owning that boldness to have been fully justified by the unflinching interest with which his treatment of it has inspired us. On search for the spell by which that interest was excited, we find it in the poet's faculty of throwing himself into his subject—of *living* in his story. There is not a trace in 'Jason,' or in the classic stories in the 'Earthly Paradise,'

of the stiffness, conventionality and coldness, with which such themes have been often handled by the moderns. Avoiding these drawbacks, Mr Morris has contrived to reap all the advantages which an antique model should bestow; the assistance rendered to the reader by its familiar outline in following the details of the story, and the delightful impression produced on his mind by its graceful and symmetrical proportions. In truth, there is no reason why a poet should restrict himself to any particular epoch in his choice of a subject. The human heart, to which he appeals, its deepest joys and saddest sorrows, the mysteries of life and death, are the same in all ages. Nor, if he elects to seek his theme among the lays of other times, does it matter much whether the strain he is reviving was first heard sung to lute and harp in some castle among northern mists, or chanted centuries sooner to the lyre beside some marble column in sunny Greece. For a legend preserved to us by the classic writers may have as much of romance in it as a medieval tale; nor is there likely to be any essential difference between stories which amused the respective childhoods of two so nearly-related members of the great Aryan family as the Teuton and the Greek.

The legend of the Argonauts is one of the earliest of those tales of foreign adventure which were sure to divide the interest of a sea-faring race such as the Hellenic with songs of war and battle. Just as the minstrels who in our own land sang of Arthur and his Round Table, of Lancelot and Guinevere, of Tristram and of Iseult, sang also the quest for the mystic Sangreal; that far-distant voyage whence Sir Galahad might not return alive; that strange tryst between Percival and his sister, when the ship freighted with the dead comes into port before the vessel which bore the living;—even so did the bards

of the Homeric period mingle with their songs of Achilles and Hector, of Helen and of Andromache, the wanderings of Ulysses on his way home from Troy, and the adventurous voyage of Jason and his comrades. Only the search of Jason is for no mysterious symbol of heavenly love, but for a substantial earthly prize : no dead maiden goes before him in a bark piloted by angels ; but a living damsel crowns his undertaking with success, and becomes herself its chiefest reward. While the northern legend is vague, mystic, and spiritual, the southern is definite in its outline, beautiful in its colouring, but wholly earthly in its character. With its appeal to man's strong instinctive desire to penetrate undiscovered countries and brave unknown perils, and with its wealth of strange and romantic incidents, who can wonder at its popularity in the days of old ; or at the frequent revivals of that popularity in later times ? Nevertheless we do not possess the tale of Jason in such an antique shape as that in which "the tale of Troy divine" has come down to us. Homer does but mention the Argonauts,* though in such a way as to show how familiar their story was to his hearers. Pindar gives us a brilliant sketch of Jason's early career in his fourth Pythian Ode. Ovid paints to us Medea's struggle with her passion, and Jason's adventures at Colchis. His acts at Lemnos form the subject of a pathetic episode in the 'Thebaid' of Statius ; while his after desertion of Medea gives rise to the most tragic of the dramas of Euripides. But the only classical poem now extant which undertakes to narrate the whole of Jason's exploits, is the 'Argonautica' of Apollonius Rhodius ;† a late Alexandrian writer, who while diligently endeavouring

to manufacture out of them an epic after the pattern of Homer, only succeeded in producing what is probably the dullest poem in existence. Nor, even in abler hands, would the Argonautic expedition have readily lent itself to the high purpose of the epic. Its leader is too weak a form to bear the weight which an Achilles or a Ulysses supports. Jason has plenty of courage, but his greatest exploits are performed by another's aid ; and the most indulgent estimate of the amount of morality essential in a hero, must condemn his after treatment of the woman to whom he owes his success. But his story forms a charming romance ; with its fire-breathing bulls, its magic spells, its watchful dragon, and its beautiful princess. And it is precisely this romantic character of the legend of Jason which Mr Morris brings out so well ; rehearsing it to us much as might Chaucer, were he living now ; having learned (as he would have done) not to identify the Hellenic chieftains with the dukes and knights of his own day, but having not forgotten (as did too many who came after him) that the differences between man and man are transitory and superficial, their points of resemblance deep-seated and eternal.

'The Life and Death of Jason' begins with its hero's boyhood, when he is sent away by his father, Æson, from the jealous vigilance of his usurping uncle, Pelias, and brought up in the good greenwood by Chiron, the mighty Centaur. When the boy has grown to man's estate, Juno herself appears to him, and bids him return home to claim his heritage and execute her wrath upon his uncle. As Jason goes to do her will she bears him through a swollen torrent, which carries away one of his sandals, and Pelias trem-

* *Odyssey*, book xii.

† The 'Argonauticon' of his Roman imitator, Valerius Flaccus, is less tedious ; perhaps chiefly because it breaks off at the commencement of Jason's homeward voyage.

bles to behold the "half-shod man," against whom an oracle had warned him. The youth confronts him before the assembled people, and boldly claims his inheritance. Pelias promises to yield it to him, but bids him first avenge his slaughtered kinsman, Phryxus, and win back the golden fleece of the ram which bore him to distant Colchis. Jason undertakes the enterprise, and Pelias feels safe once more as he reckons up the perils of the voyage. The young heroes of Greece gather round Jason to share them; some of them, such as Hercules, destined to do yet greater deeds in the after time; others doomed to perish in the expedition, and to be remembered by their share in it alone. The good ship Argo is built and manned: Jason pours the parting libation and sets sail. They pass Lemnos without landing there: Mr Morris thus wisely omitting the episode of Hypsipyle, which, disgraceful to his hero in a moral point of view,* is objectionable on artistic grounds, as a hindrance to the main action of the poem; but he depicts at full length Hylas stolen by the water-nymphs, singing sweetly as in northern legend; and Phineus freed from the Harpies by the winged sons of Boreas. Auguries of coming ill are put into the mouth of the evil monsters before they relinquish their prey. The last of them cries out—

"Fare ye well, Jason, still unsatisfied,
Still seeking for a better thing than best,
A fairer thing than fairest, without rest;
Good speed, O traitor, who shall think to
wed
Soft limbs and white, and find thy royal
bed

Dripping with blood, and burning up with
fire;
Good hap to him who henceforth ne'er shall
tire
In seeking good that ever flies his hand
Till he lies buried in an alien land."
—Book v.

The good ship speeds onward on
its course until—

"The day
When the dove dipt her wing
And the oars won their way
Where the narrowing Symplegades whitened
the Straits of Propontis with
spray."

—SWINBURNE'S *Atalanta*.

And so safely reaches its goal, *Æa*.
We extract the description of the
palace of King *Æetes* :—

"The pillars, made the mighty roof to
hold,
The one was silver and the next was gold,
All down the hall; the roof, of some strange
wood
Brought over sea, was dyed as red as
blood,
Set thick with silver flowers, and delight
Of intertwining figures wrought aright.
With richest webs the marble walls were
hung,
Picturing sweet stories by the poets sung
From ancient days, so that no wall seemed
there,
But rather forests black and meadows fair,
And streets of well-built towns, with tum-
bling seas
About their marble wharves and palaces;
And fearful crags and mountains; and all
trod
By changing feet of giant, nymph, and god,
Spear-shaking warrior and slim-ankled
maid.

"The floor, moreover, of the place was
laid
With coloured stones, wrought like a
flowery mead;
And ready to the hand for every need,
Midmost the hall, two fair streams trickled
down
O'er wondrous gem-like pebbles, green and
brown,

* To this Jason mainly owes his doom (to writhe beneath the demon's scourge) in the 'Divina Commedia':—

"'Tis Jason, whose brave heart and thoughtful head
The Colchians of their fleecy prize deprived.
By Lemnos' isle his onward sail he sped,
When the bold females of un pitying breast
Had sent their males to mingle with the dead.
There he with signs and converse courtly drest
Did the fond girl Hypsipyle beguile,
Whose own deceit had erst beguiled the rest.
Pregnant, forlorn, he left her on that isle.
Such crime condemns him to such harm, the woes
Of wronged Medea venging aye the while."

—DAYMAN'S *Dante*.

Betwixt smooth banks of marble, and
therein
Bright-coloured fish shone through the
water thin."

—Book vi.

In this splendid hall, Medea, the daughter of Æetes, first sees Jason. Here Mr Morris is on the ground which Ovid occupied long ago in the seventh book of his 'Metamorphoses.' With excellent judgment he takes care to be concise where the Roman poet is diffuse, and diffuse where he is concise. Medea's conflict between love and duty, which even in the dull pages of Apollonius Rhodius was thought worthy by Virgil of imitation, and which, expressed by Ovid's brilliant point and antithesis, delighted the daughter of Augustus and her ladies, finds no place here.* Medea comes, sees, and is conquered. No sooner has she heard Jason's chivalrous resolve to win the fleece or die, than she goes forth to concoct the magic potion which is to bear him scathless through his perilous enterprise :—

"But, when all hushed and still the palace grew,
She put her gold robes off, and on her drew
A dusky gown,

And swiftly stepped into a little boat,
And, pushing off from shore, began to float
Adown the stream, and with her tender hands
And half-bared arms, the wonder of all lands,
Rowed strongly through the starlit gusty night,
As though she knew the watery way aright.

"So, from the city being gone apace,
Turning the boat's head, did she near a space
Where, by the water's edge, a thick yew-wood
Made a black blot on the dim gleaming flood:

Then by the river's side she tremblingly

Undid the bands that bound her yellow hair
And let it float about her, and made bare
Her shoulder and right arm, and, kneeling down,
Drew off her shoes, and girded up her gown,
And in the river washed her silver feet
And trembling hands, and then turned round to meet
The yew-wood's darkness, gross and palpable."

—Book vii.

There she gathers her herbs and performs her incantations; then, returning home, avows her love to Jason, and bids him anoint himself with the magic liquid which she has stored for him in a crystal phial. Next day the lists are set, and the king and his nobles assembled. Jason steps boldly forward: made fireproof by the ointment, he yokes the monsters, unhurt by the flames they vomit forth; then ploughs the allotted ground, and completes his weird tillage by sowing it with the dragon's teeth. The ghastly harvest which at once springs up is strikingly described :—

"He heard from 'neath the earth a muttered sound
That grew and grew, till all that piece of ground
Swell'd into little hillocks, like as where
A stricken field was foughten, but that there
Quiet the heroes' bones lie underneath
The quivering grasses and the dusky heath;
But now these heaps the labouring earth upthrew
About Mars' acre; ever greater grew,
And still increased the noise, till none could hear
His fellow speak, and paleness and great fear
Fell upon all; and Jason only stood
As stands the stout oak in the poplar wood
When winds are blowing.

Then he saw the mounds
Bursten asunder, and the muttered sounds
Changed into loud strange shouts and warlike clang,
As with freed feet at last the earth-born sprang

* Medea's

"Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor"—

is oftener quoted than almost any other line in the classics. It would be well if no one ever quoted it without distinctly remembering the occasion and the speaker.

On to the tumbling earth, and the sun-
light
Shone on bright arms clean ready for the
fight."

Jason stands irresolute for a moment. Then he throws Medea's ball amongst them; and the earth-born warriors destroy one another. The golden fleece is now his by right; but Medea, well knowing her father's intention to keep it at any cost, steals the keys of the sanctuary where it lies, charms its guardian dragon to sleep, and makes good her flight with Jason and the much-desired treasure. Her brother, who tries to stop them, is slain in fair fight; and to avoid the ships of *Æetes*, which bar the direct way home, *Argo's* course is directed northward. The fugitives strike up a great river (the *Danube*); convey their ship on wheels over the frozen ground to another (the *Rhine*) which flows towards the north; pass a weary winter huddled in the snows, and resume their voyage in spring. The two books which describe this portion of the expedition form the only part of Mr Morris's poem which we wish to see abridged. Our objection to them is twofold. First, that *any* mere narration of a journey, however interesting in itself, falls flat on the ear after so much stirring incident, as Jason's high adventure at *Colchis*.* Secondly, that Mr Morris's way of conceiving that journey is somewhat too realistic for the rest of the poem. We have trodden fairy-land too long with him to require at his hands a minute and probable account of how *Argo* won back her way to the *Mediterranean Sea*. A few vague lines telling that she reached it by passages never tried before, and by the help of a favouring deity, would have satisfied us perfectly.

Our interest revives when the ship, having passed the *Straits*

of *Gibraltar*, reaches the coast of *Italy*. There the meeting between *Medea* and her aunt *Circe*, who is to purify her from the stain she has contracted as the occasion of her brother's death, is well imagined. The prototype of *Ariosto's Alcina* and of *Spenser's Acasta*, the remorseless enchantress *Circe*, feels a gush of unwonted pity as she beholds the younger sorceress who has submitted to wear the chain of human love; well knowing that she is henceforth vulnerable, and past the power of any spells, however mighty, to save from anguish and despair. Further on, still following in the track of *Ulysses*, we have the same mingling of a new, deeper feeling, with the forms familiar to us in ancient story. *Orpheus* contends with the *Sirens* in song, and comes off victorious. They sing the charms of death: he the delights of life; and his lofty and hopeful strains keep all the ship's crew, but one, safe from the allurements of the deadly charmers. There is a pretty description of the garden of the *Hesperides* in the same book, though surely Mr Morris has not placed it sufficiently far west:—

"On grassy slopes the twining vine-
boughs grew,
And hoary olives 'twixt far mountains
blue,
And many-coloured flowers, like as a
cloud
The rugged southern cliffs did softly
shroud;
And many a green-necked bird sung to
his mate
Within the slim-leaved, thorny pome-
granate,
That flung its unstrung rubies on the
grass,
And slowly o'er the place the wind did
pass,
Heavy with many odours that it bore
From thymy hills down to the sea-beat
shore,
Because no flower there is, that all the
year,
From spring to autumn, beareth other-
where,

* Those few persons who have read through the return of the Argonauts in the fourth book of *Apollonius Rhodius*, will, however, share our gratitude to Mr Morris for diversifying its incidents so well.

But there it flourished; nor the fruit alone
From 'twixt the green leaves and the
boughs outshone,
For there each tree was ever flowering.

And midmost there
Grew a green tree, whose smooth grey
boughs did bear
Such fruit as never man elsewhere had
seen,
For 'twixt the sunlight and the shadow
green
Shone out fair apples of red gleaming gold.
Moreover round the tree, in many a fold,
Lay coiled a dragon, glittering little less
Than that which his eternal watchfulness
Was set to guard; nor yet was he alone,
For from the daisied grass about him
shone
Gold raiment wrapping round two damsels
fair."

—Book xiv.

And now the voyage draws near
its end. The travellers pass Cape
Malea, and turn their ship's head
to Thessaly. But no father wel-
comes Jason's return home. Æson
has been slain by Pelias, encour-
aged to this cruel deed by a false
report of the destruction of the Ar-
gonauts. The old man's blood cries
for vengeance. But it is not his
son who exacts it. It is Medea
who undertakes to slay Pelias,
without any risk to her lover. She
shows herself to the king's three
daughters as an aged wrinkled
crone; and then amazes them by
transforming herself back to her
own shape:—

"Then had the sun set, and the whiten-
ing moon
Shone o'er the gardens where the brown
bird's tune
Was quivering through the roses red and
white,
And sweeter smelt the sweet flowers with
the night;
But to the chamber where there lay alone
The wise Medea, up the faint grey stone
Two rose-trees climbed, along a trellis led,
And with their wealth of blossoms white
and red
Another garden of the window made.

"So now the royal sisters, sore afraid,
Each with a taper in her trembling hand,
Before the fateful chamber-door did stand.

And by the window-side asleep they saw
The Colchian woman, white without a flaw
From head to heel; her round arms by
her side,
Her fair face flushed with sweet thoughts,
as a bride

Who waits the coming of some well-loved
man.

Softly she breathed, the while the moon-
light ran

In silver ripples o'er her hair of gold."

—Book xv.

The princesses are lost in wonder.
They implore this possessor of the
secret of perpetual youth to employ
it for their father's benefit, and
promise their own obedience to her
directions. Medea prepares her
magic caldron, slays an aged ram
before them, and transforms it by
her potent herbs into a lamb. She
promises to prepare the like caldron
for Pelias. The daughters, piously
impious, slay their father; but
when they bear their ghastly bur-
den to the feet of the triumphant
sorceress, she only lights the beacon
which is the signal for Jason to ap-
proach, and suffers the caldron to
steam on without revivifying herb
or charm:—

"But fair Alcestis, grovelling on the
ground,

And crying out, cast both her arms around
Medea's knees, and panting, and half dead,
Poured forth wild words, nor knew the
words she said.

While the two others, mad with their
despair,

Ran wailing through the pillars here and
there,

Nor knew indeed what thing had come on
them,

For now, at last, fair Argo's plunging
stem

Medea saw in the still gathering light,
And round about her the sea beaten white
With steady oars; then she looked down,
and said:—

'What! art thou praying for the newly
dead,

For him who yesterday beheld the sun?

And dost thou think that I am such an one
That what the gods have unmade I can
make?

Lo! with the dead shall Pelias awake,
And see such things as dead men's eyes
may see.'

—Book xvi.

The ship sails in; the wretched
sisters are left to their despair; and
Jason takes triumphant possession
of the vacant throne, while Medea
shares the honours she has won
for her husband.

This is the second grand climax
of Jason's story; but Mr Morris
does not end it here. He raises

the curtain once more (after an interval of ten years) to recite its tragic conclusion. He might perhaps have done somewhat more than he has done to bridge over the intervening chasm; to account for Jason's departure from his Thessalian kingdom and appearance in a dependent position at Corinth; and to prepare us for that dying out of his love for Medea which brings about the final catastrophe. But the catastrophe itself is well told. With many subtle, delicate touches, Mr Morris paints to us how Jason is attracted by the youthful charms, the shy, clinging dependence of the fair young Glauce, daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. Her father desires the renowned hero for his son-in-law, and poisons his mind against the foreign witch, Medea. And now at last retribution comes upon the Colchian for her betrayed father, her slain brother, and for the fate of the miserable daughters of Pelias. But it befalls her from a most unbecoming hand; from the man to whom she could say with the utmost truth, "I did it all to pleasure thee;" the man to secure whose safety she incurred all this guilt. Jason begins to feel dimly that "men love not poisons though they poisons need," as he gazes on Medea's innocent rival. As his love for Glauce increases, he dwells on the supernatural powers wielded by his wife with a growing sense of estrangement from her. Modern literature has often painted the incompatibility of the fatal gifts of genius in a woman with domestic happiness. Such a woman in our own time has assured us, from the depths of her own experience, that

"Bought alone by gifts beyond all price,

The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home and all its loves, does Fate allow
The crown of glory to a woman's brow.

The splendour of Medea's exploits, which dims the brightness of her husband's, is due not alone to her superior wisdom, but to the

unhallowed fires of sorceries and magic rites. Jason begins to tremble before the eyes which have seen things unlawful to behold; to hear in the softest tones of Medea the voice which has stirred the shades below. At last he flings away every remnant of gratitude and faith, and writes her the fatal letter:—

"Depart in peace! and take great heaps
of gold,
For never more thy body will I fold
Within these arms. Let gods wed goddesses,
And sea-folk wed the women of the seas,
And men wed women; but thee, who can
wed
And dwell with thee without consuming
dread,
O wise kin of the dreadful sorceress!
—Book xvii.

Then Medea girds herself, and once more goes forth to her incantations. As she crept from her father's palace to win safety and victory for Jason, so she creeps forth again on a very different errand. She goes forth weeping; weeping she returns home; and she bears back with her another phial, which this time contains not life but death. With its contents she anoints the robe which she sends to her rival to wear on her marriage-day: so when Jason comes to claim his fair bride, the fires burst forth and leave him nothing to embrace but a grey heap of ashes. Meantime Medea has completed her vengeance by slaying her two children, and departed; leaving Jason to his unavailing lamentations, which only cease when the timber which falls from the decaying Argo upon the sleeper below ends his sorrow and his life together.

It is in this his last book that Mr Morris encounters his most dangerous rival. No Greek scholar can avoid comparing it with the concluding portion of Euripides's masterpiece; nor can he accept Mr Morris's pathos, however beautifully expressed, as an adequate exchange for the Greek tragedian's

especially apparent when we compare the poem before us with its Alexandrian prototype; or, again, when we consider the great difficulty of making so old a theme as the story of Jason, once more, as is done here, a source of fresh and living interest. To the attainment of this result Mr Morris further contributes by a Homeric minuteness of details, and by elaborating each particular circumstance so as to give it its full picturesque effect. Another point of which we approve is the way in which Mr Morris, both here and in the 'Earthly Paradise,' deals with ancient legend. He softens down its more repulsive features—witness the difference between his and Pindar's account of the cause of Ino's hatred to Phryxus, and his altered version of the death of Medea's brother—but he has imbibed fully the spirit of his story. He neither moralises upon it, nor imports into it modern notions; but, having first got his own mind deeply penetrated by a sense of its marvels and its beauty, he reproduces them for us in a series of charming pictures. Still pool and quiet woodland; the rose-gardens of mortals and the bowers of goddesses; moonlit scenes of vague mystery and terror; Juno appearing in her awful beauty to the youth who bends reverently before her; Medea and Glauce in their earthlier loveliness; the ship with its hero-crew threading channels before unfurrowed; temple and palace, strife and feast,—unfold themselves here before us like an arras rich with goodly hues and figures from some loom of the immortals.

When we turn from these fair shapes to survey Mr Morris's latest work, the 'Earthly Paradise' amply fulfils the expectations raised by its predecessor. The same gifts ap-

pear in it as in the earlier poem, and they are used with even greater skill. We note with pleasure the almost total absence from this book of one or two mannerisms which vexed us in 'The Life and Death of Jason.' In that poem there is somewhat of affectation in the over-frequent repetition of certain favourite phrases and adjectives—*e.g.*, "slim," "white," "wan," "thin." But our ear brings us in no such report concerning the 'Earthly Paradise.' Nor do we find in it instances of so slipshod a style as the following couplet from the eighth book of the 'Jason':—

"Shalt have gifts too, whatso thy soul
may wish

From out our *keel* that has escaped the
fish."

(We have heard of mariners swallowed by sharks: of boats never.) There is still room to caution Mr Morris not to let that easy style which is one of his greatest charms degenerate into slovenliness; but the carelessnesses of the 'Earthly Paradise' are in general more apparent than real, and answer the good purpose of making you give credence to the narrative which is rehearsed to you, as it seems, with so little art.

It is probable, from its design irrespective of its execution, that the 'Earthly Paradise' will have as many more readers than 'Jason,'* as the 'Canterbury Tales' have than 'Troilus and Cressida.' Its short stories will attract those who dislike commencing a long poem; and its intermixture of romance with classic legend will appeal to a larger audience.

The structure of the book is simple. It consists of a prologue, followed by twelve tales, alternately from antique and medieval sources, kept asunder by a few graceful verses to mark the time and place of their narration. The prologue is,

* For this reason, amongst others, we have given much of our space to the earlier poem. Nor do we at all doubt the gratitude of such hesitating readers as may be emboldened by our recommendation to peruse it.

in our judgment, too long. Near three thousand lines recite how, in a time of pestilence in Norway, certain bold adventurers set sail to discover the earthly paradise and the fount of perpetual youth; how they met with first one bitter disappointment and then another, till after long years the remnant of the band reached an isle peopled by a colony from Greece; and how, received there hospitably, they laid their vain hopes aside and acquiesced in the common lot of man,—

“A checkered day of sunshine and of showers,
Fading to twilight and dark night at last.”

Twice a-month their hosts (who, in their isolation, have preserved their ancient language and beliefs) entertain and tell them the legends of their old home, receiving gladly in exchange from them the romances of medieval Europe. This meeting of the sons of Greece and Norway is well imagined; but the conception is worked out too diffusely, so as to tempt all but very conscientious people to skip the prologue, in their impatience for the more tempting things beyond. Moreover, such a history as this, of vain endeavour and hopeless failure, is too sombre an introduction for the tales which follow. For their character also is frequently sad and always serious; and therefore, by the rule which made Boccaccio give the gloomiest of backgrounds (a plague-stricken city) to his merry group of story-tellers, should have stood out in relief from gayer colours. The father of English poetry introduces the woes of Arcite, of Grisilde, and of his young martyr's mother (interspersed though they be with comedy and broad farce), by a very cheerful prologue. We can afford to raise these objections to Mr Morris's opening, because his plan seems to us to present no other defect. The twelve stories which follow are alike well chosen and well told; while the music of the poem is well varied by the three

different measures which are employed with equal mastery over each.

The first tale is that of “Atalanta's Race”—in the seven-line metre so dear to Chaucer. How well it suits Mr Morris will appear by the following stanzas, descriptive of the defeat of one of the swift-footed maiden's hapless lovers in the fatal race with her:—

“But when the people saw how close they ran,
When half-way to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhop'd for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

“But 'midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeared,
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
And even then he felt her past him bound,
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there,
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

“There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamour laid asleep;
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep;
No glance lit up her clear grey eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face,
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

“But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word,
He knelt before the bearer of the sword.

“Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade,
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturned his sad white face;
Nor did his eyes behold another sight,
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.”

What a series of pictures these stanzas paint for us!—the eager runners, the triumphant maiden, the victim in his silent despair! The third and fourth stanzas are especially good, and so is the fifth line of the fifth stanza. Further on there is a striking description, which we wish we had room to quote, of Milanion's watch before the shrine of Venus, and of the goddess's apparition to him with the golden apples; helped by which he conquers the hitherto invincible Atalanta. Mr Morris is especially successful when he depicts the appearances to men of the immortals. He suffuses them with a golden light, and surrounds them with an ambrosial breath, through which they strike the beholder as something unspeakably fair and divine.

The next classic story is "The Doom of King Acrisius." His daughter, the hapless Danæe, with the infant Perseus in her arms, exposed in her frail barque to the mercy of the waves, forms a companion picture to Chaucer's pathetic Man of Lawes tale. We miss indeed the saintly glory which encircles the head of Custance with a halo of pale light; but it is an equally touching representation of that sorest of human woes, the mother who clasps to her breast the infant which she cannot save.

Κείσει δὴ, τέκνον, ὦ φίλος,
μαστοῖς μητέρος ἀμφὶ σᾶς,
νεκρὸς ὑπὸ χθονὶ σὺν νεκρῷ τ'.*

The after-adventures of Perseus, so familiar to us in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' the slain Gorgon, the rescue of Andromeda from the sea-monster, and the enemies of her deliverer turned to stone before the dead eyes of Medusa, are narrated with great spirit. A new feeling of tenderness is infused into the well-known story. Perseus bends before the maiden, ere he unbinds

her from the rock, with the courtesy of Ruggiero releasing Angelica from the like peril in the 'Orlando Furioso.' The hand which softened the features of the awful sorceress in Medea, smoothes even the snaky locks of Medusa till pity overpowers our horror. These are the vigorous and deeply-pathetic lines in which the victim of avenging Pallas bewails her fate, and implores the death which an unseen hand is drawing near to give her:—

"Now cave-pierced rocks there rose up everywhere,
And gaunt old trees, of leaves and fruit all bare;
And midst this wretchedness a mighty hall,
Whose great stones made a black and shining wall;
The doors were open, and thence came a cry
Of one in anguish wailing bitterly.

She moaned aloud, and shrieked in her despair,
Because the golden tresses of her hair
Were moved by writhing snakes from side to side,
That in their writhing oftentimes would glide
On to her breast, or shuddering shoulders white.

Then on her breast her head sank as she said,
'O ye, be merciful, and strike me dead!
How many an one cries unto you to live,
Which gift ye find no little thing to give;
O give it now to such, and unto me
That other gift from which all people flee!
O was it not enough to take away
The flowery meadows and the light of day?
Or not enough to take away from me
The once-loved faces that I used to see;
To take away sweet sounds and melodies,
The song of birds, the rustle of the trees;
To make the prattle of the children cease,
And wrap my soul in shadowy hollow peace,
Devoid of longing? Ah, no; not for me!
For those who die your friends this rest shall be.
For me no rest from shame and sore distress,
For me no moment of forgetfulness;
For me a soul that still might love and hate,
Shut in this fearful land and desolate,
Changed by mine eyes to horror and to stone.

* "Thou, my child, my love, shalt rest,
Clasping close thy mother's breast,
Beneath the earth in death to a dead bosom pressed."

—EUR., *And.*

And yet, and yet, thee will I pray unto,
Thou dweller in the varying halls of blue,
Fathoms beneath the treacherous bridge
of lands.

Call now to mind that day upon the sands.

How many things thou promisedst me
then!

Who among all the daughters of great men
Should be like me? What sweet and happy
life!

What peace, if all the world should be at
strife,

Thou promisedst me then! Lay all aside,
And give unto the great earth-shaker's
bride

That which the wretch shut up in prison
drear,

Deprived of all, yet ceases not to fear."

These lines are a good example of the way in which modern feeling may pervade and adorn ancient legend; and though a Medusa Dolorosa is somewhat at variance with our old ideas, yet it must be confessed that they are a fair inference from her story. The tale concludes with the death of Acrisius at his unwitting grandson's hand: one of the many classic illustrations of the favourite doctrine of antiquity, that "no man can be more wise than destiny;" or, as Schiller puts it,—

"Wer sich vermiszt es klüglich zu wenden,
Der musz es selber erbauend vollenden."

The same lesson is taught in this volume by "The Son of Cræsus," from Herodotus; and by "The Man born to be King," a charming romance which we do not remember to have heard before.

It is as follows:—An astrologer warns a king of the olden times that his successor will be a man of mean birth. A dream reveals to him his destined heir in a woodman's new-born infant. A trusty squire casts the child into the river at his sovereign's command; who rides home satisfied, and half forgets the matter. But fourteen years later, as he flies his falcon near the same spot, he discovers, in a miller's adopted son, his victim rescued from the water. The king conceals his surprise, and sends the same squire next morning to try to do his work better. The squire pretends

to engage the lad in the king's service; rides off with him, and, in a secluded spot, stabs him and leaves him for dead. Four more years pass away quietly; and then among the attendants of an abbot, who has been admitted to an audience, stands a youth whose eyes make the king turn pale. He says to him:—

" 'Methinks I know thy face of old,
Whence com'st thou?' Michael lifted
straight

From off his brow the steel cap's weight,
And showed the bright locks curling round
His fresh and ruddy face, sun-browned,
And in a voice clear as a bell
Told all his story, till he fell
Sore wounded in that dismal vale,
And said withal, 'My lord, the tale
Of what came after, none knoweth
Better than he, who from ill death
Saved me that tide, and made me man,
My lord, the sub-prior Adrian.'

" 'Speak on then, father,' quoth the king,
Making as he was still hearkening.
'My lord,' said Adrian, 'I, who then
Was but a server of poor men
Outside our abbey walls, one day
Was called by one in poor array,
A charcoal-burner's lad, who said
That soon his father would be dead,
And that of all things he would have
His rights, that he his soul might save.
I made no tarrying at that word,
But took between mine hands the Lord,
And bade the boy bear forth the bell;
For though few folk there were to tell
Who passed that way, nathless, I trow
The beasts were glad that news to know.

" 'Well, by the pinewood's skirts we went,
While through its twilight the bell sent
A heavenly tinkling; but the lad
'Gan telling me of fears he had
Of elves who dwelt within the wood.
I chid him thereat, as was good,
Bidding him note Whom in mine hands
I held, The Ransom of all Lands.
But as the firwood's dim twilight
Waxed into day, and fair and bright
The evening sun showed through the trees,
Our ears fanned by the evening breeze,
The galloping of horse-hoofs heard,
Wherewith my page hung back afeared
Of elves and suchlike; but I said,
'Wilt thou thy father should be dead
Ere we can reach him? Oh, my son,
Fear not that aught can stay This One.'

" 'Therewith I smote my mule, and he
Ran forward with me hastily,
As fearing to be left behind.
Well, as we went, what should we find,
Down by the stream, but this my son,
Who seemed as though his days were done;
For in his side a knife there stood,
Wherefrom ran out a stream of blood,

Soaking the grass and water-mint ;
Then, I dismounting, we by dint
Of all our strength the poor youth laid
Upon my mule, and down a glade
Of oaks and hollies then we passed,
And reached the woodman's home at last ;

So the lad's wounds I stanch'd with care
Forthwith, and then the man I shriv'd."

The king repeats his unavailing attempt. He engages Michael as his own man-at-arms, and sends him to the castle of the Rose, where his only child, the fair Princess Cecily, is awaiting a royal husband. The letter which he gives him to bear to the seneschal of the castle, like that carried by Bellerophon, commands its bearer's instant execution. When Michael arrives the seneschal is at table; the youth strolls in the pleasance awaiting his leisure, and falls asleep beside a fountain. There the princess finds him, and wishes the handsome sleeper may be her destined bridegroom, stolen in disguise to court her. Her attendant spies the fatal letter, and gives it to Cecily to read; who, to save the goodly unknown's life, replaces it by a forged scroll of the most opposite contents, which bids the seneschal solemnise a marriage without delay between the bearer and the king's daughter. The letter finds prompt obedience. The pair are wedded at once. And the king, who, having heard of his intended son-in-law's death, sets off to break the news to his daughter, meets the gay procession of the bride and bridegroom as he approaches the castle. Then at last he owns himself conquered, feigns contentment with what has been done, and says in his heart, accusing his own folly:—

"How many an hour might I have been
Right merry in the gardens green ;

What noble deeds I might have done,
What bright renown my deeds have won,

If I had let these things alone ;
Nor sought to sit upon my throne
Like God between the cherubim.
But now—but now, my days wax dim,

Nor will I look behind me more,
Nor forward to the doubtful shore."

The other medieval tales here are equally well told with this pleasant story. There is the romance of "Ogier the Dane," and his mysterious fairy love; there is the mournful history of the "Lady of the Land," that wretched beauty metamorphosed into a dragon, who might have regained her former shape on receiving one single kiss—with the fate of the man who lacked the courage to bestow it; and (not less interesting than these, but more instructive) we have the adventures of the proud King Jovinian—how an angel stole from him his name and state, but restored them to him on his repentance. Here, likewise, we read the fate of the hapless student who lies buried in the treasure-vault which was disclosed to him by the writing on the image; and of the unwise king who watched the falcon to win a gift from a fair lady, and only gained his own ruin as the price of his vigil of seven days and seven nights. But we have no space for extracts from these. Neither can we linger over Mr Morris's picture of the statue waking into life to reward its maker; or of the faithful Alcestis, who here dies for her husband without being given back to him by "Jove's great son," as in the most touching, yet most provoking, of the dramas of Euripides.

All the extracts we can now find room for are a few from "Cupid and Psyche," that prettiest of antique stories, which, invented too late for the masters of classic song, has been frequently essayed by the moderns; which has furnished Raffaele with a subject for his pencil, and Calderon with an allegoric theme for one of his sacred mysteries; and which is here wrought by Mr Morris into the most delightful of his poems. We may assume that our readers are familiar with the outline of the tale, and that we scarcely need to remind them how Venus grew jealous of Psyche's beauty, and bade her son wed her

to a monster ; and how Cupid, enamoured of her charms, disobeyed his mother, and married her himself. How Psyche's two elder sisters envied her felicity, and, feigning to think she had espoused some shape of horror, persuaded her to look stealthily at the husband who only visited her by night. And how the god of love fled from his disobedient wife ; who, seeking him, fell into his mother's hands, and suffered many things from the wrathful goddess ; but, aided by pitying powers, performed all her hard tasks, at length disarmed the cruelty of Venus, and, reunited to Cupid, was, at his prayers, gifted with immortality. Here is Cupid's first sight of Psyche :—

“ Beautiful and pitiless he went,
And toward him still the blossomed fruit-trees leant,
And after him the wind crept murmuring,
And on the boughs the birds forgot to sing.
Withal at last amidst a fair green close,
Hedged round about with woodbine and red rose,

Within the flicker of a white-thorn shade
In gentle sleep he found the maiden laid ;

Because the summer day at noon was hot,
And all sweet sounds and scents were lulling her.

So soon the rustle of his wings 'gan stir
Her looser folds of raiment, and the hair
Spread wide upon the grass and daisies fair,
As Love cast down his eyes with a half-smile

Godlike and cruel ; that faded in a while,
And long he stood above her hidden eyes
With red lips parted in a god's surprise.
Then very Love knelt down beside the maid,

And on her breast a hand unfelt he laid,
And drew the gown from off her little feet,
And set his fair cheek to her shoulder sweet,
And kissed her lips that knew of no love yet.”

This is Psyche's awakening after Zephyr has borne her sleeping to the palace of Love :—

“ Now underneath the world the sun was gone,

But brighter shone the stars so left alone,
Until a faint green light began to show
Far in the east, whereby did all men know,
Who lay awake either with joy or pain,
That day was coming on their heads again ;
Then widening, soon it spread to grey twilight,

And in a while with gold the east was bright ;

The birds burst out a-singing one by one,
And o'er the hill-top rose the mighty sun.
Therewith did Psyche open wide her eyes,

And rising on her arm, with great surprise
Gazed on the flowers wherein so deep she lay,

A lovely grassy valley could she see,

And all about were dotted leafy trees,
The elm for shade, the linden for the bees,
The noble oak, long ready for the steel
That in that place it had no fear to feel ;
The pomegranate, the apple, and the pear,
That fruit and flowers at once made shift to bear,

Nor yet decayed therefore, and in them hung

Bright birds that elsewhere sing not, but here sung

As sweetly as the small brown nightingales

Within the wooded, deep Laconian vales.”

Such is Psyche's entrance into her paradise. Let us next turn (by way of contrast) to her sorrowful departure from it—her path strewn with fragments of the bliss which her own hand has shattered—her ears ringing with the reproachful farewell of her lord :—

“ Therewith he caught his shafts up and his bow,

And striding through the chambers did he go,

Light all around him ; and she, wailing sore,

Still followed after ; but he turned no more,

And when into the moonlit night he came,
From out her sight he vanished like a flame,
And on the threshold till the dawn of day,
Through all the changes of the night, she lay.

At daybreak when she lifted up her eyes,
She looked around with heavy dull surprise,

And rose to enter the fair golden place ;
But then remembering all her piteous case,
She turned away, lamenting very sore,
And wandered down unto the river-shore ;
There, at the head of a green pool and deep,

She stood so long that she forgot to weep,
And the wild things about the water-side
From such a silent thing cared not to hide ;
The dace pushed 'gainst the stream, the dragon-fly,

With its green-painted wing, went flickering by ;

The water-hen, the lusted kingfisher,
Went on their ways and took no heed of her ;

The little reed-birds never ceased to sing,
And still the eddy, like a living thing,
Broke into sudden gurgles at her feet.

But 'midst these fair things, on that morn-
 ing sweet,
 How could she, weary creature, find a
 place?
 She moved at last, and lifting up her face,
 Gathered her raiment up, and cried, ' Fare-
 well,
 O fairest lord! and since I cannot dwell
 With thee in heaven, let me now hide my
 head
 In whatsoever dark place dwell the dead!'
 And with that word she leapt into the
 stream."

In the first of these two passages
 nature sympathises with Psyche:
 the morning is not brighter, or the
 birds' song more joyous, than the
 things in store for her. In the
 second, nature has ceased to reflect
 her feelings; and its cheerfulness,
 like songs to a heavy spirit, only
 makes her anguish the more un-
 bearable. Here is a third land-
 scape, all hazy with summer heat,
 through which the desolate form of
 Psyche pursues her hopeless quest:

"The kestrel hung above, the weasel peered
 From out the wheat-stalks on her unafear-
 ed,

Along the road the trembling poppies shed
 On the burnt grass their crumpled leaves
 and red;

Most lonely was it; nothing Psyche knew
 Unto what land of all the world she drew;

Over the hard way hung her head adown
 Despairingly, but still her weary feet
 Moved on half conscious, her lost love to
 meet."

One feels some curiosity to know
 how the poet, who paints what he
 has himself seen with the loving
 minuteness exemplified in these
 three passages, will succeed where
 realistic treatment is out of the
 question; in the last and hardest
 task imposed on Psyche by the
 hatred of Venus—the visit to the
 shades below to obtain from their
 queen the essence of perpetual
 beauty for her tormentor. Our
 readers shall judge for themselves:

"The golden day
 For that dark cavern did she leave behind;
 Then, going boldly through it, did she
 find

The shadowy meads which that wide way
 ran through,

Under a seeming sky 'twixt grey and blue;
 No wind blew there—there was no bird, or
 tree,

Or beast, and dim grey flowers she did but
 see
 That never faded in that changeless place.

Then on she went, until she could espy
 The wan, grey river lap the leaden bank
 Wherefrom there sprouted sparsely sedges
 dank.

He set her in the ship; . . .

Silent, with eyes that looked beyond her
 face,
 He laboured, and they left the dreary
 place."

A little further on Psyche is stand-
 ing before Proserpine:—

"Then Psycherose, and from her trembling
 hand

Gave her the casket, and awhile did stand
 Alone within the hall, that chauging light
 From burning streams, and shadowy
 waves of night

Made strange and dread, till to her, stand-
 ing there

The world began to seem no longer fair,
 Life no more to be hoped for, but that
 place

The peaceful goal of all the hurrying race,
 The houses she must return to on some day."

Such feelings are fully account-
 ed for by Mr Morris's description,
 which is as good in its positive as
 in its negative part. Those vacant
 eyes of Charon, that awful light
 and shade, those flowers which
 never fade, because they never
 bloom, are well imagined.

The last scene of the poem is, of
 course, Psyche's reception among
 the gods (would that we could
 think they had grown fitter com-
 panions for such an innocent crea-
 ture than they were when Homer
 sang of them!):—

"Led by the hand of Love she took her way
 Unto a vale beset with heavenly trees,
 Where all the gathered gods and goddesses
 Abode her coming; . . .

The Father's awful voice smote on her ear,
 'Drink now, O beautiful, and have no
 fear!

For with this draught thou shalt be born
 again,

And live for ever free from care and pain.'
 Then, pale as privet, took she heart to
 drink,

And therewithal most strange new thoughts
 did think,

And unknown feelings seized her, and
 there came

Sudden remembrance, vivid as a flame,

Of everything that she had done on earth,
Although it all seemed changed in weight
and worth,

Small things becoming great, and great
things small ;

And godlike pity touched her therewithal
For her old self, for sons of men that die ;
And that sweet new-born immortality
Now with full love her rested spirit fed.

"Then in that concourse did she lift her
head,

And stood at last a very goddess there,
And all cried out at seeing her grown so
fair."

Who can begrudge Psyche, at least the Psyche of Mr Morris, this hard-won exaltation ? For a more lovable heroine we never met with than the one he has here presented us with, in her modest and sweet simplicity. How well he tells her story no extracts can show : indeed, as we look at our own, the often-quoted anecdote of the brick and the house recurs to us very forcibly. But we have given enough to supply some notion of the wealth of descriptive powers here exhibited, and of the tide of verse, smooth-flowing yet strong, which bears us onward through the whole.

The tale of Psyche is assigned by Mr Morris to the month of May. To the three following summer months he gives more sorrowful stories, evidently thinking that "a sad tale's best for *summer*," and that mournful notes touch hearers under bright skies most deeply. But in truth (as our quotations show), there is an undertone of sadness throughout, even in his tales of joy ; and on the rare occasions on which the poet comes forward in his own person, his utterances often express a profound melancholy. He watches the departure of the July thunderstorm, and says :—

"E'en now the west grows clear of storm
and threat,

But 'midst the lightning did the fair sun
die.

Ah ! he shall rise again for ages yet—
He cannot waste his life ; but thou and I—
Who knows if next morn this felicity
My lips may feel, or if thou still shalt live
This seal of love renewed once more to
give?"

The early spring-tide awakens hopeless longings in his breast ; and when May-Day dawns, it is in the twilight that he sees sweep past him the pageant dear to poets ; the first May sunshine reveals to him drearier forms :—

"For then methought the Lord of love
went by

To take possession of his flowery throne,
Ringed round with maids, and youths, and
minstrelsy ;

A little while I sighed to find him gone,
A little while the dawning was alone,
And the light gathered ; then I held my
breath,

And shuddered at the sight of Eld and
Death."

Whence this unlikeness to the cheerful poet whom Mr Morris loves so well ? With Chaucer "there is no month but May ;"* and its 'Flower and Leaf' never make him sigh for vanished blossoms, or sadly forebode the coming winter. In his

"Branchis brode laden with levis new,
That sprongen out agen the sonne shene,"†

the "fowlis smal" sing ever merrily ; and their song finds an echo in his manly and joyful tones. Why has this gift of cheerfulness been denied to the inheritor of so many of his endowments ? Is it that no man escapes the influence of his century ?—that while as an artist Mr Morris is not of our time, as a man he feels its manifold perplexities ; as a singer, the anxious brows of us his audience reflect a portion of their gloom upon him ? The England to which Chaucer sang had more just causes of complaint than the England of our own day ; but it was merry, and ours is not.

"We look before and after,
We pine for what is not."

And thus it comes to pass that even when our poets gather a bright nose-gay for us, the cypress-leaf is found unawares among the blossoms ; even when they take their stand by the fountains of legend and romance, they have ears to which the "waters

* Herbert.

† 'The Flower and the Leaf.'

weep that seemed to sing a happy strain" to their simpler predecessors.

But if one of us in these matters, Mr Morris owes, as we have shown, his chief power over us to gifts which were commoner in other times than they are now. Briefly to sum up the merits which we have observed in him during this hasty survey, they are these. An unsurpassed power of exciting and gratifying curiosity in his readers; a creative fancy (ever guided by a deep sense of the beautiful), which conceives and bodies forth every detail with a most lifelike presentment, and which luxuriates in varied and attractive description; an unconsciousness on the poet's part of aught save his absorbing interest in his story, with which his hearer's spirit directly sympathises; a tenderness, at times sorrowful but never unmanly; and last, but not least, a method of dealing with ancient legend which reaps the reward of his own Pygmalion—carving, like him, the statue in its perfect grace and beauty, and seeing, as he did, the fair cold form (having had a new spirit breathed into it) awaken into life.

It is a reluctant leave which we take of a writer thus eminently gifted with the endowments which

please; nor are we ashamed to own that we are looking for his promised second part of the 'Earthly Paradise' with a somewhat childish impatience. Let who will blame us for listening so eagerly for the strains of "the idle singer of an empty day." Each poet has his own mission, and should be honoured in its due discharge. He who has received the power to instruct us, who loves to discuss questions of deep philosophy in verse, to sound with its plummet "the abysmal depths of personality," or to suggest in it new solutions for "the riddle of this painful earth," shall obtain at fitting seasons our most respectful attention. But when the hour for lotos-eating has come; when we stroll up the lane beneath its banks of honeysuckles and roses, or watch the "tremolar della marina" from the beach; or when we light the lamp and draw the curtains after a hard day's work on some autumn evening, comes the turn of the poet who is willing and able to amuse us. It is then that we seek for verse which can soothe the wearied mind with images of beauty, which can be enjoyed without effort, and which condescends to be entertaining. When next such an hour comes to us, may Mr Morris's promised volume come with it!

A NEW THEORY OF EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

WE have been passing through a remarkable period of terrestrial phenomena—more remarkable, certainly, than any which has been witnessed by the present generation. The seasons have changed their aspect. Summer last year brought with it the heat of the tropics, and also a drought resembling that of the “hot season” in India,—as if our islands had loosened from their firm moorings, and floated far southward. Winter, too, changed its character; frost and snow failed to appear as usual, and the typical aspect which we assign to old Father Christmas, with his wreath of holly-berries laden with snow, was wholly unsupported by the facts. In the depth of mid-winter, the temperature in the shade was as warm as that of the vernal equinox: spring-flowers bloomed—rare butterflies appeared fluttering in the mild air—even the birds were deceived, and anticipated the marriage-rites of Valentine’s Day. In lieu of the wonted cold there was a deluge of rain (as we believe may always be expected in such seasons); and the soil, unbitten by the pulverising frost, was drenched by the rain, and inundated by the swellings of the overfed streams. Once more a change has come,—summer this year abdicates her rule, and we shiver over fires on the longest day! The sun has been subjected to a total eclipse; the solid earth itself has been shaken in various parts by terrific concussions, under the mighty force of the earthquake; while long-slumbering volcanoes have belched forth their fires anew with destructive energy.

Such have been the striking anomalies of the seasons during the past eighteen months. Other not less memorable phenomena occurred during the same period. The sea, shaken and upheaved in its

depths, has rolled, in a fearful series of waves, far in upon the land, submerging and destroying cities and their inhabitants; while vast billows, traversing the ocean with tremendous velocity, have carried danger, as well as the first tidings of disaster, to countries distant by several thousand miles from the seat of the catastrophe. In truth, if people were as superstitious now as in the middle ages, we should doubtless have loud prophecies that the end of the world was at hand.

The earthquake in the West Indies, which devastated the island of St Thomas, may be regarded as the commencement of this startling series of terrestrial convulsions. Next came the terrific and destructive outburst of the great volcano of Mana-loa in the Pacific. Then the fearful earthquake which recently desolated Peru and Ecuador, accompanied by outbursts in long-quiescent volcanoes in Mexico. While in southern Europe, Vesuvius has been in a state of unusual and long-continued activity; and slumbering Etna has broken forth into fire.

Our own Isles have felt some of the ebbing tremors, the dying echoes, of these great convulsions. Alike in England and in Ireland, signs of earthquake have several times recurred—either as an actual tremor of the ground, or simply as a strange passing noise, as if a railway train were tearing along in its noisy path: phenomena perceived by the lower creation quite as much as by man—flocks in the field starting and huddling together, and pheasants in the preserves rising in fluttering flight from the ground and perching on the trees.

Although upwards of two hundred shocks (or rather tremors) of the earthquake are recorded to have been felt in the British Isles, it is only within the last few years that

they have become frequent and noticeable. The shock of the 6th October 1863 was the first which the present generation have felt, and accordingly it excited much attention. Like all the subsequent shocks or tremors, it was not productive of injury. Although it excited considerable alarm in some localities—although the rector at Thruxton said “it was very awful,” and Mr Dickens, in his usual graphic style, described the shaking of his bed like what would be occasioned by some huge beast beneath suddenly struggling to rise to its feet—it is not recorded that even so fragile a thing as crockery was injured. Nevertheless, so many persons rushed into print to narrate their experiences of the shock, that all the incidents of the phenomena were duly recorded in the newspapers—even to the effect which it produced upon the nerves of married couples, rudely awakened from comfortable sleep, and to the “curtain dialogues” which ensued! The only incident, however, which we think worth recording is, that in one place a night-watchman who was standing in a wood saw the foliage of the trees shaken and the leaves fall rustling to the ground, although immediately before and after the few seconds of the convulsion the night was unusually still and calm; and at the same moment, a policeman, in the streets of a town, felt a current pass by him which he described as “a gentle blast of warm air.” We may add that during the six weeks immediately preceding this earth-tremor, there were more thunder and lightning and other signs of electrical disturbance in the atmosphere, than, so far as we could judge, occurred during the whole previous twelve months. One night, a fortnight before the shock, we observed the rare phenomenon of lightning in a perfectly clear sky—flash after flash succeeding rapidly for about two hours—while the moon shone brightly all the

time!—a phenomenon which the ancients regarded as the most special means which their great god Jupiter took to indicate his will to mortals and soothsayers, and which Science has not yet succeeded in explaining.

During the past year, the unwonted frequency of earthquakes has not unnaturally called forth a host of letters to the newspapers, and also several important articles in our magazines and reviews. But in none of these has any attempt been made to assign a cause for those terrible phenomena. The facts have been well recorded; and the manner has been described in which the terrestrial concussion is transferred to the sea—in the great waves which roll in upon the land, or which travel for thousands of miles over the face of the deep. But the science of earthquakes, as regards their productive cause, still remains where the great Humboldt left it.

Humboldt, although he regarded the question as still unsettled, inclined to the opinion (at present generally adopted) which ascribes earthquakes to the action of a central mass of fire in the earth—in which molten mass the action of the moon and sun occasions tides and suchlike variations, just as it does in the waters of the ocean. This (supposed) central mass of fire is also frequently brought forward to explain the kindred phenomenon of volcanic eruptions: these eruptions being held to be occasioned by an inburst or infiltration of the waters of the sea into the burning caverns of the earth, thereby generating immense volumes of gas and aqueous vapour, which force their way in explosions to the surface. We dissent from both of these hypotheses. The latter is obviously untenable in the face of the facts: for volcanoes are to be found far inland—in fact in the very heart of Central Asia—more than a thousand miles from the ocean, or from any large body of

water; so that it is impossible to attribute volcanic action to the in-burst of the sea into the supposed central mass of fire underlying these volcanoes. Manifestly, then, by such cases, the whole hypothesis is destroyed; and some other cause must be found to account for volcanic action.

But before proceeding further, let us say a word as to this supposed central sea of fire. Even the most ardent supporters of the opinion, that the central portion of the earth is a molten mass, must admit that it is an hypothesis based upon very inadequate data. The supporters of this hypothesis maintain that, at only twenty miles below the surface, the central heat is so great that the hardest granite is in a state of fusion; consequently our planet must consist of a molten mass, nearly 8000 miles in diameter, covered by a semi-molten crust only twenty miles in thickness, and of which crust only two miles have a temperature under the boiling-point! Only two miles out of the 8000 beneath our feet have a temperature less than that of boiling water—the remainder being subject to a heat far surpassing any of which we have actual experience! If this were true, it is obvious that the slightest lurch, or formation of tides, in this central ocean of molten matter, would burst the thin crust upon which we live as easily as if it were a skin of paper. Moreover, there are other objections to this hypothesis of a very precise nature. For example, the mean density of our planet is nearly five and a half times that of water; whereas the mean or average density of the strata which compose our continents, and which are accessible to us, is less than three times that of water; and when we take the whole surface of our planet, land and sea together, the mean density is of course much less,—Humboldt says only one-half denser than water. How, then, is the density of our planet to be account-

ed for, if even its crust, which this theory regards as the only solid portion, does not possess one-third of the average density which our globe is known to possess? The greatest depth of the ocean is fully five miles—at which depth (according to the current theory) all the strata which underlie our continents must be expanded by a heat equal to two and a half times that of boiling water!—hence, the average density of these outermost five miles, taking land and sea together, would (according to this theory) be very light indeed, although, *ex hypothesi*, it is the heaviest and only non-molten portion of our planet.

Moreover, apart from such reasonable inferences, the few available facts which we possess bearing upon this hypothesis of a central molten mass, go quite as much against the hypothesis as for it. The hypothesis is mainly based on the subterranean heat indicated by Artesian wells, and the increase of temperature observed in some deep mines. Now, we believe we shall be able to show in the sequel that this subjacent heat is not due to a central mass of fire; but, in the first place, we must note the inadequacy of the facts appealed to in support of that hypothesis. The deepest of these mines and Artesian wells does not descend half a mile below the sea-level; so that all the phenomena which they present may more reasonably be attributed to solar and planetary action in the superficial crust of our planet than to central action. Moreover, even within that very narrow depth (compared with the 8000 miles of our earth's diameter) important variations have been noted in the increase of temperature. In some deep mines which have been abandoned, it is said that no increase of temperature is to be found; and in one very deep mine in Cornwall (we believe still worked) a point has been reached at which the temperature not only ceases

to increase, but begins to decline. These phenomena we believe we shall be able to account for in the sequel.

To dogmatise, in the present state of our knowledge, as to the internal condition of our planet is absurd; and we at least have no desire to do so. But we do not hesitate to maintain with confidence that, even if the centre of our globe be a molten mass, that molten mass does not approach the surface to within a few miles, as the current doctrine maintains. Indeed, were we to venture an hypothesis on the subject, we should be disposed to say that the central portion of our globe may possibly be hollow; but that it certainly has an exterior mass, several hundreds of miles deep, in which all the heaviest elements of our planet—*e.g.*, platinum, osmium, iridium, and other metals which are found only in very small quantity (some of them not at all in a pure state, as metals) on the surface—exist in a solid state: their occasional upheaval to the surface being caused by an agency of which we shall speak by-and-by. But, be this interior condition of our planet what it may, we maintain that there is no central mass of intense heat extending continuously to within a mile or two of the surface; and that the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes are produced by quite a different agency.

Many remarkable discoveries in science have been suggested by commonplace facts or incidents. The phenomenon of the Milky Way, backed by a few common facts, carried the swift imagination of Democritus to the conception of the atomic theory—a world-wide generalisation, embracing and depicting facts of which its framer knew no more than the schoolboy or Helot of his day, yet which the hair-splitting science of Dalton and Berzelius has substantially established in modern times. Our every-day world is full of such “trifles,”

by which the macrocosm is mirrored in our microcosm, and which are fitted ere long to become keys to important discoveries, solvents of many mysteries in the physical world around us.

For example, does it never occur to us that in the tiny column of dust which in summer-time may often be seen rising from and swirling to and fro along the arid roads, we behold in embryo some of the grandest and most impressive phenomena of nature—the action of a force which, whether above ground or below, alike in the atmosphere and in solid earth, works with a terrible power at which mankind stand dismayed? As, in an airless afternoon, we view those capricious movements of the dust—sometimes a mere tiny swirl, playing for a moment on the dusty surface and disappearing—at other times, drawing straws and other light substances into its vortex, and rising in a spiral column many feet above the ground,—does it never occur to us that we have in operation before our eyes the same force which, in its various manifestations, produces alike the tall sand-pillars of the desert, which so awed the traveller Bruce as he beheld numbers of them moving and swaying to and fro over the vast plain in the lurid sunset—the waterspout of the deep, which the mariner sees swirling over the face of the ocean, towering aloft to meet the black electric cloud which stoops down from above to meet it—and also the terrible cyclones, or circling hurricanes of the tropics, which spread devastation alike on land and sea?

Now, what is the real character and true source of these atmospheric phenomena? The countryman will tell you that the tiny swirls rising from the dusty road presage a change of weather: and so they do—for they indicate electrical disturbance in the atmosphere. Yet ask a man of science why the dust swirls in that spiral form, and he

will probably answer that it is owing to the meeting of opposite currents of air; whereas on such occasions the day is calm, and you are at a loss to feel the wind blowing at all. In fact, the simple meeting of two currents of air is quite inadequate to produce such phenomena. But curvilinear and spiral movements are well-known characteristics of the electric force. Apart from experiments in the laboratory, where the passage of the electric spark from one pole to another invariably assumes a curvilinear form, and where the spiral movement of electric currents may also be seen, we have on several occasions witnessed similar motions of the electric fluid or force on a large scale during thunderstorms. We have observed the lightning-flash, in its passage from one cloud to another, proceed not in a straight line, but in the form of a curve convex to earth; and in traversing this curve the lightning proceeded visibly in a series of spiral movements. Indeed we think it probable that if the electric flash or flame which proceeds from one pole to another of a battery in the laboratory were closely examined, it would be found that this curvilinear line of light is composed of a series of spirals—just as we have observed it to do in the atmosphere.

The dust-swirl on the road is really an electrical phenomenon, as likewise are waterspouts, and the sand-pillars of the desert which are seen only on still and airless days; while the terrible cyclones are due to the same force acting horizontally over the earth's surface, and creating a hurricane as it carries the atmosphere round with it in its circling course. The cyclone, or circling hurricane, in its grander forms, is a phenomenon peculiar to the tropics, where electric action is at its maximum; and some of the circling tempests which appear in our islands are probably only prolongations of the rotatory motion originally imparted to the

atmosphere in the distant tropical regions. Yet the occurrence of cyclones, on a small scale, in our own islands is too frequent, and their action too much localised, to allow of all these storms being attributed to a tropical origin. Some of them manifestly originate in our own latitudes; nay, some of them are actually confined to a very narrow district, and obviously must have been produced there. The same amount and quality of electric disturbance will produce like results, whether in the temperate or torrid zone; and although the rotatory storm-winds in the British Islands are happily far inferior in intensity to those in the tropics, we see no reason to doubt that in their nature they are perfectly identical.

Many familiar examples might be given of electric action underlying, as the productive agent, phenomena which are usually regarded as simply atmospheric. And it is remarkable how very local, and sharply defined in their limits, some of those electro-atmospheric storms are. Wet weather produced by a warm south-western wind, or by a simple change of temperature, generally prevails over a wide extent of country; but a thunder-shower is proverbially known to pass off quickly, and is usually limited to a comparatively small area. A few years ago, in the last week of July—when the year is at its hottest—we witnessed a remarkable hailstorm in East Lothian and a part of Berwickshire, which extended over a long but very narrow belt of country, yet so severe that a hill was whitened for several hours; and even on the next day, despite the warmth of the season, hailstones lay thick in the ditches by the roadside; and so sharply marked was the limit of the storm, that over one half of a turnip-field the broad leaves of the plants were smashed and blighted by the hail, while the other half of the field was wholly untouched! In the same year—a few weeks later

—we witnessed a somewhat similar phenomenon in Teviotdale. The day had been calm, when suddenly a tremendous gale arose, bending the trees to the ground, and along with the rushing wind came a shower of hail and unusual darkness, which lasted only a few minutes; while, on the other side of the valley, not a mile distant, the heights were all the time in sunshine, and the woods as quiet as before. It may safely be affirmed that whenever hail falls during the height of summer, the phenomenon is due to electric action in the atmosphere; and not unfrequently it is accompanied by thunder. In thunderstorms, we may add, the electric action is sometimes wholly confined to the atmosphere itself—in the form of discharges from one cloud to another, and sometimes between an upper and lower stratum of clouds. Last autumn we witnessed a storm of this kind most distinctly marked. For four hours during the early part of the day—from about 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.—thunder-peals were frequent, accompanied by flashes of lightning. But no rain fell in our neighbourhood (although there were showers on the surrounding hills); and on looking upward, there were distinctly visible two strata of cumulus cloud, an upper and a lower, between which alone the electric discharges took place—no flashes descending to the earth. On the other hand, in the ordinary thunderstorms, and in all the grander ones, it is needless to say, the electric discharges take place between the atmosphere and the earth; the one discharging its surplus electricity into the other,—in some cases visibly accompanied by a back-flash or return-stroke. And all these storms, whether confined to the atmosphere or taking place between the atmosphere and the solid earth, are nothing else than violent efforts or spasms requisite to restore the electrical equilibrium, which from one cause or other has become deranged.

We have dwelt in considerable detail upon these atmospheric convulsions, or rather convulsions in the atmosphere, which electricity underlies as the productive agent—because those phenomena have an important bearing upon the question of the terrestrial phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes, according to the new theory which we are about to propound.

The atmosphere itself is commonly regarded as the native seat of the electrical disturbances which give rise to the above-described hurricanes and thunderstorms which convulse it, and which so seriously affect the fate or fortunes of mankind alike on land and sea. The current idea is, that the solar action, mainly in the form of heat, but also electrically (as shown by the variations of the magnetic needle, irrespective of temperature), generate in the atmosphere, or impregnate it with so much electricity that the electric equilibrium normally existing between the air and the earth is disturbed, destroyed; and that, thereupon, the atmosphere relieves itself by pouring its surplus electricity into the earth by thunderstorms. But this is a mistake. Electrical disturbances in the atmosphere are more frequent, certainly they are more patent to us, than is commonly the case as regards the similar variations in the solid surface of the earth—for this reason among others, that it takes a much stronger force to convulse a solid body than to produce the same effect in a mobile element like the atmosphere. Place two strong magnets at a little distance from each other in a liquid substance in which are placed (say) tiny pieces of gold-leaf floating (resembling the clouds), and the electrical action will become readily visible by the motion of those floating bits of metal; whereas no motion, or apparent change of any kind, is perceptible in the solid body of the magnets, which nevertheless produce those phenomena.

It is only when the action of the magnets is greatly increased that their own action becomes visible in the form of flashes, &c. Just so is it in the case of earth and air. All the lesser electrical charges in the crust of the earth are invisible, and to ordinary mortals imperceptible; nevertheless, it is the earth which is the chief cause of all our thunderstorms, &c.,—the atmospheric phenomena, however striking, being secondary in their nature, although simultaneously occurrent. It is the solid surface of the earth that is most influenced by the solar action: the changes in the condition of the atmosphere being mainly due to the reflection (so to call it) of these solar effects from the earth. The solid surface of the earth becomes highly charged with solar influence, whether simply thermal or directly electric, and thereafter acts upon the atmosphere. No doubt a portion of the solar influence is felt or absorbed by the atmosphere, independently of reflex action from the earth. But by far the larger portion of the solar influence which accumulates in the atmosphere is given back to it from the solid earth, which can absorb or store up such force to a degree impossible to the sparse atmospheric element. Five miles up in air the thermometer hardly shows any difference when in shade or in the sun. Even as regards the heat of our summer air, a large portion of it is due to the accumulated heat in the surface of the earth, which acts like a stove upon the supernatant gaseous element of the atmosphere. The same is true of the electric influence of the solar rays. This influence accumulates in the solid earth to a far greater extent than is possible in the tenuous atmosphere; and it is the surface or crust of the earth, speaking roundly, that is the main or primary seat of those electrical variations which produce the storms in the atmosphere. It is obvious that every discharge of electricity between air

and earth implies that the earth is as much out of equilibrium as the air is, otherwise no such discharge could take place. In short, what we desire to point out is, that the atmosphere plays a secondary rôle compared with the solid earth—that it is the condition of the earth's crust which forms the main element of electric action, and of the cyclones and thunderstorms which convulse the atmosphere. In some thunderstorms, indeed, and these usually of great severity, the lightning - flashes are chiefly upward, from the earth itself.

These, and suchlike facts, must prove to every thinking mind that there is a zone of electric action in the crust of the earth corresponding with, but superior in intensity to, that which every one sees to exist in the surrounding gaseous envelope of the atmosphere. In truth, electric action is ceaselessly going on between earth and air, although in ordinary times it is imperceptible to our unaided senses,—the two bodies, in accordance with the tendency of electrified objects, becoming relatively to each other positive and negative. To take a popular though imperfect illustration:—the coexistence of a terrestrial with an atmospheric zone of electric action may be likened to the return-flash or current which accompanies the despatch of every telegraphic message, the electric current transmitted by wire through the air returning to its starting-point along the surface or through the crust of the earth.

Any one who has lived much in the country must have heard, or noticed for himself, that there are certain spots in each locality where sheep and cattle are struck during thunderstorms more frequently than elsewhere. It is well known that men and animals are more liable to be struck by lightning when standing under trees than in the open country. But it is not to such cases that we refer. We speak of spots on the hills or on

the open moor where there are no trees, and where the herbage or vegetation is of the same character as prevails for miles around, yet where, nevertheless, the lightning-flash descends to earth, or issues from it, more frequently than elsewhere. There must be a cause for this. And there is but one cause which can be assigned for it. At those spots the earth must in a special manner attract the electric discharge from the air—the earth must in those places give a readier passage, whether upwards or downwards, to the electric fluid than elsewhere. If such spots were examined, we believe it would be found that the subjacent rocks come near to the surface, and also that those rocks are of a kind through which the electric currents pass readily. In some cases, probably, the rocks at such spots are impregnated with iron or other metallic ores; and certainly they will be rocks of higher molecular organisation than sandstone—namely, trap-rocks and others of so-called igneous origin. We believe that certain kinds of rock are the favourite or special media of the magnetic currents, which are in constant action around and beneath us, and which may be regarded as the nerve-force of the earth and of all matter—sandstone probably having the least, and the “igneous,” crystalline, and metalliferous rocks the greatest affinity and attraction for those currents. Indeed, we think it probable that the metallic veins in the rocky crust of the earth owe their origin to a long-continued action of such magnetic currents; metals, and also gems, being, in our opinion, sublimations of the matter of rocks—rock which has had its atoms reorganised, its molecular structure altered into a higher form, by the action of magnetic currents. Their formation is owing to the electric currents following in some cases well-defined paths through the rocky crust of earth, and, by such continuous action, transmuting

the rocky matter through which they pass into a higher condition of molecular structure. All metalliferous or mineral-bearing rocks will be found to be specially permeated by those currents, and thereby possessed of a higher temperature than the others. Metallic veins predominate in the older rocks, whose crystallised structure is peculiarly favourable to the passage of electricity; and, indeed, it seems to us probable that the peculiar structure of those old rocks, such as granite, is not due wholly to the conditions of their formation, but in some small degree also to their age—the longer period during which they have been subject to telluric magnetism, in the form of those magnetic currents ceaselessly playing through the crust of earth.

Now apply those facts and considerations. Is it not manifest that, since such a zone of electric action exists immediately beneath the earth's surface, the increase of temperature observed in mines, the warmth of Artesian wells, &c., may be due wholly and solely to this cause? The electric currents ceaselessly passing to and fro in the subjacent rocks will necessarily develop heat, and in some kinds of rock (namely, those through which their usual path lies) more than in others. In metal mines, the shaft is sunk through metalliferous strata,—in other words, through those kinds of rock which are most permeated by electric currents; and consequently it is in such mines that, *a priori*, we may most surely expect to find, and where, in fact, we do find, an increase of temperature. Moreover, our theory helps to explain the *variations* which exist in this increase of subterranean temperature. The variations have hitherto been little noticed. In fact, it is only in metalliferous and mineral-bearing strata that mines are sunk, and even in these the observations for temperature have hitherto been made with little exactitude. But the more this curi-

ous and important question of subterranean temperature is experimentally investigated, the more apparent, we believe, will it become that the heat of earth's crust does not increase steadily, but by a ratio which differs at different depths, and still more in different localities. Until a year or two ago, it was held as a dogma of science that the heat of the atmosphere diminished, as we ascend, by a fixed ratio; but Glaisher's balloon-ascents have proved that this is a mistake, and that not only was the ratio incorrect, but that in fact no fixed ratio can be established,—the ratio of diminution varying at different seasons, and still more owing to the varying currents in the upper atmosphere,—a warmer stratum of air, in fact, being occasionally found to exist above a colder one! Similar phenomena, corroborative of our new theory, will, we doubt not, be found to exist in the temperature of earth's solid crust,—colder strata occasionally underlying warmer ones, according as the rocks are more or less permeated by the electric currents.

It is to this zone of electric action, then, that we attribute the subterranean heat observable in our mines and in the waters of Artesian wells. But if this be correct, there is no ground for the hypothesis that the temperature of the earth continues to increase indefinitely from the surface to the centre of our planet. It indicates rather that the increase of subterranean temperature is restricted to a narrow zone immediately underlying the surface, and may wholly disappear beyond that zone (*i.e.*, at a few miles below the surface), leaving a cold and immensely dense stratum of rock as the major portion of earth's crust, whatever may lie below. Hence the doctrine of the central fire, or at least the importance at present attributed to it as the agent of superficial phenomena, wholly disappears. As already said, all that is actually known of the

subjacent earth is confined to a distance of half a mile below the sea-level,—a mere scratch on the surface of a globe 8000 miles in diameter, and a very small section even of that zone of electric action of which we here speak. The zone of electric action in the atmosphere may be regarded (speaking roundly) as extending to a height of six or eight miles; the grander zone of similar action in the crust of the earth may reasonably be regarded as having a depth considerably greater. Here, then, have we not an amply adequate and most intelligible cause of the increasing temperature observed in the very small depth of earth's crust which is accessible to us, without any need for the extravagant hypothesis of a central molten mass in immediate contact with the surface of our planet—extending, in fact, continuously almost up to the soles of our feet?

Now let us come to the cause of Earthquakes. We have removed from the question the central sea of fire or molten matter; we have replaced it by a zone of electric action, close to the surface, and wholly independent of the internal condition of our planet, whatever that may be. This is alike more probable from a cosmical point of view, and also the action of this electric zone (as we shall show), as the cause of earthquakes, is far more reasonable and intelligible than the supposed tidal movements or other changes in the imagined central sea of fire. Earthquakes are results of the grander electrical disturbances which from time to time take place in the zone of rocks immediately subjacent to earth's surface. And in accordance with the parallel which we establish between the electrical phenomena in earth and in the atmosphere, we may aptly describe earthquakes as thunderstorms in the earth.

In ordinary times and circumstances, the electric currents which regularly circulate in earth's crust

—in that outervein of our globe specially affected by solar and planetary action—ebb and flow quietly and noiselessly, as the similar currents usually do in the atmosphere. Indeed, in the earth their movements are in ordinary times much more silent and steady than in the atmosphere: partly because in the former case they act in or through matter much less mobile and disturbable, and also because rocks are better conductors of electricity than air is,—so that the fluid (so to call it) is less liable to insulation and local accumulation, and therefore flows more steadily and quietly. But ever and anon, when electric action to an unusual extent takes place in the earth's crust, this steady flow of the currents is broken, and then violent concussions necessarily follow. Just as a quiet-flowing river, when inundated, encounters more impediments than usual—the bridges, for example, being too small to permit the passage of its waters so readily as usual,—whereupon the waters accumulate at the point of resistance until they acquire sufficient power to sweep away the obstacle by a mighty rush; even so, when, owing to unusual solar or planetary action, electricity is developed to an excessive degree in the crust of the earth, the conductive power of the rocks becomes inadequate to pass the currents with sufficient rapidity to maintain the electric equilibrium. In the mobile elements of the atmosphere we see some parts, usually in the form of distinct clouds, become overcharged with electricity, and regain their equilibrium by lightning-flashes, sharp electrical discharges. The same thing takes place (though, for reasons above stated, less frequently) in the solid earth. The electricity, not being transmitted in sufficient quantity through the adjoining rocks, accumulates at such places until it acquires the power or tension requisite to overcome the resistance; and thereupon it forces a

passage explosively, or by a grand discharge,—more terrible by far than if the whole artillery of the world were discharged in a concentrated volley. What is the result? A vast heat is generated (electricity fuses everything—it is the grandest heat-developer in nature); the rocks are expanded, rent, in some cases actually fused: the subterranean lakes and rivers—the reservoirs of water which exist everywhere below the surface, and which in Genesis are called the fountains of the great deep—are vapourised, instantaneously converted into steam: and the result of this great expansion, or explosion, in the ground beneath us, is a concussion or rupture of the subjacent rocky strata, the effects of which reach the surface, producing the various phenomena of the earthquake.

Sometimes these subterranean convulsions manifest themselves on the surface only by noises—generally dull rumbling sounds, but occasionally in a succession of abrupt detonations, like subterranean thunder-peals. In other cases the ground perceptibly shakes in harmless vibrations. But in severe shocks these vibrations swell into waves of commotion, shaking down whole cities in ruins; while the solid ground cracks and opens under their influence into chasms, which (usually) instantaneously close again, engulfing both men and buildings. In other cases the subterranean convulsion is still more powerfully manifested on the surface by an actual explosive movement,—a phenomenon remarkably manifested in the earthquake which destroyed the town of Riobamba (in 1797), when the bodies of some of the inhabitants were found to have been hurled into the air to the height of several hundred feet. Sometimes the ground itself is upheaved to a great height, in the form of volcanic cones or mountains, which give an outlet for the subjacent disturbance. In this way

the volcano of Jorullo, in a single day, was thrown up to the height of 1700 feet above the surrounding plain; and the immense conical volcano of Fusi-yama, 11,000 feet high, is said by the Japanese to have been thrown up during a single night! Eleven thousand feet high!—nearly three times as high as any mountain in our islands! How stupendous the force to produce such an upheaval! But there is yet another form of these subterranean convulsions. Instead either of direct upheaval or of waves of commotion extending on the surface in concentric curves around the centre of the disturbance, the earthquake sometimes manifests itself by a rotary motion (as in the terrible earthquake in Calabria in 1783)—a circling storm in the earth, exactly parallel to the cyclones or rotatory storms in the atmosphere. And like the cyclones, this is the most destructive form of the earthquake. Humboldt says, “The circling rotatory commotions are the most uncommon, but at the same time the most dangerous.” Such earthquakes we hold to be identical in nature with the rotatory electric phenomena in the atmosphere,—which rise in intensity from the tiny swirls on our arid roads to the great “dust-storms” of India, the waterspouts in the ocean, the sand-pillars of the desert, and the cyclones of the tropics.

Our limits forbid the further elucidation of the parallel which we have established between the phenomena of earthquakes and the electrical disturbances in the atmosphere. But we must add, in confirmation of our theory, that the seat of subterranean convulsion in the case of earthquakes (so far as has been ascertained) is at the depth of from four to eight miles below the surface,—in other words, clearly within that zone of electric action which we regard as underlying earth’s surface, and as the real productive cause of the phenomena of earthquakes.

Volcanoes, as our readers will now anticipate, we ascribe to the same cause. We do not regard them as outlets of the central molten sea,—we deny that this molten sea (if it exists at all) comes so near to the surface; but volcanoes are vents which the subterranean electric action makes for itself, or for its effects, in those regions or localities where it is strongest or most permanent.

Although the producing cause of volcanoes and earthquakes is identical, their superficial phenomena, the effects which they produce at the surface of the earth, are in many respects very different. And the characteristic difference may be concisely stated thus: Volcanoes are eruptive, while earthquakes are merely vibratory, effects of the subterranean disturbance. In volcanoes the subterranean expansive force makes its way to the surface in the form of an explosion, erupting the superjacent matter and also molten masses of lava from the subterranean focus of convulsion. In earthquakes, on the other hand, the subterranean explosive force cannot make its way to the surface, but produces terrible vibrations, and occasionally fissures of the solid ground. Even in the earthquake of Riobamba, where bodies on the surface were projected a hundred feet into the air, no actual explosion or eruption took place; neither did the surface sustain any permanent upheaval. It was simply a vibratory phenomenon of unusual intensity, the upward vibrations being so rapid or intense as to throw loose bodies on the surface into the air as if projected from a catapult. It was a shock of immense velocity from below, to which the elastic crust, the surface of the ground, responded by a quick upward movement—yet one, probably, not exceeding a foot in height. Just as the bending of a bow to the extent of a few inches suffices, by a swift recoil, to project a missile to a distance of many hundred feet.

Nevertheless, we repeat, the cause

of earthquakes and of volcanoes is the same; and the subterranean action which produces an earthquake will, if of greater intensity, produce a volcano over the centre of disturbance. The difference in the effects at the surface produced by subterranean convulsions depends upon three things—namely (1), the intensity of the convulsion; (2), its depth or distance from the surface, and (3), the greater or less resistance which the overlying strata present to the upward explosive movement. The nearer to the surface the focus of convulsion is, the more easily will a volcano be formed.

It is probable that, in the case of all volcanoes, the seat of subterranean convulsion lies comparatively near to the surface. This must certainly be the case in regard to all permanently active volcanoes—such as Vesuvius, Etna, and Stromboli—where the vent remains permanently open. In such cases there appears to be a subjacent zone of electric action sufficiently continuous in its activity, and also sufficiently near to the surface, to keep open the vent or outlet, which otherwise would be apt to close again, by the collapse or falling in of the superincumbent strata.

Although earthquakes are non-eruptive phenomena of subterranean convulsion, we cannot hold with Mr Mallet that they do not and cannot produce any permanent upheaval, or rise of level, of the ground at the surface. It is agreed on all hands that earthquakes are a consequence of subterranean convulsion which, at its seat at least, is of an explosive or expansive nature. And although commonly the effects of this convulsion, in the case of earthquakes, reach the surface only in the form of vibrations, it is natural to expect that in some instances the expansive force should act in the surface in the form of actual upheaval,—the internal expansion not being entirely compensated by the condensation of the elastic superjacent (and other conterminous)

strata, and hence producing a slight but permanent elevation of the ground at the surface. The facts of such upheaval, in connection with particular earthquakes, have hitherto been little noticed scientifically, and they are of such a nature as not to be readily determined by ordinary observers. Sir Charles Lyell holds that, during the earthquake in Chili in 1822, the level of the country was raised three feet over an extent of a hundred miles; and although Mr Cuming, then living at Valparaiso, could find no adequate proofs of this rise of level, there is certainly nothing in the nature of earthquakes to render such an upheaval improbable. And if we look at the world at large, we find in many quarters, even at the present day, signs of upheaval, which can only be attributed to subterranean expansions.

Nevertheless, unquestionably, the general effect of earthquakes on the earth's surface is to produce, not elevations, but depressions. The great Japanese Lake of Oomi, seventy-two miles long and twelve miles wide, is stated to have been formed by an earthquake. In Italy, the Ciminian and Alban Lakes are said to have been similarly produced. In the Calabrian earthquake of 1638, the town of Santa Euphemia was ruined, and its site converted into a lake under the eyes of Father Kircher. In 1660, during an earthquake, a mountain near Narbonne wholly disappeared, sinking so deeply that a lake took its place. In the Calabrian earthquakes of 1783, lakes and morasses were formed in various places, not merely owing to the blocking up of water-courses, but in consequence of actual subsidence of the ground. And in the recent earthquake which devastated Peru and Ecuador, a similar phenomenon was witnessed—the site of Cotacachi being now occupied by a lake. It is not difficult to assign a cause for those phenomena of subsidence which so frequently accompany earthquakes,

The explosive or expansive force which produces earthquakes is rarely strong enough to reach the surface in the form of actual expansion and upheaval; but the tremors or vibrations transmitted to the surface, by shaking all the intervening strata, must tend to shake down ill-compacted subterranean masses, or the rocky vaults overhanging subterranean chasms which have been formed by former explosions. So that, in fact, the elevations on the surface which volcanic action has made, the vibratory action of earthquakes tends to shake down. Hence it is chiefly in volcanic districts that such subsidence of the surface takes place; and all volcanic ridges are peculiarly liable to collapse.

As is well known, there are several distinct and tolerably well-defined zones on the earth's surface (which are represented in physical atlases) where volcanic action and earthquakes are most frequent; and in each of those separate zones the various parts are usually more or less affected in common during subterranean convulsions. The existence of such zones demonstrates that subterranean electric action is much more frequent in some parts of the earth than in others. Hence the volcanoes, active or extinct, which dot the surface of those regions, and mark the subjacent line of electric action. Volcanoes are simply vents for the subterranean disturbance,—results and indications of special electric action in the subjacent crust of the earth. When great earthquakes occur, indicating great subterranean disturbances, these volcanic outlets usually burst into temporary action, upthrowing masses of rock and ashes,—belching forth steam and gases, flames and lava (which is molten rock),—and frequently, also, at the first outbreak of the eruption, vast quantities of water, upshot from the subterranean lakes and reservoirs, sometimes (as often noticed in the Andes) containing fishes, which ap-

pear to breed and multiply enormously in these hidden lakes, and some of which (like the little cyclopic fishes of Quito) acquire peculiar structures as the result of the absence of light. And, as is well known, the outburst of these volcanoes tends to quiet the subterranean concussions, by giving vent to some of the results of the disturbing force which occasions them.

Like cyclones and other electric disturbances in the atmosphere, earthquakes and volcanoes prevail chiefly in the tropical regions. The explanation of this fact, by our theory, is simple. It is in its equatorial region that the earth is most exposed to the solar action—and to lunar and planetary action also. Hence the zone of electric action in the crust of the earth, corresponding to the similar zone in the atmosphere, is there most active,—or rather, we should say, most acted upon,—producing the phenomena of volcanic action and earthquakes. True, a few volcanoes are to be found at a great distance from the tropical zones: there is Hecla in Iceland, and some volcanoes are also said to have been seen in the Antarctic circle. These are doubtless attributable to the electric currents generated by the polar condition of the earth (of which the aurora-borealis is another indication)—currents developed by our planet's rotary motion in space, and which also represent, we think, the subordinate magnetic flux which is usually developed at right angles to a greater line of electric action.

The more permanently, or rather continuously, active volcanoes are (*cæteris paribus*) those which have little altitude, such as Stromboli (2300 feet in height); while the loftier ones—such as Etna (11,000 feet), and the colossi of the Andes, one of which (Cotopaxi) is 19,000 feet high—become active only at comparatively distant intervals. The reason is obvious: for it requires a greater intensity of the subterranean force to produce an eruptive

discharge from a crater $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles above the sea-level (like Cotopaxi), than from one like Stromboli, which is considerably less than half a mile in height.

The number of active volcanoes, even including those which have eruptions only about once in a century, is comparatively small; while the volcanic mountains now extinct may be reckoned by thousands. This fact is regarded by *savans* as a proof that volcanic action was far more extensive in past times than it is now. But in reality it is not so. We do not here question the doctrine that volcanic action actually was much more extensive and violent in the early period of our planet's existence; but we deny that the doctrine is established by the fact of the great number of now extinct volcanoes. There is no proof that these volcanoes were all in action simultaneously; and, judging from existing or well-recorded facts, we think it probable that the phenomenon has been caused to a great degree simply by changes in the locality and direction of the subterranean zones of electric action. Vesuvius was regarded as an extinct volcano by the Romans, until it suddenly burst into terrific action, destroying Herculaneum and Pompeii; and Etna also, in the time of Nero, was regarded in much the same way,—indeed it was stated to be actually sinking, diminishing in height, owing to the cessation of the subterranean forces which had primarily upheaved it. The once perennial fire of Lemnos (a Stromboli of the *Ægean*) has been extinguished since the time of Alexander the Great; and the volcano of Medina has been inactive since the thirteenth century. And at the present day there are several volcanic mountains which appear to be sinking into a state of permanent inaction—they are becoming extinct; while hundreds of solfaterras exist to mark the last stages of expiring volcanic action. At the same time, new

volcanoes are thrown up, alike on the mainland and from the depths of the sea, and become vents for the effects of the subterraneous disturbance in new localities, according as the zone of these commotions shifts to and fro.

These subterranean zones of electric action are, or have been, the regulating cause of the present distribution of land and sea on the surface of our planet. They not only serve to counteract the constant levelling action, arising from atmospheric and fluvial influences, and thereby prevent the land from becoming everywhere levelled down to a vast plain—flat and monotonous as the Pampas of South America; but, from æon to æon, as the records of geology show, they greatly alter the size and configuration of the continents, changing water into dry land, and dry land into water. At a comparatively recent geological epoch, a vast portion of both Europe and Asia, north of the great mountain-girdle composed of the Himalayas, Balkan, Alps, and Pyrenees, was covered by the sea; and the more or less gradual emergence of that vast region above the sea-level has unquestionably been produced by upheaving forces at work in the crust of the earth. In like manner, and probably simultaneously, there appears to have been a great subsidence of land in the southern hemisphere, at all events in the Pacific Ocean. The old traditions of Ceylon affirm that the present island is only a fragment of a far vaster island, or island-continent; and the appearance of the islands in some parts of the Pacific is that of a continent which has sunk below the sea-level, leaving only its mountain-peaks above water.

In regard to mountain-chains, the case is clear. We think it may be affirmed that there is not a single great mountain-chain which does not show signs of what is called “igneous” upheaval. The line of the Andes is marked throughout

by a series of volcanoes, active or extinct; and it is known that, alike in the New World and in the Old, the zones of volcanic action and earthquakes adjoin, in the main, the course of the great mountain-chains. It cannot be maintained that volcanoes and earthquakes adjoin these mountain-chains simply as a consequence of the existence of these mountain-ridges: the real explanation is, that the force which continues to produce those convulsive phenomena is identical with that which originally produced those mountains by terrestrial upheaval. The fact, too, that volcanoes exist abundantly in islands, is not a consequence of their insular position—as some authorities maintain—but because the islands owe their existence to the upheaving force which once acted, or still continues to act, through their volcanic cones. We may add a word in connection with the remarkable fact that the great mountain-chain of the Old World—which runs in almost perfect continuity from Portugal through the Pyrenees, Alps, Balkan, Caucasus, Hindoo-kooch, and Himalayas, to the Pacific—follows the direction of the equator, extending east and west across the continents; whereas the corresponding mountain-girdle in the New World runs exactly north and south, extending almost from pole to pole. We believe that these facts are intimately connected with the rival (so to speak) equatorial and polar conditions of our planet, which must greatly affect and tend to produce the special zones of electric action which pervade earth's crust: probably they are also a grand illustration of the principle (observed in the laboratory) that an electric current tends to produce simultaneously a magnetic current at right angles to its course, and *vice versa*.

We know that vast changes have taken place on the surface of the globe, some countries and whole continents sinking, and others ris-

ing—land becoming sea, and sea giving place to land. And at the present day some countries are gradually sinking and others rising. Such submergences, it is needless to say, are not due to any appreciable increase in the waters of ocean; neither is the enlargement of islands and continents owing to any growth of land, any augmentation of the solid matter of earth. The changes in the distribution of land and sea are occasioned by local elevations or depressions of earth's solid surface, produced by expansion or contraction in the subjacent strata, owing (as we hold) to the varying intensity and direction of the electric forces generated in earth's crust by solar, lunar, and planetary influence. The upheaving process may be due to a permanent expansion of the subjacent strata, owing to the greater heat there generated by the electric currents; and it is to this cause, probably, that the existence of continents, and the general distribution of land and water, is to be ascribed. But the upheaval may also be due to a transitory explosion, which, while forcing the rocky strata upwards, leaves them in a state of stability (as in the form of arches) adequate to maintain their configuration, although the upheaving force either wholly or partially becomes extinct; and this, doubtless, is the case in regard to mountain-chains, especially of the volcanic kind, under all of which, we conjecture, there are great hollows or chasms at more or less depth below the surface. It is a remarkable fact that barometrical observations indicate the existence of some great chasm or void extending below the Himalayas; and Humboldt states that there are various portions of the Andes chain where the subjacent waves of the earthquake do not reach the surface, apparently owing to the intervention of great hollows separating the mountain surface from the depths below; and he adds that the Peruvians say of

these unmoved upper strata that "they form a bridge." In some cases of upheaval, however, the rocks when forced upwards do not happen to take a stable form, and hence they collapse as soon as the explosive or upheaving force ceases, as is observable in the case of some volcanic islands—notably, the island called *Sabrina*, which suddenly appeared and disappeared in 1811, and the better-known case of the island of Ferdinandea in the Sicilian sea, whose sudden emergence and submergence excited great notice and attention.

Solid and stable as earth's surface appears to us, a considerable portion of it rests only upon over-arched hollows of immense extent; a still greater portion upon strata which are expanded by the heat of great electric currents, which in course of ages may alter their course, producing submergences of the superjacent countries or continents; while at every part the surface of our planet is liable to terrific convulsions, either in the form of upheaval, or, it may be, collapses arising from the dislocation of the rocky arches which at present bridge over the vast chasms beneath.

Our special object in this paper has been to show that such convulsions—typified by volcanic action and earthquakes—are not attributable to tidal or other commotions in a central molten mass, of which our planet is supposed to consist up to within a few miles of the surface, but to disturbances in the outer rim of earth's solid crust, occasioned by electric action and phenomena analogous to those which have their seat in the atmosphere, in the gaseous zone which surrounds earth's solid surface. But one word in conclusion. Whence come those disturbances? They cannot be produced by the Earth *per se*. Whatever be the condition of our globe, whether slowly cooling in space or not, such *changes* in its condition, frequently sudden and always lo-

cal, must of necessity be ascribed to *extra-terrestrial influences*,—to the cosmical action of the surrounding bodies in space. Ordinarily they are produced by the varying action of the sun, moon, and planets; but in their grander forms, as exemplified in the records of geology, these convulsions are doubtless due to the changing position of our whole solar system in space. Who can tell how far the grand geological changes may have been owing to the varying position of the sun and planets in regard to the world of the fixed stars, and the central sun around which our sun with his planets is ceaselessly and swiftly revolving? At present, and ever since the appearance of civilised man on earth, our solar system lies far remote from the thickest clusters of the fixed stars: we are but circling on the rim or edge of the great Plain of the Worlds, indicated by the shining depths of the Milky Way. But it may not, it cannot, have been so always in the past; nor is it likely to be so always in the future of our planet. In truth, may we not ascribe to such extra-terrestrial influence one of the most striking features in the present aspect of our globe—namely, the great predominance of land in the northern hemisphere, where the continents appear to have been vastly increasing in extent in the most recent geological periods, while in the southern hemisphere land is not only rare, but over a large area appears to have been gradually sinking? Is it not possible, then, that the superior activity of the upheaving forces in our northern hemisphere, and the comparative absence of land in the southern hemisphere, is due to the greater cosmical influence exerted upon the former, which is turned to immense strata of stars and constellations; whereas in the southern skies there are vast spaces of darkness, where not a single starry world is visible?

A STORY OF EULENBURG.—PART I.

I.

BEFORE entering fully upon this history, I must begin by explaining that in one of the most celebrated galleries on the Continent there stood many years ago, and still stands, a certain statue, to which tradition, for some forgotten and unintelligible reason, has given the name of the nymph Hercyna, whom I find to have been, according to Pausanias, one of the attendants of Ceres during her wanderings in search of Proserpine. It is of immense age: indeed not a few of its admirers go so far as to claim for it an origin nothing short of Athenian, while even the more moderate are not unwilling to have it ascribed to that Rhodian school which produced the Laocoon. Nevertheless, in spite of its extreme antiquity, it is extraordinarily perfect: not a single detail is destroyed or even injured by accident, neglect, or time. Nor has it been undeserving of its singular good fortune, for it is wonderfully beautiful—so much so that the fact of its fame not being as wide as the whole world only goes to prove, in the opinion of some of us who hold ourselves to be no mean judges in such matters, that the large but unintelligent jury by whom fame is accorded or withheld, is as capricious in the case of the works of their fellow-men as in that of their fellow-men themselves. For my own part, I own to a love for this particular piece of marble passing my love for any other that it has ever been my good fortune, during the course of a not very short life, to see and know: and my love for it is strengthened by the knowledge that, while I do not follow the multitude—for whose opinion in art matters I have not the faintest respect—I have on my side the opinion of all critics by whom, on

other grounds, I am proud to be directed.

For the benefit, both of the many who have not seen it and of the many who, having seen it, have unobservantly passed it by—for there is not much about it in the guide-books—I must give a short description of this really wonderful work of art; and I promise, in order the better to secure the perusal of it, that I will avoid any vain and useless endeavour to express in anything like appropriate words the enthusiasm I always feel in approaching this subject—that I will myself be as cold as the marble of which I speak. Besides, no one can hate more than I hate it the common jargon of enthusiasm in art matters, which is almost invariably as much the result of affectation and pretence on the part of those who indulge in it, as the profuse use of technicalities is the result of real ignorance. My description, therefore, shall be as short and as plain as possible; and I hope that I shall receive some credit for my reticence, seeing that, once started, I could continue upon this theme for the space of a dozen volumes, and more if I pleased.

After all, what matters it whether we know or do not know when, or where, or by whom, the statue was produced? Had it been manufactured in Manchester yesterday, instead of having been created, as tradition would have it, in Athens more than two thousand years ago, it would not be a jot the less beautiful. In size, then, it is rather large. The figure, which is entirely nude, is full, and of exquisitely perfect proportion, without any unnatural forcing of lines in order to obtain additional and artificial grace, as in the case of the Venus de Medicis and some others. It is

in the face, however, that lies its chief attraction. Every other great statue that I ever saw depends for its beauty upon the element of form alone; but in the face of the Hercyna, beauty of form is subordinate to beauty of expression. The outline is that of a classic nymph; the character, that of a woman who has lived and suffered. The sculptor, whoever he was, would seem to have trespassed so far on the province of the painter, that colour alone is wanting to make his creation appear to be in truth alive. As regards attitude, the figure stands erect, but undulating, with the head slightly turned aside and thrown back, so as to make the sad but calm smile of the perfect lips seem as though it were speaking silently to heaven of sorrowful, but not unhappy, memories. One who watches it for any length of time wonders that he does not hear the very words with his ears, so near to the lips do they seem; and to say that before long he sees the bosom actually rise and fall in tumultuous waves, is only to remark a phenomenon that is common to all really great figures, whether carved in marble or painted on canvass, when the attention is concentrated upon them for three or four minutes together. The only defect in the whole work is not a fault in art, but an unlucky caprice of nature, who ever seems to abhor absolute perfection—that is to say, there is a thin black vein in the marble which, beginning behind the left shoulder, passes over and in front of it, and then, dividing, runs a short distance along the arm in one direction and down the left breast in another.

So much for my description, in the course of which I have certainly kept my promise about not being over-enthusiastic. But there is something to be said about the statue historically as well as artistically. When I said in my very first sentence that it stood in the gallery some years ago, and that it

stands there now, I chose my words advisedly. Within my recollection there was an interval of time during which no one knew or knows where it stood, or even whether it stood anywhere at all. The gallery in question is one of the best kept in the world: there is a staff of thoroughly well-selected and trustworthy custodians and other officials continually on duty: ingress and egress during the night are absolutely impossible: the marble is, of course, of great weight, and cannot be moved without the utmost care and trouble, and the use of mechanical appliances; and yet, one morning, it was missing from its place, nor could any one even hazard a guess as to what had become of it.

Zealous, long, and exhaustive was the search made by the authorities of the museum, supported by all the resources of the Government, for their missing art-treasure, which had been made the subject of so inexplicable a theft. The police were set to work, and all possible powers and facilities were afforded them. Spies and detectives were employed in almost every large town in all Europe; an incessant and thoroughly careful watch was kept up at the frontiers; and two persons in particular, both of them of high rank, of whom one was notorious for a passion for carrying out practical jokes of the most difficult and *outré* kind, and the other for an unscrupulous mania for collecting works of art, were kept for a long time under secret and close *surveillance*. Popular suspicion at last reached the very highest quarters of all, and began to hint that the police had missed the right track not altogether unintentionally. But in this matter popular suspicion was, as usual, unjust. I could tell some curious stories about what was incidentally discovered in many unexpected quarters, and perhaps I may tell them some day; at present, I will only say that I was living in the

city at the time, and was intimately acquainted with the chief curator of the museum, Doctor Adolf Mohnkopf—now, alas! no more; and as I, though filled to the brim with troubles of my own, could not help taking a warm interest in this curious affair, I made use of the opportunities which were thus open to me of acquainting myself with every step that was taken, and, indeed, became myself no inactive amateur detective. All, however, was in vain; not a trace of the truant nymph could be discovered, and at last all men tacitly agreed that the matter must be allowed to drop into the *limbo* of inexplicable mysteries. Nothing more was said about it save when the unfilled pedestal served as a text for the amusement of visitors. I was much younger then than I am now, and I remember, when all was given up, writing a long poem on the subject, which was much admired by my friend the curator—who, by the way, was one of the worst poetical critics I ever knew—wherein I argued, with much elaboration of matter and manner, that the nymph Hercyna had gone to rejoin her old mistress, who had unexpectedly returned to earth; and that we might thence prophesy an immediate and universal reign of peace and plenty. I am afraid, however, on looking back, that my poetic and prophetic powers were very nearly equal.

But by far the strangest part of the story is yet to come. When the nymph had become no more than a memory among her admirers, and all the gossip and scandal to which her disappearance had given rise—scandal and gossip which, as I have said, had not left untouched the very highest places—were equally forgotten save by one or two of us who had taken a more than common interest in the matter, it happened that one morning, very early, I received a pressing message from Doctor Mohnkopf to the effect that he wished to speak to

me at the museum forthwith. People are early risers in that country, and it was very little past sunrise when I found my friend anxiously waiting me in the hall. It was the 15th of September—will the reader be good enough to bear the date in mind? The Herr Doctor was there alone, as was often his habit before the doors were open to visitors.

He was a slow and phlegmatic man, this curator, with an owl-like figure and face which betrayed but little of his real intelligence and quickness of penetration; but on this occasion he looked, for him, positively wild with excitement—so much so that I felt alarmed. I began to speak to him; but before I had uttered three words,

“Come with me!” he exclaimed, interrupting me at once; and then, seizing me by the arm, led me, two steps at a time, up the broad staircase to the door of the great gallery, which, puffing and panting with his haste, he hurriedly unlocked and threw wide open.

I was struck motionless with wonder. There, upon its pedestal, stood the Hercyna, in exactly the same position as that in which she stood when I had last seen her. I had my own reasons for remembering that day.

“In the name of magic!” I exclaimed, “what is the meaning of this?”

“You may well say, ‘In the name of magic!’” he answered. “You know as much about it as I do. No—I am wrong. Do you see no change? Is it the same?”

I looked again. It was then, for the first time in my life, that I remarked in the face that strange, beautiful, human look that no other statue ever bore. Then I looked again at the curator and our eyes met. He had observed it also.

The news soon ran through the town, and the police were again set to search. But my friend this time showed but little zeal in aiding them. “What does it signify,” he

used to say to those engaged in the inquiry, "so long as we have it again now, where it has been meantime?" This carelessness on his part was set down by some to the effect of increasing age and lethargy; but I knew better. Certain strange experiences of my life, certain deductions that I was now driven to make from those experiences, enabled me to form more than a mere guess at the real truth of the mystery. I, and my friend the curator through me, had become the sole confidants of the secret of the missing statue. During Doctor Mohnkopf's life, I have not felt myself at liberty to tell this story, about which he felt a delicacy that I confess I could not even understand, much less share, although it relates far more to me than to him. Ever since that September morning he would sit for hours absorbed before the figure, like a lover who had grown fat and plethoric before the tomb of the mistress of his youth; and, save to me, he would never even name her name, which he seemed to treat as something sacred. But he is long gone; and I need no longer remain silent, now

that by speaking I shall run no risk of giving my old friend pain. I do not think, in justice to another, that this experience of mine ought to be buried with me; and I will therefore, in as few words as possible, relate for the first time the true story of the whole affair. In doing so, however, I shall give results only, and shall ask my reader to accept my facts without expecting me, in every case, to explain how it was that I became acquainted with them all. I do not intend to be cross-examined. If he should be so extremely impolite as to doubt my words, let him, when he is next making a foreign tour, sleep a night at Eulenburg, and spend the next day at the gallery of the museum. In the very first room, facing the door, his eye will be caught by a statue of white marble slightly disfigured by such a stain as I have already described. Then let him take a chair and sit down before it, closing the door behind him if he is afraid of draughts; and I will wager, ay, a thousand to one, that in five minutes he will believe—nay, that he will *know*—that my words are the words of truth. If not—but I do not write for such as he.

II.

It was a fine spring morning in the town of Eulenburg. The air was sweet and warm; the lilacs were blooming, the sun was shining, and the sky was blue. Nor is Eulenburg by any means a city like some that I could name, which do not feel in their dull hearts the spring that is everywhere around them. On the contrary, it shared to the full the blessing of that short time of the year when the cold winds are over and the full heat of the sun is not yet come.

Who could work on such a day, when more pleasure, and more profit too, could be gained from a single hour of sunny idleness, than from four-and-twenty of the hardest toil?

So, at least, on this 23d of May, seemed to think a young and handsome man—I may say this now, even supposing that it were myself, for I am certainly neither young nor handsome any longer—who was sitting, with a drawing-board upon his knees and a crayon in his hand, right in front of the statue known to artists and critics as that of the nymph Hercyna, in the gallery of the museum. But neither were his eyes upon his model, nor was the faintest trace of a line upon his paper. On the contrary, his look was almost as vacant as his paper itself, so far as regarded any interest in what was around him: it sought the window above, through

which streamed a sunbeam out of a glimpse of blue sky. At last he seemed able to resist the sight no longer, or the scent of the outside air, which, filling the place with suggestions of fields and gardens, invaded senses and awakened desires which are beyond the reach of all the pictures and statues in the world. Without bestowing a single parting glance upon the exquisite form before him—more exquisite by far than any he was likely to meet either in street or country road—he suddenly gathered his materials together, tossed on his hat, and burst from the door with a deep sigh of relief and that sharp and glorious sensation of pleasure which, I maintain, in spite of morality, of philosophy, of everything and everybody, always belongs to the neglect of work for the sake of sunshine.

I do not care who contradicts me in this, for I know that all men, even those who may do so most loudly, agree with me in their hearts. Nothing gives such zest to a holiday as the feeling that it is time snatched from work; and I do not think that rest when work is over, delightful as it is, is fit to be named in the same breath with the delight of idleness. Men rust and grow stupid in rest, but idleness sharpens and brightens. Without being such an enthusiast in its cause as a friend of mine—he was the hardest of workers, by the way—who used to say that his *beau idéal* of a delightful life was having always too much to do and never doing any of it, I certainly believe that society should be so constituted that all work should be left for night, for winter, and for wet weather—that would give plenty of time surely for any amount of it—and, as things are, I hold that sunshine alone is more than sufficient compensation for any pricks of conscience on the score of want of industry.

Such, at least, whatever may be my own opinion in these latter days,

was that of the young man who walked away with such gaiety of heart from the museum on that especial May morning. But I was wrong in one point, however. He did give one passing thought to the Hercyna before he left the door. "I wonder how it would be to feel like that statue," he thought to himself. "What a doom for her whose spirit once wandered about the world with the earth-goddess herself to be fixed to a pedestal on this bright day—a day worthy of her own Aonia in the golden age! How she must have envied me when she saw me run out into the sunshine! She must feel lost without her constant visitor, and be positively jealous of Madame Flora. Well, I know which is the fairer of the two to-day at least—and hurrah for the fairest, always and everywhere!—Ah!" he exclaimed aloud, suddenly; for he was suddenly encountered by two ladies, the sight of whom brought his buoyant steps to a stand, his hat from his head, and a flush to his face.

"Mr Melvil!" said the elder of the two, a pleasant and comfortable person of middle age, in a tone of pleased surprise, "only think of our meeting you here!" She held out her hand as she spoke. Her companion, a very pretty girl, whose age and appearance corresponded with the season, did not hold out hers, but she returned his blush, which was better still.

"The surprise ought to be on my side," he answered. "It is nothing so wonderful to meet me here, I assure you. The only reason why, in fact, I do not feel surprise is, because the surprise is lost in the pleasure."

"Then in that case we will lose ours too, and for the same reason. We have been here since yesterday only. Have you been here long?"

He glanced at the young lady as he answered, "Yes, indeed—for three long months, which have seemed three years. This is my home at present. You are travellers, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied she to whom his look, not his speech, was addressed—and her voice was charmingly sweet and clear—"we are making a tour. Papa is with us."

The young artist's face clouded for an instant.

"I hope Sir John is well?" he asked.

"My brother is not very well this morning," answered the elder lady; "he is rather tired with yesterday's long journey, so Alice and I have come out alone. We were on our way to the museum."

Certainly we are the creatures of circumstances. I do not by any means state this as a truism, but as a good hard truth, which it has taken me more than half a lifetime to learn, and which very few men ever really learn at all. Melvil's delight at being out of the museum was all at once turned to an eager desire to return to it. It was the turn of the goddess Flora to be jealous now—although the Hercyna was by no means avenged.

"Then you are indeed fortunate," he said, "for you have lighted upon the best of all possible guides."

"But you are coming from it, are you not?" asked the elder lady, to whom, however, the offer did not seem to be by any means unwelcome.

"But now I am going back," Melvil answered—"that is, if Mrs Dalton and Miss Fenwick will allow me."

"We shall be only too delighted, indeed," replied Mrs Dalton; and the three ascended the steps of the museum.

"All of us must be drunk once," says Goethe: "Youth is drunkenness without wine;" and on my own authority I will add, without even love, at least when it is not spoiled by the curse of premature self-consciousness or of premature prudence—to my mind respectively the most terrible of misfortunes and the most degrading of vices. The greatest of all fools is he who is wise too soon; but to be such a

fool as that was not, thank God, the fate of myself or of Lewis Melvil; and he, even had he not already been much more than half in love with Alice Fenwick, would have felt his blood flow with scarcely less warmth than now, while wandering by her side through such a treasure-house of beauty in such an atmosphere of spring. He thought not for an instant that she was far too rich and that he was far too poor for him to be justified—as the world thinks, and, in the present condition of things, rightly thinks—in doing more than admire her from a respectful distance; that society had placed between the only child of a titled merchant-prince and the younger son of a half-pay captain's widow, who might, so far as things seemed, possibly one day or other manage to make some kind of living as a drawing-master, a barrier even stronger than that placed between them by wealth: he only thought, if indeed he thought at all, of the present moment, and of a future whose wildest impossibilities seemed already to be realised. For the present, it sufficed him that he was with Alice: for the future, Titian, Raphael, Michael Angelo, were to welcome an equal to an equal throne. Love and artistic ambition were mingled and fulfilled in the unconscious happiness of the hour. The outside air, which before had drawn him from the gallery, now seemed no longer to speak of fields and gardens; it seemed rather to have its birth in the place where he was, and that the windows were open, not to admit it, but to allow it to spread over all the earth. Nor, may one suppose, were the feelings of his companion so very different, for she was younger in years than he, and fully as young in spirit.

Mrs Dalton was certainly the very worst of chaperones. She was not only unsuspicious by nature, but utterly prosaic also, and she would have stared in blank amazement had any one suggested to her that there could be the least par-

ticle of danger in that meeting, rendered all the more exciting by a long separation, between her niece and the young artist, who was a great favourite of hers. If the truth must be told, she looked upon him rather in the light of a favourite dog, whom she liked to stroke and to feed with sweet biscuit—who might, indeed, be formidable to strangers but could be thoroughly trusted by his friends. I am afraid, when I come to think of it now, that Melvil used to act rather hypocritically by the good lady, and that, to follow out the dog simile, he wagged his tail a little too ostentatiously before her. She was of an age when ladies dearly love attentions from very young men, and can be flattered by a bungler who would be laughed at by a young girl. Besides, to do her justice, she was good-nature itself, and nothing gave her greater pleasure than to see people enjoying themselves, as it is called. Even the most prosaic of middle-aged ladies may have a good deal of youth left in them, so far as want of prudence is concerned. And so, on the whole, it need not afford very much ground for wonder, especially considering her rather full style of figure, that she began after a time to feel reminded, by certain sensations in her neck and limbs, of the Turkish saying about sitting being better than standing, and that she therefore took a seat in front of that *chef d'œuvre* of the Pavotine school, the "Seven Sleepers" of D'Ormigione. I am thus precise in order that those who are acquainted with the Eulenburg gallery may perceive at once that not only was her back turned towards our friend the Hercyna, but that she would not be able to see it even if she turned her head.

For it was before the Hercyna that Alice Fenwick and her guide ere long found themselves. They had no pains in the neck; for she had kept her head a good deal bent down, and he had not been raising

his eyes very high, except in a metaphorical sense. And now her head was bent lower still, and his eyes were not raised even to a level with those of the neglected nymph.

The gallery was nearly empty. It was not the tourist season, and the native Eulenburgers were not among its frequenters, so that it was an ideal place for a *tête-à-tête*.

Lewis Melvil felt a delightful embarrassment at finding himself once more alone with Alice after so long, and for a few moments he was silent. At last he said,—

"How lucky it is I met you this morning, as you are leaving so soon. But I suppose I may hope to see you once more, before you go?"

"That depends entirely upon you, I should think," she answered, with a bright smile. "You know where we are staying?"

"If it depends on me, then—but are you really going on Thursday?"

"Really and truly."

"But that will be a very great mistake."

"Why a mistake?"

"I can assure you there is a great deal to be seen at Eulenburg."

"Indeed! I always heard it was one of the stupidest places in the world."

"I suppose you got the idea from the name. 'Eulenburg' means 'stronghold of owls,' you know."

"And is that the character of the Eulenburgers?"

"Rather. But they—the real owls, I mean—are by no means stupid birds. I have rather an affection for them."

"What a singular taste!"

"You would learn to share it, if you stayed. There are three owls that I almost always see whenever I go in a certain direction at night to whom I always take off my hat, they are so large and so white. I call them Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar."

"How very interesting! But I should scarcely care to stay at a place only to make the bowing

acquaintance of three owls, even though they are so large and so white, and have such magnificent names."

"But there is more than the owls; there is the *Dom-kirche*——"

"The most hideous old church I ever saw."

"There is the country and neighbourhood——"

"I did not think much of it from what I saw in our journey yesterday. And I suppose it is hardly equal to where we are going in Switzerland."

"Had you not better put yourself in a position to make the comparison?"

"You seem very devoted to Eulenburg."

"I am—till Thursday."

"And why till then?"

"Can you ask?"

She did not press the question. He continued,—

"Now that you have once been here, I shall hate the place as soon as you leave it."

She ought to have told him he was talking nonsense, but she did not. She was a very sincere person, and not given to say what she did not think.

"It will make very little difference, I should think," she answered.

"How can it be the same place again?" he asked. "You might as well say that that marble statue in front of us would be the same as before, if it could, for a passing moment, be touched with such real life as that which is mine now."

Poor deserted Hercyna! But then it is true that her ears were made of marble.

"But tell me something about yourself," said Miss Fenwick, hurriedly. "Are you getting on well? Are you working hard? Have you anything to show us?"

"I am doing as well as I can—but——"

"But what?"

"But what is the use?—I was going to say."

"The use!"

"Yes—when it brings me no nearer——"

"But it does bring you nearer—nearer to fame and honour for yourself—nearer to doing something in the world—nearer to doing something for Art." There was a brightness in her eyes as she spoke that argued her to be worth the love of a nobler man than he.

The enthusiasm that lay under her words was contagious.

"Alice, dearest Alice!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "only say nearer to yourself, and you will have said all."

At least he had now said all; and, what is more, he had said enough. What more he said may be gathered from the fact that she had listened to him for so long—for she must more or less have felt what was coming—and from the necessary deduction that, having listened to him thus far, she was certainly not unlikely to listen to him a great deal farther. Since, therefore, it would be as highly impolite on my part to write as though my reader were wholly without either imagination or experience as it would be for him to doubt any of my words, I may as well save myself the trouble of dwelling farther on what, after all, is so commonplace a scene, and will only add, that when the two rejoined Mrs Dalton, who was surprised to find how long they had been away from under her wing—that lady must either have had very great admiration for the work of D'Ormiglione or else great sympathy with its subject—Melvil was more polite and attentive to her than ever, while Miss Fenwick was so silent and *distracte* that her aunt thought her over-fatigued, and marched her home at once. And so the gallery was once more deserted, and the Hercyna left once more alone.

III.

Love and Spring had been in the room with her ; but now they were there no longer. Love had gone out with the lovers, and Spring, as in duty bound, had followed it. And so the day passed on in that empty place, so full of now unseen beauty, until the evening came, and all was darkness as well as solitude. Herr Mohnkopf having made his rounds—a duty which he never neglected, and which he distinctly and particularly remembered having performed even later than usual on that particular day—the doors were closed and barred until the next morning. For a while the saints, heroes, and angels, the trees, rocks, and rivers, that covered the walls, faded away into the monotony of a night without stars. The statues fared worse ; for they remained visible only to become confused masses of shapelessness. But presently all was changed. Any one who has ever had the misfortune, as most would deem it, to be shut up alone in a picture-gallery on a moonlight night, will readily recognise in the idea that, in the night-time, painted and carved figures take their turn of life and wakefulness, something more than a mere child's fancy. Without being one's self a Christmas child, and without its being the night of Saint Walburga, this is something like what one would see.

The moon rises slowly, but is not as yet in sight ; the first sign of her gradual coming being a single lance-like beam of a pale amber colour thrown through one shining point of the great window, and striking full upon the blue robes of the *mater dolorosa*. Above, below, and on all sides of its path, everything in the long bare chamber, whose walls and ceiling have receded into a vague region of night which knows not of bounds and limits, is only thrown into a deeper obscurity and a deeper and yet

more mysterious repose ; but those blue robes, pierced by its touch, presently begin to flutter and wave. Their artificial lights and shadows, made for the eye of the sun, change, and deepen, and grow pale ; their folds become confused, and hang in a strange disorder. Before long, though slowly, the figure itself gradually rises under the influence of the rising and brightening dart of amber, which begins now, as its shaft broadens and ascends upon the wall, to change from amber to gray. Tremblingly she stands out for a single moment from the dark background ; and then, in the dead silence, she once more kneels to weep and pray, not now as the painter, but as the moonlight wills ; not now the still, motionless figure such as the sun points out with his wand of truth to common eyes, but with manifest tears and heavings of the breast, with eyes that strain and lips that quiver. But she does not wake alone for long. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the white, round shoulder, whiter and rounder even than in the softest twilight, but clearer and brighter even than when seen in the fresh light of an autumn morning, and the wreath, no longer of marble, but of pure silver, of some vine-crowned Moenad flash out of the darkness as if to mock the tears of the mother of sorrows. Prayer-absorbed, and with eyes averted from earth, she indeed sees not the advent of the wine-priestess ; but the motion of the white arm is not unheeded. The hand waves and beckons ; the foot moves as if to leap from the pedestal. The marble grows drunken with the first full draught of moonlight, and, by reflecting, bestows also what it receives. At the silent summons other phantoms rise into waking, first singly and slowly—then more quickly, and by tens and scores—then furiously, and by hundreds at

once. First appear the kindred and fellow-servants of the Mœnad : Bacchus hurls himself from his car—Venus stands half emerged from her shell—Silenus rolls on the ground, and his sides shake visibly with the silent laughter which he cannot contain. But all is grotesque and out of keeping. It is not into the arms of Ariadne that Bacchus springs : alas ! it is the longing embrace of some holy Theresa which is to be balked by that of the unholy god. The court of Venus is no longer made up of the nymphs and shepherds of Cyprus ; those that flock round her now are worshippers of a far other kind. That worn, meagre form that presses nearest is, despite the goat-skins in which he is clothed, no Arcadian shepherd, but Saint Anthony, or Saint Paulus Eremita ; that knight in snow-white armour is Sir Galahad ; that tall, pale woman with the wounded breast is not Cleopatra, but Lucretia ; those mitres betoken not priests of Serapis, but popes and prelates ; those fillets belong to vestals, and those dark robes to nuns. Nor is it some revel of Bacchantes at which Silenus laughs ; it is that in the confused mingling of outlines, in the distortion of forms, in the maze of colours, the pure and reverent harmony of day is lost at last in a whirl of blasphemous obscenity which it were utterly unfitting to describe, either here or elsewhere. And yet the pure and beautiful is not altogether wanting ; but it is only that the crowd of monstrous combinations may be rendered more horribly grotesque by force of contrast. For a moment, perhaps, Titania, with her dainty and delicate court, may come forward to lead a more sweet and tender revel ; but she strives in vain. How should poor earth-fairies stem a torrent in which saints and angels themselves are lost and intermingled with a triumphant orgy of satyrs, apes, goblins, and fiends ? It is all a veritable nightmare, only without sleep

—a witches' Sabbath of Art. At last, so do the shadows of heaven, earth, and hell mock each other with contortions and grimaces that they become undistinguishable. Evil burlesques good, and good evil. The place, formerly so empty, begins to swarm. It is true that the forms which fill it do not touch the floor, but that is only because the air is a firmer ground for gambols such as theirs. It is certainly not that they are contained and supported by their frames and pedestals. And, what makes it all the more bewildering, all the more weirdly oppressive to the soul, is the utter silence of it all—for, but for the occasional cry of some wandering owl, not a sound is to be heard. There is music of a sort, indeed, but it is music without even the shadow of a sound—the music of a vague and fancied rhythm such as the deaf seem to hear when they watch the feet of dancers. But meanwhile the light grows still broader and broader, whiter and whiter. Its current changes, and the kneeling mother, who has alone remained true and steadfast, is lost in the wider flood. She is no longer the one pure note in that harmony of discord. And now wilder and wilder, faster and faster, more and more dream-like grows the dance of shadows.

The moon is wholly risen, and the grotesque vision changes again. The last gestures, the last attitudes, the last contortions of feature remain, indeed, but they are arrested and fixed by the cold lake of light. The outlines, although no easier to unravel, no longer bewilder by ceaseless variation, and the colours, washed in a bath of whiteness, are startlingly clear and bright—clearer, brighter, and purer than on the sunniest of days. And so, for a full minute, the vision remains ; and then at last it begins to grow pale and faded, as before sleeping eyes wearied out with dreams. The full light, instead of spreading, now begins to concentrate itself,

and falls upon some beautiful statue, which it renders doubly beautiful. The walls, with their now languid burden, begin to retreat again into dim, mysterious distance; and the eye is fascinated only by that one still figure, shining like a silver mist in the strong but fantastic light, with its transparent outlines, and its form that has become pure once more; for it is no longer one of that world of shadows that have now slowly vanished back into the black chaos whence they came.

But to be alone in the moonlight for long together is impossible. One troop of shadows departs only that another may succeed it. There are always memories and dreams. When the rays of the sun are upon us it is possible to live in the present: warmth and light destroy regret and fear. But it is not so when the only light is of a night which does not bestow the forgetfulness of sleep. Now, as a statue cannot accurately be said ever to wake, so, logically, it cannot be said ever to sleep, any more than, since it does not live, it can, when destroyed, be said to die. It follows, then, that as she did not sleep, the night fairies—or fancies, call them which you please, they are the same thing—trooped down upon the moonlight to the Hercyna also as soon as she seemed to be left alone.

"I am called beautiful," she said, or rather they said for her. "From the bounds of earth men come to see and worship me. At my feet thousands have sat—thousands before my eyes. My form is of the gods, men say; a pattern of human grace—nay more, of grace that is not human, but divine. Poets have sung of me, and painters studied me, and sculptors have copied me. Rich men have spent their gold to buy me, and the poor have drawn from me and from my loveliness full many a draught of joy and comfort. Even the air around breathes but the glory of my beauty. I am verily a goddess

and a queen. And then—one breath of spring, one glance of the sun, and lo, my crown falls off, and is no more.

"Is, then, the spring more beautiful than I? Are flower-buds better carved than are my lips, and are the leaves more lovely than my hair? Is hawthorn-bloom more white than is my bosom, and are the waves more graceful than my limbs? Yet must I think so, since spring conquers me. My lovers leave me at her lightest look; and even he, my truest slave of all, who daily sat before my feet, and sought to learn my secret, and declared my praise over all things that are on earth, even he has left me at her whisper—even his eyes no longer rested upon mine, but roamed from me to seek the far sky, and his feet fled from me, as though I were to be loathed, and were not beautiful.

"And yet is spring truly more beautiful? For he left the spring, and came back hither for the sake of one whose form, though like, was yet no match for mine. More lovely than the spring, then, he at least must have deemed her; but surely not than I. That cannot be. Is any part of her to be compared with the all-perfect whole that my great master made me? Hers is but the imperfect beauty of a woman; mine, the complete beauty of all womanhood made perfect wholly—nature's beauty blent with all the beauty of triumphant art.

"What is this thing called life, which is in truth my rival? What the thing that makes men stone to me as I to them, and makes them flesh to those that are of flesh? What is this thing that is called love, the child of life and spring, that I, with all my beauty, cannot gain from my poor rival? What this thing called youth, that I have never known?

"I hate it all, the godlike beauty in which thus I dwell as in a prison. I would yield it all could. I but also know what these things.

are—could myself hear the music of the birds, and breathe the flowers' fragrance—understand how beauty is not all things in the world. Ah! my great master, hadst thou also breathed, like him of Amathus, a living soul into the beauty fashioned by thy hands! Be thine the curse, not mine, if my desire prove stronger than my strength. I would no more be but of stone. I am weary of the world of art, and yearn for that of nature. Be it for pain or torment, only let me live!"

The moonlight grew paler and more pale. It was fading away from her—in another instant all would be dark again.

"Give me life," cried once more the voice of her dream: "let me only leave this place and live!"

Then once more the moonbeam

streamed full upon her, pale no longer, but filled with a new and golden light; and a whisper reached her that came from no dream of hers,—

"As thou wilt, daughter of my mortal hands, so be it fulfilled to thee even unto the third time."

In fancy she bowed her head and clasped her hands.

"Be then my desire fulfilled for the first time!" her thought exclaimed. "Soul of my master, let me live!"

The golden followed the silver light. The moon had climbed out of sight, and the long gallery was again wholly plunged in darkness.

I believe I have already mentioned that this was the night of the 23d of May. If not, I now supply the omission.

IV.

I am sorry to say that I must here disregard the artistic unities, for which I am old-fashioned enough to entertain a profound respect. The place, for the present, is no longer Eulenburg, but Paris; the time, no longer the best time of spring, but the middle of the Paris season, which, as everybody knows, is just the most detestable time of the whole year. As I fancied, so I found it—that the peaceful German city, where I had spent so many happy and studious days, had really become hateful to me after Alice Fenwick had carried the spring away with her. Our foolish scene before the Hercyna had, as might be expected, led to nothing, except that I was left profoundly and miserably in love. That I was loved in return, I had been assured, and I believed; but this only made matters all the worse. I was not of a nature to love without hope; but, under the circumstances, there was but little, if any, difference between hope and despair. Can I make myself understood by this cynical, impassive generation of

young men, who seem to me to be born bald and grey-headed? Shall I be believed, even by their sisters, when I say that Alice Fenwick was literally the one idea of my soul; and that I was wrapped in a very luxury of wretchedness in perceiving how slender was the chance that she could ever be my wife? It was so, however; and perhaps a few old fellows of my own age, who keep yellow and ragged camellias wrapped in tissue-paper in some dusty, out-of-the-way corner, will sympathise with me. Yes, we used to love in my day, and rather prided ourselves on our weakness; and, let me add for the benefit of my younger friends, accustomed as they are to ask about everything, Does it pay? that this weakness of ours was very often productive of a good deal of strength. Enthusiasm of every kind is power, even though it be caused by so trivial a thing, as they might term it, as an honest love for a young and innocent girl. And so it was, that my life in Paris was anything but unprofitable to me. My energy need-

ed some vent, and I took a pride in proving to myself that I was not quite unworthy of my goddess. Of follies I was guilty without end—*cela va sans dire*—Bohemia is not a land of modern discovery, and its inhabitants are not very worldly-wise, or very constant in practice. I may as well say at once that I lived like my companions, who were not exactly what are called “steady young men.” There are certain lyrics of Béranger and of Henri Murger which I still read sometimes, and always with a sort of feeling that I myself am the author of them, so much the experience expressed in them appears to have been my own. But even in the Bohemia of the *pays Latin* there are more modes of living than one, although externally the life of its inhabitants may appear to be much the same. I, at least, had thrown out one strong anchor which had taken firm hold below the shoals and shifting sands; and I must say also, in justice to myself, to my friends, and to many sad and pleasant memories, that far more mud has been thrown upon me in my more prosperous days from the carriage-wheels of good society, than ever, during my garret life, was splashed from the unprudish feet of Jeannette or Madelon.

It was at this idle, hard-working, happy, miserable, extravagant, self-denying period of my career, that I was one day met upon one of the *boulevards* by my friend—or acquaintance, I ought perhaps to say, to be strictly accurate; but we were all friends in those days—poor Félix Laurent, whom my old comrades, now so scattered, will recognise at once as the best and most promising of us all, and who died just too soon to achieve the most splendid fame. Some day, perhaps, I may tell his story—but this by the way. At present I must confine myself to my own. I turned, and we walked on together. I had been struck by an amused look on his usually over-serious face, and, after a short time, he said,—

“My dear Lewis; only think what has just happened!”

“What?” I asked. “I never try to guess. Life is short, you know——”

“And Art is long. But even art has an end at last. That is the very point.”

“Well, then?”

“You know what I have been wanting for so long, and intriguing for too, after my own fashion? Well, I begin to consider myself a complete Talleyrand, and to perceive that diplomacy is my true career. I am to be at Madame M——’s this evening,” he added, naming the wife of a well-known banker and financier. I knew why he wished to be there; but, though the story is both curious and romantic, it is too long to insert here, and is, besides, quite irrelevant.

“The banker’s wife?” I asked; “I know. By the way, she is bitten by Anglomania, is she not?”

“That is her last whim. Ah—a thought strikes me!”

“Allow me to congratulate you.”

“Congratulate yourself, rather, and do me a great service.”

“Consider it done.”

“I shall cover myself with no end of *éclat*. Englishmen are rare with us just now—have you a dress-coat?”

“After a fashion.”

“All right. And gloves?”

“They may be borrowed or stolen.”

“Good. Then come with me to Madame M——’s. I shall be prime favourite for a whole day if I bring her a live *Anglais*, especially if you will condescend to behave as much like a bear as possible, and talk about nothing but *rosbif*, and *la boxe*. Madame will adore you. Now I think of it, don’t wear gloves. It will look more barbaric. If you will only shave your face and dye your hair scarlet, it will be glorious.”

“I will do what I can. Perhaps a pair of boxing-gloves would be better even than none at all?”

“With a kilt and a collar à la

Byron—the effect would be superb !
So you will come ? ”

“ With pleasure. ”

So we dined, and having dressed ourselves—I remember that my dress-coat, which was of fabulous age, split under the right arm as I put it on, and, having to be cobbled up by unpractised fingers, gave me the acutest anxiety and discomfort for the rest of the evening ; and that I had to go half starved for two days and more to provide myself with gloves and the numberless *et-cæteras* of which a man who is outside the world of receptions is always in want at the last moment—we proceeded to the *hôtel* of Monsieur, or, practically, of Madame M——. I believe that Félix was in his heart rather disappointed that I had not actually carried out the programme of costume that we had arranged ; but he was really grateful to me for coming : and after all, as he was good enough to tell me as a piece of consolation, though my dress might be tolerably orthodox, my accent, on which I particularly prided myself, was abominable. I was duly presented to madame, and favoured by having to receive from her a monologue in some language which I could not understand, but which, from just catching the words “ *zat grand poète, tender, impassioned, sublime, your Sare Adam Smit,* ” I conjectured might be my own. However, there was neither necessity nor opportunity to answer, so I listened with as much stolidity as I could assume, bowed stiffly when it was over, said “ Oh, yes ! ” like Lord Allcash in ‘ *Fra Diavolo*, ’ and then, having done my duty as an Englishman, made way for my successor.

The new-comer was a lady—or let me rather give her the higher title of woman, for of all women she was, so far as figure and features were concerned, the most beautiful I ever saw. To say that she was a model for a sculptor, is to say nothing, even though the sculptor had been Praxiteles himself. She

was, I believe, rather tall ; but so perfectly was she proportioned that it was impossible to tell without carefully comparing her with others ; and one was not likely to look much at others when she was by. The true test of a beautiful face is the profile ; and hers was of the best and most faultless Greek type, of the low-browed order, like that bust which every one knows so well under the name of the nymph Clytie. Her hair, however, was not dark, as might be expected from the style of her features, but lay in great thick waves of shining gold, partly gathered up closely at the back of the head, and fastened by a small *stiletto*, and partly flowing down the neck, and thence over the shoulders in a broad cataract of loose and natural curls. It grew down in front considerably over the line of the forehead, which was marked by a kind of frontal, such as the ancient Greeks called an *ampyx*—I am thus seemingly pedantic, because, although I believe it is still in use, I am ignorant of its name in the technical language of modern *coiffeurs*. It did not, however, strike me as being a well-chosen head-dress ; for, being of bright gold, it was scarcely distinguishable from the hair itself, and seemed to argue an imperfect eye for harmonies and contrasts of colour. The slender neck was wonderfully graceful, and it, together with the face, the shoulders, the arms, and the hands, was of a pure and transparent whiteness that was literally dazzling, reflecting light instead of absorbing it. And yet, in reality, it could not be very clear, for it was without the delicate pencilling of the veins or the passing rose-tints that we generally admire in fair complexions. Her eyes were large, and of a rich deep blue, but cold ; and cold also was the expression of her perfect lips, which were as pure and undisturbed in their outline as those of a young child. The whole character of the face was grave and by no means unamiable ;

but the coldness of the eyes and lips, and the general faultlessness of the features, and the completeness of their repose, made it far from being what an Italian would call sympathetic; it seemed made to be admired far more than to be loved. Her dress, I fear I must confess, I have forgotten; and so I may fairly assume it to have been in as good taste as was possible in days when the apparent object of dressmakers was to make the costume of each successive year more hideous than that of the preceding. But I have always observed that as long as a beautiful woman is dressed fairly according to the existing fashion, it is of very little consequence, in the eyes of men, what that fashion is. I only call to mind that she seemed to affect pale and uniform colours, and that she wore but few ornaments: there was a necklace of pearls, certainly, and a bracelet or two; but there were no earrings, for the delicate ears were not even pierced; and there was no display of diamonds, which in itself made her look rather remarkable in a room full of jewels. Yes—I do remember one point in her costume; she wore a scarf of white lace, embroidered with golden thread, carefully but gracefully arranged over her left shoulder and the upper part of her left arm. The general effect she produced at first sight was that of a cold cloud of gold and snow.

As I had but just left the side of my hostess when this lady approached, I was still near enough to hear her first words. What the words themselves were is of no importance, conveying as they did no more than some ordinary salutation; but I was immediately struck by the voice in which they were spoken. It was of a rare *contralto* quality, and wonderfully soft and clear. Her pronunciation of French, although lady-like and correct, was still that of a foreigner; and its full and rather inward character made me think that her tongue must be familiar with some strongly-aspir-

ated language—such as Spanish, for instance. And yet, charming and musical as were her tones, they, like her face, wanted the indefinable charm of sympathy. Moved by the interest which her appearance excited in me, I spoke to Monsieur B——, a young man of good family with whom I had some slight acquaintance, and asked him if he could tell me anything about the stranger.

“Of course I can!” he answered. “It is the Circassian Princess. Have you never seen her before?”

“I am ashamed to say that I have not even heard of her.”

“I suppose you have been away from Paris,” he said. “She is to be the lioness of the season—of the rest of it, that is. Beautiful, is she not?”

“And her name?”

“Her name?—*Diable!* I wish I had been taught Circassian. We always call her the Princess. What is her name?” he asked of another man who was near; “I am ashamed to ask, but I never can remember names that I can’t spell.”

“What—the fair Hungarian’s?”

“No—the Circassian’s—the Princess’s.”

“She’s a Hungarian, I believe—or else a Russian, or Servian, or something of that sort. De Sancy knew her at Vienna.”

“And yet the name is by no means hard or unvocalic,” said another. “Madame la Princesse de Paro—that’s all.”

“That’s not the name I heard; there were z’s and gutturals in it. But De Paro—that sounds Italian or Spanish. And how is she a princess?”

“How she is a princess I cannot tell you,” said an old gentleman in spectacles; “but the name is not Italian and not Spanish. Paro is the name of an island in the Archipelago which used to be called Paros in old times. The difference in the name is very slight, you see.”

“Then we may call her Princess of the Marble Mines?”

"Precisely so," said the old gentleman. "Monte Marpessa, in the island of Paro, or Paros"—and he began a long discussion upon marble in general, from which he naturally branched off to that of Monte Matto and Carrara; thence to the mineral wealth of Italy, thence to mines in general; and so, naturally, to the inevitable *bourse*. I afterwards learned that he was my host, Monsieur M—— himself.

It was clear enough, from the course of this conversation, and from others in which I shared that evening either as talker or listener, that, while it was evidently the right thing to seem to know all about her, no one really knew who the Princess, as she was called, was, or whence she came. And yet at the same time no one, even among the most habitually suspicious, hinted a doubt of her being fully entitled to the very highest consideration. Perhaps the fact of her having a great reputation for wealth had something to do with this. There was also another remarkable thing respecting her, that among all the women present I noticed a singular amount of real, not affected charity, in their allusions to one whom, one would think, they had so much reason to fear as a successful rival of them all, in one way or another. They seemed, indeed, scarcely to speak of her as if she were one of themselves—to speak of her as if they and she, in spite of their common sex, had little or nothing really in common. It was even stranger still that she did not seem to have the power of drawing men to her side. I feel sure that on that evening not one woman who was there lost a single attention by reason of the presence of this lady. I can answer for myself, that in spite of curiosity, interest, and admiration, I not only did not feel attracted towards her, but even almost repelled by her; and this sensation of mine, I have no doubt, was shared by all in the room to a greater or less extent.

At length our eyes happened to

meet, and, to my surprise, I could not help seeing that she gave a slight start, and that it was some instants before she looked away again. In fact she favoured me with a long look, not in the least of boldness, but rather of surprise and even of anxiety. If I had not been certain of the contrary I should have thought she recognised me; and, as it was, I fancied that she must have mistaken me for some one else. In a few minutes, however, I was still more surprised when I was led up to her by Madame M——, and formally introduced to her. It could only have been in consequence of her own request; for certainly my hostess had no reason of her own for paying me any particular attention.

When we are young—I am not sure that I might not add, when we are old also—we are apt to think that every handsome woman who treats us with anything like deference is intellectually remarkable. I daresay that I am not without my full share of this sort of vanity. But I am sure of this, that vanity had nothing to do with my perceiving, after a very short conversation, that the Princess de Paro, whoever she might be, was no ordinary person. She was by no means what is called a well-informed woman, that was evident; but she was something very much better. She was, as evidently, a quick and accurate observer; she had a lively desire to know and understand everything, and a ready intelligence that worked well with her desire. Of course I did not notice all this at that particular time, but I may as well mention it here.

She appeared to know, or to assume, that I was an artist by profession, and she talked to me and asked me many questions—some of them, I must confess, wild and ignorant enough—as to the various pictures and statues in the several galleries that I had visited during my few years of study, and with which she herself seemed to be

fairly acquainted after a vague and desultory fashion. Our conversation lasted some time; and we became such good friends that she even made me promise to call upon her in the course of a few days, and show her some of the contents of my portfolio. As may be supposed, I felt exceedingly gratified, and saw a long vista of prosperity opening out before me, at the end of which shone, with renewed brilliancy, the now dimly-shining star of Alice Fenwick. For do not let me be misunderstood. The admiration that I still felt for my new and interesting acquaintance was cold as the marble of Marpessa itself. Now that I had spoken with her, I was still more acutely sensible of that want of something about her—call it heart, or sympathy, or what you will—that I have mentioned already. I instinctively felt that she was not a woman whom I could possibly have been inclined to love, even had my love been free.

There is nothing more that I need say about this particular conversation. Laurent walked home with me, and we had a good deal of talk together, in which, as may be supposed, the Princess de Paro held a prominent place. We had both been struck by her in much the same way, and we rivalled each other in inventing the wildest romances about her. The conversation that I had held with her at last naturally led our own into the

same groove, and, in order to illustrate some remark of mine, I took a portfolio of studies and turned to one of my sketches made in the Eulenburg Museum. As we went on with our discussion, Laurent lazily continued to turn over the rest, and to glance at them one by one. At last he started and paused, and then asked for a sheet of paper and a pencil, with which I supplied him. He was not a man of much humour in conversation, but it was his habit, when he sat talking with his friends, to amuse himself with making caricatures and humorous sketches, which were gems in their way. It was thus that I now supposed him to be engaged, but at the end of ten minutes he showed me the result. "What is that?" he asked.

"That?" I said, rather puzzled; "why it is an exact copy of the outline of my last study of the Hercyna in the Eulenburg Museum."

"And now give me your colour-box, and stand over me while I go on."

With his wonderfully facile, bold, and yet accurate hand, he worked rapidly for a short time. Soon, without the alteration of a single point in the outline, without a shadow of change in the expression of the features, the pencilled lines developed into that cloud of white and gold which we had heard called "Madame la Princesse de Paro."

V.

I fully intended to call upon my new friend very soon; but a day or two after Madame M——'s reception I heard some news that led my thoughts into an entirely new channel, and, as is usual when the mind is filled with a fixed idea, rendered me procrastinating about other matters. Besides, I was by no means drawn towards Madame de Paro otherwise than as towards a possible patroness, so that my visit

to her wore the air of being a matter of duty rather than of inclination. Tamely as I have thus spoken, the news which thus had the effect of distracting me from obeying the calls both of self-interest and curiosity was at that time terrible indeed—it was nothing less than that Alice Fenwick was engaged to be married to the eldest son of a peer of great wealth and importance, both political and social. Patrons and pa-

tronnesses seemed nothing to me now; and I fell—absurdly it may be, but none the less really for all that—into a state of unhappiness of which I cannot even now think without pain. Most of the sorrows of youth we would willingly feel over again, for the sake of having once more the faculty of feeling them; but there are some that we would no more undergo for any price whatever than we would again fall down a precipice for the sake of again having the strength by which we climbed to the summit. I was all the worse off, too, because in this matter I had no confidant, and had to bear my sorrow alone. Nor had I any means of learning to what extent the projected marriage was one of affection or of policy, and so I had all the torment of jealousy added to my despair.

So much I am bound to say of my then condition for the sake of explaining matters. I do not say it because I in any way wish myself to be regarded as the hero of this true romance. I therefore hope that I shall be acquitted of the sin of egotism in the matter; and it is in that hope that I speak dryly and coldly of set purpose, and not because my mental state at the time was in any degree the result of morbid fancy or vain affectation. After all, my own love-story—that of the lover being refused by the family of his mistress on account of his own want of means and position, and cast off by his mistress herself for the sake of the wealth and position of a rival—is of too commonplace a character, thus far, to deserve that it should be unnecessarily dwelt upon, when it is attended by the ordinary incidents of reality instead of the dramatic accessories of fiction, and when the narrator, whatever skill he may have acquired in the combination of form and colour, is unpractised in the art of painting in words. And so, on the whole, I think I have now said enough to show why it was that Madame de Paro passed out of my thoughts so soon. But

at the end of some days, or weeks, I forget which, I was reminded of her by receiving a short note, which, with Laurent's sketch, I have by me still. It was to ask me to call upon her at an hour which she named, and to let her see any sketches of mine that I pleased and could conveniently bring; and she more than suggested that she hoped to be able to put work that would be worth having in my way.

Will it be believed that I was even then indisposed to see her? Nevertheless, such was the case; and even now I am myself unable to discover any satisfactory reason, even fully taking into account the mental illness by which I was then prostrated, to account for all the symptoms of my strong disinclination. However, as a mere matter of the most common politeness, it was impossible for me to refuse; and so, at the time named, I kept the appointment, carrying with me a portfolio, the contents of which, however, I was by no means careful to select or arrange.

Madame de Paro—if she really bore the title of Princess, I imagine that it was in the Russian or Slavonic sense, and not in any sense in which the title is used in Western Europe—occupied magnificent apartments, which seemed to show that her reputation for wealth was not ill-founded; but they were not furnished quite according to modern ideas of taste, although it would be difficult to say in what the difference consisted. It struck me, however, that the occupant herself could have no very settled taste in the matter, for there was a sort of strife between the extremes of classical simplicity and of almost barbaric splendour. She was reclining on a sofa when I came in, and apparently amusing herself by contemplating the effect of her *pose* in one of the mirrors with which the room was filled. Her general appearance was much the same as when I saw her at Madame M——'s, and although it was now day, her

complexion was as perfectly free from the least suggestion of colour as then, showing that its extreme clearness and whiteness had not been due in any way to the effect of artificial light, but was natural to her. She was, however, much more plainly and negligently dressed than I had expected to find her, and she looked rather fatigued and *ennuyée*.

She seemed glad to see me, and again held me under that long look of hers which I have mentioned already, and which, peculiar as it was, was as unembarrassing as it was unembarrassed.

"I am delighted to see you, Monsieur Melvil—and all the more as I see you have brought your portfolio. However, we will look at that presently—there is plenty of time.—But how pale you are! I hope you have not been ill?"

I answered by making some vague excuse for not having called on her sooner.

"I am afraid you work too hard?"

"That would not be easy in Paris, madame."

"Why? Paris is only a place like others."

This speech struck me as being rather absurdly *blasé* for a woman like her, and I set it down to affectation.

"Well," I said, "I find it so uncongenial to work that I think of leaving for that very reason."

"Indeed! And where should you go?"

"Oh, I don't know—anywhere. Perhaps back to the little German town I was at before I came here."

"Ah, you were telling me about it—Eulenburg, was it not? What sort of place is it? I have never been there."

I gave her some account of the place and of the gallery of the museum, in which, with the strong curiosity as to all artistic matters which I had before remarked in her, she seemed highly interested. The missing statue was also mentioned. She asked me to describe

it to her. I did so with something of my lost animation, and then, seized with an irresistible temptation, added,—

"But if madame would stand before that long glass, she will herself see an exact copy of it—if not its original; for I almost suspect madame, in spite of all appearance to the contrary, of being at least two thousand years old, and to have sat to Polydorus."

She smiled, rose, and went to the mirror, into which she looked earnestly and gravely. Any other woman would have sought to find a compliment in my words, but she took them literally. After an instant or two she returned to her seat.

"Then I could sit to you as the statue?" she asked, in a serious manner.

I looked up. "She can't surely be going to propose herself as a sculptor's model," I thought; and yet there was something altogether so strange about her that I should not have been very much astonished. There were many ladies at that time of quite as high a position as hers seemed to be, who did very odd things and indulged very odd caprices—odder than that, by far. Besides, when I came to think of it, her social position was, after all, very vague; and her visiting Madame M——, though a kind of certificate of good reputation, was not absolutely final. A banker must pay some amount of respect and attention to a rich and distinguished client even though she may not be a real princess.

However, there was nothing for it but to say "As well? What sculptor could ever hope to find a statue half so perfect?"

"Did you not say you considered the Hercyna perfection?"

"As perfect as a statue can be."

"And me?"

"As perfect as a woman."

I almost began to think my new patroness a little touched in the brain, her questions seemed so utterly beside any mark whatever.

"Come, let me see your portfolio," she said, suddenly.

I opened it. I have already said that I had not taken any trouble to make any arrangement or selection, and as I have always been what good housewives call an untidy person, I had no accurate notion as to what it contained—nor did I very much care. She sat down at a table, and began to turn over the sketches, while I stood over her, so that I might give any explanation that she might require.

I am certainly not going to give a catalogue of what she found there. In fact I remember very little as to what she then saw, for my mind was by no means so intent upon my exhibition as by rights it should have been. Madame de Paro still kept up her interest, and asked some hundreds of questions, some of the most childish character, some which, as coming from a lady, made me stare considerably, and some showing not only intelligence and even depth of thought, but an experience of far greater width than my own. In justice to her, however, I must say that the freedom of her talk seemed rather to be that of an innocent child who has been brought up in an impure atmosphere of which it has caught up the phrases, but nothing more, than that of a woman who is consciously coarse or eccentric; and I must also add that there was nothing else in her manner and tone that was not perfectly modest and refined. Her questions and remarks were all made with a directly and honestly critical purpose; and had I been ten times vainer than I ever was, I should have thought no otherwise either of them or of her. If I have not succeeded in making my portrait of her intelligible, or like that of any real human being—if I have not made her *live*—it is because she had not hitherto seemed to myself to live. There was something still so very unreal and unwomanlike about her altogether—not in my eyes only, but, judging

from my observations taken at Madame M——'s, in those of other people also—that it seems to me as difficult to make her live in words as if she had been a Wyvern or a Gorgon.

At last she came to a sketch at which she paused for some time in silence. I did not immediately notice this, however, for I had fallen into a brown study, so that, while my eyes were mechanically directed to the portfolio, my thoughts were far away from it. Presently, however, roused by some slight movement of hers, I became conscious of her long silence, and I looked. To my infinite distress, she had come across a slight water-colour picture of Miss Fenwick, which I had taken some time ago, and had brought with me from England.

A mirror was opposite to Madame de Paro as she sat at the table; and just then I happened to catch in it the expression of her face. It was very peculiar. She was looking intently at the sketch with a slight frown of puzzled annoyance something like that of a naturalist who has suddenly come across some undiscovered specimen which belongs to no known class, and, by its existence, protests against some favourite system of the finder. I neither spoke nor moved, hoping that she might pass it by without remark.

But I was disappointed. "Yes," she said, parodying the "*Il y a des fagots et des fagots*" of Molière; "there is life and life. I must know this woman."

I did not answer.

"This face is no sculptor's model," she said; "and yet——" I saw her glance at her own in the mirror, and then look again at the sketch, which she examined in every way, sometimes bending closely over it, sometimes holding it at arm's-length, as though it contained some secret that she could not read. At length,—

"What does this picture mean?" she asked.

"It is the portrait of a young lady."

"No—it is more than that. It is the portrait of one who has done more than merely live."

"More than live? What is there more than life?"

"Is there not what men call love?"

She looked at me as she spoke, with that long look of hers. I fancied that she had read my own secret. For the first time my eyes fell before hers; and they rested on the picture. She sighed deeply; and her look once more sought the mirror, into which she gazed intently.

"Am I not right," she asked, "in thinking that that face has loved?"

I was confused and silent.

"Strange!" she said, half aloud.

"There seems to be as much difference between love and life as between flesh and marble. May I keep this sketch?" she asked, suddenly.

"If madame would excuse me," I stammered. "It is the portrait of a friend—and——"

"But your friend would excuse you, surely? I have taken a fancy to it—I really wish for it. As to the price, I will name that myself."

"If madame could choose any other—but I have reasons for asking madame to allow this to remain mine."

"So be it, then. But will you do me one favour instead?"

"I shall be only too happy."

"Paint, then, my own portrait twice: the first time at once, and the second whenever I may desire it."

"I do not profess to be a painter of living portraits; I am far more versed in marble. If madame desires her portrait, I can recommend her others far better—there is Félix Laurent——"

"No; I will be painted by you, and by no other."

I was not altogether disinterested in my disinclination to undertake

the task. The unreasonable antipathy that seemed to exist on my part towards Madame de Paro kept growing stronger and stronger; and this fact, combined with her extreme singularity, made me a little afraid of her, while at the same time I was not in a mental state to care very much about understanding her better. Perhaps at any other time curiosity and artistic interest would have made me leap at the chance of obtaining so remarkable a study; but it was not so now.

"Since you really wish it, madame——"

"I do wish it. When can you give me a sitting?"

"Whenever madame pleases."

"To-morrow, then?"

"By all means."

"At ten o'clock. I do not want a large picture—about that size will do," she said, pointing to the sketch of Miss Fenwick. "Where do you work? I will come to you there."

I gave the address of my own small and inconvenient studio, at the same time apologising for the want of accommodation she would find there.

"I will be with you at ten to-morrow, then, punctually. As to terms—will you leave them to me?"

"On condition that madame is satisfied with the result; for I confess I doubt my ability."

"Let it be so, then. But I shall be satisfied."

I put up my portfolio, and was about to leave the room.

"Stay," she said, suddenly; "the lady of that sketch—how is she named?"

"Mademoiselle Fenwick, a young English lady," I answered, as carelessly as I could.

"And do you see her often?"

"I have not seen her for long."

"And you consider her very beautiful?"

"I consider her beautiful."

"More beautiful than that statue at Eulenburg?"

I could not help smiling, in spite of my embarrassment. "As regards form, by no means. That statue of which you speak is the most beautiful piece of form I ever saw. Supposing that it had been a living woman, no woman living would be comparable to it."

"You think, then, that it wanted nothing but life?"

I could not for the life of me make out at what the lady was driving with questions that seemed so utterly absurd. But, as she evidently expected an answer,—

"With life," I said, "it would

have been the perfection of woman's beauty."

"You are wrong, then," she replied, quietly. "There would have been something still wanting to make it perfection."

"And that would have been —?"

"Surely you, an artist, are not ignorant? Well, you will see in good time. Meanwhile I shall reckon upon your being prepared to receive me at ten o'clock to-morrow."

And so ended my second interview with the Princess de Paro.

THE CHURCH BILL IN THE LORDS.

THERE can be but one opinion in the minds of educated persons in regard to the great debate which has just been brought to a close in the House of Lords. Whether we look to the importance of the issue raised, or to the power and skill with which on either side the case was argued, there has been nothing like it, we do not say in our own day, but in any day anterior to our own, since England became a constitutional monarchy. The single controversy, indeed, to which with any fitness it can be compared, is that which held its course just seven-and-thirty years ago; and even when placed side by side with that, the likeness between the two proves to be more imaginary than real. Then, no doubt, as well as now, the battle was fought out, as if life and death hung in the balance. Then, as well as now, both parties put forth their whole intellectual strength; and with Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, Earls Grey and Carnarvon, Lord Plunkett and the Bishop of Exeter, pitted one against the other, the feats of oratorical fence at which the nation looked on, were not less remarkable than those which have just passed under our own eyes. But here all parallel between the

two cases ends. Seven-and-thirty years ago the King's Government took up a question which had been agitated, discussed, debated and postponed for wellnigh half a century. It was one, moreover, which touched, or seemed to touch, nothing more vital than the details of our electoral machinery. Rightly considered, it did not originate—it was pointedly pronounced by its supporters not to originate—the slightest change in the Constitution. All that it proposed to do, was to sweep away abuses which, in the lapse of time, had grown rampant in the management of the franchise, and to give back to the people that just weight in choosing representatives to make laws for them in Parliament, of which these abuses had deprived them. Now, the Ministers of Queen Victoria seek greater things than these. They propose to innovate upon the Constitution itself. They ask authority to undo, by Act of Parliament, the work which was effected, two hundred years ago, at the cost of a revolution; and, by a counter-revolution, to bring one great province at least of the country to the state in which it would have been had William III. failed to drive his father-

in-law from the throne. Nor is this all. The Government of the present day has thrown itself heart and soul into a controversy which sprang suddenly into existence, just eighteen months or two years ago. Never till Mr Gladstone spoke the word in 1867—with what object in view he best knows—was the propriety, nay the possibility, of disestablishing and disendowing the Protestant Church in Ireland so much as hinted at by any leading statesman in or out of Parliament. And now the whole empire has been shaken while the Lords were deliberating whether or no they would sanction, by reading it a second time, a Bill to that effect, which had been passed indeed in the House of Commons by a very large majority, but of which, both in its principle and its details, a still larger majority of the House of Lords was well known to disapprove.

It appears then to us, that whatever similitude there may be between the intellectual power of reformers as they were and of reformers as they are, you no sooner come to compare the issues which they have respectively to raise, than all fair means of trying one crisis by the measure of the other are taken from you. The reformers of 1831-32 were rash men enough. They played very high for office, just as the reformers of 1869 are doing; but they contrived, nevertheless, in their direct requirements at least, to keep on this side of treason to the State. They were adroit agitators, too, for they carried the nation with them, asserting and inducing the people to believe that on a point which concerned the Commons only, the Lords had no right whatever to set up their judgment in opposition to the combined will of the Commons and the Crown. But the reformers of 1869 take a bolder flight than this. They ask a Protestant nation to support them in coercing, and if need be in destroying, the House of Lords,

in order that, under the pretext of establishing religious equality in Ireland, the Protestant Church shall there be overthrown; and the great constitutional principle heretofore accepted and affirmed, that, within the limits of this ancient monarchy, the State is bound to afford religious instruction to the people, whether they be willing to take advantage of it or not, shall cease to be recognised. The issue tried in 1832 was undoubtedly an important one; and not perhaps so much the decision at which the Legislature arrived, as the peculiar means applied to force on that decision, may have paved the way, as those who resisted them prophesied they would do, to all the changes which have since taken place, and are likely to take place, in the order of society among us. Still, looked at as a thing apart, the Reform Act of 1832 was a trifle in comparison with the arrangement which the Lords are suddenly called upon to sanction. The former measure gave to the people increased power—a greater increase of power than to the more aristocratic branch of the Legislature seemed to be desirable; the latter directs this increased power of the people violently against one, and that the most sacred, of all those great institutions which the more aristocratic branch of the Legislature desires to uphold, not for their own sakes, but for the sake of the nation. Who can wonder if, when called upon suddenly to determine how they should act in such a case, the Lords were much divided among themselves?—much divided, not in regard to their opinion of the wisdom or unwisdom of the policy proposed to them—for on that head a great majority thought alike—but sorely puzzled as to the direction which their resistance should take, so as to avoid a collision with the House of Commons, if, indeed, under any circumstances such avoidance should be possible? For this, after

all, is the point raised by one section of Conservative Peers against another. The Government are no more supported by Lord Salisbury than by Lord Cairns. They gain no more strength from the vote of Lord Westbury than from that which Lord Derby has placed upon record. The question really argued and decided by the division of the 19th of June is this, and no other, that it was better to defeat the Government by carrying amendments in committee than by rejecting the Bill at the second reading. And he must be a very prejudiced person indeed who refuses to admit that a great deal was to be said on both sides of that question. The case stood thus:—

Lord Granville proposed to the Lords on a certain day, that they should affirm the principle of the Ministerial Bill by consenting to read it a second time. Into his argument, such as it is, we have no intention whatever to enter at any length. It was the old old story—of cruelties perpetrated some centuries ago, of Irish laws enacted and enforced in times when all governments were governments by severity—badges of conquest, which it was becoming to take away—of justice too long deferred, now only at length forced upon us by the weight of circumstances. All this we had heard before more forcibly put by Mr Gladstone. In one respect only the leader of the House of Lords went beyond the leader of the House of Commons. He warned their lordships directly, as Mr Gladstone had indirectly warned them—not, with their eyes open, to place themselves in antagonism to the will of the nation. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. Lord Granville never uses vulgar threats, nor seasons them with more vulgar sarcasm; that style of oratory he leaves for his colleague, the President of the Board of Trade. But assuming that the nation had delivered its mind, through its representatives in the House of Commons,

he gravely and solemnly appealed to the judgment of the Lords in these memorable words: “My Lords,—You have great power, immense power for good, but there is one power you have not; you have not, more than the House of Commons, more than the constitutional sovereigns of this country, more, I will add, than the despotic sovereigns of some great empires in civilised communities,—you have not the power of thwarting the national will when properly and constitutionally expressed.” We venture to say that no member of the Opposition in their lordships’ House—that no man who is worth reasoning with out of their lordships’ House—ever for a moment disputed the fact that the will of the nation, properly and constitutionally expressed, must carry all before it. But many members in their lordships’ House, not less than thousands and tens of thousands of thoughtful men out of it, held a fortnight ago, and still hold, that the point which Lord Granville assumed as settled was, when he spoke, vague and undetermined. We acknowledge, they say, that, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, room for doubt there could be none. That House has spoken—whether altogether from the heart admits perhaps of question; but spoken it has, and we accept its verdict. It does not necessarily follow, however, that we must accept it as a settled thing, that the verdict of the House is, in this respect, the verdict also of the country; for we deny that the issues of the general election turned either wholly or in the main on the question of the Irish Church. We hold, on the contrary, that the nation believed itself to be appealed to as to whether it should have Mr Gladstone or Mr Disraeli to guide its counsels; and that, preferring the former to the latter, a considerable portion of it supported their own favourite, not only without any reference at all to his Irish policy, but

in spite of it. And we are confirmed in this opinion by remembering that there was in every circle, and among politicians of every shade of opinion, a very strong feeling against the mode by which Lord Russell's Administration had been overthrown, and against the way in which the Ministry which succeeded his was carried on. No Tory, certainly, objected to the act of getting rid of the Whigs; that was a consummation devoutly to be wished. But the mode in which the exploit was performed, taken in connection with the policy which the performers immediately adopted, these things seemed to many Tories, not less than to all Liberals, to be such a violation of principle as success itself could neither justify nor condone. Was there not a division in the Cabinet on that subject? Were there not in Lord Derby's Administration men of high honour who argued against touching the question of Parliamentary Reform at all; and who, rather than be parties to the device which was to "dish the Whigs," retired from office? And had not these gentlemen followers—more influential a great deal among the constituencies than among the members of the House—who thought with bitterness, and spoke with bitterness, of the trick that had been played them? It is absurd, then, to say that, so far as Tory recusants are concerned—and there were a great many more of those at the general election than we care to specify—the proposal to destroy the Irish Church operated in Mr Gladstone's favour. With not a few it operated in a different direction, though not with sufficient power to induce men, angry with the treatment which they had received, to keep in power the Government which had betrayed them. As to the Liberals, they thought a great deal more of Mr Disraeli's treatment of Sir Robert Peel in 1846, and of his constant opposition—as they had been trained to believe—to all mea-

asures that had a tendency to give freedom to trade, than of Mr Gladstone's rash declaration in 1867, and his Suspensory Bill, which the Lords had rejected. They thought, too, and not without some show of reason, that their natural leaders had been outmanœuvred. On this head Lord Russell, in his remarkable speech—and never throughout his long life has he spoken with more power—delivers himself very clearly:—"I believe the decision of the country was more a consequence of a desire to see Mr Gladstone at the head of a Liberal Administration, preparing and proposing these measures, than a consequence of any obstinate and determined opinion on the Irish Church." So thinking, and so feeling, a majority of the constituencies came to the hustings, not burning with zeal to uproot Protestantism in Ireland, but bent only on dispensing, at any cost, to the statesman who had overmatched their favourite, what they called a just tribute of retribution. And the proof is that, in not a few places where Liberalism of the first water was in the ascendant, the Liberal candidates found it necessary to put quite into the background the question which Mr Gladstone had raised. We doubt whether Mr Wykham Morton would have won his seat for Rochester had he not prudently dealt in vague generalities in regard to that matter. We are confident that on that very point a second member might have been carried for Westminster, had the Tories only mustered courage enough to fight the battle there to the bitter end.

Again, it is past dispute that, since the Ministerial plan was developed, great changes of opinion, in regard either to the principle or the details of that plan, or to both, have manifested themselves in many parts of the country. A year ago we were assured that not a man in Ireland, outside the pale of the Established Church, desired to maintain

that institution; that very many good Irish Churchmen were prepared to throw it over; and that all Irishmen besides, whether they were Roman Catholics or Presbyterians, went heart and soul with Mr Gladstone in his policy. Lord Dufferin, we well recollect, used in particular to be very eloquent on that head. He first called his Presbyterian tenants together that he might promise them compensation out of his own pocket for the loss of the *Regium Donum* with which they were threatened, and then wrote a pamphlet to prove that they and their co-religionists held the strongest possible opinions on the subject. Mr Gladstone also, if we recollect right, Mr Monsell, and others, presented petitions from certain Presbyterian bodies in their own favour. What has become of their Presbyterian supporters now? All Ulster has pronounced against them. We were told, not many months ago, that you could find no more than 70,000 Irishmen who would take the trouble to sign a paper with a view to keep the Church from falling. It now appears that, not in Ulster only, but all over Ireland, there are as many zealous defenders of the Church as there ever were; that a million and a half of people, including Presbyterians and Nonconformists, are united as one man in defence of that institution which they rightly regard as the backbone of Protestantism—as its great defence against the ascendancy of Romanism in Ireland. There was a time when, by Liberal statesmen especially, Lancashire and Yorkshire were held to be the foremost of our English counties in intelligence and independence. Lancashire and Yorkshire spoke in tolerably clear language when Mr Gladstone himself brought his claims before them; the former declining to be represented in Parliament by one, of whose brilliant talents the whole country is proud. They have since, by monster meetings, more distinct-

ly delivered themselves against the measure of which Mr Gladstone is the author. And even in Birmingham, though by unscrupulous diplomacy the friends of Mr Bright carried their point, not even his memorable letter regarding the unwisdom of the Lords could obtain for him more than a very doubtful triumph. All these incidents, with many more which we need not pause to particularise—the great gatherings in London and in Dublin, the four thousand petitions, bearing not far short of a million of signatures—distinctly prove that the nation is by no means unanimous on the subject, and that a fresh appeal to the constituencies would be just as likely as not to bring about a result adverse to the Ministerial measure.

It appears then, to us, that in assuming, as the majority of the Lords undoubtedly do, that whatever the House of Commons may have done, the country has not pronounced in favour of Mr Gladstone's Bill in its integrity, the Lords go not one inch beyond the straightest line of truth. It appears further to us, that whatever the Church in Ireland may have lost, the Government which desires to destroy it throughout, root and branch, have gained but a doubtful success in the second reading which has been afforded to the Bill. At the same time we must honestly and frankly confess that the Lords seem to us to have made a mistake. By reading the Bill a second time they have surrendered a principle which, to our mind, is of far more importance than all imaginable details of endowment or spoliation. They have decided that in Ireland there shall no longer be a Church in connection with the State. That is a step which, when once taken, can never be recalled; and which, taken in one portion of the ancient monarchy, must as surely lead to similar arrangements elsewhere as the dawn leads on the day. The changes to which we now refer may not come next year, nor

the year after, nor the year after that. The change with which we are immediately threatened in Ireland may itself be postponed; and if the Lords act with the spirit and wisdom for which we give them credit, it probably will. But the postponement of an evil, the coming of which sooner or later is certain, can hardly be regarded as a national benefit; and therefore, under existing circumstances, it may be well that no postponement should take place. Whether Mr Gladstone will be persuaded to think so is a point for him to settle. The Lords, if they desire to retain the respect of the country, must now go in for very serious changes in the measure. The changes effected by them will in this case try the temper of the Minister as sorely as—perhaps more sorely than—it would have been tried had the second reading been refused. Will he accept their amendments after all that was said and done during the triumphant progress of his measure through the Commons? And if he do not accept them, what follows?

The great advocate of the course actually adopted by the House of Lords has been Lord Salisbury. No man could have argued his case better. No man could have put, in a clearer point of view, the reasons which guided him to the conclusion at which he arrived. His quotation from the speech of the Duke of Argyll last year was most apt. His Grace laboured to get rid of it, but the thing was impossible. The Government, while yet in opposition, so arranged their plan as that the Church which they undertook to disestablish should be treated with the utmost possible generosity. But by Lord Salisbury's speech:—

“I see the noble duke the Minister for India in his place, and I would venture to make a quotation again from a celebrated speech of his on a point on which he must be a competent witness. The momentous resolutions of last year introduced something like a revolution

into this country, and they were drawn up by a very few persons. If common rumour is not wrong, the noble duke was one of those who drew them. The noble duke, therefore, in a passage which I am about to quote, spoke with an authority which gives an interpretation to the result of the elections, and which may serve as a guide to us in the endeavour to ascertain what the meaning of those elections was. ‘There is a great distinction,’ says the noble duke, ‘between disendowment and disestablishment, and it was not without a set purpose’—the noble duke knew all about the ‘purpose,’—‘and deliberate and careful intention that the word “disendowment” was avoided’—he does not tell us that the word ‘disendowment’ was meant for the elections; it was ‘avoided, and disestablishment was inserted in the resolution. That course was adopted for the very good reason that, so far as I know, no human being proposes to disendow the Established Church altogether. Nobody has ever proposed to deprive the Church of endowments derived from private benefactions.’ That was true then, but since then it has been proposed to deprive the Church of these private benefactions, and that which was regarded as monstrous a year ago, now forms a chief part of the principle of the Bill. But, more than this, the noble duke went on to say:—‘Under the scheme sketched by Mr Gladstone, the Church is to be left in possession of the churches and parsonages, and of some land adjacent.’ Now, however, all this disappears, and the Church has to pay for its churches and parsonages; while as to giving it the land adjacent, it would be a proposal that would raise the Roman Catholics in rebellion. ‘So,’ continues the noble duke, ‘that it could not be said in strictness that the Church under that scheme is to be wholly deprived of its endowments.’ The noble duke added:—‘Besides, it is at the option and discretion of Parliament to what extent disendowment shall go. Therefore, those members of the House of Commons who voted for the resolutions are perfectly free to vote for any sort of compromise in respect to the endowment of the Church.’ So, then, the members who were elected under a pledge to abide the principle shadowed out in the resolutions, were also free to vote for any sort of compromise. I trust that, with these words before them, no member of the Government in this House will attempt to tell us that any sort of compromise with respect to the endow-

ments of the Church is inconsistent with the principle on which the majority of the members of the House of Commons were returned at the last election."

Now this is excellent as far as it goes. It proves that, a year ago, while the success of a great *coup* was very doubtful, the knot of men who arranged and prepared the way for trying the effect of the *coup* took infinite pains to conciliate, or rather to avert, opposition to it. But, when this knot of men came to be associated with others, whom, willingly or unwillingly, they admitted to their counsels, they found that there was opposition to be conciliated nearer home than they had counted on; and that, in order to carry their friends and colleagues with them, they must throw overboard all care for the feelings of their opponents. What hope can we have—what hope has Lord Salisbury—that, when the pinch comes, the pinch that constrains them to choose between yielding to opponents and alienating friends, they will elect the former course? Whatever his lordship's expectations may be, ours, we must confess, are very slender. On what does the noble lord count? Hear him again:—

"I have been told, I believe by my noble friend who opened the debate this evening—and I think the right rev. prelate expressed himself something to the same effect—that it would be of no use to go into committee with a view of proposing amendments, because amendments would not be accepted. The right rev. prelate, I think, cheers that statement. But how do you know those amendments will not be accepted? When a decision of this House is recorded, and when an amendment goes to the other House, with the general sanction of your lordships' House, I know of nothing that would lead me to believe that the amendment would be contemptuously disregarded. I am told that throughout the debates held elsewhere, the Ministry arrogantly refused to accept any amendments, and that therefore amendments proposed by this House would be treated in the same way. Now I remember that, a year or

two ago, Mr Disraeli, who, whatever other criticism he may have laid himself open to, cannot be called arrogant in the refusal of amendments—I remember the right hon. gentleman refusing, almost in terms of contumely, the minority clause which was moved by Mr Lowe. When the Bill came up to this House my noble and learned friend moved an amendment very much in the spirit of the one which was proposed by Mr Lowe. The amendment was supported by Lord Russell, was opposed by the Government, but was adopted by the House. When the Bill returned to the House of Commons, Mr Disraeli said, that though his opinions on the subject were still unchanged, something was due to the other House of Parliament, and that it was necessary to the passing of the Bill that it should be adopted. If any one had started up and said, 'It is no use voting upon this minority amendment. What is the use of sending it down to the other House of Parliament when you know they will not accept it?' would he have been justified by the event? Well, I ask you to apply the experience of that year to this case. It would be a different matter if I knew that Mr Gladstone would contemptuously refuse all amendments; but I do not see that, *prima facie*, he has the power. It is true that the Government possesses a large majority in that House, but they know of what materials majorities in England are made. The principle of *Væ victis* has never yet been recognised as a principle in English politics."

We yield to none in admiration of Lord Salisbury's genius as a statesman—we entertain the highest opinion of him as a man of honour and chivalrous feeling—we can look forward, not without satisfaction, to the day when he may lead what remains of the great Constitutional party; but it strikes us—let us hope that we are in error—that in thus reasoning he deceives himself as well as others. When the minority clause was debated in the House of Lords and carried against the Ministers, Mr Disraeli was in office. He knew himself to be in a minority in the House of Commons—his strength was in the Lords—for whom, moreover, he has always expressed becoming

deference. The point which his colleagues resisted in the other House had been raised by one of the ablest of their own supporters there; and Mr Lowe, a gentleman at that time of more weight in the Commons than Mr Disraeli himself, was in favour of it. What chance would Mr Disraeli have had, contending against the deliberate opinion of Lord Cairns in the Lords, and the strong will of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Commons, even if he could have brought himself, which he could not do, to appeal to Mr Bright for support? No — there is no parallel in the two cases. Mr Gladstone may accept Lord Salisbury's amendments; it will be well for the country and for himself if he do. But to argue that, because Mr Disraeli, without a majority in the Commons—depending as a Tory mainly on the Lords—accepted a single amendment on his Bill proposed by Lord Cairns and carried in the Lords, therefore Mr Gladstone, hating the Lords, and master of the Commons, may be expected to accept half-a-dozen amendments of his Bill, moved, say by Lord Salisbury, and accepted by the Lords,—is to jump at conclusions by a bound which we, at least, find ourselves quite unable to compass.

But we are reminded by Earl Russell of the narrow risk which the Lords ran of virtual extinction in 1832. He too, like Lord Salisbury, is dissatisfied with Mr Gladstone's measure. He too, looks to propose or to support amendments to it in Committee. But he deprecates resistance at the stage at which the measure has arrived as involving consequences probably as serious as those which were averted seven-and-thirty years ago by the timely surrender of the Lords. Again let us guard ourselves against being thought to express condemnation against harbouring any stronger feeling in reference to the decision of the Lords than regret. They are

quite as likely to be right in their conclusions as we. They may have chosen the wiser course; and, wise or unwise, on this they may rely, that whatever feeble assistance we can render them in effecting the object which they have in view shall be rendered willingly. But let us quite understand where we are. There is as little similitude between the condition of the Lords as it was in 1832 and is now, as there is between the condition of Mr Disraeli when he accepted Lord Cairns's amendment of his Bill, and that of Mr Gladstone as he now stands face to face with the House of Lords. The House of Commons which forced Lord Grey's Reform Bill on the House of Lords had been elected for that one purpose, and for no other. Bear in mind how the case stood. When the measure of 1831 was first proposed, it was proposed to a House of Commons elected under the old system. The members of that House, very many of whom sat for boroughs which the proposed Bill doomed to destruction, had not the courage to refuse to it, as they ought to have done, a reading at all; and when it came to the second reading they threw it out by a majority of one only. It is a historical fact that these two incidents, these alone—the admission of the Bill to a first reading, and its rejection at the second by so small a majority—secured to Lord Grey his triumph. How could it be otherwise? A majority of one on a question of such immense importance goes for nothing. Lord Grey dissolved. He dissolved on a cry of a better representation of the people. The country took him up: not the large constituencies only, but all the constituencies which were not under the absolute control of individuals—and some even of these refused to return any except persons pledged to support the measure; and the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, be-

came at once and for ever the war-cry of the nation. The condemned boroughs carried Lord Grey through. Does any one of the conditions described here apply to the circumstances in which we now stand? Not one. The late Parliament was not dissolved on any special occasion, or for any special purpose. It died a natural death. A new constituency had been created, and to this candidates went, because no act performed by a House sitting on the old principle could be valid, or command the obedience of the people—a new principle having been introduced. As we have elsewhere shown, also, the appeal made was not, Shall the Protestant Church in Ireland be maintained? but, Shall Mr Gladstone or Mr Disraeli stand, as constitutional adviser, nearest to the Throne? Observe that we are very far from denying that the question of an Established Church or no Established Church in Ireland did enter considerably into the consideration of the constituencies. But it was not the only question—it was not even the main question—which they felt themselves called upon to decide. And certainly it was, as then presented to them, as little like the measure now before Parliament as chalk is like cheese. Earl Russell's parallel, therefore, as it seems to us, fails entirely, and with it disappears all the importance of the warnings which he hangs upon it.

So much for Lord Russell's argument. Let us now for a moment revert again to that of Lord Salisbury. He tells us, in one part of his magnificent speech, that he does not see why Mr Gladstone should contemptuously refuse all amendments; and he grounds his belief on the reflection that, though Mr Gladstone possesses a large majority in the House of Commons, he knows of what materials majorities in England are made. "The principle of *Væ victis* has never yet been recognised as a principle

in English politics." It may be so, but the declaration of *Væ victis* was made in 1832, exactly under circumstances akin to those with which Lord Salisbury now desires to surround the House of Lords. The House of Lords of that day read Earl Grey's Bill by a majority as large as that which read Mr Gladstone's Bill the other day a second time. On entering into Committee an amendment was moved and carried which in no degree affected the principle of the measure. It went only to this, that the order of proceeding should be changed; and that, before disfranchising any particular place which then had the privilege of returning members to Parliament, their lordships should determine what new places should for the first time enjoy that privilege. Did the Government listen to this? Not for a moment. It declared that the principle of their measure was struck at. They resigned office, and came back again only after having exacted from the King a promise that he would create as many peers as should be necessary to carry the measure exactly as it had passed out of the House of Commons. What is there to guarantee us against a repetition of these tactics as soon as Lord Salisbury, or some other Tory peer, shall move some instruction to the Committee, such as Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright may be pleased to consider destructive of the principle of the Bill? Shall we not in this case hear the cry, *Væ victis*? Is Mr Gladstone the sort of Minister to hesitate about following a precedent so convenient, and so entirely in point?

"Oh, but," continues his lordship, "I see the matter in quite a different light. I regard with utter incredulity the statement that Mr Gladstone would refuse all amendments that might be proposed. But even if he did,—let us suppose the worst. Compare the position when the refusal is sent back with the position now if this Bill be rejected. Reject this Bill now and you will tell

the English people that you have determined upon offering an uncompromising resistance to the decision which they have pronounced. An uncompromising resistance! Are you going to invite more pressure? Are you waiting for stronger motives for concession, possibly in the conduct of people out of doors? My lords, the picture which such a policy calls up before me is too terrible. It bears upon it principles too fatal to the very existence of our Constitution for me to explain in detail the results that will follow the adoption of a policy in every way so disastrous as that of waiting for more pressure. No, my lords, I can only argue with the opponents of this Bill upon the principle of 'No surrender.' Whether they are prepared to adopt that principle or not, whether they are prepared to provoke the consequences of a conflict between the House of Lords and the people, I do not know, but it is only upon that basis that I can argue with them, because I am sure that no policy, short of that of waiting until a civil war in Ireland and disturbance in England, can mark in larger and more palpable characters the will of the English people. Well, suppose Mr Gladstone does arrogantly refuse to accept these amendments. Suppose he threatens attempts at coercion. Suppose he suggests a refusal of supplies—a remedy that appears to me so comical that I should almost like the sensation. To refuse the supplies would no doubt be very disagreeable to soldiers, and police, and other people, but it would not much affect us. Suppose Mr Gladstone should refuse the supplies, or adopt any other *coup d'état*; suppose he should go to the nation and say the House of Lords had insisted upon inserting 1560 instead of 1660, or had determined upon allowing sixteen years instead of fourteen as the purchase of life interests, or had given a bit of glebe land in this quarter and a bit of glebe land in that quarter; and because they had done so he called on the nation to destroy the Constitution and put an end to the House of Lords, — do you imagine that the people of England would be foolish enough to do any such thing? No, my lords, the people of England interfere for great and broad principles, which form a turning-point in our policy; but they leave the decision of the details of those principles to be carried out by the authorities to whom the Constitution has intrusted the settlement of those details. My lords, I don't believe that any Minister,

however great his talents, however brilliant his success, is powerful enough to coerce one branch of the Legislature, if in details of this kind its opinions don't chance to coincide with his own. I believe that by refusing the second reading of this Bill you are accepting the battle-ground offered to you by your adversaries, instead of taking that which you might have selected for yourselves."

He is a bold man who rejects with incredulity the statement that Mr Gladstone is capable of refusing all amendments that are worth proposing. Mr Gladstone's language in the House of Commons affords but slight ground for such incredulity. What if the event shall show that it was misplaced? Nor is Lord Salisbury quite as candid as we have a right to expect that he should be throughout the rest of that brilliant piece of declamation which we have just quoted. Not one noble lord, we venture to say, who spoke and voted against the second reading of the Bill, ever dreamed of taking up the cry of "No surrender." The single object in rejecting the Bill, if it had been rejected, would have been that the nation should have further time to consider the whole matter. The Lords never have resisted, and never will resist, the will of the nation, if it be fairly and legitimately expressed. But the Lords had a perfect right to assume, a fortnight ago, that a full and legitimate expression had not been given by the nation of its will in a case which had never been submitted to it, except in the vaguest and most general terms, till the elections were over. What greater danger was there, then, in declining to read the Bill a second time, than there is in passing it with the avowed purpose of tearing it to pieces in Committee? If the nation be really in earnest in the determination to support Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright, neither Lord Salisbury nor anybody else will be able to carry a single amendment that is worth putting. If the nation is not so far in earnest

as to risk the independence of the House of Lords rather than allow Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright to be thwarted, then the Bill might have been refused with perfect safety, and the great principle of a religious establishment, which is now formally abandoned by her legislators, might have been maintained, if not for ever, at all events so long as the Government of the country continued to be in the hands of a constitutional monarch.

The thing, however, is done, and we must make the most of it. The single question now to be asked and determined is, What will the Lords insist upon? Clearly, to begin with, we must have the churches, glebes, and glebe-houses given over for the use of the clergy of the disestablished Church for ever. Clearly the date at which other endowments were made shall be taken to be, not 1660, but 1560. Clearly, also, if commutation be allowed in one instance it must be allowed in all, so that the disestablished Church may receive, in lieu of the endowments which are taken from it, a capitalised sum, reckoned at fourteen years' purchase, of each incumbent's forfeited income. On these points, probably, an immense majority in the House of Lords will be agreed. Is it too late to propose something more? Might we not even now, putting aside other considerations, and assenting to their distraction from the disestablished Church, adopt some wise plan of so disposing of the rent-charges as shall keep them from being wasted in the erection of lunatic asylums, or given over in free gift, as is much more likely to be the case, to the land-owners? For surely a project more insane—more entirely wide of the requirements of law and equity—never was devised in reference to that property, than Mr Gladstone's suggestions. To tell the squire of a parish that he may reduce his tithes, by paying exactly what he now pays for forty-five years longer, is to assure, if not to him,

at all events to his son or his grandson, just so much gratuitous addition to his income; while, by unsettling his and the nation's views of what is and what is not property, it will lead, as surely as we write these lines, to the absorption of the tithes long before the forty-five years run out, either by due course of law, or by the mere evasion of payments. Clearly, that point must be maturely considered and settled. It cannot remain as it is if we desire to be thought of as a "wise and understanding people."

But might not a still better use be made of the Church property than has yet been suggested either by Mr Gladstone or his opponents, and the Church itself be placed, at the same time, on a far more satisfactory footing than is now proposed for it? The great strength of the Church of Rome lies in its unity. It has its own head, and he a temporal sovereign. Wherever it stretches itself out, whether into the east or the west, it is still one in doctrine, in discipline, in worship. The great weakness of Protestantism is that it is divided, not only against the Church of Rome but against itself. Why should the British Legislature, which has up to this moment been in strict alliance with the Church of England, deliberately aggravate this evil by lopping off a branch from the English Church and casting it adrift? If we are not to have a United Church of England and Ireland, what is there to prevent our having a Church of England in Ireland, as much recognised by English law as part and parcel of the English Church as the Romish Church in Ireland is recognised by the canon law as part and parcel of the Church which has its headquarters in Rome? It might not be easy to extend this principle further. The difficulties are perhaps insurmountable that stand in the way of comprehending under one system the Protestant Episcopal Churches which exist in England, in Ireland, in Scotland,

in the British colonies, and—we were going to say, and would say if we could—in the United States of America. Such a Church—one in doctrine, in discipline, in worship—might hold its own against the world, and would, if wisely managed, gradually bring into communion with itself other Churches which are not now Episcopalian in their form of government; for we are much mistaken if the day be not near at hand when minor distinctions among Christians—all of them professing the great truths of the Gospel in its simplicity—shall disappear; and we know no readier means of bringing so desirable a consummation about than by legally and formally making one whole out of many parts, instead of breaking up into parts that which is now one whole. But if this be impossible, as perhaps it is, why not put the Church in Ireland on the same footing with the Church in the colonies, which are as yet without legislatures of their own, and are known as Crown colonies? We do not speak of the Church in Ceylon as the Established Church, but as the Church of England in that island; because it is subject to the same control, and obedient to the same laws, that govern our Church at home. Why not keep the Church in Ireland an integral portion of the English Church, even after it has ceased to be the Established Church? Ireland has no more a separate legislature than Ceylon. Wait till she obtains it before you formally, and by Act of Parliament, separate her Protestant Church from the Church of which it is now a portion.

Again, is it not worth while for their lordships in Committee to consider whether, even now, out of the funds which this Bill of pains and penalties places at the disposal of the nation, sufficient may not be found to provide priests and Presbyterian ministers, not less than the Church clergy, with glebes and glebe-houses; thus

realising, in some degree, the possession of religious equality of which we have heard so much? Something may be said in favour of the claim which the priests set up for the rent-charges, on the ground that the tithe was once the property of their Church. The claim would not indeed go for much if, as justice requires, we took into account what the tithes were worth at the time of the Reformation. For tithe is the produce of labour and skill as well as of the soil; and if the Church of Rome were getting back what it owned in that form three hundred years ago, the gift would not be stupendous. But all that and more we would willingly make over to the priests, provided by so doing we freed the Irish peasantry from the exactions which the priests wring out of them in the shape of fees and dues. Why not in Committee of the House of Lords feel a way towards such a blessed consummation? The country would not endure it, we shall be told. The Protestants of Ulster and the Presbyterians of Scotland equally declare that they will never consent to endow Popery. Is this so? What, then, is the meaning of the Maynooth Endowment, to which, if the Government speak the truth, the nation has consented? and why has not the nation protested long ago against the equality in rank and pay that prevails among the chaplains of the three Churches in the army? How well, notwithstanding some slight mistakes in detail, the Bishop of Lichfield expressed himself on that subject! How fully and entirely are we able, on the very best authority, to confirm every statement which he made respecting the happy results of an arrangement which was not made without long deliberation and after much misgiving! Why should not the same results follow in civil life as have actually followed in military life? For our own parts, if

we must have spoliation and disestablishment, we should prefer that the Government took possession of the whole property of the Church in Ireland, and, out of the revenue thence raised, should pay, justly, equitably, and alike, the clergy of the three denominations, rather than witness the spectacle of one-third part of this Church monarchy being left without the slightest care taken by its rulers for the religious instruction of the people. Possibly what is done in this direction in Ireland—if it be done—may lead forthwith to the adoption of a similar policy, both in England and Scotland. Be it so. Rather let us have that than the setting up of the Voluntary principle in Ireland to-day, with the moral certainty that, through the co-operation of Irish and Scotch and Liberation Society members, we shall have it both in England and Scotland a very few years hence.

And here we would willingly deliver both our readers and ourselves from the further consideration of a subject on which, from whatever point of view it be regarded, we cannot look except with dismay, but that it is necessary to say a very few words on the line which, first the bishops, and secondly not a few lay lords, thought it not unbecoming in so great a national crisis to pursue. Out of four-and-twenty bishops and two archbishops of the English branch of the United Church of England and Ireland, only thirteen bishops voted against the second reading. One bishop, the Bishop of St David's, voted for the second reading. All the rest absented themselves from the division. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke logically against the measure. Why did his logic desert him at the division? The Archbishop of York, one of the leading declaimers against the original proposal a year ago, did not feel himself called upon to utter a word or to vote on a recent

occasion. And the Bishop of Oxford — *proh pudor!* — where was he? Now we must take the liberty of assuring their lordships that this attempt to avoid giving offence—this feeble effort at a display of magnanimity, or disinterestedness, or call it what you will—so far from raising them in the estimation of the country, covers their best friends and the friends of the Church with sorrow, and themselves in the eyes of the Church's enemies with contempt. What are they placed in the House of Lords for, if it be not to defend their Church's privileges? As statesmen they have, through their own reticence on general questions, long ceased to be thought of. But to them, whenever questions bearing upon the rights and authority of the Church are raised, all men, whether they be Churchmen or Dissenters, still look to deliver a judgment, whether it be sound or unsound. If they shrink from even this small display of moral courage, they will very soon create or confirm the belief that the sooner they withdraw from taking any part in the work of legislation the better it will be both for the Church and the nation. The abstention from voting on the late occasion by so many members of the Episcopal body has gone farther to insure their speedy expulsion from the House of Lords than a dozen motions to that effect brought forward by Radical members in either House of Parliament.

Nor can the country, which is in earnest on the question now before it, think lightly of the fact that not fewer than 130 lay peers, most of whom might have voted or were expected to vote, absented themselves from the division. These are not times, their lordships may depend upon it, when it is either becoming or safe in any peer of the realm to play fast-and-loose with his duty. Their own existence as a separate and independent branch of the Legisla-

ture is confidently asserted by their ill-wishers to be at this moment as much on its trial as the principle of a religious Establishment; and if we were to grant the correctness of this assertion, might not the manifestation of timidity, indifference, or any other unworthy motive, implied in the virtual abdication of their functions by upwards of a fourth of their order, be fairly brought forward in support of an unfavourable verdict? Instead of 225 peers at that great division, the country was justified in expecting at least 300 to be present. They cannot now vote by proxy. Why are they absent from their posts?

We shall wait with anxiety the first move that is made after the Lords go into Committee. That the Lords are able to do what they will with the measure in their own house is certain. We shall be curious to see how Lord Granville and the Duke of Argyll receive such instructions to the Committee as Lord Salisbury, or Lord Cairns, or any other constitutional peer, may enunciate. Not there, however, but in the House of Commons must the decisive battle be fought. Conferences there will certainly be. Which party is to give way on them? Are the Commons really pledged to support the Minister in whatever he may require of them? Will not Sir George Grey, and many such as he, hesitate before they commit themselves to a death-struggle with the House of Lords? Time will show. Mean-

while, our advice to the gallant Protestants of Ireland is, to wait patiently the issue of events. Nothing would more delight their enemies, or go farther to secure the triumph of wrong, than any acts of violence, or the approach to violence by them. Let them be calm, though resolute; quiet, though determined; loyal, even where their keenest feelings are outraged. They have noble champions in their countrymen the Bishops of Peterborough and Derry; they have true friends in Lord Derby and Lord Cairns. They have a gifted and chivalrous defender of all that he holds to be defensible in their rights in Lord Salisbury. These will do battle for them; and whatever the issue may be, with that it is their duty to be content. To the best of our ability we have aided them in the contest in which they have been involved. To the best of our ability we shall stand by them to the last. But they and we must equally remember that, in great national controversies like this, there are limits to resistance, even when the resistance is to wrong. We join them in protesting against a piece of legislation which we hold to be as impolitic as it is iniquitous. But the law once enacted, we shall obey it; and we earnestly, and with all the force of strong conviction that our advice is good, advise our Protestant friends in Ireland not, in this respect, to come behind those who have made common cause with them throughout.

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

THAT admirable depicter of other men's oddities—Mathews—was not without many eccentricities himself. He was so fastidious as to the proprieties of the table that the smallest infraction would make him wretched, and send him away fasting; and the man who ate his beef without mustard, and poured an inappropriate sauce over his fish, he regarded with something not very remote from a personal dislike.

The great affliction of his life—the bitterest drop in his cup of existence—was, that he never was able to lose anything! When any object he possessed had become old, valueless, or a burden, he declared it would stick to him with an invincible tenacity; and to hear him tell the straits and devices by which he had tried to disembarass himself of a worthless hat, a worn tooth-brush, or an old pair of boots, and the shame and misery occasioned by their reappearance and restoration, sometimes under circumstances of public exposure—to hear him tell one of these incidents with all his wonderful powers of

face, voice, and action, was to witness a specimen of the highest dramatic art.

One of these stories recounted how, walking one day with some distinguished man upon town, a type of fashion and a model of dress, Mathews suddenly discovered that his gloves were in the shabbiest possible condition; they were torn, soiled, and, worse still, they had been mended. Eager to divest himself of such obnoxious "properties," he rolled them up furtively together, and as they were passing over Westminster Bridge at the time, he seized a favourable moment to jerk them over the parapet into the Thames. Like a man who had relieved his bosom of a weighty load, he described how he strode along, head erect and conscience easy; but scarcely had he reached the Southwark side, when a dripping sailor accosted him with the fatal gloves in his hand, saying, "I saw your honour when you dropped them, and I had a sharp bit of a row to catch them with the falling tide!" "I know," he would

say, "that people who have not been persecuted in this fashion will have scant sympathy for my suffering; but the perpetual recurrence of such incidents—the moral certainty I feel that if I were to commit a great crime the proofs of my guilt would confront me the moment after; that to me no concealment would be possible, all ingenuity to hide my offence would be in vain; that a terrible Nemesis tracks me through life, ready to place me face to face with the secret I would bury,—all these things, I say, have given to petty incidents somewhat of the terror and confusion that follow on actual guilt; and whenever I have read of a skeleton discovered in a heap of rubbish, or the body of an infant found in a coal-cellar, I at once realise the overwhelming misery of some wretch who has now to know that the eye of the law is seeking him, and that the day of his reckoning is at hand; and I cannot divest myself—so strong is my sympathy for the calamity—of an actual sense of brotherhood with the criminal.

"The number of victims I have cut up in my imagination into little bits, and carried away piecemeal to throw into a river—the creatures I have boiled down in caldrons—the babies I have walked about with in my hat or my coat-pocket, till I could slip them under a seat in church, or drop them in an area,—these, I say, were legion; and the slightest attack of a feverish cold is sure to afford me this pleasing diversion for the night long."

It is not difficult to imagine what a source of excitement a sensitive organisation like this was sure to find in the daily horrors of our newspapers. The central, the all-engrossing, interest in every crime, however, was, what steps can he take for concealment? Where can he hide the *corpus delicti*? "What will he do with it?"

The world has not ceased to jog

on in its accustomed mode since Mathews died. Our newspapers give us from time to time tidings that human wickedness follows its old road, and, indeed, with such a monotony of detail, that one would say crime is the only thing of the day that borrows no idea from the march of scientific discovery.

Few of our murders might not have been committed in the fifteenth century, or even earlier; and manslaughter is, after all, only in the *renaissance* period; and except the ingenious device of the American doctor to confuse the signs of blood with an infusion of cochineal, we have really nothing new in criminal physics.

Let me turn away, however, from details that are far from pleasant to dwell on, and into which I have lapsed actually without knowing it. My business was with those who cannot divest themselves of some dreary or obnoxious object; who discover that they either leave it in some inappropriate spot, sure to shame them, or drop it where some busybody will be certain to find and restore it, with a claim to be rewarded for his honesty; or, scarcely less annoying, see it contested for by rival claimants, who refer to the original owner to decide on its ultimate fate.

If Mathews was yet amongst us, what sympathy would he not feel for Mr Gladstone?

Here's this Irish Church surplus—worse than all the old hats or scrubby tooth-brushes that ever tormented the breast of bashful decency—and "what will he do with it?" It must be given to Irish objects, and for no secular purposes. It must be applied in such a way as shall not wound any religious susceptibilities, benefit any particular sect, or confer a boon on any one that his neighbour might object to. It must be a great comfort to those who deem this is a robbery, to see what a perplexity it occasions the robber to dispose of his booty.

When an Irish priest was applied to by his flock to use his influence in obtaining a few dry days in July, he replied that he was ready to accord any precise kind of weather that three farmers of the parish would agree upon; and the Premier might take a hint from this astute Churchman, and declare that he would deal with this fund in accordance with the united counsels of Irishmen, and that it should be invested in three-per-cent stock till then.

It is too late to talk of "leveling up," as the cant has it, when you have dug a hole and thrown the Church into it. If you are bent on equality, you must bury the priest as well as the parson. To give the money to the landlords would be too shamefaced a robbery. The Fenians, indeed, have so far an equitable claim to it, that but for them this Bill would never have been brought in. But I doubt if opinion is yet enlightened enough in England to see that these patriotic men should be rewarded for their efforts, though Ministers are honest enough to declare how much they owe to their spirited self-devotion. It would be instructive to see a committee of the House haggling over details by which a deanery house was to be allocated to a head-centre, and O'Sullivan Rossa installed in a vicarage. But I fear England is yet too far behind for such advanced views. We are fond of compromises, however, and greatly given to half measures; and as pacification is the great cry of the day—Why

not give this money to the Maories? There would be a sly flattery to Irish rebellion in it, which could not fail of its effect; for here are a people fully as cruel as, and certainly not less brave than, the Fenians. They hate the English as much, and disclaim all allegiance to them as openly; they prove that gratitude has no tie for them; and they come out of prison with a pardon as inveterate enemies of the Queen as the day they went in. I don't say that the Maories would be pacified by the gift, but I do say they would be as much so as would the Fenians, had you given it to them; and as the great object is to hide the booty, New Zealand seems—being so far away—a most appropriate spot.

It is clear you cannot give this money to Ireland without exciting an amount of rival bitterness and sectarian feud you are not prepared for. Give it, then, to the people who, next to the Fenians, avow their heartiest hatred of you, and declare their eternal determination to be your enemy.

You owe them a great deal in the way of recompense. You attempted to civilise them and you failed. You have offended them with the presence of your clergy; it was "a badge of conquest," and the insult galls them. And, last of all, it gets rid of a very embarrassing booty in the most desirable of all ways, for no one will be the better of it; nor will it, like Mathews' gloves, ever be restored, to the shame and mortification of him who wanted to be rid of it.

SOME IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE.

I have just returned to the Continent, and have come away from England, as becomes me, full of philanthropy, and overflowing with benevolence towards all creation. It may be insinuated that I am not an unprejudiced or unbiassed witness to place on the table; that a course of whitebait and flatteries to suit are corrupting ingredients; and that Trafalgar and Star-and-Garter experiences are but sorry aids to calm judgment. I repudiate the ungenerous insinuation, and declare that "dining out" is the only key to the British nation; and that he knows nothing of the national heart who has not studied it in combination with the national sirloin; and that the warmth of English existence is only understood by those who can comprehend how our daily convivialities are the necessary complement to our realistic tendencies; and that, all semblance to the contrary, we are the only European people who unbend at meal-times with dignity.

An ascetic Act of Parliament, dictated, I have no doubt, under the influence of dyspepsia, declares that treating will vitiate an election. Thank heaven, this legislation does not invade the sanctity of daily intercourse! for, of all our national customs, it is most to be revered. It is not, indeed, of great moment to any of us to fare splendidly on some special occasion—that every land and every sea should be ransacked for delicacies to tempt us, and that the *menu* should represent a geographical *précis* of the resources of our pleasant planet—but it is of immense account that we should see our friends, and especially our host himself as these surroundings can display him, and that we should behold the landscape in all the glowing effulgence of wax-light, which hitherto we had but seen

in the sombre tints of a lowering atmosphere.

The sneers and sarcasms that once were launched at our national cookery no longer apply—at least they have no wholesale or general application. You dine admirably in London now—in many places fully as well as in Paris, and in almost all, with far better wine. But it is not the superiority of our fish, our *grosses pièces*, or our game, I would assert; nor is it that we are more curious in our pale sherry or more critical in our claret; but it is the fact that dinner displays us in our most favourable of moods, and that the unaffected talk of a good dinner-table is worth all the stilted attempts at wit or epigrammatic fireworks that ever dazzled a company in the Faubourg St Honoré.

A few years has done much to dissipate the cold rigidity which once distinguished English manners. People are more courteous, more conciliating, than they used to be. They no longer resent whatever differs from their own notions as a barbarism or a vulgarity. They have grown more tolerant in every way, and more generous; and that one may measure the amount of this change, there are even to be met with here and there a few of the old school—stately repressors of all unconventional freedom, rigid assertors of dignified dulness—left, as engineers leave earth pyramids, to mark the level of a former elevation, and show the depth to which innovation has descended. If I have met one or two of these, I am in too good humour with my recent experiences to speak of them. With the exception of party animosity, I should say that everything in England has improved since I saw it some few years ago. Political bitterness is, however, very strong, and partisanship more declared than ever I knew it. The Irish Church

Bill has opened such a vista of possible change that men are already calculating on the sides that a future campaign may destine them to take. The Reform Bill, as Lord Derby predicted, has "dished the Whigs," but it has not left Toryism in over-good plight, while the Radicals are far less satisfied than they hoped to be. How is this, then, that the game has ended with nothing but losers? The House will be more than ever an assembly of rich men, and it is yet to be seen into what political strata these men will settle when one or two great questions of the hustings have been decided. What will be the cohesive element of the party now in power when they have disendowed the Irish Church? Is there any other question which will unite men who differ so widely amongst themselves, and bring Roman Catholics, Unitarians, Scotch Churchmen, Ritualists, and Freethinkers into one fold, and under the crook of Mr Gladstone?

Pulling down is good fun, but people get tired of even that after a time, just as the Parisians are now growing weary of M. Hausmann and his thoroughfares blocked up by rubbish. Our present rulers give no signs of constructiveness. It is all demolition, from dockyards to cathedrals. The cry is, "Pull them down!" The least inventive of all instruments is the pick-axe; and it is yet to be seen if the affairs of a nation can be administered on the principles of a "slashing review." After all, the vista of what will come after them is not seductive; and it will take a deal of fumigation to purify our public offices after even three months of a "Bright Cabinet."

Who will give us a navy composed of ships whose rate of speed and powers offensive and defensive permit them to act in concert and execute combined movements? Who will reorganise our army, and give the richest nation in Europe such a force as a fourth-rate power

in Germany could bring into the field?

Who will combat that rotten cant, that the proudest boast of a nation is the practice of petty economies, and that the penury of the public service is the test of a perfect administration? and who will teach us that colonies are only of value when they cost nothing to maintain, and that the loyalty and affection of Englishmen beyond the seas are too dearly paid for by the cost of a regiment in garrison?

And who will try to rule Ireland by measures of mere justice, and, above all, by permanence, and not by dissolving views of confiscation and plunder, which cherish cupidity on one side and terror on the other, and make the country a battle-ground for unprincipled agitation and dishonest conflict?

If there is a party who will even attempt some of these things, I care very little what title it fight under.

If I have brought away with me from England many pleasant memories—a stock which I mean to cherish and husband, for I am not likely to be in a position to increase my store—there are some few things I am less satisfied to look back upon. Whence, I would ask, has come that almost general attack—not on the Church, but on all religion, and all religious profession—so common now in English society? Why is belief regarded as the badge of an inferior intelligence, and the *esprits forts* of the world alone counted amongst those who proclaim a bold infidelity? There were days when the original talker—the man who illustrated his opinions by happy imagery or *apropos* anecdote—had his fair share of social success, and who never, to be interesting, was driven to be impious. Now, however, a new school has grown up, unquestionably able, and often witty, who trade for the most part on the amount of shock they can impart to society by the rude encounter they give to what most of us were wont to believe as true,

and by the amount of ridicule they can bestow on Scriptural incongruity.

I found that these men had it "all their own" in the world of society. They were the fluent, the witty, the ready in repartee, and the most incisive in sarcasm everywhere. It was plain to see, besides, that mere levity, or the passing ambition to be thought pleasant, was not the spring of these displays, for many of the ablest articles of the daily press took a concurrent tone, and some of the most finished "leaders" were written in a spirit of perfect sympathy with them.

"Where did Mr O'Dowd go—into what social crypt did he wander," you will perhaps ask, "to discover all this?" and his only reply is, that he knew too little of the geography of the country to trust himself very far from the highroad—that, so far as he knows, he was always treading very beaten paths; and he is vain enough to believe that he met some of the pleasantest, as well as some of the most distinguished, of his countrymen. In fact, so grati-

fied was he on the whole, so satisfied of the incontestable superiority of these same countrymen—not alone in knowledge, but in fairness and in tolerance—over all foreigners, that nothing less than a carping desire to find fault somewhere, might possibly be ascribed to the spirit in which he records his present blame.

Let a man but live some years out of England, and he is sure to be amazed at the marvellous energy of all he meets there. Even the loungers, the very idlers, have a "go" in them he finds nowhere else. I was astonished, amazed, at every hand. I of course except America; for with us we work life at high-boiler pressure, but the Yankees do more—they sit on the valves. If, however, I was astonished at many things, there is nothing amazes me so much, after all, as that I have the heart to qualify, by even one word of disparagement, a visit so abounding in special kindness to me, and so full of matter for long and most grateful recollection.

HINT FOR A NEW CLUB.

M. Guizot has placed on record, that of all he had seen of England—her system of government, her institutions, and her ways—nothing struck him so strongly nor impressed him so favourably as her varied public charities. There was not a calamity, not an infirmity of humanity, without its appropriate relief. Asylums, refuges, reformatories, hospitals, orphanages, convalescent-houses, abounded in the land; and with such industry were they multiplied, that they seemed to follow the course of scientific discovery, and the application of remedy succeeded to invention as naturally as effect to cause.

The spirit to relieve a suffering is eminently British, and has covered our land with voluntary institu-

tions to a degree that no governmental munificence elsewhere can pretend to compete with. Of this we may indeed be proud, and it is a praise none will deny us.

Having fulfilled all the possible demands of charity for our species, we have, with what some might call a national eccentricity, carried our benevolence further, and, not satisfied with legislating to secure animals against cruelty, we have gone to the length of providing homes for houseless dogs, and asylums for four-footed vagabonds and tramps who wear tails.

It is consoling to think that the lost poodle or the erring Skye should not be exposed to the rude casualties that beset the gypsy, or pass his night, *more Hibernico*, under the dry arch of a bridge—but be housed,

blanketed, and cared for by watchful affection, his address taken down from his collar, and his afflicted friends informed of his whereabouts. All this savours of great tenderness in the national heart, and shows what a people we might become if the load of our taxation were removed from us.

The width and spread of our charity is great. We care for the people who want to emigrate, and the people who come back from forced emigration have our sympathy in tickets of leave, and we actually test the sincerity of a rogue's reformation at the expense of the true man. We sharpen the wits of our knaves by education, without giving them any career so profitable as that of cheating us; and we behave as though we believed in a millennium of goodness, police reports and petty sessions to the contrary, notwithstanding.

In this zeal to please every one, to make things comfortable all round, we lately passed a law to represent minorities; and such is our tolerance, that if the Devil himself took lodgings in Piccadilly, I'd not be surprised at his being proposed for ballot at the Athenæum, with a bishop for his second.

Amongst other benevolent projects, I lately saw one of a society to send people back to their native air. I do not know if Scotch people deem this a privilege (unless they are mad about golf), but the project has suggested to me the idea of an institution in some degree analogous, and for a class of unfortunates to whose case, I grieve to say, no philanthropist has yet turned public attention. The people for whom I plead are educated gentlemen—men invariably of a recognised station, freely current in society, and not unfrequently holding high place and employment. These men, gifted in many instances, graced with many acquirements, have been unfortunate

enough to provoke—now by the accident of manner, now by the heat of temperament, now by ill-controlled humour—a species of unpopularity, which, like the yell after the “Derby dog,” is joined in by hundreds out of unthinking sympathy; in a word, these men get out of favour with society, and get black-balled. Now I want the world to build a club for them.

We talk of dangerous classes, and I ask you, Do you know any as dangerous as these? It is not for their insufficiency, their dulness, or their incapacity, these men have been thrown back. It is exactly for the very opposite qualities. It is because they have been deemed aggressive, arrogant, disputatious, and troublesome. The very qualities, in fact, which opened a cabinet to Mr Bright have shut out the smoking-room to these people. Quiet men are afraid, dull men dread them, routine people are frightened by fears of reform, slow fellows shudder at the thought of fearless conversers and unscrupulous talkers. I say, Do not leave these people to walk the world with a grievance, but house them, feed them, sup and sherry-cobbler them.

Soldiers, sailors, university men, artists, travellers, civil servants, whist-players, and four-in-hand men, have their clubs—why not recognise these, the most remarkable of all minorities?

I will venture to say they will have the wittiest, the most amusing, of all clubs. Let no man be eligible who cannot prove that he has been black-balled in three respectable clubs, and that he is a member of no club whatever. The dome of the Invalides does not cover such battle-wounds as will the roof of that institution—such terrible mutilations gained in the terrible conflict with the world. And as the veterans of a hundred fights talk over their fields and slay again the slain, these will have stores of splendid impertinences, brilliant retorts, and insulting witticisms to

recount. How the "Rag" was closed against this man—what shut the door of the Carlton against that—what made his proposer take down this man's name for the Wyndham—why Arthur's declared against the other—and suchlike, will offer great opening for plenty of personality and a wide field for gossip.

Even the bond of a professional tie is not strong enough to secure a good *camaraderie* in club-life, for difference of condition will still remain to enforce estrangement. Here there will be none of this! Every member of the B.B.C. will stand *pari passu* with his neighbour. Each will have done something—whatever it may be—to make the world afraid of him. Each will have a grudge, and the exact same sort of grudge, as his neighbour, against the world. Each can afford frankness, for nothing makes a man so outspoken as to know that he is no worse than those about him; and each is sure of sympathy for whatever he relates, since he is little other than the spokesman of the company. I should like to hear of another club which could rival this brotherhood, or whose constituent elements included so much of fraternal sentiment.

All the watchfulness of committees

does not always succeed in eliminating wrong men from the ballot-box; and there are few folds without a few sheep that a wise shepherd would give a bargain of. Here this difficulty cannot exist; for, as the Americans boast that their Senate is like a "triple-refined sugar," here you have the same guarantee, since three cognate clubs must have decided on the merits of the candidate, and he can only come forward as a postulant with the proofs of triple rejection. To throw upon other societies the onus of investigating the claims of your candidate is a rare piece of good fortune. To know that the Carlton, the Garrick, and the Athenæum are watching for you while you sleep is an immense security. And, last of all, to feel that all these clubs are but your tributaries is a proud and ennobling thought. It will not always be easy, perhaps, to find suitable officers or attendants for such a club; in this case the secretary should be chosen with care, and due regard had to the fact of the persons he must deal with. A man who could incontestably prove that he had been hooted off a race-course or ducked in a horse-pond, should of course have a right that such claim should be well considered.

COLD COMFORTERS.

Curran used to tell a story of a lawyer who, arriving late in court, was met by the screams of his client's wife, and her cry, "They are going to hang Jimmy!" "Let them hang him, my good woman," said the indignant barrister—"let them hang him, and I'll make it the dearest hanging to them ever they hanged!"

This is very much the sort of comfort Irish Churchmen are now receiving from a large number of so-called friends in England. They say comparatively little about the injustice or the iniquity of the meas-

ure. They make no application of the grievance to themselves, or hint how they would regard the case had it been their own; but they are full of predictions of evil, and so sure are they of being true prophets, that, on the whole, it is as well Jimmy should be hanged, that Mr Gladstone and his accomplices may be taught it is the "dearest hanging ever they hanged."

History has not told us how far Jimmy realised this consolation; but certainly, so far as one can see, the Church is by no means impressed with the thought that all the sec-

tarian strife and religious bitterness which are likely to prevail in Ireland—the dominant insolence of triumph on one side, the heartfelt sorrow and depression on the other—will serve in any way to recompense Protestants for the downfall of the Establishment, or teach them that it was a good day which decreed disendowment. There can be very little doubt of the fact that, however the priests and their party in Ireland may triumph over the fall of the Established Church in Ireland, its doom was really accomplished by the Nonconformists of England. Their first attack, made some years back, was based on the enormous, the bloated wealth of the Establishment; they published voluminous statistics to show the immense resources of the Church, and contrasted its bursting coffers with the penury and misery of the peasant. When these statements were wholly and substantially refuted—when their falsehood was exposed, and their calumnious assertions rebutted—the ground of attack was changed, and a new cry was invented to suit a new emergency, and the “badge of conquest” became the title of this last assault on Irish Protestantism.

Certainly it was a new instinct that allied English Dissent with Irish Romanism. Party, however, makes strange alliances, just as poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows; and let great men deny with what indignation they may the imputation that this attack on the Irish Church was a party move, there are few who will declare this in the frankness of private intercourse, and fewer still would credit it if so declared.

There was, besides its party character, a mean spitefulness in this measure which marked it out as one of the most venomous weapons of party warfare. The Protestants of Ireland were long known to be the most united and consistent portion of the Conservative party. They did more and gained less

from their adhesion to the Tory side than any other body of like amount in the kingdom. They were literally the garrison by which England held Ireland, and they were all that the weaker country possessed of the culture and civilisation of the stronger. They were the property, the rank, the intelligence, and the education of Ireland. They were its best landlords, its most respected magistrates, its first gentlemen. They had many things in their favour, but one they were not—they were not Whig-Liberals, and for this and this alone it was decreed that a lesson should be read them; and what lesson so certain to outrage their loyalty and insult their pride as the downfall of their Church and the degradation of its ministers?

An ancient adage tells us that when kings lose their temper it is peoples who pay for it; so do we see that when contending parties in the State take to bidding against each other for power, the nation has to bear the cost. It was out of this same rivalry came our last Reform Bill; and to outbid Lord Mayo's endowment of the priest we have now come to the disendowment of the parson.

All this animosity to the Conservative party in Ireland—a party too honest to be seduced and too intelligent to be cajoled—is, however, intelligible enough. That the Whig-Liberals should have seen in these men the strongest and most united section of the Tory party is plain and evident, and that to deal them a heavy and discouraging blow would be a master-stroke of policy. To disparage their ascendancy—an ascendancy, however, that Acts of Parliament can never breach—and to provoke, if possible, their outraged loyalty into some display of temper, were well-conceived tricks of party, and can be readily understood; but what is not so easy to imagine is the lukewarmness of English Protestant feeling in this crisis, and the almost

hypocritical tone of sympathy extended by a section of the press to the Church party in Ireland. They are told not only that it is good for them to be chastened, but that chastening is actually beneficial in a material sense. "Eat your leek," says an able journal on a day of June last—not in sign of humiliation, not as the emblem of a fallen condition, but in reality because the leek is a most nutritious vegetable, and far more conducive to health and strength than the beef you have been used to.

"The Church of England," says the same article, "was in its origin a refuge from spiritual despotism, for religious but sensible people, and therefore"—a strange *sequitur*—it is suppressed! Is it that Ireland is so favourably circumstanced that she has nothing to fear on the side of spiritual despotism, or that the religious but sensible—a very peculiar "but" is this here—are so few in number that the minority is not worth protecting? The Church, however, is told to look for its natural adherents in Ireland amongst those "who combine strong sense and an obstinate determination not to be imposed upon by what is manifestly false with a large share of those feelings from which all religion springs, and a clear perception of the narrow reach of their own knowledge upon religious subjects." It is then of this section, so endowed with good sense and obstinacy, credulity and positive ignorance, the newly-constituted Church of Ireland will have to deal; and we do not see much matter for consolation in the prospect. It is easier, however, to listen to this than to lend a patient hearing to what comes after.

"If the clergy would only remember that the strongest argument which has been put forward in

favour of the maintenance of the Church was found in the healthy influence they exercised over their neighbours as country gentlemen, they will be able to learn how they may be of most use under the new conditions imposed upon them."

Now, is it not a little hard that at the very moment they are deprived of their position as country gentlemen—unhoused, disfranchised, and disendowed—they are told how to dispense the duties of a state they are deposed from, and taught how to diffuse the influence of a station they have lost for ever?

As if to show the writer's knowledge of the Irish Church, he exhorts them to "give up sacerdotalism!" Now, if there is a characteristic of the Establishment in Ireland, it is the absence of what is called sacerdotalism. It is as a Low-Church party—a party who have held out the hand of brotherhood to every form of Dissent that actually did not assail the teachings of the Church—that the Irish clergy have made themselves notorious, and lost, I have no doubt, in so doing, the sympathy and good wishes of the High-Church party in England.

Last of all, warned by the fate of Charles I. and the French aristocracy, they are told "to make concessions in time." Had Charles I. been so warned after his head was cut off, the parallel might apply; but I cannot see the meaning of the advice at present, or how the Church can profit by the counsel to be wise in time when the time has already passed, and the Church has no longer an existence. I suppose, however, Jimmy's spirit must be appeased by waiting for what the hanging will cost his executioners, and I am afraid to admit that he will not have to wait long.

DEPUTATIONS.

At a very crowded salon abroad, where a number of distinguished persons were assembled—scions of royalty, great generals, ministers of state, and ambassadors—was a member of the Rothschild family, a gentleman well known not merely for his wealth and influence, but for a princely hospitality and an almost regal munificence. A friend of mine who was performing the office of cicerone to a newly-arrived Englishman had no sooner mentioned the name of the great financier than he was importuned by the stranger to present him. "It is not out of any idle curiosity or from a passing caprice," said he, "that I ask this favour. I have a particular reason; indeed, I might go so far as to call it a most interesting matter on which I desire to have a word with him."

The introduction was made, my friend dropped back to permit the colloquy to be pursued without interruption, but was soon joined by the stranger. "Would you believe it?" said the latter; "I have just asked him the rate of exchange on England, and he replied that he really did not know; but he had no doubt they would give me the information at the Bank."

Now this habit—and it is a habit of a large section of our countrymen—to turn to advantage the ordinary accidents of social intercourse, and to carry "business" in a pocket of their dress-coat, so that no time, no circumstance shall be deemed unfit to be turned to profit, is a vulgarity so essentially British that I was in no wise surprised to see that the Pasha, on his visit to England, had been made the subject of one of these exhibitions of bad taste and ill-breeding.

Taking advantage of the Prince's presence on a visit of pleasure to England, the directors of certain submarine telegraph companies waited upon him with an address

expressing a hope that he would continue to aid their undertakings, and in the event of competition, concede no special advantage to their rivals. There was nothing very unfair or unreasonable in all this—nothing in any way reprehensible—if only done at a suitable time and place. To have approached the Pasha, however, with their petition whose preamble was a welcome to England, and whose real burden was to extort a pledge, was somewhat of what lawyers call a surprise; and nothing short of the Viceroy's readiness could have extricated him from the embarrassment. He dryly told them that Egypt, like England, was a land of free trade, and he would promise no exclusive favour to any quarter. The deputation thanked him for nothing, and retired, as I hope, snubbed and mortified for this outrage on good taste and good manners.

It is not the lot of every man to be able to enter society totally unconnected with every business of life—without any tie to trade, profession, or employment, or who has not left behind him some occupation or some interest in which his worldly welfare is involved, and who really can come down, like an Olympian god, to see a little of life on this busy planet.

Highly placed and favoured of fortune though he be, the Viceroy of Egypt is certainly not of this number. He is not only the first man but the first merchant of Egypt. He is a great speculator, a great exporter, a great producer—one in constant communication with traders, and fully aware of all that is going forward in the world of commerce. He knows, too, that he lives in the midst of opposing interests and jealous rivalries, with none of which he must conflict; so that even had his present journey not been, as it is, a tour for

pleasure and enjoyment, there were special reasons why he should not have been bored by deputations and persecuted by directors, who are about the dreariest sort of visitors a man can well receive. There is no part of great men's lives less enviable than the necessity imposed upon them for perpetual watchfulness. It is not alone that they must weigh all their words and moderate all their expressions—never trusting themselves to a phrase which may include a double meaning—but even in their courtesies they must be warily minded, and careful that a passing compliment should not imply an important concession, and a mere politeness be taken for a pledge. When the first Napoleon, one not much given to such attentions, presented the Queen of Prussia with a rose, she curtsied, and said, "Avec Magdebourg, sire?" but he was not exactly the man to cede a fortress for a "mot."

The telegraph directors took as little by their motion as the Queen. They were keen traders, it is true, but the Viceroy was "York too." In this age of endless projecting, when everything possible and impossible is matter for concession, there is no amount of foresight that can take in the contingencies that may arise from scientific discovery, the convulsions of empire, and even what we call accident. The merest word that might be thought a pledge could not be extracted from the prudent Pasha, and Eastern *aplomb* was more than a match for Western astuteness.

It is not, however, for the victory on either side that I am interested. I am really as indifferent about the matter as were that public who

"Cared not a toss-up
Whether Mossup kicked Barry or Barry
kissed Mossup."

What I am really concerned for is,

that the Viceroy, who will bring back from his visit scores of remembrances not always in our favour, should now also have to believe that the nation of shopkeepers never loses an occasion to mingle business with pleasure, and turns even the duties of hospitality into profitable investment.

I have often laughed at the oracular utterances of the French Emperor, whose big bow-wow style seemed to me the sublime of the ridiculous. I recant my sneers, and do penance for my sarcasms, and openly confess that nothing but such "banalities" are really at the service of royalty. Out of abstract aspirations after human good, and broadcast condemnation of evil passions, kings must applaud nothing, disapprove of nothing. They must not wish well to an enterprise lest it send shares up, nor censure a project lest it send scrip down; and above all, let them be careful how they admit to their presence deputations with complimentary addresses, lest they who "come to bless" should remain to petition for a concession. We are, however, making progress in England. We have ceased to send our guests to an inn. Let us try a step further, and see if we cannot save them from Boredom. Short of a lecture on sound, or an inaugural address on woman-right, I know nothing so dreary as a deputation. The very word suggests middle-aged men in black, white-chokered and consequential, brimful of self-importance, and bursting to tell the outsiders that they have met with a most courteous reception, and, on the whole, really feel that being snubbed by a great man is a prouder thing to reflect on than all the civilities and all the amenities of their equals. There are, I feel confident, people who like, even in this world, to be "genteelly damned," and fortunately there are always deputations open to them.

FORFEITED PLEDGES.

Pawnbrokers, who, like railway directors, make, I imagine, a good deal of their own laws, have a custom of selling such pledges as are not redeemed within a certain time; and though this act of confiscation would, at first blush, seem severe and arbitrary, the principle on which it is founded is equitable and honest.

First of all, the lender is forewarned that such an eventuality impends him; and, secondly, many of the articles pledged are of a class which deteriorate by time, or grow so old-fashioned as to be almost valueless.

Experience is said to show that nothing is so rare as to find the lender a demurrer to the practice, since he has either learned to do without the article pledged, or felt that some newly-discovered and cheaper expedient could well replace it; or, last of all, he may take his place at the sale, and repossess himself of his property on possibly advantageous terms, since of the intrinsic value none could be so competent a judge as himself.

Now I have been thinking whether some such practice as this—and, I take it, one has a right to borrow a suggestion from a pawnbroker—might not be advantageously introduced into ethics.

The pledges which our public men, our orators, our writers, and suchlike, give the world, have in many respects an exact analogy with the more material guarantees which momentary pressure, or the necessity of upholding credit, are driven to deposit at "the office." They are certainly given in the spirit of a promise to pay, and the world—who on this occasion performs pawnbroker—so accepts them; and after such a scrutiny of their value as satisfies its conscience, proceeds to accord the borrower an amount of credit proportionate to the value of the article pledged.

Nor does the similarity between the two contracts end here; for as the poor widow or distressed householder is bound to pay a weekly interest on the small loan she has obtained on her teapot or her Sunday bonnet, so is the public man obliged by reiterated assurances to declare to the world that he recognises that pledge he has given as his, to protest that he has nothing to change or to qualify in its conditions, and that he is prepared now, as then, to stand by that declaration with all its consequences. By these reiterated assurances the borrower pays what may be called the interest on his debt, and by his punctuality in these payments the world has a means of estimating his solvency.

Now, however, comes the point where the analogy breaks down. The pawnbroker, after the lapse of a certain time, under the force of certain stated conditions, has a right to sell the pledge, confiscating the owner's title completely, and assuming property in the article. The law indeed wisely provides that he cannot claim it as his own, but must expose it to public sale, and to the highest bidder; and it is to this practice I wish now to direct attention, while I ask, Could we not advantageously introduce something similar into our morals? and could we not, by a short bill in Parliament, provide an office whose function would be the sale of unredeemed pledges—the assurances on which our public men have traded, on which we have given them a large credit, and by which they have in many cases risen to high employment and great rank? The benefits of such a plan are many. First of all, it would enable our public men, without the painful and sometimes humiliating process of a recantation, to show that they have no intention to redeem the article pledged. Possibly they

had deposited it, in a moment of unusual impecuniosity, to pay a gambling debt, to assist a friend in distress, to meet the cost of a contested election, or for any other emergency you like to imagine. They had rushed down with this article to the office, glad to have anything to "raise the wind" in their hour of great embarrassment. For a while, indeed, and to keep up appearances, they had paid the interest—that is, they had said they were ready to maintain certain convictions; but after a while, when the fashion of the article pledged had somehow gone by—when they themselves began to see that nobody was wearing anything like it—and when it became a sort of "bore" to book up for the claim to what they cared little to repossess themselves of—there would really be a relief to all parties if the pledge could be sold, and the transaction wound up. It is to furnish a mechanism for such sales I now approach the wisdom of Parliament.

It might be said, You may have the auction, but where would you find the buyers? Am I to be told this in an age of postage-stamp collectors and autograph gatherers? Is it a time when a lock of a murderer's hair is priceless, and a few inches of the rope that hanged him worth its weight in gold, I am to hear the objection? My firm conviction is that, with a popular auctioneer to conduct the sale, there would not in the world be so crowded a saleroom nor so eager a competition.

Mind, I would have every pledge bear the sign-manual of the pawner. It might be words reported in a newspaper, an oration at Lyons, a speech at Oxford, a stump delivery at Illinois, but the autograph of the utterer and the date should authenticate the declaration.

It was but the other day that an assignat, with Robespierre's autograph on the back, was offered for sale, and the price asked, one

hundred pounds; and who, with plenty of cash at his disposal, and a taste for such curiosities, would not pay handsomely for a certain pledge to maintain the Empire of Mexico, written in all the solemnity of a vow, and signed Louis Napoleon?

Who would not like to include in his collection that paragraph of a certain treaty, where certain high contracting parties pledge themselves that no member of the Buonaparte family shall occupy the throne of France? The pledge of a well-known Irish patriot to die on the floor of the House of Commons might go possibly cheap—Irish pledges not having a high value generally in the market; but I can fancy a lively competition for the pledge of a great statesman to maintain the union of Church and State, ratified in an octavo volume, and zealously reiterated for years. It is true, he might bid a high price to have it back, but there are collectors who would like to dispute the possession with him, though perfectly aware that, except as a curiosity, it was not worth the paper it was written on.

I know it will be said that such articles would have no more real value than the notes of a bank that was broken—not even so much, since there would not be the fractional dividend on liquidating; but what if I should reply, that the "House" that issued them was again in business, and doing more prosperously than ever? What if I were to prove to you that, on the very credit of this same discredited paper, the fortune of the firm was made? I once heard of a Jew who turned Protestant for a property, and became a Papist on his death-bed that he might be a saint in the next world; but it is not every one who can gain on all the issues in this manner. There are indeed public men who are careful on the score of pledges, and seldom commit themselves, and who never,

like Dr Cumming, turn prophet at short date, and expose themselves to the shame of a bill protested for non-payment. These men are, however, generally retail dealers in politics—never aspire to a large business. It is your great party-leader who does not scruple to make bold declarations, and to proclaim that this, that, or the other is impossible; that it would uproot the foundation of the State, imperil the Monarchy, and destroy the Constitution, and yet who find later on that it is a measure not only of mercy, but of justice, that it will bring peace where certainly there was no peace, and make things comfortable everywhere. This is the man whose unredeemed pledges would cause a lively scene in an auction-room. Some would buy the article out of mere malice, some would bid for it out of curiosity and the desire to possess a rare thing, and some, like the

people who like Wilkie and Turner in their first manner, and never could abide their second, would like to have a specimen of their favourite artist in the style he once charmed them with, before he was spoiled by foreign affectations, or a taste for exaggerated colour.

If I did not live in an age where a surplus was an inconvenience, and where the fate of an Administration seems to hang on the difficulty of getting rid of some millions, I might possibly grow eloquent on the benefits that would accrue to the Exchequer by the sale of these forfeited pledges. The Whigs certainly would realise largely by bringing theirs into the market; and one comfort they would unquestionably have, after all the exposure—there is not a man or woman in the kingdom would think the worse of them afterwards!

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. XII.—THE PAINTER.

THERE are few more curious effects in history than that which is produced by the transference of the work and influence properly belonging to one man into the hands of another. The very fact that such a transfer is possible, indicates a certain confusion and tumult in the elements of life. Now and then there has come a moment when some simple citizen, without training for government, has been driven by failure of legitimate rulers and stress of necessity and genius to the head of affairs; and such a wonderful reversal of ordinary law has been the last evidence—at once result and cause—of those convulsions which transform a world. The emergency which converts a calm civilian into a great general may be less momentous, but its character is the same; it marks the moment when public danger is so great that whosoever can must snatch at the reins and hold them, standing upon no punctilio. To instance such prodigies as Cromwell or Buonaparte, or even Clive, in illustration of the singular office of the Painter Moralist, would be, no doubt, magniloquent and overstrained; and yet there is something in the one phenomenon which recalls the other. William Hogarth was born in an age which wanted moral teaching above all other needs. The century was ill at ease, as most centuries are. No doubt it would have been the better for rulers of firmer grasp and generals of higher skill and courage; but yet political conflict was not its most marked peculiarity, which is a bold statement to make, considering all the political struggles of the time. What ailed it most, however, was Vice, a perennial human disease which now and then comes, like all other diseases, to a

climax, at which something must be done to kill or cure. Wickedness had got to be rampant in those days; the very thoughts of the virtuous were tinctured in spite of themselves by the phraseology and images of pollution. Innocence itself spoke words and was cognisant of facts which even the unabashed hide under decent veils nowadays. To stay this tide of corruption, violent and strange and unnatural means had to be resorted to. The humdrum domestic goodness of the time had neither elevation nor impulse of its own to move the crowd. It might be the salt of the world preserving, but it was not the leaven transforming, that mass of evil. There were teachers enough to instruct the race in the legitimate way, but that calm method was not enough for the emergency. And even Wesley, great apostle and reformer of the age, the messenger of the Unseen to a nation which had almost forgotten it possessed a soul, did not answer all the exigencies of the moment. There is at all times a solid block of humanity which resists all spiritual agency, and is only to be worked upon by matter-of-fact arguments and reasoning which is carnal and of the earth. When the heavenly message was proclaimed to its full, there was still room for another message, less elevated, less noble, but yet efficacious in its way. Had a statesman delivered it in power, or a philosopher out of the depths of his study and cogitation, there would have been a natural fitness in the office. Or had it fallen into the hands of a great writer, there would have been no wonder, but only an instantaneous sense of suitability. But what had Art to do with so grave a public necessity? Of all regions from which help could come this was the

most hopeless. In every other occupation demanding genius the English mind has showed itself competent to compete with all comers. Poetry, philosophy, the eloquence of the orator and of the author, have reached in this island heights as splendid as have been possible to any race or language; but in England Art has never been heroic. At the period we refer to it scarcely existed save as an exotic; but, even down to our own days, how much have false sentiment, mock grandeur, bathos in every shape, prevailed in its hands over all higher motives! Those familiarities of art which now delight the British public had not then come into being: where we have the domestic our grandfathers had the mythological; and notwithstanding that Sir Joshua Reynolds was already born, and that a really national school of painting was about to come into being, by which we have profited for a hundred years, we have never got much further—to our sorrow be it said. A certain nobility and sweetness in the art of portrait-painting, most conspicuous in him, its first professor—a certain sympathy for nature in the form of landscape, and now and then by rare intervals an elevating step out of the namby-pamby of domestic sentimentalism into the universally true of human emotion, have been possible to English art; but thoughts that breathe and lines that burn have never been given to it. And amid the Thornhills and Kents and Highmores of its first beginning, how was it to be expected that a man should rise with a message in him to the world, then rolling so fast on its downward way?

But this unlikely thing was what really happened. A prophet after his fashion, with a commission to deliver—urgent, violent, discourteous, sometimes terrible—rose all at once from among the painters of ceilings and manufacturers of goddeses. That vice was hideous,

abominable, impossible—abominable and hideous, by the way, but of all things impossible—not to be—the great embodied curse and scourge and destroyer—was the burden of this prophetic deliverance, as indeed it has been the burden of most prophets from the earliest record. It is as difficult to answer the question why Hogarth should have been selected to say this, as it is to determine why the first Napoleon, and not another, had the work of the conqueror thrust into his hands. Hogarth's mission was not spiritual; rather it is in its awful prose, in its dread matter of fact and historical precision, that its power rests. Heaven had little enough to do with the matter. The prophet in this instance was a man of earth, with no special celestial meaning in him; quick-sighted, shrewd, and practical; not so much shocked by the evil round him as practically convinced of the necessity of putting a stop to it in the interests of the world. The nauseous details on which he dwells without reluctance—almost, indeed, with a kind of pleasure—show that it was no ideal of purity which moved him. He was used to life's most crowded ways, and was not squeamish about what he met there. He was so calm and impartial, and free of any fantastic delicacy, that now and then the grim fun of a situation struck him, and moved him to momentary laughter. But his sense above and through all was, that this could not be. It must not be. Nature and life and every law of earth pronounced against it. That vice is progressive, like every other agency which acts on human nature; that it goes from worse to worse with an infallible certainty; that suffering accompanies it as an equally infallible consequence; that it carries with it misery, squalor, sickness, death, and destruction; that the end is involved in the beginning as in a mathematical diagram, and that none escape,—this is

what Hogarth had to teach to his world. To say that his world often misunderstood him, and took his tragedy for farce, and his awful warning for an amusing fable, is no lessening of his work. Neither is it anything against the reality of his commission that he was moved by hosts of secondary motives, bulking in his own eyes more largely perhaps than the grander inspiration which he obeyed without quite knowing that he did so. So Ezekiel, did one but know it, might have had private and personal reasons known to his contemporaries, and certain special personages in his mind's eye, when he fulminated forth his passionate charges against his nation and his age. The painter, we may say, saw a new opening for his powers, which were not trained to the height of the nymphs and goddesses; and the vulgar admiration of the public was caught by an ideal wretch whom it identified with one of the well-known Molls or Kates of the time. The meaner truth is not inconsistent with the greater. By a process curiously possible to our complicated human faculties, it *was* Moll or Kate whom Hogarth painted; and yet at the same time it was Vice treading the miserable tragic way to destruction. The public grinned, lewd, sympathetic, admiring; and yet, in the very midst of its brutal amusement, caught the arrow in its heart.

The man to whom this curious office belonged—the only prophet-painter ever produced, so far as we are aware, either in England or elsewhere—was not a man whose character would have made such an office probable. Hogarth was born in London in November 1697, of an honest, obscure family. His father appears to have had some pretensions to literature. “My father’s pen,” he says, “like that of many other authors, did not enable him to do more than put me in the way of shifting for myself.”

But this claim seems to have had but slender foundation, as the elder Hogarth is described as a corrector of the press and schoolmaster. The painter describes himself as showing an early inclination towards the art in which he was afterwards so famous. “An early access to a neighbouring painter drew my attention,” he says, “from play; and I was at every possible opportunity employed in making drawings. . . . My exercises when at school were more remarkable for the ornaments that adorned them than for the exercise itself. In the former I soon found that blockheads with better memories could much surpass me, but for the latter I was particularly distinguished.” This curious little indication of youthful self-opinion and shrewd insight into the possibilities of the future, though perhaps somewhat grandly expressed, is clear enough as to the homely beginning of the ladder by which he ascended. The painter referred to was, no doubt, a house-painter; and it must have been the scrolls and ingenious borders, the festooned ribbons and groups of lutes and viols and music-books, which captivated the boy’s imagination. “I soon learned to draw the alphabet with great correctness,” he adds, evidently with a reminiscence of sign-posts. These studies very naturally led to a similar but more refined trade. Hogarth was apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver, and spent the rest of his young life in designing coats-of-arms and other ornamentation for the silver tankards and heavy table-furniture of the age. Natural as this transition would seem to have been, our artist, with a curious little attempt at the elevation of his surroundings, represents himself as having chosen so homely a career, because “I had before my eyes the precarious situation of men of classical education. . . . It was therefore very conformable to my own wishes,” he adds, “that I was

taken from school and served a long apprenticeship." But the engraving of silver plate did not long satisfy the ambitious boy. He "found it in every respect too limited;" and at twenty his "utmost ambition" was to engrave on copper. English art was at this period in its dawn; and for the first time an English painter had taken brush in hand to emulate and continue the achievements of Verrio and La Guerre. As it happened, it was Sir James Thornhill, the future father-in-law of Hogarth, who thus made himself visible upon the walls and roofs, in nymphs as well developed and a heaven as blue as that which had made the foreigner magnificent; and no doubt a new impulse was given to all English lads with a taste for the pencil by this first leap into eminence of "native talent." "The paintings of St Paul's Cathedral and Greenwich Hospital, which were at that time going on, ran in my head," says Hogarth. In St Paul's it was not nymphs but apostles which were the subjects; and in accordance with the change of sentiment, the brilliant azure which suited mythology sank into a truly national drab; but the pictures, sacred and profane, were of about the same calibre. They were paid for by a munificent British nation at the cost of forty shillings a square yard. But all the same, they stimulated young Hogarth as he sat engraving heraldic monsters upon silver, and pondering what he should do to make himself famous. Even at this moment of exuberant hope it does not seem to have occurred to him that he too might paint nymphs. Very sensible, and at the same time very daring and original, were the cogitations which passed through the young man's mind as he laboured at his griffins. From the beginning the stamp of the practical was on all his imaginations; no dreams of study, such as would seem to come naturally to a

young artist, moved his sober mind. He worked and he pondered, rejecting everything that was impossible, confining himself within the bounds of probability with the most curious sobriety and reasonableness. Perhaps only the exercise of an actual handicraft round which all his ponderings were strung could have kept the balance so straight between the imaginative and the practical; but no doubt the mental constitution of the young thinker is the first thing to be taken into consideration. Even in the heat of his musings he never forgets that he himself is no self-denying enthusiast, but "one who loved his pleasure;" and makes his plans accordingly, laying out for himself no sketch of impossible devotion to art or pursuit of abstract excellence, but such a sober compromise between ambition and possibility as the reasonable lad could feel was within his powers of execution. A shrewd practical mind working under such conditions, with fire enough to carry it on to its aim, and yet not enthusiasm enough to blind it to its inevitable deficiencies, is the natural inventor of new methods of study and short cuts to learning. Hogarth, over his work, feeling himself capable of better things, eager for fame and success and all their practical accompaniments, and wisely reflecting "that the time necessary to learn in the usual mode would leave no room to spare for the common enjoyments of life"—a sacrifice which he does not feel inclined to make—finds nothing left for it but to consider "whether a shorter road than that usually travelled was not to be found." The progress of his thoughts on this point he records as follows:—

"The early part of my life had been employed in a business rather detrimental than advantageous to those branches of the art which I wished to pursue and have since professed. I had learned by practice to copy with tolerable exactness in the usual way; but

it occurred to me that there were many disadvantages attending this method of study—as having faulty originals, &c.; and even when the pictures or prints to be imitated were from the best masters, it was little more than pouring water out of one vessel into another. Drawing in an academy, though it should be after the life, will not make a student an artist; for as the eye is often taken from the original to draw a bit at a time, it is possible he may know no more of what he has been copying, when his work is finished, than he did before it was begun. . . . A dull transcriber who in copying Milton's 'Paradise Lost' hath not omitted a line, has almost as much right to be compared to Milton as an exact copier of a fine picture by Rubens hath to be compared to Rubens. . . . What is written may be line for line the same with the original; but it is not probable that this will often be the case with the copied figure—frequently far from it. Yet the performer will be much more likely to retain a recollection of his own imperfect work than of the original from which he took it. More reasons not necessary to enumerate struck me as strong objections to this practice, and led me to wish that I could find the shorter path—fix forms and characters in my mind, and instead of copying the lines, try to read the language, and if possible find the grammar of the art, by bringing into one focus the various observations I had made, and then trying by my power on the canvass how far my plan enabled me to combine and apply them to practice. For this purpose I considered what various ways and to what different purposes the memory might be applied, and fell upon one which I found most suitable to my situation and idle disposition—laying it down first as an axiom that he who could by any means acquire and retain in his memory perfect ideas of the subjects he meant to draw, would have as clear a knowledge of the figure as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet and their infinite combinations (each of these being composed of lines), and would consequently be an accurate designer. This I thought my only chance for eminence. . . . I therefore endeavoured to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory, and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects were composed, I could by degrees combine and put them down with my pen-

cil. Thus, with all the drawbacks which resulted from the circumstances I have mentioned, I had one material advantage over my competitors—viz., the early habit I had thus acquired of retaining in my mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever I intended to imitate. . . . My pleasures and my studies thus going hand in hand, the most striking objects that presented themselves, either comic or tragic, made the strongest impression on my mind. . . . Instead of burdening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the eyes with copying dry and damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of attaining knowledge in my art."

The kind of study of nature which Hogarth thus adopted was not, however, the study promoted or recommended by schools of art. "Sometimes, but too seldom, I took the life," he says, "for correcting the parts I had not perfectly enough remembered." "The life" as represented by an academic model was almost as little in his way as copying "dry or damaged pictures." It was nature as it abounded in the streets, in the alehouses, wherever the jovial, obstinate, self-opinionated young fellow passed, that he pursued, his pleasures and studies going hand in hand. So early as during his apprenticeship it is recorded of him how, walking on a hot Sunday to Highgate with some companions—brother 'prentices, most likely, out of the Leicester Square purlieu—they entered a public-house to rest, and there found a quarrel going on, in which "the quart-pots, being the only missiles at hand, were soon flying about the room in glorious confusion." The scene took the fancy of the budding satirist. "He drew out his pencil and produced on the spot one of the most ludicrous pieces that ever was seen." Thus, even while almost totally uninstructed, his faculty showed itself. He went about everywhere with open eyes, in which lay the gift not of that poetic insight which penetrates through outward aspects to the heart, but of seeing the out-

side combinations, the facts of ordinary life, the strange faces and gestures, the accidents and catastrophes, of prose and everyday existence. This manner of studying nature without the accompaniment of "the life" is a thing which few painters would be likely to recommend to pupils of genius; and Hogarth's theory, which is avowedly based upon an inclination and habit of mind totally different from that which "scorns delights and lives laborious days," is one very little applicable to general cases. That a man should want no other instruction, no work or study, beyond that which could be got by "acquiring and retaining in his memory perfect ideas of the subjects he meant to draw," and should by that means only acquire as "clear a knowledge of the figure as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet," is for the ordinary mind a very astounding notion. The letters of the alphabet, fortunately, do not change the position of their legs and arms, as the human subject has a painful inclination to do; and the clearest idea of a scene—nay, the power to represent it vividly in words—does not, unhappily, convey to a writer any power over the other art. When the painter first propounded his notions, which would seem to have been during his fitful occasional attendance at the first "life" school established in England, one of his comrades drew from it the not unnatural conclusion, *that the only way to draw well was not to draw at all!* a commentary which Hogarth accepts with sufficient good-humour from an "arch brother of the pencil," who "supposed," he adds, "that if I wrote an essay on the art of swimming, I should prohibit my pupil from going into the water *until he had learned.*" The suggestion, however, is quite consistent with the daring and somewhat arrogant sense of power which genius is apt to give to a mind so energetic, self-esteeming, and un-

imaginative. His aim was to express the abounding ideas of his active brain rather than to produce any "thing of beauty," and he was content with just so much mastery over the technicalities of his art as enabled him to do this. He pursued art as if it had been literature, with the most curious absence of that craving after absolute excellence which distinguishes the painter—and was from the first less concerned about his mode of expressing himself than about what he had to say.

Having thus framed for himself his own scheme of life and work, the young man, once free of the trammels of his apprenticeship, seems to have attempted no further exercise of the trade which he had just finished learning. "The instant I became master of my own time I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper," he says; and we are told by one of his biographers that "he supported himself at this period of his life by engraving arms and shop-bills." His own statement, however, is, that his first work was in the shape of frontispieces and illustrations to books, many of which—his illustrations of 'Hudibras,' 'Don Quixote,' &c.—are still preserved, though of merit marvellously inferior to what was to come. This early preface to life was not without its struggles. He went not too often to "the academy in St Martin's Lane." He went about the world with bright eyes, noting everything, taking in a crowd of strange objects familiar as daily bread, yet wonderful and strange as truth ever is, into his teeming, working, throbbing brain, which had no fantastical susceptibility about it nor tendency to be readily excited—and fasted and feasted with the joyous characteristic improvidence of his age and his craft. "I remember the time," he says, "when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling; but as soon as I have received ten guineas there for a plate, I have re-

turned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man who had thousands in his pockets." The sword seems the only doubtful particular in this little sketch—everything else is, no doubt, as true to the life as may well be; but the homely, independent young *bourgeois*, proud of himself and his powers, and half scornfully, half good-humouredly indifferent to the opinion of others, seems scarcely likely to have troubled himself with such an appendage. Thus, however, he worked through the difficulties of his beginning—studying very little in the ordinary sense of the word; yet wherever he was, "while my eyes were open," as he says, "I was at my studies, and acquiring something useful to my profession. I could do little more than maintain myself until I was near thirty," he adds, "but even then I was a punctual paymaster." The picture he thus gives of himself is as clear as any he ever made. An honest fellow, not over-careful either of his money or his time or his words; not self-denying, yet conscientious according to his fashion; determined to have his own way even in art; very confident of his own powers; dauntless in his undertakings; undiscouraged by failure—a jovial, careless, stubborn, prejudiced, yet righteous soul, without delicacy of perception or fineness of feeling, but with an eye like the light that saw and could not help seeing, and a mind strongly prepossessed with that vulgar powerful sense of morality in which there is nothing really religious, nothing spiritual nor elevating, but yet a vigour and force of influence upon the crowd which it is difficult to over-estimate. Such a man—troubled by no delicate scruples, endowed with such coarse, vigorous, moral sentiments, and set free to work as he listed in an age so full of social corruption—might be trusted to find work worth the doing. And Hogarth found his and did it, gaining strength as he went on.

The first print he published separately was one called the "Taste of the Town," now known as "Burlington Gate," which is simple satire, and shows little more than an impatient disgust with fashionable follies. The spectator does not feel quite sure, indeed, whether, had Cuzzoni and the others been English instead of Italian, they would have called forth so strongly the painter's wrath, since it is less their craft than their country that seems to annoy him. These were the days of rampant nationality, when an Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen, and when even so impartial a mind as that of Hume recognised with surprise and benevolent satisfaction that Germany was a habitable country. The London citizen, homely and arrogant, cannot throw sufficient scorn upon the Italian singer, of whom every contemptuous hypothesis is taken for granted, and whose puny head mounted on a big body, or loose-lipped, imbecile countenance, shows in the most primitive way the low place he is supposed to occupy in creation. While crowds are pouring to masquerade and opera in this print, a waste-paper dealer wheels across the foreground a wheel-barrow full of the neglected works of English dramatists, in which, however, Shakespeare ranks no higher than Congreve. The state of art is symbolised behind by a statue of Kent, the architect-painter, landscape-gardener, and general art-referee of the moment, who stands erect on the summit of Burlington Gate, supported by reclining figures of Michael Angelo and Raphael! This was the satirist's first essay in the branch of art he was afterwards to carry to so great a height. And there is not much meaning in it beyond the satisfaction of a half-trained man in his first savage stroke of ridicule. It took the fancy of the public, however, and became so popular that it was pirated, and Hogarth lost

his just gains. It is supposed by various commentators that the prominent position of Kent in this and later prints was intended not only to express Hogarth's own fierce contempt of the charlatan in his own art, but to conciliate the favour of Sir James Thornhill, whose academy the young artist was attending fitfully, with more cultivation of his argumentative powers than of any other, so far as can be made out, and whose young daughter was an attraction still more powerful. Except the bare facts, however, not a gleam of light is there to reveal the progress of the romance. Sir James's academy was held "in a room he had built at the back of his own house, now next the playhouse," says Hogarth; and here, perhaps, the struggling artist caught glimpses of the city maiden, no inapt representation of the legendary master's daughter of all London romances. It would be easy to imagine the stolen progress of the courtship, the visions of the young princess of the wealthy reputable house, only daughter and heart's delight, furtively gleaming upon the bold rebel who kept her father's studio in commotion, and fought like Ishmael against all theories and traditions. He was no longer a boy, but over thirty, working hard, with a pugnacious, unquenchable determination to pay his way and make his way, and earn wealth and fame; and she in the simplicity of twenty, with perhaps—most likely—a little womanly enthusiasm for art, and faith in it—not to say faith in the bold-eyed daring man, neither boy nor milk-sop, who was so sure of his own powers. Romance and Covent Garden seem little in keeping; and yet, no doubt, such a thing exists even now, when there are no quaint eighteenth-century interiors, no old-fashioned passages down which a pretty, demure figure, in snowy cap and hanging ruffles, might be seen gliding by as in a Dutch picture. And the issue

was that Jane Thornhill ran away with the painter, though how and in what fashion we have no record.

It was, no doubt, a most imprudent match. He was thirty-three, and yet had done nothing to justify his own self-confidence. Not that indolence was a vice which could be charged against him. For thirteen years he had been hard at work, doing illustrations, frontispieces, every kind of drudgery that book-sellers would supply him with. He had even made a beginning in painting, and attempted to conciliate legitimate art by what he calls "conversation pieces;" but was still a struggling poor artist, not having yet struck the key-note of fame. Not very long before, indeed, he had been pronounced in court to be no painter, in the most humiliating and discouraging way. A more curious episode in the story of a man just trembling on the brink of fame could scarcely be. A Mr Morris, an upholsterer, engaged him to make a design for tapestry, "a representation of the Element Earth," whatever that may have been. Immediately afterwards, the alarmed tradesman found out that the artist he had intrusted with such an important commission was no painter, but only an engraver! Upon this "I became uneasy," says the patron of art, "and sent one of my servants to him, who stated my apprehensions; to which Mr Hogarth replied that it was certainly a bold and unusual kind of undertaking; and if Mr Morris did not like it when finished, he should not be asked to pay for it. The work was completed and sent home; but my tapestry-workers, who are mostly foreigners, and some of them the finest hands in Europe, and perfect judges of performances of that nature, were all of opinion that it was not finished in a workmanlike manner, and that it was impossible to execute tapestry by it." The verdict was in the upholsterer's favour, and Hogarth had to swallow the af-

front as best he might. Nor was the patronage he met with always of a more dignified nature. He is reported to have sold his plates to the landlord of the Black Horse in Cornhill by the weight of the copper. "I am only certain that this occurrence happened in a single instance," says Nicholls, his biographer, "when the elder Bowles offered, over a bottle, half-a-crown a pound weight for a plate just then completed." Probably the incident was not so humbling to Hogarth as it looks at this date, when painters are not in the habit of discussing their works "over a bottle" with publicans. But yet these indications are sufficient to show that the path of the young artist was no primrose path, and that he had his full share of those difficulties and mortifications which fall peculiarly to the lot of the self-trained and self-opinionated son of genius in all arts.

His Bohemian life, however, ceased with his marriage, and the sobering touch of household necessities and fully-developed existence speedily showed its effects upon his work. He took a house in Leicester Fields, and entered the world of legitimate art formally as a portrait-painter. What his domestic circumstances were there is no record, but he seems to have been claiming ineffectually from his father-in-law the portion which Thornhill probably thought his daughter had forfeited by her clandestine marriage; and it was hard times with the new household. His portraits did not succeed. "I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of background and drapery painters," he himself says. "I was unwilling to sink into a portrait manufacturer," he adds, in another place, and proceeds with scornful force to describe the process:—

"A man of very moderate talents may have great success in it, as the artifice and address of a mercer is infinitely

more useful than the abilities of a painter. By the manner in which the present race of professors in England conduct it, that also becomes still life as much as any of the preceding. Admitting that the artist has no further view than merely copying the figure, this must be admitted to its full extent; for the sitter ought to be still as a statue—and no one will dispute a statue being as much still life as fruit, flowers, a gallipot, or a broken earthen pan. It must, indeed, be acknowledged they do not seem ashamed of the title, for their figures are frequently so executed as to be as still as a post. Posture and drapery, as it is called, is usually supplied by a journeyman, who puts a coat, &c., on a wooden figure like a jointed doll, which they call a layman, and copies it in every fold as it chances to come; and all this is done at so easy a rate as enables the principal to get more money in a week than a man of the first professional talents can get in three months. If they have a sufficient quantity of silks, satins, and velvets to dress their laymen, they may thus carry on a very profitable manufactory without a ray of genius."

All this, no doubt, had truth in it; but, at the same time, it would be wrong to forget that the man who thus writes was very partially trained, with little real knowledge of the science of painting, and almost no acquaintance with its greatest works. He professed himself ready to compete with Vandyke with a curious vanity which seems peculiar to the British painter, and confesses, not without pride, that "I could not help uttering blasphemous expressions against the divinity even of Raphael Urbino, Correggio, and Michael Angelo." Hogarth's biographers unite in attributing his failure in this branch of art to his uncourtly tendency to paint men as they were—a reason which he himself also adduces. "I found, by mortifying experience," he says, "that whoever would succeed must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gay's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him." This too, however, must be taken *cum grano*. Every one is aware how doubtful is the success

in portraiture of historical or *genre* painters, who are in the habit of "taking the life," to use Hogarth's phrase, as a general guide, without filling their pictures with portraits of their models. A painter of character naturally lies under a still greater difficulty. Each artist instinctively seizes upon that phase of physiognomy which attracts his special genius. The idealist may fail more agreeably than the humorist, but it is still a failure; his sitter is a model to him, not an individual; whereas to Hogarth his sitter was a character whose trenchant points he could not help seizing, and to whom he assigned a place involuntarily in the wild grotesque life-drama which he always felt to be going on around him. His portrait of himself, of Captain Coram, and one or two others, are full of homely force and reality; but beauty was not in his way. And in this matter, too, his arrogant spirit and fiery temper must have had much to do with his failure. "For the portrait of Mr Garrick in 'Richard III.' I was paid two hundred pounds, which was more than any English artist ever received for a single portrait," he says; yet when Mrs Garrick complained of another portrait of her husband, that it looked "less noble" than the original, "Hogarth drew his pencil across David's mouth, and never touched the piece again." A still more savage instance of resentment is recorded of him by the moral Dr Trusler, in the first instance, and afterwards by all his biographers. A man of unusual ugliness, and even deformity, was so ill advised as to sit to him for his portrait, which Hogarth painted "with singularly rigid fidelity." The unfortunate sitter was in no hurry to claim the performance when finished, and after making repeated applications to him for the removal of his portrait and for its payment, Hogarth took the following unpardonable means of getting himself paid. "He sent him," says Dr Trusler, "the following card:

'Mr Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——. Finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr Hogarth's pressing necessities for the money. If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other appendages, to Mr Hare, the famous wild-beast man; Mr H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise on his lordship's refusal.' This intimation," adds the Doctor, with a chuckle, "had its desired effect—the picture was paid for, and committed to the flames."

Now it cannot be supposed that it is an agreeable thing to pay for a picture only for the purpose of committing it to the flames, nor could the polite world be expected to subject itself to assaults of savage insolence like the above; and the wonder rather is that Hogarth had any sitters at all, than that his sitters were few. We find, however, in his journal a list of unfinished pictures during the first year of his marriage, which shows he was not without patronage. It includes "a family piece of four figures for Mr Rich; an assembly of twenty-five figures for Lord Castlemain; family of four figures for Mr Wood; a conversation of six figures for Mr Cook; a family of five figures for Mr Jones; the Committee of the House of Commons for Sir Archibald Grant; . . . a family of nine for Mr Vernon; . . . another of five for the Duke of Montague, &c. &c." These were no doubt the "small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high," which, as he himself says, "having novelty, succeeded for a few years." These pictures are for the most part lost in private collections, and unknown to the public. At the same time, while still casting about for his fit work, with dim suggestions of it floating in his brain, but no certain inspiration to guide him, a more ambitious project crossed his mind.

He was, it is evident, so totally uninstructed in art as to be able to conceive it possible that he, with his imperfect training, might make a sudden hit in the highest branch of his profession, having little more than natural genius of a totally different bent to help him up to the elevation of Raphael and Buonarrotti. Thus poor Haydon, with wild and melancholy arrogance, pitted himself against the time-tried honours of Sebastian; and Turner, with better reason, though no more lofty meaning, has elected to go down to posterity in an endless duel with calm Claude, all unconscious of the quarrel fixed upon him. We are not aware that any but English artists have ever conceived so strange a struggle possible. It is thus that Hogarth describes his first attempt at high art, and the intention with which it was made:

"I entertained some hopes," he says, "of succeeding in what puffers in books call the *great style of History-painting*, so that, without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity commenced history-painter, and on a great staircase at St Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories, the 'Pool of Bethesda' and the 'Good Samaritan,' with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen to show that, were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easily attainable than is generally imagined."

The result, as was to be looked for, by no means fulfilled the hopes with which it was made. These vast compositions "served as a specimen" to show, not what English art could do if properly encouraged, but that sacred art was not in Hogarth's way, and that he had nothing to do with the grand and heroic. Probably he had himself made the discovery before he had finished the pictures. The same fruitful crisis just after his marriage—when his conversation pieces

began to fail, and when it became more and more evident that, the heroic also failing, or promising to fail, some new attempt must be made to strike out an individual path—roused in him renewed ponderings over his own powers, and what he was to do with them. He could not depend continuously upon miserable book-illustrations or uncertain painting of faces. He felt himself thrill with power and the capacity for doing something, though he did not yet see what; and in this moment of doubt his musings took the following form:—

"I thought both writers and painters had, in the historical style, totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and further, hope that they will be tried by the same tests, and criticised by the same criterion. Let it be observed that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and these, I think, have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable.

"In these compositions those subjects that will both entertain and improve the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class. If the execution is difficult (though that is but a secondary merit), the author has claim to a higher degree of praise. If this be admitted, comedy, in painting as well as writing, ought to be allotted the first place, as most capable of all these perfections, though *the sublime*, as it is called, has been opposed to it. Ocular demonstration will carry more conviction to the mind of a sensible man than all he would find in a thousand volumes; and this has been attempted in the prints I have composed. Let the decision be left to every unprejudiced eye; let the figures in either pictures or prints be considered as players dressed either for the sublime, for genteel comedy or farce, for high or low life. I have endeavoured to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a *dumb show*."

"I therefore turned my thoughts

to a still more novel mode," he proceeds—"viz., painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or age." This resolution produced "*The Harlot's Progress*," "*The Rake's Progress*," and "*The Marriage à-la-Mode*," works more individual and remarkable than have ever, either before or since, distinguished British art. We do not say more beautiful, for that is a totally different question. Other English painters since his time have added many a sweet conception and fair fancy to the world's store of wealth; but Hogarth is alone in the remarkable effort by which he found his true work. He had spent his youth in unceasing attempts to make it out, and it was only in his mature manhood at thirty-five that he stumbled at last upon the true vein which he had been born to work.

The whole process is so curious, that it is worth almost as much study as the works themselves in which it at last found its issue. By rebellion against every tradition of his art—by attempts in a hundred different ways to express the yet inexpressible—by lawless studies, and equally lawless contradictions of other men's studies—by self-confidence which reaches the point of arrogance—the bull-headed, clear-sighted painter at last found out in his groping those tools which are always to be found somehow by those who can use them. He was one of the men who are born dissenters and protesters against the course of the ordinary world. That he should have been in arms against the false taste which cultivated a meaningless mythology was nothing—his nature required that he should wield his weapons also against the true taste, confusedly brightening through many shadows upon *dilettanti* circles, which were too fine and too pretentious to win any sympathy from the prejudiced Englishman. Raphael was an Italian, and consequently of some kindred to the opera-singer, whose pockets

were overflowing with English gold, while English genius could scarce find bread to eat; and therefore the divinest of painters excited in the mind of the stubborn islander a covert envious contempt, which he was half ashamed, half proud to express. But the pugnacity which was so strong in his own profession, took a double edge when the Ishmael of art turned his keen gaze upon the world which he had frequented from his childhood, and which was professedly his school and studio. Among those crowds which attracted and absorbed him, in which his vivid eye traced the perpetual clash of human interests, and equally perpetual thread of human identity, what wild mischief was working! There was Innocence, a white, helpless, feeble thing, fluttering for a moment on the verge of the abyss, with no inward power of resistance, or external force to protect it; there was Vice, boisterous and triumphant, filling the foreground of the national picture, always the loudest, the gayest, the most prominent object; and there was Destruction, stalking quietly in hideous universal dominion, quenching the mirth, stripping off the gaudy robes, visiting upon everything its awful sentence. Such were the figures, dramatic and memorable, which Hogarth saw appearing and reappearing through the careless tragic crowd. He traced them now through one group, now through another—always the same uncertain beginning, the same flutter of short-lived pleasure, the same dismal annihilation. Nothing higher, nothing more subtle, in the complications of this terrible existence, was apparent to him; nor indeed was any other view possible either to the constitution of his mind or the nature of his art, which required the positive in all things, and had no words in which to express those gradations and shades of good and evil which form the favourite study of the nineteenth century. In the

eighteenth, vice and virtue were sharply discriminated. The age, with all its artificiality, had that primitive character which belongs to a second-rate age. It believed in poetic justice, in swift rewards and punishments, in an edifying reality of recompense, such as the age of Shakespeare could no more have believed in than does our own. It was a sham century, full of false pretences in everything; and yet it was childishly realistic in its moral theories, and took it for granted that the industrious apprentice must come to be Lord Mayor, and the idle one be hanged at Tyburn, with a mingled belief in, and indifference to, the moral, which is wonderful to behold. Such a sham satisfaction and confidence in the vindictive sovereignty of Justice is characteristic of a licentious age—perhaps because human instinct makes it apparent that without that last restraint the world must fall into utter and unmanageable corruption. It is only when higher canons of morality prevail, when decency has become the rule and not the exception, and when evil things hide themselves from the daylight, that humanity dares admit in words how often it is the good who suffer, and how generally the bad escape. Such an idea at least had never dawned on our painter. The other lesson was the lesson for his time; and with all his characteristic daring, with the vehemence of a man who has at last found utterance, and feels the power in his own hands, he proceeded to pour it forth upon the astonished world.

The story of "*The Harlot's Progress*" is already sufficiently indicated by its name. It is a hideous and miserable tragedy, without pathos or tenderness, but with a certain elevating touch of terror, the gloom of an inevitable catastrophe. Even in the first scene the horror already creeps in shadow over the doomed creature, with whom, however, the spectator is never called upon to have any sympathy. The

tale is as pitiless as it is desperate. The young country girl, fresh and modest, with the rose in her bosom, and the innocence of ignorance in her face, does not, even in that one glimpse of her unfallen estate, appeal to the heart of the beholder. She is an easy, not unwilling, victim. The idea of any struggle on her part to stand against the hideous peril that approaches her has evidently never entered into her creator's mind. She is innocent because she knows no better, ready to be dazzled by the first gleam of temptation, the aptest pupil in the horrible school. And the vice into which she falls is unsoftened by the slightest veil of sentiment. In the second design it is full-blown and rampant, corrupted to the very core, with treachery added to depravity. It is evident that she has fallen without a struggle, and adopted her horrible trade without any compunctions. The third picture shows her reduced from luxury to squalor, but still as calm in her wickedness, as destitute of any relenting or movement of heart or conscience, as if she were a woman cut out of stone. She has added robbery by this time to her accomplishments, and plays with the watch she has stolen with a certain childish complacency in her acquisition. In the following scene, which shows her in Bridewell, there is a certain pitiful half-whimpering wonder in her face, which for the first time introduces human feeling into the awful tale—a sudden "blank misgiving of a creature moving about in worlds not realised" has come over the fair, foolish, unawakened countenance. Is it possible that it can be required of her to labour and keep silence, she who has had but idleness and noise and mad merrymaking since her career began? This look of childish complaint and wonder is the only trace of humanity in the wretched being who is thus pursued without sympathy to her miserable end. Her death, like her outset, makes no

claim upon our pity. It is bare tragedy—dreadful, not pathetic. We gaze and are silent, but no tears come to our eyes. Such a passionless narrative, horribly calm and immovable, would be, we believe, impossible nowadays. But it adds in the most wonderful way to the moral effect of the story. Vice has never been without its sympathisers and bewailers. It has been clothed in sentimental colours, associated with love and generosity, and many of the highest qualities of the heart. False lights of every description have been thrown upon it—lights of genius, of wit, of splendour and luxury—everything that can most dazzle and confuse the mind. And though the highest portraiture of all would no doubt breathe an infinite pity for the lost and hopeless, yet there is in this rigid unsympathetic history a force which feeling cannot command. His heroine was no horror to Hogarth any more than she was a divinity. He could smile at her tricks, and enter into her tastes, and realise her fully as a conceivable being; but he has no pity for her, and he asks none from the public. There she stands, the curse and bane of whomsoever crosses her path—mean, heartless, loveless, miserable—doomed from the beginning, yet taking no grandeur even from her doom. This awful story Hogarth wrote up before the eyes of the world which knew her, and knew how true it was; and this was his moral—that vice was impossible; that it was ruin; that its doom was pronounced the moment the first step was taken; and that none escaped. It is hard to tell whether the painter meant or was aware of the frightful satire contained in his postscript, the funeral scene round which so many horrors crowd. He has been labouring to teach a terrible lesson, and yet, in the very moment of completing it, he is compelled to admit the fruitlessness of any lesson. Moral Dr Trusler, who expounds the prints, does his best to throw a shade of

ridicule upon the whole by the solemn suggestion that “the appearance and employment of almost every one present at this mockery of woe is such as must raise disgust in the breast of any female who has the least tincture of delicacy, and excite a wish that such an exhibition may not be displayed at her own funeral.” The meaning of the picture, however, whether intentional or not, is infinitely more profound than this smug bit of eighteenth-century morality. It is, as we have said, at the end of the most trenchant and terrible warning, an exhibition of the fact still more terrible, that human nature is unteachable; that its levity is not sobered, nor its evil instincts subdued, even by the severest lesson; that proof itself fails to convince, or death to solemnise it; and that the preacher, be he ever so earnest, must acknowledge that he preaches in vain.

These wonderful pictures made an immediate revolution in the circumstances and prospects of the painter. By the anxious wiles of his young wife and her mother, who were eagerly seeking means of reconciliation between his father-in-law and himself, the series was placed clandestinely in Thornhill's drawing-room. The bit of family history involved in his observations on them is amusing and characteristic. The old painter was moved to instant admiration. He was himself a classicist, but had evidently sufficient candour of mind to perceive the originality and vigour of this new attempt in art. He asked eagerly who was the artist; but when he was informed a humorous change ensued. “Oh, very well; very well indeed,” said Jane Thornhill's father. “The man who can paint such pictures as these can maintain a wife without a portion!” It is almost the only occasion upon which the veil of absolute obscurity is lifted from Hogarth's domestic life. The quarrel, we are told,

was afterwards entirely made up, as such quarrels generally are in the long-run, and the portion thus contended for would seem to have been eventually granted. "He afterwards considered the union of his daughter with a man of such abilities an honour to his family, was reconciled, and generous," says Dr Trusler—another proof of the oft-proved principle that there is nothing so successful as success. The outer world was equally favourable. "When the publication was advertised, such was the expectation of the town that above twelve hundred names were entered in the subscription-book.

. . . At a time when England was coldly inattentive to everything which related to the arts, so desirous were all ranks of people of seeing how this little domestic story (!) was delineated, that there were eight piratical imitations, besides two copies in a smaller size than the original, published by permission of the author for Thomas Bakewell." To show still further the taste of the time, it is added that "the whole series were copied on fan-mounts representing the six plates—three on one side and three on the other." These fans were no doubt presented, in the interests of morality, to young and innocent women, whose ears we would now think polluted by the very name. Thus, as time changes, the reformations of one age become the wonder and scandal of another.

There were, however, other circumstances besides their originality and merit which attracted the public attention to these remarkable prints. The debauchee in the first of the series was identified as the Colonel Charteris already distinguished by Pope. The magistrate in the third attracted the instant admiration of society as a portrait of Mr Justice Gonsou, a judge famous for his pursuit of the vicious. Other likenesses were discovered or imagined as the series went on; and thus the crowd solaced itself with a piece of gigan-

tic gossip, which satisfied those who were incapable of any graver impression. Other prints, too, had prepared the way for the first epic series—"The Man of Taste"—a reproduction of the gate of Burlington House, with Kent planted on the apex, but with the addition of a figure of Pope whitewashing the wall and bespattering the passers-by, in allusion to his unjustifiable onslaught on the Duke of Chandos; "Southwark Fair," "The Examination of Bambridge before the House of Commons," &c. These had been gradually preparing the way for his grand success, and at last the eye and interest of the public were finally won.

His second series appeared not much more than a year later. It is the fatal career of a man instead of a woman which the painter treats in the second place, with a corresponding change of rank from the lowest to a higher class. The Rake is introduced to us as the heir of a miser, whose fortune would seem to have fallen suddenly and even unexpectedly into his hands. He has the aspect of a gentleman-rustic, the young squire of the age, with a fair meaningless young face, and a story of premature wickedness to mark that he is already a man of spirit. This story is intertwined through the whole course of the more sombre drama, with an attempt, the only one Hogarth ever made, to exhibit suffering truth and goodness in contrast with depravity. The attempt cannot, however, be said to be successful. Virtue, in her conventional guise, is no match for vice in all the force of reality and nature; and the ministering angel who hovers over her seducer, delivering him from want and attending him in his misery, is the only unreal thing in the tragedy. In the first scene the elated heir is refusing to acknowledge the claims made upon him by the weeping victim and her mother, to whom he offers money with the *insouciance* of the conventional betrayer of innocence. Not

so dazzling as Lovelace, he is the Squire Thornhill of the time, evidently the favourite and most familiar hero of popular fiction; and there is nothing elevated in the country lass, with her apron to her eyes, and a ring held between her fingers, of whom the young good-for-nothing is calmly disembarassing himself. The second scene is pure comedy, revealing the hero as a full-blown man of fashion, holding that levee of dependants and flatterers with which the world by this time is so familiar. Then comes a horrible orgy in a tavern, where the hero, his expression changing from the imbecility of complacent patronage to the deeper imbecility of intoxication, is still the centre of the revolting group. The fourth print, the least successful of the series, reveals the first check in his career. He is going to court in all his finery when his chair is stopped, and the bailiffs interrupt his progress; but are in their turn interrupted by the forgiving and faithful woman, the victim of the first scene, who, we are to suppose, has so far prospered in the mean time as to be able to deliver him by means of the purse which she holds up with indignant pity. The next scene is the hero's marriage to a simpering and substantial old maid, who stands in forcible contrast to the pretty young girl arranging her dress behind, by the side of the dismayed prodigal, who submits to his fate with averted eyes and stolid face. Dr Trusler is very hard upon this unhappy bride. "An observer," he says, "being asked, *How dreadful must be this creature's hatred?* would naturally reply, *How hateful must be her love?*"—a discussion which, however, seems quite beyond the question. The Rake's funds being thus recruited, we find him next the tragic centre of a gambling scene. He has thrown himself on one knee in a despair which is too theatrical for reality, having first plucked off from his shaven head the wig which lies on the floor

beside him. This histrionic anguish, however, is powerfully contrasted by the dumb despair of the seated figure beside him, who is evidently too much absorbed by his own losses and failure to have either eye or ear for anything else. In the seventh print the oft-averted ruin has at length and finally come. The hero is in prison, in a crowded room in the Fleet, in which an extraordinary group are collected around him. By his side stands his old wife, dishevelled and furious, pouring forth her rage upon him. In the foreground the woman whom he forsook and deceived falls fainting, overcome, it is supposed, by the sight of his sufferings. The hero himself, curiously matured and changed, sits with staring eyes and shrugged-up shoulders, listening, as if he heard them not, to his wife's reproaches, and the demands of the jailer and potboy, who appeal to him on the other side. Of all the series this is perhaps the most powerful figure, though a curiously foreign element has been introduced, for which the spectator is quite unprepared. On the edge of ruin the young debauchee has turned author. On the table beside him lies a roll of paper and an open letter intimating that his play "will not do:" and it is evidently the failure of this last hope which fills his worn face with such a vacancy of despair.

No doubt Hogarth intended this incident as the fiercest satire upon the play-writers of the time; and in this picture of the ruined prodigal, with no other inspiration than that hideous knowledge of the vilest phases of humanity which it is common to call knowledge of the world, making a last attempt to retrieve his fortunes by means of the art of Shakespeare, was aiming a crushing blow at many a fashionable dramatist. But the Rake's despairing effort has been too bad to be floated into life even by his notoriety; his wig is pushed back from his forehead, one open hand raised in expostulation, a bewildered hopeless-

ness in his face. The faint of his old love before his eyes affects him not so much as the demand of the pot-boy ; his mind has no room for such emotions. And the spectator looking on would like to clear off the ministering angel as an encumbrance, and feels neither sympathy for her nor interest in her. She is thrust artificially into the story, an interpolation interfering with its completeness. The last scene of all leaves the hero in a madhouse, supported and tended by his faithful and virtuous victim. Thus, while death concludes the misery of the woman-criminal, insanity obliterates the fuller life of the man who has turned every good gift bestowed upon him into bitterness. The story is less simple, and so is the moral, but the lesson is not less forcibly urged. In the first pictorial narrative everything was clear and concise, written with a pen of iron upon tablets of stone—impurity, which is the supremest rebellion against all the laws of life, followed by swift destruction, death, and the end. But in the other story the lines are less distinct ; confusion has crept over heaven and earth ; a perpetual jar runs through everything. There is the bewildering change from obscurity to wealth ; the rapture of possession ; the sudden fall and rising, and reciprocation into the abyss, all following each other with a rapidity which takes away the breath. It is all confusion and chaos, beginning in folly, ending in madness ; no longer passive ignorance falling prone and at once, but a thousand gifts misused, opportunities wasted, good turned into evil, love and truth and nature all twisted into overthrow, and Bedlam at the end.

"The Rake's Progress" was not quite so successful as the preceding series — partly, no doubt, because it was the second, and partly from the greater elaboration of the story. But still we are told that its success "must have been great ; for it was satisfactory to the artist himself."

The figures were again in many cases portraits ; but the chances are that this particular, so totally unimportant nowadays, at so great a distance of time, had but little to do even with contemporary popularity. For such characters as "the fencing-master Dubois," "the miser Old Manners," "the maniac William Ellis," could not be sufficiently well known to the multitude to move its interest. By this time wealth had begun to flow upon the ever-energetic painter. He became able to add to his town-house "summer lodgings in Lambeth Terrace," then no doubt a healthy rural neighbourhood, where "the house which he occupied is still shown, and a vine pointed out which he planted. While residing there he became intimate with the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, and embellished them with designs." The "Four Parts of the Day" were composed for this use, and a host of other works testify to the untiring vigour of the artist, who at last found himself appreciated, and evidently laboured with a sense of enjoyment under the pleasant stimulus of applause. In the ten years which elapsed between the publication of "The Rake's Progress" and that of "Marriage à-la-Mode" he had produced "The Modern Midnight Conversation," a wonderful group of revellers, most of them in the last stage of intoxication ; "The Sleeping Congregation ;" "The Distressed Poet ;" a group of doctors in consultation, known as "The Undertakers' Arms ;" an equally grotesque group of students at a lecture ; "The Four Parts of the Day ;" "Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn ;" a curious emblematical drawing called "The Foundlings," as bad and flat in its high virtue and benevolence as the others are spirited and graphic, which was intended for the use of the newly-founded hospital ; "The Enraged Musician," "Taste in High Life," &c., besides a crowd of other less remarkable works. At the same time, in this

period of satisfied and prosperous, but always pugnacious activity, he painted several portraits with the avowed intention of rivalling the old painters whom his *dilettanti* friends worshipped. In one of his perpetual argumentations at the academy in St Martin's Lane, Hogarth, "provoked," as he tells us, "by their perpetual glorification of the past, put the following question: 'Supposing,'" says the sturdy rebel, "'that any man at this time were to paint a portrait as well as Vandyke, would it be seen or acknowledged, and could the artist enjoy the benefit or acquire the reputation due to his performance? They asked me, in reply,'" he proceeds, "'if I would paint one as well?' and I frankly answered, 'I believe I could.'" Thus it will be seen that not even success calmed down the fighting nature of the self-dependent painter. The portrait of Captain Coram, to which he refers as "the one which I painted with most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel," is an admirable serious portrait of the homely philanthropist, whose work had evidently interested and stirred Hogarth's kindly pugnacious heart; but neither in that nor in the fat complacent features of Bishop Hoadley, whom he painted about the same time, is anything to be found which could affect the pre-eminence of Vandyke. It seemed necessary to the vigorous arrogant soul, incapable of any doubt of its own powers, to make a strain at the impossible now and then as life went on; and it is curious to find him doing it quite as eagerly now, at the height of his fame, as when working unfriended and eager, with his heart burning within him, and a sense of unexercised power swelling in all his veins.

A more legitimate use of his natural combativeness was made in 1735, when, justly disgusted and alarmed by the losses he sustained from spurious copies and imitations of his prints, he sought and ob-

tained, in concert with various other artists and printers, the law of copyright in drawings and engravings, which secured to him the benefit of his own genius. He was so much satisfied by the promptitude of the Legislature, that he engraved a print to commemorate the event, with an inscription which is more characteristic than modest—"In humble and grateful acknowledgment," he says, "of the grace and goodness of the Legislature, manifested in the Act of Parliament for the encouraging of the arts of designing, engraving, &c., obtained by the endeavours, and almost at the sole expense, of the designer of this print, in 1735." It was, however, a very natural subject of self-gratulation, since it was his prints and not his pictures which gave him the modest wealth he had now attained. "He was rich enough to keep his carriage," says Allan Cunningham; "and though brother artists conceded to him the name of painter with whimsical reluctance, he was everywhere received with the respect and honour due to a man of high talents and uncommon attainments." So little seems to be authentically known of his private life, that it is vain to make any attempt to discover its fashion. "He loved state in his dress"—the same authority adds, somewhat vaguely, "and good order in his household; and the success of his works enabled him to indulge in the luxuries of a good table and pleasant guests." The plain English of this, apparently, is, that the painter was somewhat lavish and open-handed, living up to his means, and taking little thought for the morrow. Barry describes him as "a little man in a sky-blue coat," whom he saw once standing at the corner of a street encouraging two boys to fight. Probably he painted them afterwards, with that lively pictorial sense of what it must all come to, which did not interfere with his natural English delight in the mo-

ment's sport. He was a friend of Fielding and of Garrick, but does not appear to have made his way into fashionable society, though he painted pictures for Horace Walpole, and had patrons of title like other men. Probably he was himself too *brusque*, too opinionated, too little considerate of the feelings of others, for such a promotion.

Just before the publication of his last, and in some respects greatest, series of engravings, Hogarth sold the pictures from which his former prints were taken in a whimsical and eccentric way by auction. They had all, it appears, up to this time, remained in his hands. It was in the January of '45, when so many things were going on, when Prince Charlie was preparing to cross the Channel, and the kingdom, in the eyes of many, was on the very edge of a great convulsion; and it gives us a curious glimpse into the individual calm and leisure of that inner world of London, where Richardson sat working at his 'Clarissa,' and every man went after his ordinary affairs, to find Hogarth concocting a scheme which looks like a practical joke, and in which there probably was a certain suppressed irony, for the disposal of his pictures. "On the 25th of January . . . he offered for sale the six pictures of "The Harlot's Progress," the eight paintings of "The Rake's Progress," "The Four Times of the Day," and "The Strolling Actresses," on the following conditions:—

"1. Every bidder shall have an entire leaf numbered in the book of sale, on the top of which will be inscribed his name and place of abode, the sum paid by him, the time when, and for which picture.

"2. That on the day of sale, a clock, striking every five minutes, shall be placed in the room; and when it hath struck five minutes after twelve, the first picture mentioned in the sale-book shall be deemed as sold; the second picture when the clock hath struck the next five minutes after twelve, and so on in succession till the whole nineteen pictures are sold.

"3. That none advance less than gold at each bidding.

"4. No person to bid on the last day, except those whose names were before entered in the book. As Mr Hogarth's room is but small, he begs the favour that no persons, except those whose names are entered in the book, will come to view his paintings on the last day of sale."

Notwithstanding the natural disinclination of "the town" to take all this trouble, we learn incidentally that Hogarth's study "was full of noble and great personages" when the day of sale arrived. He had still further revealed his opposition to all canons of art by another warlike manifesto in the shape of an admission ticket to his auction, in which a number of well-known pictures by the old masters are seen in personal conflict with Hogarth's own productions, the juxtaposition being often comical enough, though strained and uncomfortable, as are all angry attempts at wit. The sale itself, which was attended by preliminaries so remarkable, was commercially a failure. For the nineteen pictures thus put up to auction he received only £427. Thus, for a sum which would be but a modest price for one cabinet picture of a well-known painter nowadays, Hogarth, the founder of a school, a painter as widely known and largely popular as if his narratives had been written with the pen instead of the pencil, gave a large number of the best efforts of his genius. It "must have stung his proud spirit," suggests Allan Cunningham; and it is apparent in every line of his personal narrative that the effect of this and the other slights shown to himself and to native art generally, embittered the whole current of Hogarth's thoughts. Even before this humiliating instance of the indifference of the picture-buying classes, he had expressed his opinions on the subject in a letter in defence of Sir James Thornhill's pictures, published in the *St James's Evening Post* of June 7th, 1737—in which he launched fiery arrows

of indignation at "the picture-jobbers from abroad," who set their face against all progress in art. It is thus he describes their operations and the effect produced :—

"It is their interest to depreciate every English work as hurtful to their trade of continually importing shiploads of Dead Christs, Holy Families, Madonnas, and other dismal, dark subjects, neither entertaining nor ornamental, on which they scrawl the terrible cramp names of some Italian masters, and fix on us poor Englishmen the character of universal dupes. If a man, naturally a judge of painting, not bigoted to those empyrics, should cast his eye on one of their sham-virtuoso pieces, he would be very apt to say, 'Mr Bubbleman, that grand Venus, as you are pleased to call it, has not beauty enough for the character of an English cookmaid.' Upon which the quack answers, with a confident air, 'Sir, I find that you are no connoisseur. The picture, I assure you, is in Alesso Baldminetto's second and best manner, boldly painted and truly sublime, the contour gracious, the air of the head in the high Greek taste; and a most divine idea it is.' Then, spitting in an obscure place, and rubbing it with a dirty handkerchief, takes a skip to t'other end of the room, and screams out in raptures, 'There's an amazing touch! A man should have this picture a twelvemonth in his collection before he can discover half its beauties!' The gentleman (though naturally a judge of what is beautiful, yet ashamed to be out of the fashion by judging for himself) with this cant is struck dumb, gives a vast sum for the picture, very modestly confesses he is indeed quite ignorant of painting, and bestows a frame worth fifty pounds on a frightful thing, which, without the hard name, is not worth so many farthings. Such impudence as is now continually practised in the picture-trade must meet with its proper treatment would gentlemen but venture to see with their own eyes. Let but the comparison of pictures with nature be their only guide, and let them judge as freely of painting as they do of poetry, they would then take it for granted that when a piece gives pleasure to none but these connoisseurs or their adherents, if the purchase be a thousand pounds, 'tis nine hundred and ninety-nine too dear; and were all our grand collections stripped of such sort of trumpery, then, and not till then, it would be worth an Englishman's while to try the strength of

his genius to supply their place, which now it were next to madness to attempt, since there is nothing that has not travelled a thousand miles, or has not been done a hundred years, but is looked upon as mean and ungenteel furniture."

"Marriage à-la-Mode," as we have already said, was published in the year '45. The circumstance that the originals still exist, and are now the property of the nation, makes this series perhaps the most generally known of all. The story cannot be said to be less painful, but there are fewer visible horrors in the delineation. The first scene shows us the signing of the contract by which the splendid son of a long-descended nobleman condescends to unite himself to a city maiden, the daughter of a wealthy old alderman. Never was contrast more complete than between the respective fathers on either side; and the whole tragedy shadows forth before us in the group on the sofa. The bridegroom, powdered and periwigged, sits turned away from his bride, taking snuff out of the box which he holds gracefully in his hand, and gazing with the profoundest satisfaction at his own image in a great mirror. The lady sits by him listlessly leaning forward, her face full of a dreamy wonder and dissatisfaction, playing with her wedding-ring upon a handkerchief—a wistful creature, half listening to the remark of the barrister in gown and wig, who has turned away from the table on pretence of mending his pen, and bends over her whispering something. She listens with eyes cast down, with the blank look of a being standing on the threshold of an unknown world. Councillor Silvertongue is nothing to her at that strangemoment. She is musing, wondering, standing still to gaze at the undecipherable existence—a little sad and disturbed, not knowing what to make of it, hearing and seeing as in a dream. A touch of poetic imagination, unlike his ordinary tragic prose and intense reality, is in this listless, bending,

dreamy figure. It interests the spectator, and moves him to a certain pity, as Hogarth's pictures so seldom do. For one moment, intentionally or unintentionally, we are placed in sympathy with this predestined bride. The second scene is still more powerful. It is morning, and the married pair have met at something which is called breakfast. There has been a late party evidently the night before, and the candles still burn, and a yawning servant rouses himself hurriedly from a nap in the room behind. In the foreground a bewildered steward, who has supposed himself certain of a hearing at such an hour, withdraws with his book and bills, holding up his hands and eyes in consternation. The centre of the interest, however, is in the marvellous figure of the husband, listlessly seated by the fire, a picture of weariness, satiety, and disgust, such as perhaps was never painted before. He seems to have but newly returned from revels still more protracted than those of his household. His hat is on his head, his dress in such disorder as a man's must naturally be who has been up all night. But the way in which he is thrown into his chair, the listless stretch of all his limbs, the dull gaze of his wearied eyes, the sated emptiness of his countenance, form altogether a picture tragic in its force. Nothing but pleasure, so called—mad pursuit of excitement and unlimited self-indulgence—could have produced a dissatisfaction so entire, yet so dull, such a sickening at everything in heaven or earth. It is the very epic of miserable exhaustion—dull, heavy, hopeless, impatient. He has not a word to throw even at the dog who is sniffing at the contents of his pocket. The listless limbs have not vigour enough left to kick it away. What is the good? is written on every line of the wonderful figure. Such a sermon upon vice was never preached before. Once more there is a dawning of pity in the mind of the looker-on. The

poor wretch, capable of such dead disgust with himself and all the miserable delights into which he has been plunging, might surely have been capable of better things. This time it is the man who thus moves us; the wife, with her table thrust almost into the fire with the chilliness of luxury, yawns and gazes at him under her half-closed eyelids with a half-wondering contempt. Probably there has been a quarrel about something, for she holds in her hand what looks like a jewel-case; but she as yet has sounded no depths, and does not understand the tragedy which envelops him. The one figure is that of frivolity playing with the approaches of wickedness, utterly unaware of the depths which lie below and the consequences involved in them, lightly wondering and contemptuous, yawning out of simple laziness and want of sleep; the other is the embodied failure, the self-acknowledged futility and dissatisfaction of vicious pleasure. Of all Hogarth's impersonations, this has, perhaps, the highest meaning. It is scarcely surpassed by anything in art.

The next scene once more abandons the higher walk of genuine tragedy to plunge into hideous obscenities, into which we cannot follow the hero; nor is the meaning of the scene clear enough to reward investigation. The chiefly notable thing in it is the strange stolid impassible figure of the child-woman, the heroine of the horrible tale, an unhappy little puppet tricked out with every kind of finery, and with the blood chilled in its very veins. The creature stands erect, but in such a stupor of suffering, or misery, or terror, that one feels she would fall prostrate at the merest touch, or crumble into nothing, a ghost of helpless unintentional vice, far more truly piteous and lamentable than the Harlot of the first series. But, except for this, the suggestions of the scene are simply disgusting, and the spectator is glad to hurry on to the comedy of the Toilet-

scene, full of character and satire as it is. It ought to be tragi-comedy—for here it is that the wife and her lover are supposed to be making the fatal appointment, which ends in murder and death. But we are obliged to say that we can find nothing tragical, nothing passionate, no struggle of love or conscience in the unmoved countenance of the fine lady who is being curled and powdered, nor in the reclining figure of her lover, who might be giving her a description of the perfectly lawful and decorous seductions of a china monster, for anything that appears in his face. He is holding out to her a masquerade ticket, says the official explanation; and we are to suppose that up to this moment she has been but frivolous, and that now passion is about to carry every thing before it, and the woman is on the verge of destruction. But we are bound to add, that without the official explanation it would be very hard to find this out. Their conversation has not the least appearance of being confidential. The grinning hairdresser over her shoulder hears every word of it, and the action of the picture flows quite away from the hero and heroine to the wonderfully expressive group behind her. The lady's *levée* is evidently well attended. There is an assemblage of gentlemen of various classes, one with his hair in curl-papers—and one lady in walking-dress, who has evidently been attracted not by regard for her friend, but by the music, to which the heroine herself pays not the slightest attention. In the foreground, with his mouth wide open, in the act of singing, sits the favourite idol and abhorrence of the age, "that contemptible shadow of man, an Italian singer," as Dr Trusler describes him. A flute-player, with his whole soul in his music, stands behind, accompanying the song. No doubt the wide loose lips, and pug-nose, and imbecile expression given to the singer, were meant by Hogarth to express unmitigated contempt for the frivolous being who was rewarded

with so much English gold. But the group surrounding him are not more dignified than the Italian. The lady is leaning forward in her chair, in an attitude uncomfortably suspended between sitting and standing, oblivious of the chocolate which a grinning black is pressing upon her; and the faces of the three men—one asleep, one idiotically ecstatic, the third musing over his coffee, and not without a glance at the conversation of the lovers—are curiously real and original. One has a fan suspended to his wrist, another has come abroad with his hair carefully disposed in curl-papers; so fearless of ridicule were the Macaroni of the age. And thus uttermost vanity and frivolity accompany to the very edge of ruin the doomed souls who have elected their own pleasure as the highest rule of existence. The costumes are out of date, but not the lesson, although let us hope our worst scandals of the present time are not so shameless.

In the next picture of the series the tragedy has come to a climax. It is the well-worn scene of discovery. The lover leaping out of the open window, the wife on her knees, in that miserable penitence which attends the fact of being found out, but with the tragic circumstance that the husband has been stabbed, and is dying. Perhaps the most powerful point in this picture is, that both are carried beyond the reach of emotions expressible in looks; the man sinks (in an impossible attitude, critics say—but that by the way) with the stupor of death upon him, beyond either rage or grief; the woman has fallen at his feet in a blank of horror and consternation which equally takes all feeling out of her face. Is it possible?—can it be?—the hapless wretch is crying dumbly in her hideous awakening. Sin so common, all the attendant circumstances so ordinary and usual, so many reasons why it should remain undiscovered for ever, why it should be excused, why the world should go on all the same with mas-

queraders and Italian singers, and one's patches and curls becomingly arranged; and lo, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, it has come to this! She has shrieked out in her sudden horror, and kneels before him, not penitent, too much shocked and startled for any feeling, gazing up at him as he falls, to see if it is true. The guilty lover turns round to give one look as he escapes; the burly watch bursts in at the door. Such is the tragedy; three hapless souls, but an hour since, in the heyday of youth and self-indulgence, swept suddenly up in the fatal net of fate.

The concluding scene has that postscriptal character which is common to Hogarth's works. The men have both perished off the face of the earth—the husband murdered, the lover executed; and the unhappy creature who has stood between them, finding life intolerable, has just poisoned herself. We are done with them all, and we are glad of it. Their sorry tragedy is cleared away from the universe, and at the end comes in that strange consciousness of the unbreaking perpetual stream of life which makes every tragedy bearable. The miserable wife has returned to her father's house in the City, where all this time existence has been running on in its old channel. Heaven and earth have passed away in the mean time; earthquakes, convulsions, whatever is most fit to represent the climaxes and catastrophes through which his child has passed, have happened, and come to an end; but there stands the old father of the contract, unchanged, in the same coat and wig, and with the same soul, drawing her ring off her dead finger, lest it should be stolen; and there is the child, the little seed which has sprung into being amid all these storms, stretching out, unconscious, to kiss her dead face. The play is over, but the old existence lasts and the new begins.

Such is the last and most remarkable series of Hogarth's works. The spectator has a doubt, when all

is over, whether he has read the story, or seen it acted, or only looked at it on the walls of the National Gallery or within the boards of a book—except, indeed, for the fact, most curious of all, that he has no sympathy with any of the characters in it—no desire to avert their fate, or yearning of pity over them. They fill him with wonder, or horror, or disgust, but with no fellow-feeling, or sense that they are creatures like himself. The highest aims of tragedy have been reached, and yet have been missed, with the strangest mixture of weakness and power. He closes the volume with perhaps a long-drawn breath of interest, but no sigh of human emotion. It is that story of guilty love which has gone deep to the heart, how often! notwithstanding all remonstrances of morality. It is the same story which Francisca, weeping, told to Dante in the dim country of despair; and yet we look on grimly with horror or interest, but without a tear or a thrill of feeling. How is it? We have scarcely space enough to answer the question fully here.

This is, however, the prevailing defect of these wonderful works, and one which for ever bars their entrance into the highest rank. They are pitiless, emotionless, unimpassioned as the barest history; and yet passion, so called, is their prevailing topic. They are cold as the scenes of a spectacle, and yet it is life in its most tumultuous shapes which they represent. The cause is either a certain ungenial unbelief in emotion, such as may be excused to a man familiar with the sight of cold-blooded vice; or it is, because he who puts this stern lesson on record stands in the place of the Pharisee who gloats upon the sight, and is curious as to all its details, even while he holds in his hand the savage stone which is to crush the offender—and not in that of the divine Spectator, who turns his sad countenance aside, overwhelmed by the wonder, the pity,

the misery of this lamentable life. It was given to Hogarth to proclaim hoarsely, yet unmoved, that the wages of sin is death, the primitive lesson; but not to quicken the heart or stir the weeping blood of humanity with any tenderness for the hapless creatures, with a lost heaven above, and hell and purgatory within them, who thus sinned and died.

The intimation in the newspapers of the approaching publication of this new series contained one of Hogarth's savage covert sneers at the world which ventured to criticise and wonder at him. "Particular care is taken," he says, "that the whole shall not be liable to any exception on account of *indecenty* or *inelegancy*; and that none of the characters represented shall be personal." Still more trenchant is the advertisement of the sale of the pictures, in which he conceals his rage against his ungracious audience by a snarl of pretended deference to their opinion. He was still smarting under the sense of contempt and neglect which the sale of his former pictures had naturally produced; but it was no skilful way of conciliating the public to address them as follows:—

"As, according to the standard so righteously and so laudably established by picture-dealers, picture-cleaners, picture-frame-makers, and other connoisseurs, the works of a painter are to be esteemed more or less valuable as they are more or less scarce, and as the living painter is most of all affected by the inferences resulting from this and other considerations equally candid and edifying, Mr Hogarth, by way of precaution, not puff, begs leave to urge that probably this will be the last sale of pictures he may ever exhibit, because of the difficulty of vending such a number at once to any tolerable advantage; and that the whole number he has already exhibited, of the historical or humorous kind, does not exceed fifty—of which the three sets called 'The Harlot's Progress,' 'The Rake's Progress,' and that now to be sold, make twenty; so that whoever has a taste of his own to rely on, and is not too squeamish, and has courage enough to own it by daring to give them a place

in a collection till Time, the supposed finisher, but real destroyer, of paintings, has rendered them fit for those more sacred repositories where schools, names, heads, masters, &c., attain their last stage of preferment, may from hence be convinced that multiplicity at least of his, Mr Hogarth's, pieces, will be no diminution of their value."

The result was much what might have been anticipated from a preliminary struggle which had thus become personal between the painter and the world. The following narrative, however, throws a curious light upon the smallness of the circle to which picture-buying can have been possible in those days. We can scarcely imagine that any amount of petulance in words would have the effect of emptying Christie's saleroom, for instance, were the works of a well-known painter of the present time about to be offered to the public. When the reader considers that Hogarth was in the full blaze of his fame, and that his prints were as good as an estate to him—prints taken from the very pictures in question; and that these pictures are now among our national treasures, chief gems of our English collection; that they were the only remarkable productions then existing from the hand of an English painter, and are still unrivalled at the end of more than a century,—the following narrative of their sale, given by Mr Lane, the purchaser, will be scarcely credible:—

"The sale was to take place by a kind of auction, where every bidder was to write on a ticket the price he was disposed to give, with his name subscribed to it. These papers were to be received by Mr Hogarth for the space of one month, and the highest bidder, at twelve o'clock on the last day of the month, was to be the purchaser. This strange mode of proceeding probably disobliterated the public, and there seemed at that time to be a combination against Hogarth, who, perhaps, from the frequent and extraordinary approbation of his works, might have imbibed some degree of vanity, which the town in general, friends and foes, seemed resolved to mortify. If this was the case—and to me it was fully apparent—they fully effected their de-

sign; for on the 6th of June 1750, which was to decide the fate of this capital work, when I arrived at the Golden Head, expecting, as was the case at the sale of 'The Harlot's Progress,' to find his study full of noble and great personages, I only found Hogarth and his friend Dr Parsons, Secretary to the Royal Society. I had bid £110. No one arrived; and, ten minutes before twelve, I told the artist I would make the pounds guineas. The clock struck, and Mr Hogarth wished me joy of my purchase, hoping it was an agreeable one; I said, 'Perfectly so.' Dr Parsons was very much disturbed, and Hogarth very much disappointed, and truly with great reason. The former told me the painter had hurt himself by naming so early an hour for the sale; and Hogarth, who overheard him, said, in a marked tone and manner, 'Perhaps it may be so.' I concurred in the same opinion, said he was poorly rewarded for his labour, and, if he chose, he might have till three o'clock to find a better bidder. Hogarth warmly accepted the offer, and Dr Parsons proposed to make it public. I thought this unfair, and forbade it. At one o'clock Hogarth said, 'I shall trespass no longer on your generosity; you are the proprietor, and if you are pleased with the purchase, I am abundantly so with the purchaser.' He then desired me to promise that I would not dispose of the paintings without informing him, nor permit any person to meddle with them under pretence of cleaning them, as he always desired to do that himself."

And all the time the world was showering wealth on Farinelli, as in our own day it went to see Tom Thumb, driving poor Haydon frantic. In the latter case it is perhaps, let us say it with a sigh, comprehensible; but Hogarth's disappointment is a proof that, though an artist may quarrel with the big world in general, he must not quarrel with a limited class in it, or that he must take the consequences. To-day, when the last new millionaire is ready to bid over my lord's head to any amount, the consequences would no doubt be much less serious.

Hogarth's next work was the series of "Industry and Idleness," as exemplified in the history of Good-child and Idle, two London 'pren-

tices—a drama quite according to the taste of the time, in which the good lad has so perpetually the best of it, that the wonder is how the wicked one should show a disinterestedness and self-devotion so much above the well-rewarded respectability of his comrade. "The thrifty citizens of London welcomed these works warmly, and hung them in public and private places as guides and examples to their children and dependants," says Cunningham. About the same time Hogarth produced a portrait of old Simon Fraser of Lovat, which, we are told, "was so popular" that it was impossible to supply impressions sufficiently fast to satisfy the eager demands of the public. Nothing can be more curious than the character of this portrait, the pawky, shrewd, humorous old face, which is the last that could possibly be imagined to belong to an arch-rebel lying under sentence of death for his country. It is comprehensible how the fancy of the public must have been caught by the frightful contrast between those homely shrewd features and the tragic place they held on Temple Bar in all the sublimity of death and patriotism and high treason.

It is painful, however, to have stories to tell of our painter which are not pleasant stories. He went to France after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and no sooner had he crossed the Channel than the vulgar instincts of the irrepressible Englishman seem to have burst forth in him without restraint. The fact is part of his character,—and yet it is always strange to discover under the hearty, joyous, cordial exterior which is traditional to John Bull, that curious, cold, hard, emotionless kernel which is so often associated with it—a heart entirely devoid of genial human sympathy, and incapable of entering into, or even realising, the feelings of others. The same nature which made our painter calmly indifferent to the sufferings and calamities of his own heroes and heroines, made him loudly con-

temptuous of all external circumstances to which he was unaccustomed. "He was displeased from the first with the people, the country, the houses, and the fare. All he looked upon he declared to be in bad taste. The houses, he said, were either gilt or befouled. He laughed when he saw a ragged boy; and at the sight of silk stockings with holes in them he burst out into very imprudent language." The result was, that he was summarily sent back, two guards accompanying him on board the English packet, who, "having insolently twirled him round and round on the deck, told him he might proceed on his voyage without molestation;" a process which many a French guard and many an English traveller would have been but too glad to repeat since Hogarth's day. He revenged himself by a design called "The Roast Beef of Old England," and at a later period, by two pictures called respectively "England" and "France," and supposed to represent the eve of an invasion, in which frogs and *soupe maigre* on the one side, and riotous living on the other, are the chief features—quite conventional, and not perhaps such telling arguments to the present age as they were to Hogarth's. It would be difficult to go over in detail all his remaining works. The only late series with a moral meaning is the one entitled "The Four Stages of Cruelty," a subject too revolting to be discussed; and the two prints, called "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane," in the last of which occur two figures unsurpassed for ghastly tragedy, one of which, a half-naked woman, from whose helpless arms her child is falling, sits unconscious, leering at the spectator with drunken imbecility; while the other, half man, half skeleton, in a stupor which is partly drink and partly death, sits on the stair below her, with glazed eyes and falling jaw, unable to raise the glass to his ghastly open mouth—figures which haunt the beholder like the visions of a nightmare. Among his other

pictures there is a burlesque of Paul before Felix, "designed in the Dutch style," of which Cunningham tells us that "nothing can surpass it for broad humour," though disgust is the only feeling with which we find ourselves capable of regarding it. He afterwards, as, we suppose, a kind of *amende honorable*, painted a serious version of the same subject, which is as heavy and turgid as heart could devise. After this, however, our painter recovered himself. He produced "The March to Finchley," full of fun and movement, and the varied scenes of the election, from which we have the clearest and most graphic notion of what politics were in those days, and how the business was managed which authority is only now trying seriously to bring within due control. Things have changed mightily in the mean time; and yet it is curious to note how little some things have changed.

In the year 1753, when he had reached the mature age of fifty-six, Hogarth made his *début* in literature. "What?" he says, himself—

"What? a book, and by Hogarth! then
 twenty to ten
 All he's gained by his pencil he'll lose by
 his pen.
 Perhaps it may be so—howe'er, miss or
 hit,
 He will publish—here goes; it is double
 or quit."

The work was the 'Analysis of Beauty,' a book full of trenchant criticisms upon everybody who differed with himself, and in which he set forth a theory which he had indicated some time before by a waving line drawn upon a palette in the foreground of his own portrait; on this line was engraven the words, *Line of beauty*. "No Egyptian hieroglyphic ever amused more than it did for a time," he says. "Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people." We have no space left to enter into either the book or its theory, but it had upon Hogarth the almost fatal effect

which pen and ink seem to have upon those to whom pigments and pencils are the natural weapons—it drove him into public argumentation, abuse, and defence. Unfortunately, as was the fashion of the time, personal questions of all kinds got mixed up in the discussion of principles. Passion grew warmer and warmer as it was expressed; and the Englishman's theoretical contempt for the old masters, who were continually thrown in his teeth, grew to such a heat that it drove him to the most unequal and unlikely contest. A picture, by some supposed to be by Correggio, had been a short time before sold for £400 at a sale of pictures, and Hogarth, with insane rivalry, offered to take up the same subject for the same price, thus putting himself directly in competition with his predecessor—a proceeding both foolish and undignified; especially foolish, considering the subject, since he must have known that pathos was not his forte. It was "Sigismunda weeping over the Heart of her Husband" that he undertook to paint; and Correggio, with all the weight of fame, stood by to be his judge. Failure must have been involved from the first in such a wager of battle. The painter was now sixty-two, and gave signs, as he well might, of having failed a little from his height of force. The subject was utterly out of his way. His motive could be little more than one of those stings of rivalry and emulation which are naturally short-lived in an old man. He had attained most things that men desire. He was well off, famous, the founder of a national school of art; he acknowledges even the "partiality" with which the world had received his works. He was Sergeant-Painter to the King, the highest mark of official favour. But all these good things did not defend him from that sting of vanity. The picture was a commission from Sir Richard (afterwards Lord) Grosvenor, who, "falling into the clutches of the dealers in old pictures," as Hogarth expresses it,

became after a while less enthusiastic about it than could have been desired. The proud painter immediately rose in arms, and wrote a hasty letter, haughtily exonerating his patron from his bargain if he thought the price too great, and throwing in an allusion to "Mr Hoare, the banker," as a threat at the end. Lord Grosvenor immediately replied with pardonable resentment, setting (on his side) the painter free to make "Sigismunda" over to Mr Hoare, if he liked it. "I really think the performance so striking and inimitable," he adds, ironically, "that the constantly having it before one's eyes would be too often occasioning melancholy ideas to arise in one's mind." Another surly note from Hogarth closed the correspondence, but the picture was never withdrawn from the painter's studio. In his pride and resentment he forbade his widow, by his will, to sell it for less than £500, and we do not find that she was ever tempted to do so. It was sold only after her death, when no guardian of Hogarth's fame was left in the world.

The critics, who had fallen upon his 'Analysis of Beauty' as one man, now threw themselves with equal or increased vigour on the unfortunate picture thus left upon his hands. "A set of miscreants," he says, "the expounders of the mysteries of old pictures," heaped every kind of abuse on his "Sigismunda." And dauntless and virulent as was the old man himself, he *was* old and worn with much labour, and his health was affected by his mortification. "However mean the vendor of poisons may be, the mineral is destructive," he goes on. "To me its operation was troublesome enough. Ill-nature spread so fast, that now was the time for every little dog in the profession to bark and revive the old spleen which appeared at the time of the 'Analysis.' The anxiety that attends endeavouring to recollect ideas long dormant, and the misfortunes which clung to this transaction, coming on

at a time when nature demands quiet, and something besides exercise to cheer it, added to my long sedentary life, brought on an illness which continued twelve months." When he recovered from his illness, it was at a time when "war abroad and contention at home engrossed every one's mind. Prints were thrown into the background, and the stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some *timed thing* to recover my lost time and stop a gap in my income." Whether this picture of pecuniary need was true or not it is hard to say; but it is curious to see the old painter, who had always so strenuously set himself against the tide, whatever that tide might be, thus taking up the side of power and authority for once in his life. "This drew forth my print of 'The Times,' a subject which tended to the restoration of peace and unanimity," he proceeds. But it did anything but promote these objects in Hogarth's own experience. It roused against him the unrestrained tongue of Wilkes, who had been his friend. In all our painter's pugilistic experience, he had never met such an antagonist before. Whether he had shared Wilkes's political opinions before this encounter, we are not told—indeed, it is to be supposed that he was no politician, difficult though it must have been for such a man to keep out of the excitement of the prevailing contest. "Hogarth sacrificed private friendship at the altar of party madness, and lent his aid to the Government," we are told; and immediately the 'North Briton' brought out a furious article on "The King's Sergeant-Painter, William Hogarth." Hogarth retaliated with a concentrated force still more crushing: nature and his craft had provided him with the necessary weapons, and his reply was a portrait of Wilkes, so savagely like, so full of the fierce satire of truth, that the town was electrified. "My friends advised me," says Hogarth, "to laugh at the nonsense of party-

wit—who would mind it? but . . . I wished to return the compliment, *and turn it to some advantage.*" The blow struck deeply, and called up Churchill, Wilkes's henchman, in defence of his principal. Hogarth struck again, but this time more feebly. "I had an old plate by me, with some parts ready sunk as the background, and a dog, . . . and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage derived from these two engravings," says the uncompromising old warrior, with fine satisfaction, "together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

But amid these storms life was beginning to wane. Though he had quarrelled and struggled all his life, we hear of no such direct personal exchange of hostilities; and he was old, and the jar ran through him, body and soul. He produced but one notable work after these events—a work which we would gladly leave out of the record were it not too remarkable to be omitted. It is the print known by the name of "Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism," and is evidently an attempt to throw all the brilliant searching light of art upon the extraordinary success which attended the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield. Hogarth was not conscious of his own curious connection with the reformers of his age. He did not know what a hoarse, vigorous, unwilling pioneer his genius had been to their more spiritual labours. And with his usual sharp eye for the absurd, and intolerance of exaggeration, and want of sympathy with the feelings of others, he places before us a combination of religious madresses which it is painful to look upon, and which it is still more painful to quote as the last work of his life. Clear-sighted as he was, he had no more comprehension of the mission he himself had exercised than if he had been blind; nor is it probable that Wesley would

have owned or acknowledged the prophet's work of Hogarth. The world had need enough of both ; but until the generation was over and past, and God had written on its grave that moral which only posterity can read, who could tell that between these two warning voices there was any sympathy or parallel? Hogarth impales the so-called fanatics upon the end of his spear without mercy. Probably there was even some truth of fact in his picture; but there is nothing of that higher truth which is beyond and above all mere reality.

But even while he recorded, with vehemence so bitter, his strong unalterable prejudices, and gave forth his hasty, ignorant, popular judgment with the promptitude and energy which had always distinguished him, the life of the old painter was waning. He was old, though he had scarcely begun to feel it ; and the unkind assaults of his friends—for such both Wilkes and Churchill seem to have been—had jarred him through and through. He did as men do when they are sinking out of life's common capabilities. He took a house in retired Chiswick, among the trees and gardens ; he left off work, "amusing himself with making slight sketches and retouching his plates." He went up and down to town now and then, and now recovered, now lost strength, as that piteous process of dying demanded ; but "complained that he was no longer able to think with the readiness, and work with the elasticity of spirit" which had been habitual to him. It was apparently in this waning time that he made the notes, so full of vigour and passion and characteristic pugnacity, from which we have quoted so much. And yet, by moments, the self-disclosure fell into other strains. Sometimes he murmurs feebly, with the complaining of a child—of "one, till now rather my friend and flatterer, attacking me in so infamous and malignant a style." Sometimes he rises

into the formal yet half-deprecating self-assertion which was considered in that age to be the fit tone for a deathbed. "I can safely assert that I have invariably endeavoured to make those about me tolerably happy," he says with tremulous dignity, and that strange eighteenth-century satisfaction in the contemplation of his own goodness. "My greatest enemy cannot say I ever did an intentional injury ; though, without ostentation, I could produce many instances of men that have been essentially benefited by me. What may follow, God knows." When October came with warnings of approaching winter, he went back to Leicester Fields to spend the darker season in town, but spent only one day there, his career being over. He died quite suddenly, overtaken all at once by the shadow which had been coming on so slowly and so long. He was sixty-seven, full of years and honours ; and yet died worried and wearied and vexed with the contradictions of life.

There is little to be said of him beyond what has been said. He was childless, and had no personal life to throw gleams of more human interest upon the story of his career. No man before or since has painted a story like him, or set forth a parable with such authentic force and boldness. Without any absolute horror of or indignation against vice, he traced its course with a hand that never flinched from any detail, or hesitated at any catastrophe, making it so plain to an age which needed teaching that he who ran might read. He was genial, vehement, and warm in manners and temper ; but his intellect was cold, and did its work without much assistance from the heart. Before his pictures the vulgar laugh, and the serious spectator holds his peace, gazing often with eyes awestricken at the wonderful unimpassioned tragedy. But never a tear comes at Hogarth's call. It is his sentence of everlasting expulsion from the highest heaven of art.

A STORY OF EULENBURG.—PART II.

VI.

THE beautiful Greek, Circassian, Hungarian, or whatever countrywoman she was, was more than punctual to the appointed hour. Indeed her impatience was such that she arrived at my studio full ten minutes before the clock struck ten. When she had thrown off her outdoor wrappings, she appeared before me in precisely the same costume as that in which I had seen her at Madame M——'s, the white lace scarf with the golden embroidery not being forgotten. I confess that I was a little relieved when I saw how she was dressed, for I was quite prepared for her appearance in a costume far more nearly approaching that of her marble likeness at Eulenburg. She appeared to be rather silent and excited when she first arrived; but her face very soon recovered the calm coldness of its usual expression.

Nothing could have done me more real good or braced my thoughts better than thus being compelled to work, and that at so extremely difficult a subject. It was then that I first unconsciously began to learn the divine lesson that work itself is consolation; and that, of all men, the artist—by which term I do not mean the painter only—has that consolation always within reach if he can only summon up just sufficient energy to lift his hand. As I endeavoured to reproduce the form and colour before me, my strength began gradually to return, and I began to do my best merely for the sake of doing it. The Princess de Paro was an excellent and unwearying sitter, so that considerable progress was made even at the first sitting.

The next day she sat to me again; and after that she came almost daily until the picture was completed. I own that I was

proud of the result when I showed it to her in its finished state; and on looking back, I still think that my pride was not unjustified. It was by far the best attempt I had yet made—indeed I doubt if I ever succeeded in making so entirely satisfactory a portrait since.

She looked at it lingeringly—I almost thought sadly, as if it were the picture of an old friend whom she had lately lost, or was about to lose, and would never see again. Her eyes even filled with tears. Then, without a single word of praise, she just thanked me, gave me some directions as to how the picture should be sent to her, and left the room quietly. I was, however, more than satisfied with her silence, holding as I did, and still do, with the prince in 'Emilia Gallotti,' that the artist is then most highly praised when, before his work, his praise is forgotten. It was then about mid-day, or a little past. By evening the picture had been carried away by one of madame's servants, who at the same time left for me a sum of money, such as, I should imagine, had never been paid to any painter for a portrait even in art's most royal days. In fact it was so exorbitant that I could not reconcile it with my conscience to take so much without some protest, or at least without furnishing my patroness with something like an equivalent. With this motive I went out the very next afternoon to see her on the subject.

As this is a true story, and is therefore not subject to any of the artistic and critical rules by which fiction ought always to be governed, I shall make no apology whatever for introducing into its proper place in my narrative a second chance meeting almost precisely similar to

that which occurred to me at Eulenburg. It is only in narrating fiction that coincidences and repetitions are to be avoided if possible; in real life they happen every day, and are the most natural things in the world. In the Rue Rivoli, then, near the corner of the street—I forget its name just now—that leads up to the Place Vendôme, I came face to face once more with Mrs Dalton and her niece.

This time, however, they were not without escort; for they were accompanied by a man of some few years older than myself, whom I at once set down as the engaged lover of Alice Fenwick.

I would most willingly have avoided the party; and I would have done so, had not such a proceeding been quite impossible. I had been thinking too much of Alice to see her until we were close together; and then I beheld in her face such a war of white and red that half the burden was lifted from my heart.

Her aunt met me with her usual kindness.

"So you did not die of *ennui* at Eulenburg?" she said.

"It seems not; unless this is my ghost."

"I am not so sure that it is not," she answered. "I certainly cannot compliment you on your healthy appearance. I am afraid people do not keep quite such regular hours at Paris as at Eulenburg?"

I had taken the hand of Alice for an instant as her aunt spoke, and tried hard to imagine that I felt it tremble the least in the world in mine.

"Let me introduce you," said Mrs Dalton; and she went through a form that was vainly supposed to put me on friendly terms with Lord Wynfield, as I will call him here for convenience' sake.

"Do you remember," she went on, "your showing us over the museum at Eulenburg last May? We are now on our way to the

Luxembourg—and, if you are as idle as you were then——"

If it had not been for the presence of Lord Wynfield! But, as it was, I answered—more coldly and stiffly, I fear, than kind-hearted Mrs Dalton ever in her life deserved to be answered by any one,—

"I am afraid I am engaged just now."

"Particularly?"

"Yes—I have to call on a new patron—or rather patroness—of mine." This I was silly enough to add for the benefit of Alice.

"Then I suppose we must not detain you," said Mrs Dalton, in a tone which was cold in its turn; but her coldness had the good effect of making me ashamed of my own.

"Indeed, Mrs Dalton, I should be only too happy to join you, but I really have business." I racked my brain for a good excuse; for, in truth, my real business was not of an immediately pressing nature, and Mrs Dalton, good-natured as she was, by no means liked being neglected—indeed she had always been far too kind to myself for me to run away from her on such an occasion as this without some more satisfactory excuse.

"I have been painting the portrait of a Princess de Paro," I said; "and——"

"The Princess de Paro?" interrupted Lord Wynfield; "what! the mysterious Italian whom we heard so much about last night?"

"The same, no doubt; and I have an appointment to see her this morning; and——"

"Then I think I can save you the trouble," said Lord Wynfield. "I met to-day Monsieur M——, the banker, you know, who seems to know more about her than any one else; and he told me that she left Paris yesterday evening, and that he himself saw her off."

"Left Paris!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Monsieur M—— was surprised himself. But she seems to be a

lady full of caprices, from what I have heard from him and others."

Mrs Dalton shook her head. "I don't like capricious people," she said, sententiously. "I hope she has paid you?" she added, turning to me.

I gave her an outline of my story, suppressing, of course, any details that might throw suspicion upon the character or motives of Madame de Paro, which, pure as I believed them to be, might not, I felt, appear equally pure to everybody.

"I am so glad!" Mrs Dalton answered. "It was very clear that she did not want to hear anything more of what she chose to give you. I am sure I congratulate you heartily; and the more so, as you will now come with us to the Luxembourg."

I do not think that any one ever repented of having told a lie more than I then repented of not having told one. There was no help for it now, however; and so, having expressed the pleasure that I ought to have felt, but did not feel, as I best might, I turned and walked on with them. Lord Wynfield and Alice went in front, and I followed with the aunt.

Now to walk behind with a middle-aged aunt, and to be compelled to watch, silently and helplessly, the open attentions paid to one's mistress by a successful rival, may be ridiculous enough to those who watch the game, but to the unfortunate performer—well, I will only say that I do not think I ever had so much intense misery compressed into so relatively short a time as then; and, what made matters worse, I was expected, and almost bound, to talk pleasantly and to make myself agreeable the whole time. I was of a jealous nature in those days, and had not the happy faculty of losing a game with either fortitude or dignity. Nor was I a good hand at concealing what I felt; and I am conscious that I must have occasionally made my kind-hearted companion stare by my fits

of abstraction and by the things that I said, talking as I did *à tort et à travers*. If she thought that the paleness and loss of health that she had noticed in me arose from cognac or absinthe, as well as from late hours, I fear that, judging by my manner, she was not altogether without apparent ground for her error. I am not about to give even an abridged version of our talk by the way, for the simple reason that I do not remember a single word of it; and I am glad that I do not, for my own credit's sake.

At last we reached the Luxembourg: I cannot say to my relief, for here, I thought, must matters necessarily become worse for me still. I, too, had before now taken advantage of a picture-gallery and an unsuspecting *chaperone*, so that I knew something of what might take place on such occasions. Still my experience would be of some practical service to me—I would take care that the *chaperone* should not confine her attention, as before, to the school to which D'Ormiglione belonged, or that, at the least, I would supply her sins of omission. Of course the result would only entail annoyance on the lovers without being of the smallest benefit to myself: but then jealousy is as unreasoning as it is unreasonable, and as spiteful as it is weak.

As it happened, this idea of mine was a pure piece of self-torment: for had I been in my proper senses, I should have seen that, so far as Miss Fenwick herself was concerned, I had every reason to be of good hope. She evidently had not the least intention that our party should be divided into couples, while, at the same time, she was as cold to me as women never are save towards those whom they either hate or—the reverse of hate. But of course I did not see this. I was not yet fully versed in that strange feminine language in which black means white and cold means warm. I doubt, indeed, if any one ever does come to understand it where he himself is

concerned: and so, perhaps, I was not exceptionally blind after all. At last I reached that state in which, time and place being alike disregarded, one feels driven, almost in spite of one's self, to bring matters to a crisis, whatever may be the cost. While trying, therefore, to talk pictures with Mrs Dalton, I set my brain to work to find or invent an opportunity for saying six words to her niece.

Had I been utterly careless about the matter, nothing would have been easier: as it was, nothing could have seemed more difficult. At last, however, chance favoured me. Lord Wynfield happened to see some English friends of his, to whom he stopped to speak. Mrs Dalton took advantage of the opportunity to sit down, and somehow or other—I do not exactly know how—I found myself standing with Alice out of earshot. She looked round, and, finding herself alone with me, was about to turn and rejoin her aunt.

"Wait an instant," I said; "look at that—— So it seems that you have forgotten Eulenburg. I must speak to you now, Alice—I have that right, at least: and it will be some kindness if you will be open with me, and tell me at once that what you said then was a folly of which you have repented."

"I was wrong, then, and I have suffered for it," she said quickly, and in a low voice. "I hoped you had forgotten."

"That I had forgotten!—But the news was true, then; and nothing remains but to say good-bye at once. I thank you indeed for being so frank, and I would congratulate you if I could."

"If I could tell you all! But that cannot be. It would be wrong of me to say one word—more wrong even than—— Though it is hard that you should think of me——" The rest of what she said was inaudible.

"I think nothing wrong of you;

I only think myself a fool—that is all."

Nor, when I think of it, was I so much out in my thought: only not in the way that I meant at the time.

"Indeed you would forgive me, if you only knew! Do not be afraid that I shall forgive myself."

"There is nothing to forgive," I answered, half roughly, half coldly. I was beginning to add brutality to my folly.

"Then ——" She stopped: tears were in her eyes and voice. Her unmistakable emotion restored me to my better self. "It is I who must be forgiven, Alice," I said. "So it is all over. Well, I must try to bear it as I can. I am not the first, I suppose, who has been waked like this from such a dream." I was going to say much more, but Lord Wynfield had now left his friends, and was coming towards us with Mrs Dalton. Alice busied herself with one of the pictures that hung nearest to where she stood. I, to give her time to recover her composure, left her, and went forward to meet our companions.

"And now," I somehow managed to say, "I fear I must really leave you. I have spent with you all the time I had."

"Will you not dine with us?"

"I fear not. Indeed, perhaps I may not see you again while you are here."

"Not see us again? Surely——"

"I am afraid not. I forgot to tell you that this is my last day in Paris for the present—I have preparations to make——"

My old friend looked surprised and hurt.

"I hope there is nothing wrong?" she asked. "Where are you going? To England?"

"No; to Eulenburg."

For about the first time within my recollection of her she seemed to see below the surface of things. Her eye rested for an instant on Miss Fenwick, whose face was still

turned away. Her voice softened as she said,—

"Then, if you really must go—but I am so sorry—we shall see you when we are back in town?"

"I hope so."

"Of course we shall; but we shall hear of you before then." The good lady held out her hand, which I took, formally touched

that of Alice, bowed to her future husband, and hurried off. I do not think that he suspected anything; and, as he had never seen me before, probably set down my behaviour to natural bearishness. But, in any case, he must have had plenty of reason for preferring my room to my company.

VII.

And so my romance seemed to have come to a very decided end. Still, what else could I have expected? I know what I should think were one of my own daughters to engage herself without my knowledge to a poor devil of an artist, with no prospects, living anyhow in Paris, of whom no one knew much, and of whom I knew nothing at all. I do not imagine that even my own old recollections would make me very soft-hearted in the matter. The risk of a broken heart is far safer to run than that of an unhappy marriage; and as for the feelings of the lover, even if I knew him to be a good fellow, I confess that I would trample upon them without a shadow of compunction or remorse. Therefore I warn off from my sheepfold all such wolves as I used to be; and if a second Lord Wynfield seeks to enter, I will receive him, if not quite with open arms, yet with all respect and hearty goodwill.

But "*Et in Arcadiâ ego*"—and so I went to bury myself once more in Eulenburg.

For their part, the Fenwick party remained in Paris throughout the season, proceeded thence to Nice, or some such place, and were at Rome in time for Easter. One day, while there, it happened that Alice had been with some acquaintances to some one of the services which are especially attractive to foreign spectators. In the seat next to her was a lady, who, however, did not seem to have come, like most of those in

that part of the church, with the object of curiosity or amusement, for her whole demeanour was that of real devotion; and yet, at the same time, she seemed but little familiar with the form or nature of the function at which she was assisting. What made Alice take particular notice of her was her extreme but singular beauty, which was of a type belonging to no particular nation, for it was perfectly fair, and yet was certainly not of the north. The two remained in the same place until, the ceremony being over, they found themselves at the door of the church; and then, for the first time, their eyes met. Those of the stranger, although of a deep, soft colour, were bright and flashing, so that those of Alice fell before them. The latter felt, she knew not why, as though the other had sought to read her soul, and she was afraid. At the same time she heard a bearded and long-haired Frenchman say to a companion,—

"*Tiens, Félix!* There is Madame de Paro."

The other looked at the stranger with grave attention. "No," he answered, slowly, "that is not Madame de Paro, unless Madame de Paro has found a soul since she was in Paris."

"She would scarcely have found one there, *ce cher Paris!* But it is her body at all events," replied the first; and they went away.

Alice remembered having heard of that singular person when in Paris, and also of her having been

acquainted with Lewis Melvil; and so regretted not having observed her more closely. Her regret, however, was short-lived; for the very same evening, at a large ball, she met the same lady again, dressed in her usual style of white and gold, with the Greek head-dress, and with the embroidered lace scarf upon her shoulder.

Before long the two found themselves side by side.

"That was glorious music this morning," said the Princess, apparently for the sake of saying something. "We were neighbours there, were we not?"

"I remember seeing you there. I enjoyed the music extremely."

"I did not enjoy it at all," replied Madame de Paro. "I enjoy the chirping of a sparrow better. It was glorious—but it was glorious pain."

"You do not love music?" asked Alice timidly, and, like most people who conversed with the Princess, not quite knowing what her companion meant.

"Love it?" the latter asked, hesitatingly; "well, I suppose I do, but I don't know. I am always glad and relieved when it is over, and I know nothing about it. But, pardon me," she added, "am I right in thinking that you are Mademoiselle Fenwick?—I thought so. Have you heard of Monsieur Melvil lately?" This she said suddenly, with a slight rush of colour into the face that was usually so pale and undisturbed.

Alice, in her turn, flushed with a far deeper crimson. "No," she said. She again felt the glow of the sapphire eyes.

"For I have a message for him," replied the Princess. "Do you know where he is? Do you correspond with him?"

Alice felt as though the eyes were piercing into her heart; but,

resolved to yield up none of its secrets, she met them boldly and calmly. "He is now, I believe, at Eulenburg," she answered, quietly, "but we have no correspondence with him."

"Ah, at Eulenburg!" exclaimed Madame de Paro, with a touch of something triumphant in her voice. "Thanks. My dear girl, we must be friends," she added, with a charming smile, from which all the old coldness seemed banished. "Where are you living? I will call upon you if I may."

"I shall be delighted," answered Alice, although rather taken aback at the proposal; "and I am sure that papa——"

"I have been introduced to Sir John already; so that is settled, and you will see me very soon. And now good-night—I always keep early hours."

She rose up from her chair rather suddenly, the result of which movement was, that the lace scarf which she always wore over her left shoulder slipped partly off. With a look of alarm she quickly pulled it up and replaced it in its usual folds; but not before Alice had seen that it concealed a long black stain, coloured like a fresh bruise, which disfigured her shoulder, her breast, and the upper part of her arm, all of which were otherwise of such marble whiteness.

The manner and words of the Princess in mentioning Melvil had been such as to lead any one to suppose that there was some relation between herself and him of a stronger kind than that of artist and patron, and so it seemed to Alice; and yet the latter was puzzled at it only, and not in the least really disturbed. No one, somehow, ever seemed to be jealous of the Princess de Paro, with all her beauty.

VIII.

"Alice," said the Princess, as they were sitting together one morning, "you still have something more than I."

"I do not know what it can be, then." She was still rather afraid of her new friend; but a week of frequent intercourse had given a peculiar form to her fear, and had mingled with it that feeling of trust which the weaker of two natures entertains towards the stronger.

"Look into your own heart and then into mine. You have life—that I have also: you love——"

"Princess!"

"Is it not so? That also I have obtained; but there is one gift which is not mine even yet—the gift of being loved."

Alice was silent. She had not the least desire to receive these strange confidences.

"Do you think I cannot see it in his eyes—hear it in his voice? He, too, flies from the summer to your presence, and loves it only through you. No; to live and to love is not the whole of earthly happiness. What is beauty if it is not loved, and love if it is not returned? And this gift I have yet to obtain."

"But——"

"Teach me, Alice," continued the Princess, drawing the young girl still more closely towards her—"teach me the secret of becoming loved."

Alice looked at her with all her eyes. "Surely it is not for me to teach that to you, so beautiful, so clever, so amiable; surely you have only to wish it, and you will be loved."

"It needs a wish, then? I had hoped that love made love. But so be it. You have taught me what I asked, and I am resolved to know the whole. Before long I too will be loved, even as you are loved by him—by—— His name,

dear child?" she asked, with a smile: "these English names——"

Alice was alternately red and pale. "His name?" she asked, tremblingly.

"Is it then so difficult to name him who loves one?" asked the Princess; "surely not! I should have thought he would be named with pride, whoever he might be." She spoke as though she meant to be obeyed.

"Do you mean—Lewis Melvil?" said Alice, with an effort.

"Lewis Melvil!" exclaimed Madame de Paro, no longer with a smile. "Are you dreaming, child?"

Poor Alice was ready to sink under the earth for confusion and shame. She had indeed been dreaming; but she had talked in her sleep, and the secret of her dream was no longer her own.

Madame de Paro shrank from her side. "So it is he whom you love, and not Lord Wynfield?—I have the name now," she said.

Alice did not answer, but only looked down upon the floor in a state of distress that was pitiable.

"And so this is the happiness of love!" the Princess continued. "You love him, and you marry another."

"Pray do not ask me any more," said Alice. "I did not mean, indeed——"

"What did you not mean? And does he love you also, this Lewis Melvil?"

"I hope not now."

"And you shall have your hope—that I promise you. Are you sure he loves you? Has he told you so? But I forget—I thought that was all over." The last few words she seemed to speak to herself.

"Why do you not marry him, then?" she asked again. "Tell me—do not be afraid," she said, more kindly. "I am not angry—why should I be? Are we not

friends? Only I cannot see what should stand in the way of love." And so she petted and caressed, and talked softly to her, until Alice, little by little, really felt a need to pour her confidence into such apparently sympathising ears.

"I must marry Lord Wynfield," she said. "It is to obey and to save my father."

And then, by degrees, she told her story, which, to those who are versed in the literature of fiction, will seem as commonplace as a story can be. Whether it is equally commonplace in real life I do not pretend to know, nor—as I am not writing fiction—is it my place to care.

But in order that I may, for the sake of those who have a proper horror of the commonplace, make the story as short as possible, I will tell it in my own words. It came to this, that Alice had taken it into her head to fall in love with a penniless painter, and had listened to him when he told her of his love, without thinking any harm; nor, of all men in the world, ought I to blame her for it. But the same pure and strong heart which had led her in this matter to act naturally, and, speaking after the manner of men, imprudently, made her also, in spite of everything, a good, affectionate, and obedient daughter. Her father came to see ruin staring him in the face, and worse than ruin; and I sincerely hope that no one, even among the most romantically disposed of my readers, will seriously maintain that a daughter is not justified in giving up a lover in order to save her father from disgrace, and both him and many of her family from certain poverty and probable want. And that was the manner of the en-

gagement of Alice Fenwick to Lord Wynfield, who, by the way, was by no means a bad fellow. He was qualified in every way to fill respectably all the respectable situations of life, including the rich peerage to which he was heir, and which would be more than able, by its alliance, not only to save the house of Fenwick from downfall, but to raise it higher than ever. After all, the sacrifice of her love by a woman is at least as noble as making sacrifices to it, and has the advantage, besides, of being necessarily unselfish. I hope, therefore, that my defence of Alice Fenwick will prove satisfactory. If not, I cannot say that my own admiration for her will fall even by the shadow of a shade; and if I am satisfied, that, under the circumstances, I hold to be fully sufficient.

But, I must admit, the opinion of Madame de Paro was entirely different. She did not say so, however; she only said,—

"You are a good and brave girl. Do not vex yourself about Melvil; he shall not suffer—he shall love you no more."

She spoke as though she really possessed the power of controlling the feelings of others. But this was by no means what Alice desired. She might be something of a heroine, but she was, after all, a woman: and how, then, could she bear to lose the love of him whom she loved, even though her loss would render him resigned to lose her, and happy, perhaps, in spite of her marriage with a rival? I do not call this feeling jealousy. It is too natural and too pure: or, if it must be called so, it only proves that even the worst of feelings has its good side, even as the best has its bad.

IX.

It was very soon after the date of this conversation that I, seated once more in my old room at

Eulenburg, received the following note:—

"The Princess de Paro begs to

remind Herr Melvil of his promise that he would paint a second portrait of her. She will be at Eulenburg within a week of his receiving this."

And it was not many days afterwards that I received this also:—

"The Princess de Paro is arrived, and will be glad to see Herr Melvil at any hour to-morrow between eleven and two."

It is impossible to be always at the same pitch of moral depression; and even to me, heart-wounded as I really was, Eulenburg was not the same place as Paris—that is to say, I missed my friends, and the pleasures that would have given me at least distraction, if they failed to afford me genuine amusement or interest.

Doctor Mohnkopf, excellent old gentleman as he was, was not Félix Laurent—not to speak of other things; and so I was really glad of the appearance of my mysterious Princess once more upon the scene of my *ennui*. I was with her very soon after eleven.

But was this the Princess de Paro whom I saw? Was this the cold-eyed lady of the Marble Mines—the cloud of snow and gold that Félix had sketched for me?

Let me describe her now if I can. Formerly I excused myself, and with good reason, for not having succeeded in setting before my reader the picture of a living woman. Now, however, if I fail to do so, the fault is wholly mine.

She was the same, and yet not the same. The wonderful form was unchanged; but she was no longer only a sculptor's model. She was now rather for the painter. And I had to paint her who would have been Titian's triumph or despair! The thing was then as far out of the reach of my colours as it is now out of the reach of my words. Imagine Aphrodite just risen from the sea, Paphia bursting into life at the prayer of Pygmalion, Hera after borrowing the *cestus*, Helen—Bah! It is not to describe a woman, this

wandering back to hackneyed types. And yet these are the best examples, too, were they not so worn as to convey no longer any definite and living idea.

I will try again, in another way. When, being then quite a child, I first read 'The Abbot' of Sir Walter Scott—whether it was the result of the suggestive power of the author, or of my own imagination, or of a mixture of both, I know not—I evolved a Mary Stewart, whose image has never been affected by anything that I have subsequently read or learned about her. I always pictured her, and I picture her still, not as a woman merely, but as my representative woman, in all her strength and weakness, in all her largeness and littleness: and I gave her a *physique* in accordance with my idea. Whatever she may have been historically, to me she is tall and full of figure, with long limbs and strong, and yet as tender and delicate as those of a young girl; full of the strength of health, into which no idea of coarseness or grossness enters, and with flesh which, though round and firm, would shrink and bruise at the slightest touch that is not of love. Her white skin, pale everywhere, and rather like satin than like velvet in texture, suggests, like the "*Andalouse au sein bruni*," the hues of autumn rather than of the spring or summer: but her mouth is of the noon of summer and her eyes of the morning of spring—that is to say, express richness of passion and brightness of mind. She is one in whom Rizzio, the delicate southern poet, and Bothwell, the rough northern soldier, alike find their ideal of womanhood; in whom I—to be egotistic—first found mine, child as I was, and for whose sake I regretted that I had not been the George Douglas, who, having loved her from a distance, came to die at last under the rain of her tears. And now I saw her before me, and did not fall down before her feet.

It was certainly not because I

was of a cold nature, for coldness on such occasions has never been one of my qualities : it was not that I had outlived my romance, for I was not more than five-and-twenty, and was most romantically in love ; and among men love for one woman by no means lessens the power of the beauty of others. And yet, even as I had formerly looked on her as I should have looked on a statue, so I now regarded her as if she had been a beautiful picture, which one loves with the mind only. Even her voice, which had acquired a warm softness of tone in addition to its pure clearness—and, worker in form and colour as I am, it is by the voice that I am ever most attracted or repelled—did no more than charm my actual bodily ears. I felt positively angry with myself for my unaccountable coldness ; and all the more angry because even then I was unable to account for it on the ground of my love for Alice Fenwick.

It was certainly a very different thing from what it had been in Paris to endeavour to reproduce her now upon canvas. The fact that the likeness had to be the same in form only added to the difficulty : it was like trying to fill old bottles with new wine. It is superfluous for me to say that I failed completely and ignominiously ; nor could any one have been more conscious that I had failed than myself.

But she seemed to perceive other reasons for my having been unsuccessful than those which I have mentioned.

"I am not surprised," she said, "though I own I am disappointed. By the way," she asked suddenly, putting one of those abrupt and odd questions of hers, to which, however, I had by this time nearly grown accustomed, "What do you suppose was the origin of painting?"

"That is rather a wide historical inquiry, is it not, Madame?"

"Is there not some legend——"

"Oh, you mean the story of the

lady who traced her lover's shadow on the wall with a lump of charcoal, and wrote under it, I suppose, *amor pinxit?*"

"That is what I mean. And I imagine that that portrait, at least, was no failure."

"I have no doubt it served its purpose."

"And that is more than yours does."

"I am most sorry——"

"Oh, it is of no real consequence. I hold you to your promise, and you will try again."

"And fail again. You are beyond my skill, Madame."

"At present I may be ; but not next time. Next time you will not only not fail but succeed admirably."

"Then, in that case, by next time I shall have become the greatest portrait-painter since the world began."

"You will be the equal of the girl who traced the shadow."

"I confess, Madame, that, fail as I may, my ambition would not be quite content with that."

"Your ambition could find no loftier object. Only wait. Both of us have many things to learn."

I imagine that I do but plead guilty to an incapacity common to all writers who have ever attempted to report a conversation when I apologise for having tried to report that of Madame de Paro by such a tame, spiritless collection of common words as this. It was not with words that she talked now, but with eyes that did far more than speak with slight but eager movements, and with flashes of colour, which made what she actually said of far less consequence than how she said it. I have therefore abstained from quoting one of her spoken words that did not seem to me to be in itself of special significance ; and I have, at the same time, taken care not to supply any defect on the part of my memory by any effort on that of my imagination. I am

only sorry, once more, that I am so poor a word-painter; but I doubt if, in this case, the greatest poet could really do more than I have done.

A day or two passed without my seeing anything more of my Princess, though I certainly heard enough about her. She was not a person to remain many days even in Paris without becoming the topic of general conversation and curiosity; and, *a fortiori*, it did not take many hours to produce the same result in a place like Eulenburg. She kept herself very close, however, and was seen but very little abroad or in people's houses, although she had excellent introductions. One of the peculiarities about her was the manner in which a person who was really so unknown as she, seemed to be accepted everywhere by the best society. But, though I heard plenty of admiration expressed for her beauty, I doubt if here, any more than in Paris, any of her own sex had the least cause to be jealous about it for a moment: and I do not think that the most romantic of art-students would for her sake have deserted his easel, or have been tempted by the prospect of her society to lose a single morning of sunshine. It seemed that she spoke the literal truth when she said that Alice Fenwick, whose beauty was not to be compared with hers, had something or other in her nature that was wanting to that of the Princess de Paro.

But something far more interesting to myself than even the visit of the Princess put all other matters out of my head completely for the time. It was the following piece of news which I happened to see in an English newspaper:—

“We learn from Rome of the serious illness of Lord Wynfield, eldest son of the Earl of ——. The state of the noble lord is such as to cause considerable anxiety to his medical attendants, and, though not dangerous, is, we are sorry to learn, eminently critical.”

But what, it may be asked, was this to me? Even if Lord Wynfield should die, not the faintest real difference would be brought about in my own circumstances. I should still be as far off as ever from attaining the desire of my soul. I was neither his heir nor his next brother; and, without being one or the other, his death could no longer improve my position with regard to Alice: nor, indeed, having now been regularly rejected, upon what I could not but think worldly grounds, was I very likely to renew the struggle, even were the field ever again really and practically open to my attempt. Still, however, as may easily be imagined, the news was by no means ungrateful to me. Hope in such cases can scarcely be said to have given its very last gasp until the church-door has closed upon the very last of the returning bridesmaids; and this was now not likely to take place for some time. I do not accuse myself of going the length of consciously wishing the death of Lord Wynfield, but I should not like to have to analyse my unconscious wishes too closely.

As may be supposed, I perpetually looked in the English papers in order to learn whatever particulars they might give as to the condition of Lord Wynfield from time to time; but of this I learned nothing more. I did not even know whether he was still in Rome, and I had no acquaintance there from whom I could inquire. At last, however, in the ‘Times,’ I saw something that was news indeed, although it affected Lord Wynfield but indirectly.

The piece of news was this, that Sir John Fenwick, to whom I had always looked up with awe and wonder as a typical pillar of commercial magnificence and stability, had fallen down from his place, and had—apparently, for his character was thoroughly cleared afterwards—turned out to be nothing more than a very ordinary, though for so

long a very successful, rogue. Lord Wynfield, I believe, knew of the imminence of the downfall, which, had he kept his health, he would have been able to avert ; but the seeming roguery was as new to him as it was to the rest of the world.

X.

Now it was that the Princess began in truth to try the effect of her undoubted beauty, and strive to bring entirely to her feet him who had been carried from before those of her likeness, the lost statue, by Alice Fenwick ; and at the same time, although he was her principal quarry, she did not seem to be unwilling to collect all that she could under her power. And yet in every case, and not only in that of Lewis Melvil, she still met with uniform failure ; and this although all were unanimous in declaring her to be the most beautiful and *spirituelle* of women, so that to have had even the reputation of having an affair with her would in itself have been a distinction. As she had herself as much as said to Alice, there was still something incomplete about her that seemed to divide her from the world.

That she herself was aware of this would seem to be the case, from the train of thought in which she indulged when sitting at the open window of her house in the suburbs of Eulenburg one fine autumn morning. I believe that I have already formally announced to the reader that I do not hold myself bound to account in every case for the manner in which I choose to be acquainted with all the details of this history. If he has forgotten it, I now announce it once more.

"And so it is not true, as I supposed, and as men choose to fancy and pretend, that still the fairest needs must rule the world ; since to be loved one must be more than fair, and even love and beauty buy

No sooner had I learned this news than, acting upon the best impulse that ever man had, I wrote at once to my friend Mrs Dalton, enclosing at the same time a letter to her niece.

not love, for there is none with beauty like to mine, nor is there one who loves as well as I—and yet I am not loved.

"Thus mine is not the life that I would learn. I have learned nothing but the pain of life—painful with all its sweetness. I did not desire to live that I might pour forth all and receive nothing. That is for the things of Art—for statues, pictures ; not for me, a living, loving woman.

"I am no marble, content to give its beauty and its grace without a word of thanks : I am no picture, absorbing all the glory of the light only to shed it in a greater glory of red and gold and blue : I am no violet, that blossoms and is sweet, although no eye beholds and blesses it : I am no rose, whose life is all fulfilled when it is plucked, robbed of its spirit, and then thrown aside. Shall, then, my body be no better prized — my eyes draw in no part of the world's beauty for my own pleasure ? Shall my heart be warm, and my soul's glory great, without reward ? Should hunger be made full and thirst be quenched, yet love keep dry and empty ?

"My last wish shall not be made in vain. When the time comes I will desire no more such poor half gifts as those I have obtained. For still one wish is left to me to use—and, by that last, I will not live in vain.

"But that my last may not, like those, be wasted, I will test once more my own strength and my beauty's power ; and then, if that should fail, then I will use my

third, last wish—for I must needs be loved.”

Truly any one who looked on her in her reverie would have wondered that she should need any gift for conquest other than the life and beauty and heart full of love that she had already. That she herself was fully convinced that, in one way or another, she could not fail, might be read in the expression of consciously expected triumph to which her first look of weariness had now given way. Certainly Alice Fenwick had plenty of reason to fear for the heart and faith of her lover, if she valued them still.

Just as the Princess had reached this point, Lewis Melvil himself passed by, and, looking up, saw her as she sat framed, as it were, with the late roses that still climbed and blossomed round the window, and hung down over her golden head. An actual blush came over her face, and her eyes deepened and brightened as their looks met. By a sign she invited him to enter.

This time she did not mention her portrait; an omission at which he was not a little relieved. Indeed her whole conversation was of an altogether different tone from that which was habitual to it. It corresponded with her manner, which, for her, was strangely soft and tender—it was almost caressing. There is a well-known picture of Titian which on many grounds I consider a masterpiece, and which is own sister to the poem of Shakespeare called ‘Venus and Adonis.’ Read in connection with the poem, which is an easy thing to do, it expresses the moment of the disdainful smile that a second time strikes the “poor queen of love, in her own law forlorn.” I pride myself upon a special comprehension of the idea of it, and with some reason; having known, as I have known, one who could be blind and deaf to the Princess de Paro. The idea that any mere mortal should impassively withstand and reject the love of the

queen of love herself may in itself seem monstrous, unless he were fortified by some such celestial vision as comforted St Anthony in his struggles; but to me it has a peculiar significance. Even Venus herself, according to orthodox mythology, needed something besides her own beauty and her own love to make her triumph sure. She also needs a magic girdle; and as yet the Princess de Paro had not donned that final resource of hers which she had seemed to claim in her reverie.

I hope that I have not by any chance suggested, by my allusion either to Titian or to Shakespeare, any return on the part of my princess of the nineteenth century to the Arcadian or Phœnician style of love-making. If I have done so, I have done her much wrong. The old story was reproduced by her in no grosser form than old stories are daily being reproduced among us every day in the simple forms and colours that eyes and voices and changes of tone and complexion afford. But then it is just these simple forms and colours that are most dangerous. In these modern times, and in Western nations, sentiment is not so much the herald as the very mother of passion.

As I wish to leave as strong an impression as I am able to give in a very few words of the influence to which Lewis Melvil ought, upon every consideration of probability, to have been subjected by her, and to which she, for her part, did her very best to subject him, I shall not make any attempt to give the words of any of the conversations to which these remarks of mine refer. It is almost invariably the case that the words which mean most to the ear when spoken convey least to the mind when written; for an actual word, when it means most, is itself always the least part of itself. Excepting in logical discussion, when words are used to represent purely intellectual ideas, and have no more life in them.

than algebraic symbols, people really speak, not with words, but with tones, looks, and gestures, which cannot be represented by the letters of the alphabet. Save in order to elucidate their story or to develop a character, I am not sure that novelists and narrators would not do wisely, on the whole, if they were to abstain from reporting the words of conversations altogether; if they were to describe their effect merely, and not, by extracting from them the dead part, only succeed in giving their readers either a false idea or else no idea at all. It requires a certain amount of special genius and a special kind of cultivation on the part of a reader to understand talk on paper, as any one who has only read a play of Shakespeare finds out with surprise if he ever has the rare good fortune to hear it put into life by a competent actor.

For my own part, the only conditions upon which I would, save in order to comply with the necessary demands of narration, and with a view to the direct explanation of facts and motives, set forth any words purporting to be those of the Princess de Paro, would be, that I might be at liberty to throw them into a professedly poetic form, so as to idealise them far more than is ever allowable in prose; and that then they should not be read privately, but declaimed on a public stage by an actress such as I have seen in imagination only. Still better would it be, perhaps, if they could be given in musical recitative by some *quasi-contralto* voice, such as I have actually heard, and hope again to hear, to the accompaniment, now of some full-chorded harmony of Spohr, and now, I think, of some overflowing melody of the *gran maestro* who died last year. Then I should wish that while the audience listened in perfect silence and in perfect repose—for which reason the performance should not take place in any theatre with which I am acquainted—the other senses

should be gratified also: among other things, there should be a fugitive and vague perfume of mixed flowers, among which the daphne should hold a prominent place. And yet the scene should not take place at night, under a flare of artificial light and heat. There must be no roof over our heads to interpose between the music of sounds and perfumes and the sun and blue sky. The birds and bees and all natural sounds that seem to mingle with rather than disturb all other music should have full permission to form a chorus *ad libitum*; and in the distance should be just audible the faint plash of a calm sea. I have it—the theatre of the Acropolis must be restored—and then I will see what I can do.

Meanwhile I will only ask my reader to imagine as much as he possibly can, and then to believe that Lewis Melvil remained still unmoved. At last Madame de Paro must have thought that she had sufficiently put her unaided beauty to the test, and that it was time to form that third and last wish by which the young artist was to be made hers wholly and for ever. Up to this moment, although she had seemed perfectly unrestrained outwardly, her whole soul had been on the strain; but now she allowed herself to relax. She could not nerve herself to a full effort of what is called “will”—or, as I should prefer to term it, the free indulgence of a single unmixed impulse—all at once, and without some preparation. She needed to change her attitude and gather herself together before she sprang. Her heart became filled with anxious fear, the glowing light died from her face, and her eyes fell. She felt languid and weak, and an intense longing came upon her to reverse the position which she intended to bring about, and instead of bringing Melvil to her feet by an effort of strength, to sink down, in utter helplessness, at his. As for Melvil himself, little did he think that these signs of

weakness were only intended to herald his own captivity. Presently she began to raise her eyes through the arch of roses to the blue sky.

Eternal mingling of poetry and prose! The very words were on the lips of her heart when a tap was heard at the door, and there appeared the squat figure and expressionless face of the curator of the museum, Doctor Mohnkopf. He had become acquainted with Madame de Paro during her stay at Eulenburg, but not well; and neither did she find any pleasure in his society nor he in hers. Indeed he infinitely preferred marble to flesh and blood, and would have gladly sacrificed a thousand Princesses de Paro, or of anywhere else, if by so doing he stood a chance of recovering the missing statue. The Hercyna was unique; but there were plenty of women in the world—and all, as he used to think, turned out after much the same pattern, so that a few hundreds more or less would make no difference. Holding these opinions, it may be supposed that he was not very popular with the sex which he thus professed to despise.

"*Guten Morgen, gnäd'ge Frau,*" he said to the lady, who looked at him as though she knew how to hate as well as to love; "it is right beautiful weather, and good for the harvest. A letter came to the museum yesterday directed to Herr Melvil—in passing, I stopped at his house to deliver it. There I heard that he had been seen come in here, so I brought it in, as it was marked 'Immediate.' Excuse me, *gnäd'ge Frau,*" and he handed me the letter.

She bowed to the curator not over-politely.

"May I open it?" asked Melvil. "It is marked 'Immediate,' and I recognise the hand." His heart beat as he spoke, for it was from Mrs Dalton.

"Certainly," answered the Princess.

Without even remembering to

thank the Herr Doctor for his good-nature—who, after trying clumsily to say a few civil things to the Princess, took his departure—Melvil opened his letter; and very soon was rude enough to forget the presence of Madame de Paro herself, who, poor lady, sat and watched him silently and anxiously as he read.

Two sheets of paper fell from the envelope. The first which he read was this:—

"30 — SQUARE, LONDON.

"MY DEAR MR MELVIL, — I — we, I should say—cannot thank you half enough for your most kind letter. We are indeed in terrible trouble, of which not the least part is the dreadful things people say; though how they can believe them of Sir John, who has always been so respected, I cannot understand. Your letter was therefore all the more welcome. It was just what I should have expected from you, however—not that everybody has done at all what one expected. We cannot afford to lose any of our friends now; and so, once more, it was very good of you to write. If there is anything you can really do, I will not hesitate to let you know. You mean what you say, I am sure.

"Of course poor Alice's marriage has had to be broken off. I don't know, I'm sure, what she is to do, poor child! I gave her your enclosure, and she says she is going to answer it; so I will not say more about that myself. I should be so glad, only don't do anything imprudent. You must think of yourself as well as of us; and we are not in a position to think for you.

"I am sure Sir John would wish to be remembered to you if he knew I was writing, only all his time is so taken up with the lawyers and people. How I hope we shall get through it all somehow. I myself, they tell me, shall have enough to scramble on with; but then you know when everybody else will be so poor that will be

the same as having nothing at all. But I suppose it's all for the best, if one could only see it. Once more, with my best thanks, and my best wishes, believe me, my dear Mr Melvil, yours most sincerely and gratefully,

"MARY ANNE DALTON."

This was the second :—

"17 — STREET.

"DEAR MR MELVIL,—My aunt has given me the letter you enclosed for me, and I reply to it as soon as possible. Of course I leave it to my aunt to thank you for your kind offers of help—I fear there is no one who can do anything for us that is worth doing—and come to that part which concerns myself. I certainly do not need to be reminded either of Eulenburg or of Paris." . . . (Here followed certain explanations which I now regret having already given in my own words, as I have thereby deprived myself of the pleasure of giving them in hers. The letter went on thus:) "But I cannot consent to be a burden on you, as I should be, for very many years to come, even if you are as successful as you deserve to be. You must not ruin yourself for my sake. Wait, at all events, until this cloud is over, and we all of us know how we are placed. That any fortune can be

saved—not that I do you such injustice as to suppose you think of that—is quite impossible, they say; but our name will at all events again be clear.

"Papa is much touched by your generosity, if you will let me call it so—it is his own word. He has seen your letter, of course, and he knows I am writing this.

"If only for my sake, think well over your own position. I should never forgive myself if I thought you were in any way sacrificing yourself.—Believe me, yours most sincerely,

"ALICE FENWICK."

"Should you be in London, you will find us at this address."

Victoria! "Be in London?"—as fast as horses can gallop! which, by the way, was not very fast on the post-roads in those times, especially about Eulenburg.

"Madame! How can I apologise?—I have been very rude——"

"You have received good news—I read it in your face. That is more than sufficient apology. May I congratulate you?"

"You may congratulate me a thousand times."

The moment of Madame de Paro's final triumph was rapidly approaching now. Certainly it was altogether a most unfortunate time for Alice Fenwick.

XI.

It is not difficult to tell from what country a letter comes, even by casually glancing at the outside, when one's eyes are as quick and as good as those of the Princess de Paro; and, seeing that that of Melvil came from England, and coupling this fact with that of his joyful excitement, her heart was filled with jealousy of her English rival. The jealousy was utterly unreasonable, it is true, seeing that she professed to have the power to at once remove all cause for it; but

then love is not always reasonable in its proceedings, and jealousy never, as I think I have said before.

"It is not so usual," she said, "to witness happiness, that one does not wish to share it when it comes in one's way."

"It is rather selfish happiness, I am afraid."

"But we are friends, are we not? And I have heard that friendship doubles pleasure. Am I right in thinking that your news is of Miss Fenwick?"

"Miss Fenwick? Do you know anything of her, then?"

"Do not look as though you took me for a sorceress. You showed me her picture in Paris, and I met her at Rome."

"My news is of Miss Fenwick, certainly. But it is not good—that is——"

"And yet you are happy?" she asked, with hope in her voice. "Is she ill?"

"It is always happiness to be brought nearer to those we—to our friends, even though it is by their descent to us and not by our ascent to them. No, she is not ill, thank God! But she is now as poor as I am."

"She is to be married, I heard?"

"To Lord Wynfield, you mean? Not now."

"To yourself, then?"

"That is the hope of my life—and, if it depends upon her and me——"

"But it depends upon neither."

"On her father, you mean? But he——"

"On her father? No."

"On whom, then, Madame?"

"On me!"

She rose from her seat, and stood as if in truth she were Lachesis incarnate, holding in her hand the spindles of life.

It was certainly a startling assertion, to be made by one who was apparently in full health both of body and mind. Suddenly, however, she relaxed from her statuesque attitude, and said, with a sad smile,

"That was well acted, was it not? and would have brought down the house. I always thought I had some tragic talent—or comic, perhaps," she added, with a sigh that was certainly no piece of acting; "which was it? After such a *coup*, I must dismiss you to-day, if you will excuse me. But only for to-day, mind. I shall expect to see you again soon—and to see you still as happy, though perhaps not quite in the same way."

She was alone again, with her

own chamber and the sky that was still blue through the roses.

"And now for my triumph," she said to herself, "and it shall be brought about solemnly."

She paced her room in deep thought, or rather in a deep dream; for they were emotions rather than conscious thoughts that were chasing each other through her heart. An hour passed by thus, and still she had not yet uttered the wish that was to insure her life and victory.

"Is it that I fear the fulness of life?" she asked herself. "Is it that I dare to love, yet dare not be loved?"

But her question remained unanswered. Whether she dared this or not, she dared not utter the word.

Then she left off the continual pacing backwards and forwards through the room, and threw herself upon a couch far from the window. It was now the afternoon. She lay there for long, wondering at the weakness that forbade her to reach out her hand to the prize that lay almost within it.

She lay there until the sun was going down, and the room had grown dim; for though the weather was still bright and warm, it was sufficiently within the province of autumn for the days to be rapidly shortening. Thus she remained in passive silence, while the war within her grew more and more defined, until at last, little by little, the space between the two opposing armies of emotions became open and unconfused.

It declared itself to be the old battle which is always taking place in so many different forms—the strife between one's love for another solely for that other's sake, and one's love for that other for the sake of one's self: in this case, between her desire for the happiness of Melvil simply because she loved him, and her desire for his happiness in order that thereby she herself might be rendered

happy. It is a battle that takes place, consciously or unconsciously, not only in respect of this special kind of love, but of every other kind—of the love of parents for children, of patriots for their country, of philanthropists for their kind. The Princess de Paro could insure the happiness of him she loved by simply abstaining from using the hitherto unused power that she professed to be hers; but then she herself would suffer, and the whole object of her life would fail. She could secure the happiness of herself by making use of that power; but then, in order to secure that happiness for which she longed, she must render her future lover false, treacherous, and a coward, and unworthy of any woman's love; and besides, it by no means followed that he would find happiness in loving her. She must either sacrifice him to her or herself to him. But, after all, supposing she did make up her whole soul to sacrifice him, had she not lived solely for the purpose of gaining love? She certainly had not wished for life in order to live in misery and imperfection until she died. And now, in any case, she must continue to love this one man—she felt that she could love no other; so that, if she did not make him hers she must come to an end at last with her life incomplete and unfinished, having learned only the evil and sorrowful side of the world, while, at the same time, she had had the power to enjoy the good side also. This, at all events, must never be.

And so the darkness came on; and gradually her thoughts began again to wander, and to lose their concentration until they became rather a series of visible and almost tangible images, such as belong to dreams, than the invisible and intangible ideas that we usually mean when we speak of thoughts.

Now there are two theories held by archæologists as to the origin of the name *Eulenburg*, which I have already translated, "stronghold of

owls." The figurativist school, which is in the numerical majority, and comprehends especially the *savans* of all the towns in the immediate neighbourhood, ascribe it to the fact that its inhabitants are pre-eminently owlish, and given to day-dreaming; while the literalist school, of which Doctor Mohnkopf himself was a distinguished member, derive the name from the number of owls which do, in point of fact, frequent the neighbourhood—"Quite as much a sign," he says, in his treatise on the subject, "of the presence of the goddess of wisdom as of the god of dreams—if, indeed, the two are not the same person under different aspects."

But, however this may be, there were certainly owls at Eulenburg, both brown, black, white, and grey. Now, while I have great sympathy with these feathered philosophers, I am very ignorant of their real habits; so that, if any scientific objection is made to the following conversation that took place outside the open window of the Princess de Paro, but within her hearing, it is not I who am to be held responsible for taking liberties with natural history, but the creatures themselves: and no one ought to be so wedded to a system as to throw discredit on what he is told, merely because it does not happen to accord with his own necessarily limited experience.

Caspar.—"The evenings are getting rather chilly, I fancy."

Melchior.—"Yes—it is time our feathers began to thicken. What o'clock is it?"

Balthazar.—"The bell of the *Dom-Kirche* has just gone nine."

Caspar.—"I thought it was later. There is plenty of time, then. I am hardly awake yet."

Melchior.—"What a sleepy-headed old bird you are! You're never ready to set out. It's the early bird that picks up the mouse."

Balthazar.—"Yes; and they've got a new cat up at the barn; and new cats eat clean, you know."

Caspar.—"Well, I suppose I'm getting old, and like my sleep o' days better than I did. Perhaps, after all, cats are not such monsters if we could but consider them from their own stand-point. I suppose they have their use in the world."

Melchior.—"I don't know about that. They not only steal our game, but they don't object to a meal on ourselves."

Balthazar.—"Caspar, you see, can afford to be charitable; he knows that he would be such tough-eating."

Caspar.—"Any way, we needn't be in such a hurry to set out just yet. I like to begin the night with a little talk."

Melchior (to *Balthazar*).—"We'd better humour the old bird. I want to get out of him about that rat-hole, you know."

Balthazar.—"All right. We'll take it easy for a little, then. Only don't forget that that cat will be before us, that's all."

Caspar.—"Oh, there's plenty of time. What have you been thinking about to-day, *Melchior*?"

Melchior.—"I? Oh, my old subject—the origin and development of species. I have got as far as the development of apes into men—that is easy; but you see there is still a huge gap to fill up before we can ascend from man to the *Bubo*. Was there ever a feathered man, I wonder? There are fowls without feathers, they say—perhaps they are the connecting link."

Caspar.—"And you, *Balthazar*?"

Balthazar.—"Squaring the circle."

Caspar.—"And have you squared it yet?"

Balthazar.—"All but. And you?"

Caspar.—"I? I have been thinking about love!"

Melchior.—"Pallas Athene!"

Balthazar.—"Stars and poppies!"

Caspar.—"Don't swear, there's good birds. I am writing its history."

Melchior.—"Oh, that's quite another matter."

Balthazar.—"I thought you might have been mistaking pairing-time."

Caspar.—"The idea! Do you take me for a man, and suppose that I don't know when to marry and when not? But perhaps you can help me. I want some examples."

Melchior.—"Of what?"

Caspar.—"You must both of you have observed a good deal in your time. I want an instance of perfect human love. What is the most perfect love you ever knew?"

Melchior.—"Yes, I have seen and known much in my time; but that is a difficult question. Let me see."

Balthazar.—"And I too, as you say, have seen and known much. But I must consider."

Caspar.—"I have lived longer than either of you, and seen and known more; but my instance is very imperfect."

Melchior.—"What is it?"

Caspar.—"The most perfect love of which ever I heard was this: There was a certain knight of the Holy Temple loved a lady who loved him again; and so she slew herself that he whom she loved might remain pure in body and in soul."

Melchior.—"That is well; but I have known of a yet more perfect love. There was a young girl loved one who loved her not, nor even gave her a thought of kindness. And so she too slew herself, and sent him a flower, that he might give one kind thought to her before he also died."

Balthazar.—"That is well also; but I have known of yet more perfect love. She of whom I know lived and died unloved, but she lived that she might bestow upon him she loved all good gifts, nor did she ever seek to be loved again. So it is that scarcely the angels love mankind."

Caspar.—"That also is well; but I, as I blinked and dozed to-day, bethought me of a yet more

perfect love—the highest that may be shown by mortal man. But hark! What is that?"

Melchior.—"Ten o'clock by the *Dom-Kirche*!"

Balthazar.—"Off, then! The mice are at play."

Melchior.—"And the cat is not away."

Caspar.—"Fly, then; but not too fast, for my pinion-joints are getting stiff and rusty. If you should arrive first, leave a mouse or two for the old bird."

Melchior (to *Balthazar*).—"The cunning old rogue! He means to give us the slip as we go, and slink off to that private rat-hole."

Balthazar.—"Off, then! *Hu!*"

The moon, which had long been rising, now streamed broadly through the roses in the window and filled the room. The Princess de Paro suddenly rose from the couch on which she lay, and, standing upright, looked out into the night and towards the sky, which was still blue between the thin white clouds. The last stroke of the clock, the last cry of the owls, was still in her ears.

"Thus, then, I will make my last wish—and I make it with a firm and willing heart. Whatever it may prove, be it for sorrow or for joy, for life or for death, let me fulfil that highest, that most perfect love of all."

XII.

The moon, which streamed through the roses, streamed also once more into the long gallery of the museum, and again aroused its inhabitants to their nightly pastime. But it is not with these that I have to do. I mention them merely to recall the scene to mind.

Shall I be understood now when I also remind the reader that the next day was the 15th of September—the very day on which I received that sudden summons from Dr Mohnkopf of which I spoke at the beginning of this history? Shall I be understood now when I allude again to the wild fancy that rushed into my mind when I again looked on the long-lost Hercyna—to the fancy that afterwards developed itself into this narrative, of which I have been compelled, however unworthily, to assume the part of the hero? Would it could have ended otherwise than it did, and that Lewis Melvil had been other than I! And yet, no—the world would have lost a beautiful statue, and that it can ill afford to lose. I fear that I may seem to speak unfeelingly in the matter, thinking about it as I feel myself obliged to think. But however lightly, perhaps con-

ceitedly, I may appear to speak or to have spoken, it is not because fear and wonder were not then in my heart, or because the memory of it all is not in my heart even now. But, like those of my old acquaintance Caspar, the bones of my pinions are grown a little rusty, and so I hope to be excused for a little coldness of style.

I must also say something more. I have said already that the true story of the missing Hercyna as developed in the minds of my friend the curator and myself somehow made more impression upon him than upon me; in fact, that he, although I do not yield to him in fulness of belief—for had I not seen and known?—is to be held, rather than myself, its responsible author. I never afterwards saw him without his discussing the matter with me from beginning to end, and looking at it on all sides and from every possible point of view—more especially when his largest china bowl had twice been filled with his own especial *knaster*, and his own especial glass-bottomed and silver-covered mug had thrice been emptied and four times filled.

"My dear Ludwig," he said to me

the last time, alas! that I had the pleasure—for to me it was always a pleasure—of thus sitting with him,—“my dear Ludwig, it is as plain as that circle which just now escaped from my pipe and is at this moment hanging in the air. It is broken now, I see, but the result of the comparison is the same. But you have no sympathy, you see; and how could you? It was not in the programme. If you had, the sacrifice would have been in vain. I will tell you what the oldest owl was going to say when the clock struck.”

He looked by no means unlike an old owl himself, with his hooked nose, his blinking spectacled eyes, his short thick body, and his hair brushed up perpendicularly on each side of his bald head. I looked curious, for this had always been a difficulty with me; nor had the Herr Curator arrived at the explanation until after some few years of close thought, for I have had to pass over two or three years in order to introduce this conversation.

“You see,” he went on, “she did not sacrifice her love for the sake of one who loved her, like the Knight Templar’s lady. She did not sacrifice her life in order to be loved, like the girl with the flower. She did not satisfy her love by living for one who loved her not, but for the sake of one who loved her not she sacrificed her love. We have therefore seen more than those old birds, Ludwig, men though we are, and as yet unfeathered—though, if there be other souls like that, some of us will mount wings one of these days.”

“But that I, of all men in the world, should be deemed worthy of such a sacrifice!”

“It is true that you were utterly unworthy of it,” answered Doctor Mohnkopf, politely; “but that question belongs to a different branch of mysteries. I have always observed that in these cases one party is invariably unworthy of the other. Generally, of course, it is the wo-

man who is unworthy of the man”—he professed misogyny, be it remembered—“but it does sometimes happen, as in your case, my dear Ludwig, that the man is not worthy to clean the woman’s shoes.”

“I am quite willing to assent,” I replied.

“But then, on the other hand,” he said, “your unworthiness only makes the sacrifice the stronger. It was not as though she was by any means your slave: she was a free agent. There must be sympathy to bring about moral subjection. Ah!” he added, “would I had been thirty years younger!” and he heaved a sigh, which made him look like a very sentimental old owl indeed. I could not forbear smiling at the idea that he apparently entertained.

“You may smile,” he said, “but that only proves that you do not understand me. That she should ever have loved *me* is a ridiculous notion—almost as ridiculous as the idea that she loved you; but she would not have ended without having been loved—ay, and she shall not, even now, unless marble is harder than I think.” He paused, and for some minutes sat and smoked in the silence either of thoughts or of dreams. I was gradually also beginning to grow unconscious of where I was, and to wander into strange and obscure regions, when I again heard the Doctor’s voice through the smoke. He did not, however, seem to be addressing me individually—indeed I doubt if he was aware of my presence. His voice sounded like that of a professor addressing a class of which I happened to be a member.

“It is written in the Talmud, as the saying of Rabbi Baruch ben Elias, that ‘love is better than sacrifice.’ It is written in the Museum of Eulenburg, as the deed of a graven image, that sacrifice is better than love.”

It was decidedly a fixed idea with the old gentleman; and, as I have said, he took to showing his sym-

pathy with the statue in the only way in which, I conjecture, sympathy with a statue can well be shown—that is to say, by spending part of every day in its company. I do not imagine that he went so far as to suppose that any sympathetic current could really flow between himself and a piece of marble, but he certainly acted as though he supposed it. He was always a man of the most extremely regular habits, so that he, for his own part, made a real sacrifice in altering them so as to gain time for these daily devotions; but the merit of it did not last for long, since these visits of his very soon became a second nature to him which he could not have broken through even if he would. Every day, at the same hour, would the Herr Curator take up his position in front of the Hercyna, heedless of students and visitors. There he would sit in silence, at first with his eyes open and fixed on the form before him. Then, by degrees, his eyes would begin to blink, and his head to make sudden jerks forwards. At last it would fall completely upon his breast; his eyes would close, his mouth would become open, while the silence of the place would be most unmusically disturbed. As days grew to years, and years increased in number, these fits of sleep commenced sooner and lasted longer; until, like the Knight of Toggenburg,—

So he laid him down and slumbered,
With no dream of pain,
And rejoicing, when the morning
Came to him again :
So for many a day he sat there,
So for many a year,
Keeping silence, till the vision
Should again appear :

So he sat, till dead one morning
Slept he in the place,
Towards the spot where he beheld her
Turning still his face.

And now that I have told the whole of what I undertook to tell, I do not know whether it is incumbent upon me or not to add anything about my own love-story, which, however interesting it may

have been, and is, to its hero, must not be assumed by him to be in itself, and for its own sake, necessarily interesting to others. Were it not for its connection with the episode of the Princess de Paro, from which it was inseparable, it would never have been told at all. But, knowing that there are plenty of people who, being poor I suppose in the matter of imagination, always like to be told, in so many words, the end of everything, I will indulge myself by making my last words relate to my dear Alice, who has also, for some years past, after a good and pure and happy life, gone to that land of shadows, towards which I, too, have made no little progress. Indeed, of all my *dramatis personæ* I am now the only one who is still a living reality.

As may, I should hope, be imagined even by those who call out most loudly for formal *dénouements*, I left Eulenburg at once, was soon in London, and lost no time in calling on Sir John Fenwick, who certainly received me in a manner very different from that of former times. He was evidently rejoiced and relieved at the thought of his daughter's having found a husband and protector under circumstances in which the misery of ruin was enhanced by suspicion and slander. But still, like his daughter, he would consent to no engagement till matters should have grown clearer; and he altogether showed a real generosity and delicacy towards myself at which I was then inexperienced enough to be surprised, and which I then did him the injustice of ascribing to the effect of our altered position towards each other. I did not then see that, to whatever extent he had formerly been opposed to or prejudiced against me, he had always been actuated, if not by the highest, yet by good motives; and that, in reality, it had been for me to prove my worth in his eyes, and by no means for him to prove his in mine.

In this position matters remained for some time—in a state, that is, which was half satisfactory to me by reason of my having become so unexpectedly, and after so much unhappiness, the accepted and openly-declared lover of Alice—half unsatisfactory still, by reason of there being no prospect of our being married for very many years to come. I had the whole of my way in life still to make—it was scarcely even begun; and so, I need hardly say, considering my very uncertain position and my very certain want of both means and influential friends, whether in possession or in prospect, the way seemed as though it would be very long indeed, without the intervention of a miracle.

Of course, however, I worked hard and did my best, now that work did mean getting nearer to Alice; and though I had more ill-luck than good-luck, I did not quite stand still. At last I was surprised one morning in December by receiving the following letter, which had evidently found very great trouble in finding me, as it had travelled to Eulenburg and I know not where:—

“— RUE —, PARIS,
September —, 18—.

“DEAR SIR,—We have been instructed by Madame la Princesse de Paro, who honours us with her confidence; and for whom we are acting generally, to transfer to your hands the sum of — francs, in full and final payment for certain work done by you for her in your profession, and as the price of certain works of art. Madame la Princesse has, by this time, left Europe, and we are no longer in communication with her; but we have undertaken to act for her in arranging her affairs, and have full power to do so.

“Awaiting your instructions in the matter as to the mode in which you would prefer that the above sum should be transferred, and whether you would wish that the

account should remain in our hands for the present, accept, Monsieur, the expression of the very high consideration of your most obedient servants,

“M—— ET C^{IE},
Bankers, &c.”

I have not named the sum of which I thus found myself master; but it was a fortune—not relatively to my then circumstances, but absolutely. It was so large, and so out of all proportion with anything I had ever done for Madame de Paro, that I had real scruples about receiving so much from her on any consideration; and with this view I wrote at once to Monsieur M——, explaining the circumstances to such an extent as I thought necessary.

In reply, I received this:—

“DEAR SIR,—We have received yours of the —th ult. In reply, we have to say that our instructions were such as we stated to you in ours of the —th, and were altogether positive. We were given to understand by Madame la Princesse de Paro that the amount of remuneration for your services was to be left entirely to her.

“In this matter we have no discretion but to fulfil the instructions with which we were honoured by Madame la Princesse.

“Hoping that we may also be honoured with yours at your earliest convenience, and that we may be favoured with your account, accept, Monsieur, &c.

“M—— ET C^{IE}.”

After this, there was but one course for me to take. I tried my best to find out, through the bankers and through other sources, what had become of my more than generous patroness; and I fixed upon a certain date, before which I resolved to abstain from using a penny of her gift—I cannot call it by any other name. Finally, however, there was nothing for me to do but accept it: and so it was that, at a time far in anticipation of my very wildest hopes,

I became the husband of Alice Fenwick. And now those who may have had any curiosity to know the end, so far as I and my wife were personally concerned, know all about it—as much, in fact, as I know myself.

There is now only one point upon which I ought to touch before coming to a final close. It will probably strike others, as it has struck me, that these instructions to her banker are somewhat inconsistent, in many ways, with the history of the Princess de Paro as it was read by Doctor Mohnkopf—that is to say, the question remains, supposing his version to be the true one, how and when did she communicate with Paris after I last saw her at Eulenburg? To this I have no answer to give. I cannot account for this discrepancy; and yet it is seemingly so strong as fully to justify any one in thinking that the Princess de Paro, having finished her travels, did simply, and in point of fact, leave Europe, and return to her home in Circassia, or in the land of Prester John, or wherever it might be, and that the recovery of the statue at that particular time was nothing more than a coincidence. But then, on the other hand, it is only poems, romances, and suchlike artificial things in

which all is consistent, and everything is left accounted for in a probable manner. In the simplest complications of real life, there are always a hundred discrepancies, and a hundred knots that cannot be unravelled. To my mind, therefore, a difficulty of this sort throws no real discredit upon the truth of a narrative, while, at the same time, I am perfectly willing to allow others to think whatever they please. It is purely a question of evidence: and while I, as a man of honour, expect to be believed in what I say, still no amount of honour exempts any man from the weakness of fallibility that is common to all mankind. Thus I have only stated facts, and have been careful to draw no inferences—at least verbally. That I formerly left to Doctor Mohnkopf, and now leave to my readers; and I do so freely, even although my own conviction on the subject is as unalterable as that of my old friend the curator himself.

I have only to add that, from the day of my closing accounts with Messieurs M—— and Co., I have not only never seen, but have never even heard, directly or indirectly, of the Princess de Paro; but the Hercyna I saw in its old place only a month ago.

CANT : A MONOLOGUE IN THE VAPOURS.

SWITZERLAND is doubtless, as some Cockney is said to have observed, decidedly "rural." The snowy Alps are indeed magnificent, when the clouds allow them to be seen, which is seldom. In bad weather the Londoner would have been better off on Snow Hill. There at least the snow does not fall at Midsummer, and he might always see mountain scenery in perfection by journeying westward as far as the Royal Academy. If the rogueries of the Swiss climate could be exposed by the newspapers as well as those of the innkeepers and guides, though the climate itself might not mend its ways, those who have to stay at home and endure the London season might receive some consolation. Be it known that in the height of summer, at the enticing latitude of 46° 30' N., the thermometer has not been able to manage more than 50° Fahrenheit for a week together; and that but yesterday I saw a herd of cows driven back in despair from the Alpine pastures with asthmatic coughs. I thought of Livy's description of Hannibal's passage of the Alps: "Men and animals stark with cold"—though the tinkling of the cow-bells and the herdmen's song seemed to placard a fierce resolution to be "jolly under creditable circumstances."

Switzerland has become the fashion since the days of Livy, but the Romans regarded it with horror. As Mr Ruskin had not written his book on Mountain Beauty, setting forth the gloom and glory of the Alps, how could they be expected to do otherwise? Well, the gloom predominates at present, and I hope the turn of the glory will come at some time or other. In the mean time, for lack of English newspapers, I am spelling the columns of the 'Bund of Bern.' In

the British news I find this passage: "The great event of the day in England is the passing of the Irish Church Bill at its second reading in the House of Lords. There was a majority of 33 in favour of the Bill. The English post gives as yet no information as to the details of the last contest, which, to judge by the number of speakers, must have been a severe one. At all events the fact, as such, is to be welcomed with joy. It proves that the Christ of the New Time begins to penetrate the sacred haunts of the reverend guardians of the Old, and gives a sure guarantee that an injustice of a hundred years' standing will at last fall."

I was forcibly struck in reading this passage with the important part that Cant plays in all human affairs, and with the height of power to which, through the medium of the press, it has attained in this nineteenth century of grace. It is a subject of complaint with regard to the development of Romanism, that the worship of the Virgin Mary is fast superseding that of all the other Holy Personages; and in the world at large the fact is equally patent that the worship of Cant is fast absorbing all other idolatries, even the time-honoured worship of Mammon. As the disciples of Auguste Comte are now endeavouring to invent a new religion of Positivism, and as their master suggested, as the symbol of deified Humanity, a blooming mother with a child in her arms, I should suggest the goddess of Cant as most worthy to occupy the vacant pedestal above their high altar. She might be constructed of gilt plaster-of-Paris, to denote her French origin, shining outside, and internal frailty; or, still better, she might be represented as was the goddess of Reason of the Revolution, by a living personage selected

from the class who exceptionally earn an honest penny by posing as artists' models. As Philosophy, according to Cousin, is the grown-up daughter of Religion, she is doubtless the modern representative of the classical Ate or Divine Infatuation, who was, however, a grander and more respectable personage, chiefly delighting in the society of despotic kings. Cant is more popular than Ate, and less select in her surroundings, and appears to have especial honour with the Anglo-Saxon race, though all the modern world worships her more or less. The hale and hearty ancients, as a class, were less her votaries. When they did what was right in their own eyes, they were less accustomed than we are to give their misdeeds a specious name. They did not call a spade an agricultural implement used for purposes of delving. When they invented a new machine for killing and wounding, they did not argue, as the Prussians did for their needle-gun, that it was calculated to diminish the horrors of war because it hurt more men than it killed. This may be true, but is not a true account of the reason why the needle-gun was invented. The Athenians told the people of Melos point-blank that might was right, and that the might was on their side, and therefore the Melian had better give in without wasting words on fruitless discussion. When Alexander refused to make peace after the battle of Issus, though Darius offered him his daughter in marriage and the cession of half Asia, he told him plainly that he could marry his daughter without his consent, as he had already taken her, and that he wanted the whole of Asia, and would have it. Conquest was called conquest then, and not annexation. There was no appeal to universal suffrage to sanctify international burglaries. Nothing was said about natural boundaries or rectification of frontiers. And Julius Cæsar was too good a Latin scholar to

say that Empire—a word implying military despotism—was synonymous with Peace. The old Romans always had the honesty to stand by their motto—"For submission, Mercy; for resistance, War to the knife."

It is the one golden merit of Rome, as distinguished from most modern states, that her history, though full of vice and crime of all sorts, is unstained by Cant. When the Romans learned lying from the conquered Greeks, who had learned it from the conquered Asiatics—and they did so to such a degree that in Juvenal's time none but liars could thrive at Rome—they declined and fell, and gave place to the truthful barbarians, whose sons in these latter days have well learned to imitate the last and most fatal of their vices.

Our own history was pretty free from Cant till the time of the Puritans. They adopted it of malice *prepense*, with the abominable nasal twang still perpetuated by their New England descendants, which seems to musical ears to make English the most hideous jargon in the universe. But those Puritans were such earnest men, say Macaulay and Carlyle. True; but earnestness and Cant have been often proved to be compatible.

Oddly enough, a sort of earnestness seems essential to the existence of Cant, which may be defined to be Self-delusion blatant. Those typical hypocrites and canters, the Biblical Pharisees, were earnest men, and thoroughly good haters; and yet they were the only class of whom He who had a kind word for the most degraded of mankind spoke with unmitigated severity. Cant does not consist in mere simulation and dissimulation. The character of Ulysses is free from Cant. The teaching of Machiavelli is free from Cant. As compared with Cant, mere deceit belongs to moral health, if not to honesty. Deceit is often found necessary by mad-doctors in the course of their practice; and

those who have to manage that vast lunatic asylum the world, sometimes find it necessary either to let the reins of government fall, or to have recourse to it. Louis XI. of France, though a great rogue, and both wicked and superstitious, was too cynical a character for Cant. That Cant is of no old date in its present sense appears from the use of the word in a different sense in heraldry, to imply a motto which played on the family name. It appears first in France, in the writings of Rousseau; and this is what makes Voltaire, whose freethinking tenets were much the same, more agreeable reading. From Rousseau and his school it infected the French Revolution. From the French Revolution it found its way to America in the shape of the godless trinity of liberty, equality, and fraternity. There it coalesced with the Cant originally introduced by the Pilgrim Fathers, and the two streams, English and French, uniting, became a mighty Mississippi of Cant. Unfortunately, as is not the case with the Arve and Rhone, neither stream has deposited its mud at the junction. From America, again, it reacts on England, where there was already Cant enough and to spare, and John Bright is the chief of its apostles.

What volumes of Cant have been uttered on both sides of the Atlantic on the subject of the American civil war! Lord Russell, who resembles Charles II. only in more often saying wise things than doing them, summed up the truth when he said that it was a war for dominion on one side and independence on the other. Cant never pardons exposure, and there was a sharper sting in these words than that in the tail of the Alabama. If the North had been able to conquer without emancipation, the negroes might have whistled for liberty for many generations to come. But the North tried to get European sympathy by giving out that it was a crusade against slavery. The

Southerners were guiltless of Cant, except when some one tried to support slavery on the authority of the Bible. The maudlin American accusation against us of want of sympathy is the very quintessence of Cant, and our humble replies to it have been much in the same strain. Why should we not plainly say that neither side had the shadow of a claim on our sympathy? We wished no harm to either party, because both were our cousins. We did not wish them to waste blood or treasure. Their war was a vast inconvenience to us. Why not say frankly that we should have liked the peaceful division of the Union into two or more republics, because it was already too big for our comfort and safety?

We like many individual Americans, but we cannot see what advantage it is to our friends to belong to a monster state, though they may take the same pleasure in it that some of them do in lodging in monster caravanserais instead of London houses or Paris flats. Moreover, we like personal freedom, and we saw that the South could not be subdued without detriment to the liberty of the subject, or rather citizen. Feeling, too, for the negro, we thought that reckless emancipation might be the death of him, our own experiment not having succeeded to perfection. Neither of the belligerents had the least claims on our sympathy, because both, through the short history of the Union, have vied in abuse of England, and their Government has more than once taken advantage of our difficulties to injure, or at all events to insult us. If we reclaimed Mason and Slidell, it was not that we loved the stars and stripes less, but the British flag more. We should have reclaimed the arch-fiend himself had he been covered by the union-jack. It would, however, be dishonest not to add that the South rather than the North did gain our sympathies in the course of the war by its self-sacrificing heroism, which

had not the slightest reference to the justice of its cause—just as in the Punic war our sympathies are with Rome rather than Carthage, who fought her battles mainly with mercenaries.

With regard to the Alabama bill, if it is presented again, our Government ought to say that as when we offered to examine it, and balance it with our own claims, we were rudely refused, the matter is settled for ever. If the Americans want Canada, let them say so straightforwardly and without recourse to Cant, which will not throw dust in the eyes of any civilised power. We know pretty well that this is the real meaning of the Alabama claims; and though we have every motive for wishing to keep the peace with America, if we are wise, we shall keep our powder dry. They respect the French Emperor more than us, because his dealings with them have been free from Cant on his part.

To turn to matters at home, and return to the subject that suggested this paper, what a luxuriant crop of Cant has been produced by the Irish Church question! It is notorious that it was first brought on the *tapis* by the desire of the Liberal party to get into power by trumping the Tory Reform Act. Then men woke up, as from a dream, to the monstrous injustice of the Irish Church Establishment. Do they really believe in it? Historical injustice is a very different thing from injustice for which the present generation is responsible. If we had to reverse all the injustice done by our ancestors we should have enough to do. How many landlords would remain in peaceable possession of their estates?

Then the argument of expediency comes in, and it is argued that the abolition of the Church will satisfy Ireland. The reasonable and loyal classes in Ireland were well satisfied before, and they will be dissatisfied now; the unreasonable and disloyal will never be satisfied. If they were to hoist the green flag

of the Irish Republic to-day, they would be fighting among themselves to-morrow as to who should be king; for it is an Irish maxim, that not only is one man as good as another, but considerably better than another. It is, moreover, argued that Protestantism will gain by being disestablished and disendowed, because it is true, and does not require a vantage-ground. As religious truth is incapable of mathematical demonstration, and we know how long it takes even demonstrable truths to penetrate the human brain, we may assign some geological period to the time when the Celtic population of Ireland will see the superior merits of their landlord's religion to their own. Before that epoch, Ireland may have long ceased to give trouble by becoming part of the sunken continent of Atlantis—a grim consummation which some impatient people might not think undesirable. If absenteeism is the evil of Ireland, are the landlords more likely to be attracted there by being obliged to pay the parsons out of their own pockets? In short, the assertion that Protestantism will gain in Ireland by being disestablished is utter Cant. It is again the old "No Popery" Cant which lets the opportunity slip of conciliating the priests, by forcing them to be stipendiaries of the Government. When they have pocketed the dole to Maynooth the account will be closed. The priests will fall helplessly under the influence of the Jesuit and Ultramontane party, and the Imperial Government can look for nothing from them in the future but open and unmitigated hostility.

But the question is now as good as settled, and we may ask, What enables Mr Gladstone's Irish Church Bill to become law? Mainly the Cant of the English High Church party. By affecting to disavow their Protestantism, they have done all in their power to alienate the members of the

Scotch Kirk and the English Dissenters from the Church of England and Ireland. The Protestantism of the Irish Church seems to them so doubtful that it is hardly worth making an effort to preserve. The fanatics of the High Church party, represented by the Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom, cheerfully accept the catastrophe, as they really wish to be divorced from the State; but the majority of those who put forward high sacerdotal pretensions for the English Church must be extremely annoyed at being taken at their word by those who elect the British Parliament. But Cant, as usual, is not confined to one side. Sacrilege, for instance, is a word easy to use; but in law it means breaking open a church and stealing the communion-plate—not picking the pocket of a rector, or even of a bishop. Besides, it cannot be confined in fairness in its application to taking away the funds of a Protestant religion. Divested of Cant, the first real objection to the Ministerial Bill appears to be that it legislates separately for Ireland, instead of treating Ireland as an integral part of the United Kingdom. In Wales, perhaps, the Wesleyans outnumber the Church people; why not disestablish the Welsh Church? In short, if the country would not agree to the establishment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland by the side of the Anglican, it would have been better to leave matters as they were. The second objection is, that the measure tends to the diminution of the position and prerogatives of the Crown, and to the destruction of the balance of the Constitution. Because the Sovereign in person has ceased to govern, and the Crown has no will of its own, we appear to have forgotten that all the institutions of our country are rooted in the idea of royalty. The Crown has only delegated administration to its civil and military officers, who are responsible instead of itself. By

this measure the Crown begins to get rid of its conscience, and makes a great step towards abdicating its control over the whole domain of religion. It is a decided move in the direction of democratic revolution, much more so than the widest extension of the electoral suffrage or the ballot, which would only affect the constitution of the third estate of the realm. But the mischief is done, mainly by power of Cant, and the question is now, What can best be done with Ireland? On the whole it would perhaps be best to make a present of it to the Pope. The Emerald Isle would be the brightest gem in his tiara, and he might well take the pious Irish in exchange for his present unappreciating subjects, handing these over to the King of Italy. The King of Italy might give us Sicily and Sardinia (which latter island Lord Nelson thought we ought to keep) for the Roman States. We might then proceed to complete our Mediterranean possessions by exchanging Gibraltar for the Balearic Islands, if the Spaniards particularly want it and we do not. As it cost us some blood and treasure, we are not going to give it them for nothing, whatever Cant may say on the subject. Almost the only serious difficulty with regard to such a disposition of Ireland is, that the Holy Father would object to take the Fenians, unless he could get rid of them by a miracle, as St Patrick banished the more innocent vermin; and if he did not object, they would soon be giving him trouble, and the French would occupy Dublin to protect him, which would not quite suit us. The mention of the French leads us to remark on the enormous amount of Cant found necessary to support the second empire. It is built on the principles of 1789, yet the Emperor is the eldest son of the Church. It bristles with bayonets, and keeps all Europe in the same condition, yet declares that its mission is peace. So sen-

sible a man as the Emperor well knows that when he quotes the French Revolution he is talking Cant, and that universal suffrage is a sham, though he condescends to flatter it when it suits his purposes. He knows better than anybody that the principles propounded in 1789 can only be carried out in a community of angels, and therefore are apt to turn men into devils. If he spoke the truth, he would tell the roughs of Paris that, though they infest the most civilised city in the world, they are no more fit to govern it than the Patagonians; he would tell the peasants that they are a set of priest-ridden boors, mere children in education and intelligence, who elected him by mistake, because they thought his uncle was risen from the dead. As the roughs of Paris and the peasants are the most powerful classes in the empire, next to the army, of course he must keep such thoughts to himself. The Emperor Napoleon has often been praised for reticence, but he has perhaps gained the credit of reticence by dint of general taciturnity. Posterity will perhaps judge that he has spoken too often for perfect dignity. Though Cant may be necessary in politics, it is a deduction from majesty in a sovereign, and has a *parvenu* air, like anxiety of position in a humbler sphere. The nephew avoided the mistake of his uncle in forcing his hand upon a lady of royal caste, but made perhaps as great a mistake in writing the life of Cæsar, and thus putting the term Cæsarism into the mouth of his enemies. As an Oxford undergraduate warned his friend who was going up for his divinity examination to answer no questions about David, because it was the way into Kings, so the Emperor might have feared that those who read his life of Julius Cæsar might be led into the lives of his successors. Of course Augustus was naturally suggested as the counterpart of the present Emperor, but with him the empire,

as a real success, unfortunately ended. It may flatter the nation that the Emperor should be called the third of his name, but all Europe, knowing that the Duke of Reichstadt never reigned, know it to be Cant, implying the fiction of a legitimate dynasty. Cromwell, though he condescended to religious Cant, disdained the Cant political; he would not have deigned to reign on false pretences: and the Emperor might well say that his claim to govern France is, that he is the fittest known man to govern her, especially after so many years' experience. He must trust to the gratitude of the nation if he expects his son to succeed him, and do his best to earn it. If the matter is to be settled by the prætorians, as it often was in Rome, they will probably prefer some military adventurer to the most legitimate of princes, unless he shows himself their master. To any man of sensitive conscience the game would not be worth the candle, as the necessity of employing Cant for purposes of ruling would inflict a life-long penance on him, like the secret iron belt worn by James IV. of Scotland in atonement for his early undutifulness. His Majesty King William of Prussia probably regrets by this time the fit of Cant which lay on his soul when he placed the crown on his own head, and declared that he reigned by the grace of God. No doubt it was true in a sense, but an ungraceful expression in his own mouth. He had probably at the time no idea that he would shortly be dethroning three or four other princes who reigned equally with himself by the grace of God, and who belonged on the German theory to the same Brahminical caste as himself. The expression, harmless and reverent in itself, was emphasised by our Tudors and Stewarts for the special purpose of opposing the Papal pretension to universal sovereignty. In the mouth of the Hohenzollern it was Cant. It would have been more respectable

to have said that he admired his ancestor Frederick II., and intended, God willing, to tread in his steps. But how can we expect kings to be exempt when the whole political atmosphere of the day is electric with Cant? Cant only becomes respectable when it is so thorough as to lead to heroic action. We admire Garibaldi and the Pope in spite of ourselves from their intense conviction, and because each in his way is quite prepared for martyrdom. But with the majority of Cant's disciples, this is far from being the case, and they are generally found to take good care of their mother's calf-skins. Political refugees generally are strong in Cant. Their favourite words, "nationalities" and "solidarity," have a marvellous smack of it. The Swiss are very tolerant to grant hospitality to these people, as the classification of mankind by language would be fatal to their existence, or else limit it not even to the bounds of the canton Grisons, but to such valleys of it as speak the Romance language. Nothing would be more amusing than to reconstruct the map of Europe on the "nationalities" principle. We should have at least half-a-dozen nations in France and England. And who is to draw the line between languages and dialects? It is more difficult than to distinguish species from varieties in natural history, because varieties will breed together and species not, except to one generation; whereas all languages will breed together, as well as the people who speak them. Our own classical language is nothing more than a most vigorous mongrel. And Cant does not see the utter inconsistency of that theory with the "Parliament of Man and Federation of the world," likewise contemplated by its disciples, at the time when we shall be all members of the Peace Society. But national boasting often takes the form of that Cant which the Americans call at home "spread-eagle-

ism." We sometimes say, in contempt of foreigners, that the Anglo-Saxon race is the only one that can use freedom without abusing it. If this is true, the reason would be worth inquiring after. It may be owing to our superlative tipsiness. When a French, Italian, or Spanish mob gets the upper hand of society, it makes a revolution. When an English mob asserts its mastery, it proceeds incontinently to get drunk, and render itself incapable of further mischief. An instance of this occurred at the Bristol riots in 1831. As soon as the mob had found its way to the spirit-stores, it ceased to act with spirit any longer. Perhaps this is at the bottom of the "Permissive" agitation. If the "roughs" can be only kept sober, they may at some future time overturn the State. John Bull again is fond of extolling his national prowess, but it is an awkward fact that the Maories have beaten us on more than one occasion. To be sure, they are rather to be considered as mutinous fellow-subjects than as foreigners. At all events, as the wise tragedian said, to worship Nemesis is wise. The love of country ought not to be one which casteth out fear. That our patriotism has little of fear may be inferred from the fact, that in spite of our abnormal volunteer movement, we still ignore the duty of personal military service, which the Swiss, for instance, our fellow-freemen, recognise as the one great condition of their existence. Our regular soldiers are still a caste, like priests in the Roman and Greek Churches, but salvation for body or soul cannot be secured by fighting or praying by proxy. Do we think that our vociferous nakedness is as terrible as that of Achilles, when, after his armour had been taken from Patrocles, he dispersed the Trojans by shouting at his tent-door? When Hector fled then, he doubtless thought that a second suit of immortal harness was ready within, waiting to

be put on at a minute's notice. Froude is not far from the mark when he says that our victories in past times were gained by the fact of our being the fiercest nation in Europe. The ferocity was then entirely concentrated on war. Now it lays Atlantic cables, walks across Africa, finds out north-west passages, climbs the Alps. It might, say some, be diverted to purposes of war at any time. But it must be borne in mind that in the Middle Ages the science of war was not much more complex than pugilism, whereas now it is one of the most difficult and delicate of the sciences, depending far more on machinery than muscle, and by no means to be crammed in a day as a subject for competitive examination. The sad accident on the Matterhorn might suggest that it would be imprudent to attack the nation of which the three unfortunate gentlemen were members, if armed and ready, but also suggest an additional reason for surprising it at a disadvantage. If we had gone to war with Prussia about Denmark in 1866, our fleet might have swept the North Sea and Baltic, but any soldiers we landed would infallibly have gone down before the needle-gun as bravely and hopelessly as the Danes did. The Great Duke gained his Peninsula victories, like Fabius, by a wholesome fear of the enemy, and his whole experience of the French taught him an intense respect for their military prowess. The same qualities in Sir Robert Napier, where the principal enemy was Nature, made the Abyssinian expedition a perfectly symmetrical model of success. But this kind of national Cant will perhaps soon have had its day, and give way to the international or cosmopolitan species, which takes too little account of human differences. The other day Señor Castelar in the Spanish Cortes delivered an oration in favour of a republic, which, in these days of rhetorical degeneracy, recalls Demosthenes,

Cicero, or Edmund Burke. As far as mere eloquence goes, it might have been composed by Thucydides and put into the mouth of Pericles. When Savage Landor said of the action of the Great Powers in Greece, "they set up a puppet throne in a land where the wood of thrones is not native," he evidently believed in a republic for Greece; and Señor Castelar believes in a republic for Spain. But Spain is not Greece. The antecedents of Greece are certainly more in favour of republicanism than those of any other country. If their commonwealths did not last long, they left imperishable memorials. A noble nation, like Achilles, prefers a short life and a merry one; and a month of Athens is certainly grander than a century of Byzantium or China. But can Señor Castelar be blind to the fates of the Spanish republics in South America, where an anarchy has ever reigned that is even tiresome to read of in newspapers? Were the Italian republics of the Middle Ages, in spite of their artistic brilliancy, much more than mere shuttlecocks between Guelphs and Ghibellines, Popes and Kaisers? The less said about the French attempts at a republic the better. Spain itself is the only Latin country which has not tried a republic as yet, but the antecedents of her kinsfolk are not encouraging. Holland he does not quote. There the republic was glorious but short-lived, and soon gave way to constitutional monarchy. England he does quote. Our commonwealth was not inglorious, but we paid for the glory with the abeyance of civil and religious liberty; and Señor Castelar is incorrect as to the fact of its laying the foundation of our naval supremacy, which first began under Elizabeth.

Switzerland is more to his purpose, but it must be borne in mind that the Swiss republic was not the deliberate choice of the Swiss people, but agglomerated itself in the course of ages by a chain of acci-

dents. The circumstances which formed it, still evinced by cantonal differences in constitution, continue to preserve it. It is by no means homogeneous, but full of partial anomalies, and the character of the people, as a whole, is intensely conservative. Besides, the Swiss are kept on their good behaviour by a wholesome dread of their military neighbours. When the revolutionary element was too rampant at Geneva they suppressed it, lest the French should come in and stamp it out. And they have just ordered Mazzini to leave Lugano, because they found he was using his asylum as a basis for republican propaganda in Italy. The Swiss republicans, like the Jews, are not anxious to make proselytes, and are quite sure that salvation is to be found out of the pale of their political church. But not even the model republic of John Bright can as yet be pronounced a success. If Washington and the other heroes of the Declaration of Independence had seen that they were repeating the story of Cadmus sowing the dragon's teeth, they might have preferred remaining under the stolid but peaceful sway of George III. They knew that a strict federalism was the only possible condition for the realisation of republican institutions on a large scale, and they would have repudiated the prospect of that imperial centralisation which is now the growing idea in America.

The majority of the Cortes, though they applaud Señor Castelar, were disposed to cling to the idea of constitutional monarchy. But if the traditions of monarchy have been utterly discredited, they will try a republic as a *pis aller*. They bear in mind that Spain is not a new community, and they do not like to accept at once the position that Isabella's infatuation has kicked over the whole fabric of their history. The existence of this feeling, and the determination to put down the communists with a strong hand, is an earnest of success, should

the Spaniards be driven to a republic after all. A republic has one advantage that is overlooked by republicans in general—of an æsthetic character. It is represented on the coin by an ideal young woman, who may be made as handsome as you please. The now annexed republic of Frankfort is said to have adopted as its embodiment the fair favourite of one of its merchant princes. Republics will doubtless be the rule when men have been educated out of greed and selfishness; but if what geologists say of the age of man be true, and of the time it has taken to educate him out of cannibalism, that future is indeed far distant, and at present the more numerous the checks and compensations that can be devised in a constitution the better. Thus a constitutional monarchy, with all its anomalies, appears to bear the palm from the neat schemes of despotism and republicanism.

How long our Constitution will last under the repeated attacks made on it by party Cant is a serious question. A new power has grown up amongst us which no other state, ancient or modern, has ever yet tolerated to the same degree; and if the Press is the fourth, it certainly bids fair to become the fifth estate of the realm. I mean the Criminal class. They owe their existence entirely to the Cant of humanitarianism. Alfred the Great would have hung them all, as he did their respectable progenitors, till a full purse could be put on a tree by the roadside with safety. They appear to have got the better of society in London, and, according to the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' in Paris likewise. Of course, as long as John Bright is at the head of affairs, we must let our black sheep alone; but one wonders how Louis Napoleon can endure them for an instant, if his personal government is not, after all, a mere make-believe. A clearance of such Augean stables seems the one great use of despotisms. We may well ask one ques-

tion of humanitarian Cant. In the face of a pauperism which is devouring the country, can we for ever allow a guild of miscreants to intercept the crumbs of bread which otherwise might drop into the mouths of the honest poor? The vested interests of the paid magistracy and police in the preservation of scoundrels might surely be cared for in some other way. The only chance is that some great catastrophe, just missing the destruction of society, will deal a blow to humanitarian Cant as fatal as that dealt to the Cant of the Peace Society by the Crimean war. It has already done us infinite moral mischief, and caused us to shut our eyes to the merits of more than one great man. The memory of Rajah Brooke has missed its due meed of honour through Cant, and Governor Eyre must be satisfied by this time that his virtue must be its own

reward. If some severe surgery is not applied, Cant will prove the disease of which our great nation will die. As matters stand, it may as well receive openly the divine honours which are universally paid it in secret. Why are the gods themselves said to be powerless against human stupidity, but that it is itself a divinity. And if it is true that Christianity is obsolete, the sooner we inaugurate the new religion the better, and set about making silver shrines for the goddess of Cant. Let the Archbishop of Canterbury be ordered to yield his palace to a high-priest of Cant; and as Horace's goddess of Fortune ruled over Antium, let the praises of ours resound in the canticles of the venerable cathedral of Cantium.

PEREGRINUS.

DONE IN THE OBERLAND,
Midsummer, 1869.

A YEAR AND A DAY.—PART IV.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE GOLDFINCH SPREADS ITS WINGS.

THE time for the great Tannen-heim wedding was now approaching—slowly for the bridegroom, swiftly for the bride. The end of another three weeks of autumn was to see them man and wife. Werner had not been much away from Frankfort since the premature end of his last visit—he had to attend to many matters of business and preparation, besides his increasing practice. But Arthur had made many little forest excursions whenever Herr Nordheimer could spare him from the office—that is to say, whenever it suited himself; for the Frankfort correspondent of Corbet & Freeman did not think it part of his duty to act as mentor to a future partner in the firm, farther than by giving him every opportunity of learning the routine of work. He even did what, had he been a better judge of men, he would hardly have been justified in doing; he was so much won by Arthur's general quickness and talent as to think that his new clerk had a real turn for business, and to trust him rather too often and to too large an extent with considerable sums of money, and with such delicate negotiations as were thought best intrusted to one who had the address and appearance of a gentleman.

But at the beginning of these last three weeks, Werner, having made all his arrangements, set out once more—for the last time as a bachelor—to Tannenheim. It was beautiful weather, though the days were growing short and cold. But to the young surgeon, to whom life and love themselves were young, had the days been still shorter and colder than they were, the hills would still have been green and the skies still blue. Arrived at Arnstadt in the morning—he was a good and practised traveller, and

could sleep as well in a carriage as in a bed—he set out to make the rest of his journey on foot, preferring on this occasion the old way of travelling that belonged to his student-days. It was not that he was not duly impatient to arrive at the house of Bertha's father, but he knew that he was not expected until the evening, and he was one of the few who are wise enough to understand that unexpected arrivals are always best avoided, if possible. Besides, he was by no means the first ardent lover who has lingered by the way on his last day of freedom—his last, because he was to stay at Tannenheim until after the wedding, unless he should be peremptorily recalled. Arthur, who was to be one of the wedding-guests, had arranged to arrive a day or two before the great event.

Whatever might have been his motive, however, for preferring his own legs and the open air to a tedious ride in the close and stuffy coach that then was—and, in all probability, still is—the general mode of conveyance in that part of the world, he did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. On the contrary, he struck out at a good pace, singing to himself the soft and rather sad air of his favourite song of Thüringen as though it had been composed for a lively march. The sun, as the morning mists drew off, was bright, though pale, and threw out quite heat enough to content a quick walker. At about noon he stopped at a small village inn, well known to him of old, where he breakfasted. Having satisfied his appetite, which had been rendered pretty sharp by exercise in the sharp air, he remained in the room to rest while he smoked a pipe and finished his tankard of Bavarian beer. While thus pleasantly engaged, his

back being towards the door, another traveller entered without observing him. Werner, however, hearing the door open, turned his head and saw—Arthur Corbet.

It was certainly Arthur Corbet, but a second look was necessary in order to recognise him; for the expression of his face, when he saw Werner, was as scared, and its colour about as pale, as could well be.

“Good God, Werner! how you startled me!” he exclaimed.

“The surprise is mutual, I assure you,” Werner answered, holding out his hand. “But I hope I don’t look as startled as you do, old fellow. You haven’t been meeting the headless lady, have you, or the black rider?”

“I didn’t expect to see you—that was all.”

“Nor did I expect to see you either. But what brings you here? I flattered myself that this little roadside place was known to me alone. And I certainly would have betted on your being at Frankfurt. But sit down and join me in a *seidel*. I mustn’t let you steal a march on me in this way. How are you going on? I’m on foot, as you may tell by my boots.”

“I have got a post-chaise,” answered Arthur, who had to a great extent recovered his composure, at least externally; “but I shall surprise you still more—I am not going to Tannenheim.”

“Are you making a tour by yourself then?”

“I thought I might as well see something of the country at last, and wind up with the wedding.”

“And where do you come from now?”

“Oh, from—from—confound it! I never can remember names of places.”

“From Ilmenau perhaps?”

“Yes—that’s the place.”

“And what’s your next stage?”

“Oh, I’m going on. I’m not sure what place I shall make my sleeping-quarters.”

“I should suggest Tannenheim, as you are so near; and you can go on to-morrow.”

“No, I think not. I’ve been in your way often enough already, I’m afraid. Besides, my road lies in exactly the other direction.”

“My dear fellow, if you come from Ilmenau, you cannot now be going from Tannenheim. You must pass through Tannenheim—it is the very next stage in this direction.”

“Confound it!—then I must have clean forgotten the name of the place I come from, for I have passed through Tannenheim.”

“I should think you must have forgotten it then, most decidedly. But you seem making the oddest kind of tour.”

“I like making odd kinds of tours.”

“Why in the world didn’t you tell me what you were going to do? I could have given you a plan for your journey, and saved you any amount of time and expense. But come—you may as well now come back the few miles to Tannenheim.”

“Why, you see, old fellow,” said Arthur, assuming an affected tone and air—“you see I’ve got an eccentric mood on me just now. I’ve never before had the sensation of wandering about just in this capricious sort of way, so don’t go and spoil it.”

“Well, you’re an odd fellow. But didn’t you look in on the Reinholds as you passed through Tannenheim?”

“Of course I did.”

“And how were they?—all right, I hope?”

“Oh yes—all right.”

“And so you haven’t any idea where you are going to?”

“Not the least.”

“Nor where you come from?”

“None.”

“Well, I hope you will keep a diary. It will be worth reading. We shall see you on the —th, of course? and you won’t come back

with me to Tannenheim? You had better, and I wish you would."

"If you would excuse me—I should be delighted, of course—but——"

"All right. And so, *bon voyage*. But you are wrong to take a carriage. Is that the English way of seeing a new country when one has legs? But I suppose you are doing as you like best, and no one can do more. So, till the —th at Tannenheim."

He held out his hand, which Arthur took without meeting his eye. Moreover, the latter took care to go out of the house before Werner, and to say something to the postilion, the result of which was that the carriage was moved a little way forward from before the door.

"Do you know," said Werner, with a laugh, "I am half inclined to think that you must have been jilted by the fair Esther?"

"Why so?"

"You are travelling about just like a despairing lover. Or else there is something in it, when one hears the tourists of your nation classed with madmen."

Arthur managed to smile. Then, as if moved by a sudden and invincible impulse, he seized Werner's hand and hurried after the post-chaise, which he entered, and which drove off immediately. Werner stood still, and looked after it until it was out of sight.

"There are only three ways of accounting for this," he thought to himself. "I was either right in thinking he fancies his heart to be broken by Fräulein Esther or some equally interesting young lady, or else Englishmen are really lunatics, or else he is, as I am inclined to think is the most probable of the three, a conceited ass. Well, in any case he is not a bad fellow, and the best of us have our little weaknesses — though Brandon might have warned me if there is really anything absurd about him. I am half sorry I let him go. I didn't at

all like that wild look of his—he might have looked one in the face at any rate. No—I wish I had not let him go like that. Well, it can't be helped now. So,—

"In Thüringen wood, in Thüringen wood,
There it is good to dwell ;"

and on he marched again, after giving a final shake of the head, which might perhaps have meant more to a looker-on than it meant to himself.

He was in the highest of spirits when he reached the ridge that almost overhung the little town to which he was bound, and from which the full view of Schneekopf first rises before the eye. The afternoon was far advanced—indeed the first mist of the autumn evening was already beginning to rise along the banks of the Tanne, to curl about the streets, and to make the houses look as though they were based on vapour. Later on, the moon would touch the houses, the mist, the stream, and the hills with a wand that would change them all to a scene in fairyland; but as yet was all sad and sombre and grey, and the melancholy odour of the leaves fallen from the beeches and poplars struck coldly and heavily upon senses fresh from the atmosphere of the heath and the larch and the pine. Werner felt the change for an instant, as though it were a vague breath of coming evil; but it was only for an instant. If the heath and the forest and the open breeze speak of free and unrestrained liberty, they speak also of darkness, of discomfort, and of cold. It is the close mist that fills the streets, and that circles outside thickly-packed dwellings of men, which suggests warmth and comfort and light within them—better things than liberty to the imagination of a man who has walked well from the hour of sunrise. So to Max Werner, at least, spoke the grey heavy mist and the close damp odour that pervaded it; and he looked with anticipations of something more than warmth and more

than light towards one particular gleam that shone out to him from among all the windows of Tannenheim.

The distance from the edge of the hill to the pastor's house seemed to him longer than all the previous journey put together, but he reached the end of his long walk at last. He was let in by Herr Reinhold himself.

"How late you are, Bertha!" said the latter, as he opened the door.

"It is not exactly Bertha, Herr Pastor," answered Werner.

"Max? Ah yes, this is the day you were to come. Come in. Bertha went out to dine and spend the day with the Frau Richterinn. I expect her back every minute—she ought to have returned sooner."

Werner entered and seated himself near the stove. He was a little disappointed and put out at not finding Bertha there to welcome him; but that was no reason why he should not make himself as comfortable as he could in her absence. The two men talked together for half an hour or so, and then began to consult their watches. Then they began to talk less freely than before, and to indulge vague feelings of uneasiness which they were ashamed to express. Still Bertha did not come—nor for another half-hour still.

"I think I will just walk to the Herr Richter's and meet her," said Werner, at last.

The other did not oppose the suggestion, and he went out. At the end of about yet another half-hour he returned, looking very grave indeed. "Bertha has not been with the Frau Richterinn," he said.

"Not with the Richterinn? Where is she, then?"

"I do not know. I called at the house, and it seems she was not even expected."

The easily-alarmed heart of Herr Reinhold sank within him, and the helpless look that was natural to

him became intensified. Werner, on the contrary, though he was silent for a full minute, looked anything but helpless as he asked,—

"I saw Herr Corbet this morning at Fischbach. He told me he had seen you and Bertha to-day. At what time was he here?"

"I did not see him," answered Reinhold.

"But he has been here?"

"Not that I know of—no, he cannot have been here, for Bertha was with me the whole morning till she went out."

"And did she then say she was going to the Richterinn?"

"I do not think so—yes, I think she did—but——"

"Give me the candle, please."

He ran up-stairs to her room and looked round, but at first found nothing. Even he was too much agitated by the sudden thought of what he feared to look systematically for what he sought. At last, however, he found full confirmation of his fear. It was a note from Bertha addressed to her father.

He tore it open on the spot, and read the contents at a glance. This was all:—

"I do not ask you to forgive me now. Max must forget me, and you will forgive both of us when you know all, which will be very soon. I am most unhappy to have to leave you like this; but Arthur has reasons, and it will be the best for us all."

The pastor was by this time himself at the door of the room. Werner, with a suddenness which yet had something of tenderness in it, led him back to the room from which he had come, and then handed him the letter, only saying,

"It is the worst."

Herr Reinhold, however, motioned the letter back. "Her mother—her sister—and now—it is fatality," he said, and bowed his face upon his hands.

He sat as one stunned. Werner refolded the letter, laid it on the table by the pastor, and went to

find the servant, who lived in the house. "Go to the Herr Pastor," he said to her; "he is ill—and do not leave him. I will be back instantly."

He left the house, and plunged, as it were, into the open air. The cold evening breeze recalled the decision and presence of mind which he had lost, but which it was not in his nature to lose for long. Almost immediately he returned, and assisted in laying Bertha's father, who had not since spoken, upon the bed. Repeating his order to the frightened and bewildered servant not to leave her master, and telling her that the attack was the result of bad news which had also summoned the Fräulein suddenly and unexpectedly away from home, he next went at once to the house of the Herr Richter, whom, together with his family, Werner's former visit had necessarily made acquainted with Bertha's absence.

"Will you do the Herr Pastor the greatest of kindnesses?" he said to him. "Fräulein Reinhold is away, but she will soon return. There has been some misunderstanding, and she has acted foolishly; but, as others might think and talk still more foolishly and wrongly about it if it were known, I come to ask you, as a matter of kindness, to say anything to prevent people talking for the present—that she is gone on a visit to Frankfort, or anything; or, as I have told the servant, that she has suddenly been called away by bad news. As for me, I must be off at once, so I must rely on your great kindness to prevent scandal. And would you see the Herr Pastor? He is over-alarmed, I fear—not that there is any real cause, only the silly girl has frightened us. Doctor Herbst can be sent for in case of necessity. Good night, dear Frau Richterinn; you will be our friend, I know—you shall be the first to know that all is well, and that you have done us a service that——"

He was as bad a hand as possible at anything savouring of deception, even though the object of the deception was to save Bertha's name from immediate scandal. The Richter and his wife were not deceived for a moment; but being, like most of the Tannenheimers, kind and friendly people, they cordially promised all that was required, though more for the sake of Werner, who was a favourite with them, than for that of either Bertha or her father. Indeed, with regard to Bertha, when the Richterinn and her husband were alone, the lady preached a regular sermon on the text, "I always knew that would be the end of it."

Werner scarcely stayed to thank them for their promise, but having once more seen the pastor, whose weak nature seemed altogether crushed by the blow, and given some more directions to the servant, he hurried to the inn, had a horse saddled at once, and was soon on the road by which he had arrived so short a while since. It seemed fated that he was never to pass many hours in Tannenheim.

As he rode along he felt neither anger nor personal bitterness. His life, too, had ceased to appear a reality to him, and to have become merged, like the lives of so many of the persons of this drama, in a world of shadows and dreams. But he was conscious through it all of a numbness of overwhelming all-absorbing sorrow that was real enough, though as yet unrealised; and he had a real purpose also—to seek out Bertha, to save her from herself, if need were, and then to live out the rest of his life as well and as truly as though she had never been. As for Arthur—but of him he would think afterwards, and when the nature of his conduct in the matter should be fully understood.

And so on he travelled in the darkness of the night, past the little roadside inn, where he learned that the post-chaise had contained a lady, and was for Ilmenau—past

Ilmenau, where day dawned, and where he obtained fresh tidings—past Arnstadt, where he learned more—past Erfurt, where he exchanged the slowness of horses for the speed of steam, until another morning sun shone upon him dimly

and coldly in the city of Berlin itself. And all this time,

“In Thüringen wood, in Thüringen wood,”

kept ringing through his ears till he thought that he must be dreaming a dream of fever indeed.

CHAPTER XV.—SPRETÆ INJURIA.

The Countess de Marsay grew more weary, sentimental, and dissatisfied from day to day. Why she did not go away, therefore, was a source of wonder to everybody. She had very seldom, if ever, been known to remain in the same place for so long a time together. The Earl, too, was getting even more bored than she; but then he was falling into bad health, and thought he might as well remain comfortably where he was until it was time for him to go southward for the winter. Besides, when Lady Harriet had once succeeded in imprisoning him at Farleigh, she took care to keep him there as long as she could. One of her motives for keeping him a prisoner just now was, her desire to get fairly rid of Madame de Marsay while she was present to keep her eye on them both. She was getting afraid of the beautiful Countess. A weak, capricious, and obstinate old man of her brother's character might, she thought, be guilty of any conceivable folly in the hands of a woman whom she chose to set down as being at least no better than she should be. Influenced by this fear, Lady Harriet also stayed on and on, in order that she might, so far as was possible, act as the Earl's guardian. On his side, her brother continually pressed the only person then within the bounds of Seavenshire whom he found at all amusing to continue her visit, and would never allow her even to speak of departure, thereby driving his sister well-nigh to distraction. The latter once even went so far as to make actual preparations for her own retreat,

thinking that the guest must needs go away when the house was about to be left without a hostess; but a smile which she caught on the face of the Countess caused her to have her boxes unpacked again very speedily.

Brandon, of course, saw a great deal of Madame de Marsay, thereby considerably improving his acquaintance with the Earl, and falling in the opinion of Lady Harriet in due proportion. But frequent intercourse with his old friend rapidly became more and more distasteful to him, and this in exact proportion to the rapidity with which his knowledge of Rose increased. About the time that Bertha Reinhold left her father's house, the position in which these three persons, Brandon, Rose, and Madame de Marsay, stood to one another was something like this. The Countess had become confirmed in her vague purpose by the jealousy with which her nature led her to regard the frequency of Brandon's visits to the cottage, by the constraint which she now observed in him whenever she turned the conversation on Rose, and by the unwillingness with which he received all hints thrown out by herself to Lady Harriet about asking Miss Arnold to come to the Castle that they might improve the acquaintance of so charming a girl. Brandon's resolution still held; and the more he saw of Rose the less in his eyes seemed the sacrifice of himself which he meditated, and the less willing he became that Rose should be thrown into the society of Madame de Marsay. He had found

what, owing to the manner of his life, he had never before found—a woman whom nature and circumstance had conspired to keep pure and innocent, and who had hitherto been saved from the slightest contamination that can possibly be incurred from a knowledge of men, and from the greater contamination that women still more often receive from over-much association with each other. Her simplicity and utter ignorance of the foul and evil side of the real world first surprised, then amused, and finally delighted Brandon, even more than he was aware; and he intended to keep the prize upon which he had lighted without exposing it to the risk of incurring a single stain.

Even if that were all, he had added to his collection of art-material a perfect specimen of a kind that is not too common in the world: this simple beauty of heart, so different from the complex characters and organisms on the analysis and comprehension of which he prided himself, grew upon him every day, and so made the form which contained it also seem daily to grow more beautiful. This, however, was not altogether the result of fancy on his part; for had there been any others in Grayport capable of observing the change, they would have seen it as well as he. The rose was blossoming late, but therefore all the more rapidly; and there was just a touch of artificial forcing in the process, for she was rendered uneasy—jealous is by far too strong and too gross a word—by the coincidence between the stay of the Countess at Farleigh and that of Brandon at Grayport. Although by no means ignorant of her own pretensions to beauty, she felt thrown completely into the shade by those of Madame de Marsay; and although she knew that she was not stupid, yet, when she compared her own ignorance of people and things, and her own shy ways, with the readiness of speech, the self-possessed manner, the ap-

parent culture and real knowledge of the outside world shown by the Countess, she felt inclined to despise herself. She did not know that she, both without and within, outshone her rival—if rival she may be called—even as the morning outshines the evening, and as her namesake, growing naturally in the open garden, outshines all the exotic results of all the hothouses in the world.

Certainly Brandon must be held to be very unworthy indeed of the happiness of watching the blossoming, for him, of a flower that he apparently sought to pluck, not for the sake of its perfume and its beauty, but for that of the golden vase in which it happened to grow. But the eyes of the pure in heart see clearly and reach deep. It remains to be seen whether in this case they saw clearly or no. At present it seemed only as though the purer and better soul were yielding to the stronger mind.

One afternoon, while matters were in this train, and while Brandon was prospering in his design faster and better than he himself could suppose, he found himself with Madame de Marsay at Farleigh. They had been talking, as usual, about everything and nothing, and the Countess had been developing for his benefit certain theories of hers about art and literature and the nature of men and women, and indulging in fallacies and paradoxes to a greater extent than was usual even with her. At last she said, moved by a kind of caprice which was not uncommon with her, and which led her to turn round upon and laugh at herself,—

“What a pity that all the wisdom I have been talking this last half-hour should be lost to the world!”

“You do not know what minds and what works your wisdom may not influence. There is Maurice Brandon, for instance——”

“I don’t believe you are ever influenced by anybody.”

“Indeed you are wrong. I am

the most docile and easily influenced creature going."

Madame de Marsay had never read Burns, but she very nearly quoted from him. "If people could only see themselves as they are seen by others!" she said.

"No, that would never do. All the world but two or three would hang themselves for self-contempt, and the two or three left would drown themselves for self-love, like Narcissus."

"Like whom?" she asked.

"Only the only man who ever seems to have had any reason for falling in love with himself."

"Then we should be the last man and woman."

"I should be quite content—but why?"

"Because we seem to have outgrown hating and loving even ourselves."

"There you are wrong, Ida. I should be duly among the hanged, and you among the drowned."

"When will you leave off paying me compliments? You have not even any longer the excuse of being obliged to keep your hand in."

"That is very unkind of you. As if I should use you to try experiments on!"

"You said so once, at all events. You see I have a better and longer memory than you have." She looked at him and sighed. "But you are to be congratulated."

"Then do you think it so pleasant to forget?"

"No—not pleasant to forget—but pleasant not to remember."

Brandon may, on the whole, be excused for finding the meaning of her last aphorism rather hard to catch. Perhaps some day the maxims of Ida de Marsay may be collected and published; if so, they will afford fine reading for all who love the obscure.

She sat for nearly a full minute as though plunged in the ocean of reflections to which her last remark had given rise. Then she went on,—

"For instance, how shall I be able to look back with any pleasure upon this visit of mine?"

"Have you not found it pleasant, then?"

"It is just that—it has been too pleasant, so that its memory will be a pain. But you—you must have been bored to death."

"I do not usually stay where I am bored. Besides, I have not been so very far from Farleigh."

"Ah, if I thought it were Farleigh——"

Brandon saw that she was drifting towards the cottage, and interrupted her.

"Is not that enough to prevent my having been bored?"

"I will take it so. It is too gratifying to me, though it is a compliment. I will believe it, because I choose. And I, too—I have been only too willing to put off the day of saying good-bye."

"I hope that day is not coming yet?"

"It is too true. In three days I leave Farleigh, in six, England—for ever." She again looked at him, and sighed more deeply than before."

"So soon?" asked Brandon, almost as glad to hear it as if he had been Lady Harriet herself.

"So late, I fear my dear host and my charming hostess would say. You remain, I suppose?"

"Well, I suppose I shall not be going immediately, even though the place will be without you. You see I find the place advantageous for the sake both of work and of economy."

"Economy!" she exclaimed, opening her eyes in real amazement.

"That is a new word for me, is it not? But you know my real position now."

"That you are ruined—is that what you would say?" She was fond of rushing to extremes, and "ruined" sounded picturesque.

"That is about the long and the short of it, I suppose."

"And you never told me?"

"I did not intend to have told you now."

"Not tell me, your friend? To whom should you tell it, if not to me? Are you in danger—must you leave the country?"

"My ruin, as you call it, and truly, is very prosaic indeed. No, I am in no danger, and can remain in England if I please—if that is any advantage."

"My poor Maurice! what shall you do?"

"I must do, I suppose, what many better men have done before me—work, and make art a profession as well as a religion."

A sudden change seemed to come over her. "I see," she said, "and marry Miss Corbet—an excellent idea." There was the slightest inflection of contempt in her voice. Brandon was silent: he could not say No; and he would have been ashamed, by saying Yes, to put his resolve in words.

"I believe she has plenty of money," the Countess went on, in an affectedly business-like manner; "so Lord Farleigh says—or at least she will have. Well, I congratulate you. But you might have been more open—with me," she added, with a change from contempt to something that was almost tenderness. "Well, after all, what have I to forgive? But at least you will forgive me." She put out her hand gravely and mournfully.

"Forgive you?" he asked; "what have I to forgive?—or you either? Nothing has been done on either side to need forgiveness. And suppose I were to become the husband of Miss Arnold?"

"What is that to me, you would say? Well, you are right, no doubt."

"Suppose we change the subject," he said. "It is hardly wise of us to talk in this manner about things that in all likelihood will never be."

"Then you are not engaged to this girl?"

"No."

All at once a great impulse came over Madame de Marsay—the result of a mingling of many sources and motives. If the renewal of an old friendship had led her to dream of a marriage with this man for her own sake only, as a substitute for whist-playing or devotion, as a means of recompensing herself for her former unhappy marriage, and as a method of satisfying at last her hitherto unfulfilled life, to that dream were now added a generous desire to be herself the hand which should raise her friend from his ill-fortune, and an unselfish ambition to become the ladder by which he might attain to the height of fame that she believed to be his due. At one great blow to achieve something like happiness for herself, glory for him, and thus indirectly something for art itself—the highest purpose and the noblest duty, according to the view which he had always laid before her, for which a man or woman could live—seemed to her to be something worth having lived for after all. The idea appeared to her to contain elements of all the heroic qualities that found favour in her intensely dramatic, not to say theatrical, nature—courage, self-sacrifice, generosity, and the sublime recklessness that sets everything upon a single cast. It was a great opportunity; it was favoured by a strong breeze of jealousy, and she was not a woman to be deterred from acting on a real and genuine impulse by any pride of sex or modesty of nature. All this rushed through her in a single second; and with her, as has been already said, an impulse never died away without result if it had opportunity and scope for immediate action. She had, before this, risen from her seat, and was leaning with her elbow on the mantelpiece. For some seconds she was silent—then, standing suddenly upright, with flashing eyes, and in a rapid, eager tone,—

"Do not marry this girl—this

child," she said. "I cannot see you throw yourself into such a marriage without at least a warning. Can you not imagine what it would be to be tied for life to one who would be incapable of following a single thought of your mind—of sharing in even the very lowest of your aims? All the wealth in the world would be bought too dear at such a price."

As she went on, the true woman came out—all impulse and all fire; the acquired and affected varnish of Western sentiment peeled off and left bare a passionate excitement that belonged to no Teutonic or even Latin race. Brandon rose; he had never seen her in this state before. But he remembered Werner's description of her, and saw that his friend had judged her rightly.

From the moment that she had begun to speak, the impulse that had originally influenced her became stronger in its force, and grew still stronger and stronger as she continued. But as it changed in strength it changed in character also. Its better elements died away, and at last it resolved itself entirely into a kind of violence that must needs have its way. Self-will and jealousy were its main elements now.

"Married to a foolish child!" she continued. "What good will money do you then? For every step you struggle upward she will drag you down two. No—the poet, the artist, must not join himself save to one who will give him perfect love, perfect sympathy, perfect aid. Not with one who will chain him to her side when she should bid him leave her, and seek intercourse with his own soul alone—not with one who will keep him from the pursuit of all that is the food of art, even though art may need for its food even other love than hers. You will say, perhaps, that you do not seek for love or sympathy—that you mean to throw her aside as a useless burden when

you have gained your purpose—that you need no one to help you to become either happier or greater. But—marriage without love! That is the worst lot of all, though it is I who say it—for have I not known it? And it is worse for her or for him that loves not, even than for the one that loves.

"No; if you need wealth, it may be yours, and without price—for you may gain with it aid and sympathy and love besides."

She ceased as suddenly as she began, and stood there eager, but imperious, like a queen waiting for the submission of a subject whom she had chosen to share her throne. But she waited in vain. Brandon did not fall at her feet. He attempted to speak, but that was not what she demanded; and so she went on, with even greater rapidity than before,—

"Do you wish me to explain in words why I am more suited to you than she? Do you wish me to speak more plainly still? Do you not understand what I am saying? Must I give you an account of my fortune, item by item, to prove to you that I am as rich as she? Or do you intend to degrade me—to make me forget myself still more?"

He took her hand and touched it with his lips. It was he that felt degraded, and for himself that he felt shame, if it was only—though there were other reasons also—that he was in a position from which it was simply impossible for a man to emerge with dignity or credit. For an instant, or rather for less than an instant, he was even weak enough to feel a temptation to cut the knot by taking the Countess at her word; and when that passed he knew neither what to do nor what to say. But say or do something he must—silence for another instant was out of the question; and yet nothing that he could possibly say could possibly be right.

"Ida—dearest friend," he said at last, "I wish from my soul that it were possible."

She snatched her hand away. "Possible!" she exclaimed — "and so this is our friendship!"

"No, not this."

As the impulse had been violent and sudden, so also was the revulsion; and the effect of the latter was increased by her now perceiving that she had mistaken her power. The disappointment was naturally terrible, for humiliation and injured pride were mingled with anger and wounded vanity—that most unbearable of all mental pains. The recollection of all the nobler thoughts by which she had at first been excited added to her sense of injury: she felt that her generosity had been scorned, her self-sacrifice rejected, her ambition mocked—and all this for the sake, as she supposed, of a rival—a commonplace girl who happened to have a face pretty enough to catch the passing fancy of a man whom she had supposed capable of a truer appreciation of character. To flirt with Rose was all well enough; but deliberately to reject the devotion of a woman like herself for a hundred such girls as Rose, more especially when the advantage, as far as fortune was concerned, was on her own side, seemed as contemptible to her now as it had seemed incredible to her a few minutes ago. But she instinctively saw that, contemptible and incredible as it might be, such was the case; and she was, at all events, proud enough not to have recourse to useless persuasion where she had failed to command.

"It is well for you," she said now, "to be calm, and to criticise my words. This is our friendship—I see it now, at last. I would have been generous, and have given you all when you needed less—I was willing that the gain should be all

on your side. But as you will not have it so, go back to her, then—plunder her, as you wish, and then throw her by, as you will. I pity her, poor child!—and you, I——" She paused, and then went on in a harder and colder tone: "Well, we have been mistaken in each other. Is that phrase sufficiently nice and delicate to suit you?"

"You, at least, are mistaken in me. How can I make you understand how much I feel your generosity, your——"

"You could have done so by accepting it. Fortunately you did not do so. All you can do now is to go your own way. Of course you are right, as you always are. Sentiment and philosophy indeed! Go and preach them henceforth to those who are as cold and as consistent as yourself."

"But we must not part thus," he answered. "I shall feel your generosity for ever, whether we meet again or no. I believe that we shall, and that we shall meet as friends. Yours I shall never cease to be, as long as we both of us live."

"But I have ceased to be yours," said the Countess. "And remember this—where I am not a friend I am a foe."

"That alone I shall never remember and never believe. But as for the present we must part, I will leave you now." He bowed, left the room, and returned to the town.

But instead of paying a visit at the cottage as usual, he took a long and solitary walk along the shore. By the time it was over he had made another resolution; but it is one of so barely credible a nature that it requires a longer and fuller explanation than can be contained in a few lines at the end of a scene.

CHAPTER XVI.—POUR PRENDRE CONGÉ.

Brandon was not given to changing resolutions which had been once regularly and definitely form-

ed, although he was often remiss enough in carrying them out. He liked to consider his life as regu-

lated, in small things as well as in great, by a conscious principle of action. He held, as has been seen, certain views about the position of women in the world which led him to regard their instincts and wants as of small account when they happened to come in collision with the claims of the mind. Moreover, he liked and admired Rose Arnold more than any young girl he had ever known, and he looked forward, with but very little of his old prejudices against marriage remaining, to using for her development and cultivation whatever knowledge of men and women he had been able to acquire. And yet, in the face of all this—in the face of consistency and inclination alike—he made a resolution which was almost strange enough, in his case, to merit the epithet of incredible. He made up his mind to give up, at once and for ever, his whole plan of gaining the hand and fortune of Rose Arnold—to withdraw from the chase just as the quarry was almost in sight.

Like his fellow-dreamers, Madame de Marsay and Rose herself, he was being driven to see that life is neither a romance nor a stage-drama. The latter found her original hero, her cousin, apparently troubling his head very little about his persecution, and not at all about the heroine of the story, while its villain was rapidly stepping into the principal place—a complication utterly inadmissible, according to all she had ever read; the Countess, with the best will possible to succeed, had failed signally, both as directress and as *prima donna*; and Brandon now had the mortification of learning that he, too, had mistaken his strength, and the nature of the part he was playing.

Madame de Marsay had, without intending it, succeeded in opening his eyes. He could not help seeing that she had treated him, throughout the whole of their last interview, as though he were acting contemptibly, even before she openly

told him so. Even at first she had evidently regarded him as one who would, to serve his own ends, unscrupulously transfer himself from one woman to another without the least consideration for the feelings or interests of either of them; and, at the end, the motives which she ascribed to him in his pursuit of Rose were as disgraceful as they were real. The accusation struck all the harder for being well founded, and for his consciousness that he had only got what he deserved. He had been told, in so many words, as it were, that he was a mere fortune-hunter—one who was willing to sell himself for the possession of so much gold, and to trade upon the love of a young and innocent girl towards whom, mentally and morally at least, he was about to play the part of a seducer and betrayer. He did not know that his feelings towards Rose had undergone a change. He still believed himself actuated by the purely self-interested motives of which the Countess had accused him; and did not recognise—for he had never before known them—the symptoms of his having found, in spite of all his theories, a greater real attraction in the eyes which expressed the pure and fair soul of Rose, than in "*les beaux yeux de sa cassette*."

It came to this, that he loved her without knowing it, and with a love till now unknown to him—with a love of the rarer and sublimer sort that few men are capable of feeling, and but very few women of inspiring. It was with love of a kind that, growing slowly and imperceptibly, slowly and imperceptibly works a change in two natures until they become literally and really one. But it is essential that, before a man feels within himself the actual presence of love like this, a period of unconsciousness should possess his soul, like the deep sleep that fell upon Adam.

It was therefore characteristic of this gradual change in Maurice

Brandon, that he became every day less self-confident, and more doubtful of his power to win the heart of Rose—less reliant upon the omnipotence of intellect, and more humble as to the extent and profundity of his knowledge of the natures of men and women. But he was not only unconscious of the transformation which was taking place—he, in effect, refused to recognise it.

Even as the heart of a girl who is pure and innocent always defends itself with a courage and energy of resistance strong in proportion to its inclination to yield, so does the mind of every man who happens to possess a mind make a desperate struggle at the end when the heart sends it word that it must declare itself to be in error, disgorge its most cherished theories, essentially modify its aims, and admit a second powerful influence into a life that has until now been subject to one alone. And thus it came about that intellectual pride, fidelity to principles so long held to be absolutely true and all-sufficient, anger with himself and with the position in which he stood towards Rose, called forth by the plain speaking of Madame de Marsay, the silent voice of the unknown feeling which had at last found a place in his heart, the strength of the death-struggle of much in him that was old, and the fresh breath of something that was wholly strange and new, were, blended together, of fully sufficient force to account for his resolving to fly from Grayport while there was yet time, to look upon the latter weeks spent there as so many weeks wasted, to think no more of Rose Arnold, and to turn from heiress-hunting to a fortune-chase of a nobler and more honest kind.

But love can take many forms. In Brandon's case it took the form of politeness—though, in any case, it would have been no more than an obvious social duty to call at the cottage before leaving, if only to thank its master for his hospitality.

Intending to make this one more visit, therefore, he once again gave notice to the landlord of the Dolphin of his intention to leave Grayport, and again spent an afternoon in writing letters with a view to his departure. This time, at least, the Countess de Marsay was not very likely to ask him to change his mind.

Just because there was nothing that, in the bottom of his heart, he would have liked better, nothing happened to delay him. On the contrary, everything went with provoking smoothness; even the landlord of the Dolphin, who had come to look upon Brandon quite as a fixture, and would at any other time have been rendered inconsolable by his sudden loss, could better afford to part with him just then, as there was to be some great event at Grayport—of what nature it was to be is of no consequence whatever—which would fill his house, including Brandon's bedroom, for some nights.

The coach by which Brandon was to travel from Grayport to the railway station left the Dolphin at two in the afternoon, so that he had the morning clear for paying his last visit at the cottage. He walked there slowly, thinking as he went along that his visit to Grayport had turned out one of the greatest mistakes he had ever committed, and feeling that he had not only been acting most unjustifiably towards Rose, but that he should leave upon her mind a bad impression of himself altogether; and the latter thought troubled him quite as much as the former. What were her real feelings towards him he did not know; but the subtle sympathy which, unknown to either, had of late grown up between them, led him to feel that this sudden departure of his would give her ample reason to consider that he had been making use of her merely in order to amuse himself at a dull place, and to get rid of time that would otherwise have hung heavy on

his hands. But this could not be helped now; he had only himself to thank for it, and he must regard it as a sort of penance for the real offence towards her of which he had been guilty. The best thing left for him to do was to leave her with as few words as possible. That he really loved her was unrevealed to him even still; for he flattered himself that he understood what is called love in all its phases, and his present feelings towards Rose were altogether outside his experience. Now that he had finally dismissed from his mind the idea of marrying her for her money, he, with a last and lingering grasp at his old theories, thrust from him, as monstrous and absurd, the idea that he could by any possibility wish to make her his wife for any other reason.

In this mood he arrived at the cottage—a wiser man by far than when he had entered it, though as yet unaware of his new wisdom; for he had learned, among other things, to love purity and the beauty of simplicity for their own sakes, and not for the sake of his own self-culture. He found Paul Corbet pacing up and down the garden, in the sunniest walk, and pursuing his usual train of meditation, which on this occasion related to the interesting family of *crustaceæ*.

"Good morning, Brandon. Glad to see you. Splendid weather, isn't it, for the birds?—one ought to be well stocked with game this season. However, I have just got an idea about soup *à la bisque*."

"I hope I am not disturbing it?"

"Not at all. By the way, have you been at the Castle lately? I hear the Earl is going to take himself off again. And is it true that he is breaking so much? Well, he won't be much loss to this country, whatever he may be to France and Italy—and I doubt if he'll be much loss to them."

"He is growing older.—But I am sorry to say that I have come to say good-bye at last."

"Good-bye? You are surely not going now?"

"I am afraid I am in earnest this time."

"Nonsense. Surely you will stay through the winter, now you have been here so long."

"I wish I could. I am very sorry to leave, but I must."

"Well, then, you must come back again as soon as you can—when the *bisque* is perfect, or sooner, I hope, for that will be some time first. But I suppose you are not going at once?"

"This very day. The coach leaves at two."

"The devil! Well, come in and have a glass of wine—the Chamberlain, you know. And you will say good-bye to Rose, of course."

They went into the house. "Rose!" called out her uncle, loudly, "come down. Brandon is going off, he says, and wants to say good-bye to you. I declare, Brandon," he said, as he went to the cellaret and took out the wine, "we shall miss you wonderfully. You must come back soon. And mind, you mustn't stop at the Dolphin next time. You shall have Arthur's room. So here's to your next coming. Ah, you won't get another glass of wine like that till you're at Grayport again."

"I don't know how to thank you for your hospitality. It has made my visit a most pleasant one."

"Don't mention it. I'm only too glad to have met you. By the way, there'll be a Mrs Brandon, or Madame Brandon, or Countess Brandon, won't there, when you come next? I always thought there was more in your visit to Grayport than you told me at first."

"This is the first time I ever heard of it."

"You see we know how to put things together at Grayport—and we always know what goes on at the Castle."

"You mean the Countess? no, I do not aspire to the honour. I did not even know she was coming

here—we were only old acquaintance. I used to meet her at the French embassy, and some other houses in London.”

“Nothing——?” Paul Corbet gave a most knowing and prodigious wink.

“The Countess is *sans reproche*.”

“Oh, I’m only joking. So you’re not going to marry the widow? Well, well. She’s a very pretty widow, though. We met her out riding yesterday, and she stopped and spoke to Rose. I didn’t quite like it, though—the Earl’s lady-friends are a queer lot, sometimes. So I’m glad you say it’s all right. Have another glass of wine.”

Rose entered, and Brandon rose to meet her. She was looking a little surprised, a very little anxious, and almost imperceptibly paler than usual.

“I have come to make a disagreeable visit—if any visit at the cottage could be called disagreeable,” he said; “I am come to bid you and your uncle good-bye—I leave Grayport to-day.”

“Don’t be frightened, Rose,” said her uncle, “though he is so solemn about it. He has promised to come back when the soup *à la bisque* is ready.”

“On the contrary, I hope you will not delay the soup *à la bisque* on my account. I hope to see Grayport again one day—but it cannot be for a very long time.”

It was necessary that Rose should say something. “I hope it is nothing unpleasant that calls you away?” she said.

“Not more than anything that calls me away must be.”

A servant came into the room, and announced the arrival of some fine lobsters.

“The *bisque*!—Excuse me a moment, Brandon—I shall be back directly,” and old Corbet hurried from the room, leaving his niece and Brandon to get through their last words alone.

It seemed that there must be a more formal leave-taking after all

than Brandon had intended, for he himself was not in a mood for treating matters lightly, and she was serious and silent. He called to mind, inappropriately enough, his parting of yesterday, and he was almost amused by the contrast; but his amusement was not of such a kind as to enable him to find words. Thus they remained for nearly a minute—the longest minute that either had ever known. This oppression of silence was no new sensation to her, but to him it was as new as it was oppressive. At last he began, or rather continued,—

“No—nothing in particular calls me away, further than this, that all things must come to an end.”

“I am very sorry. We must look forward to seeing you here again. My uncle will miss you greatly.”

“And I shall miss people of whom I have seen so much lately—yourself especially.”

“But you will come and see us again?”

“To tell you the truth, Miss Arnold, I fear I must look upon this visit of mine as a finished chapter in my life.”

“But why so?”

“I am glad indeed that I found you at home when I called. It would never have done for me to have left Grayport without saying good-bye to you.”

And thus it seemed to Rose that her second romance, as well as her first, had come to an end. After all, she had expected nothing more, but absence of expectation never yet prevented disappointment. She just sighed, and in that sigh drove away, as she believed at the moment, all the fancies and dreams of these later days out of the heart whence the sigh itself came.

Brandon gathered himself together, so to speak, and began to turn the conversation into a smoother and easier channel. “But it wants some time yet before I need run off,” he said. “There is time enough left to say good-bye presently. Meanwhile, how is your

cousin? Have you heard anything of him lately?"

"It is very strange—we have not heard a single word. But then he is a terribly bad correspondent."

"I can feel with him. However bad he may be, I would back myself to be worse. I suppose he is still in Frankfort?"

"We suppose so. But I wish he would write oftener—it makes my uncle so angry."

"I will suggest it to him through Werner. They are great friends, I hear."

"It will be very kind of you indeed."

"Not at all—more especially as I take a sort of personal interest in your cousin's stay at Frankfort. You know it was to a certain extent by my advice that he went there. I daresay if he had known it he would not have felt very kindly towards me."

Rose blushed crimson, as though the accusation had been brought against herself. After a moment of silence, she said, looking up bravely,

"Do you know I have something on my conscience that I should like to tell you of before you go?"

"I shall be proud to be your confessor; but I shall be much surprised if I find you deserve penance."

Rose Arnold was one of that small number of people who, when they have, as they believe, been guilty of an injustice, are not satisfied with making all the amends they can, but cannot rest easy until they have mortified themselves by declaring themselves to have been in the wrong. She had for some time past been longing, if only for the sake of a clear conscience, to explain to Brandon her original reception of him. She was simple enough, and with all her courage timid enough, to fear that she might have wounded him, or else that she had caused him to like her less than even in her own eyes she deserved. So—as this, it seemed, was to be her last opportunity—she said,—

"Do you know I had a prejudice against you when you first came down here?"

"Against me? What could you ever have heard of me?"

"I thought you had some motive of your own in getting Arthur sent away."

"Why, what possible motive——"

"None, of course. And it was foolish enough of me, I know."

"I cannot say it was wise of you; but it is both wise and kind of you to have told me so now. Then you think so no longer?"

"I said so, did I not?"

"I am most glad that you have said so, otherwise I should have gone away to-day with an impression that I was anything but a favourite of yours. I have often thought so, and been grieved by it."

"I do not see why it should have grieved you; but I am glad—I am sorry——"

He was certainly touched by the scrupulous frankness with which she had made a confession that need not, and, by a woman of the world, would not, ever have been made—at all events as a matter of serious importance; and he was all the more touched by the blushing confusion with which she made it. He found infinitely more difficulty in leaving her than he had anticipated.

"And I, too, have much that I ought to confess," he said; "but, unlike you, I have not the honesty and the courage. I am too glad to think that we part friends to care to run any risk."

"I am sure you can have none to make—you have always been most kind to us."

Then, for at least once in his life, Brandon acted on sheer natural impulse. There was no thought of money or art or self-culture in him when he said,—

"Yes—I have at least one confession to make now. It is, that I love you; that I know now that I have loved you for long—longer than I shall ever know."

This he said calmly and gravely

enough, but it was with the calmness of depth, and not of cold. Woman as she was, he had taken her by surprise, and she was even alarmed. She rose from her seat. He rose also, and took her hand.

"There," he said, "the confession is out. It is a desperate hope, I fear; but, desperate as it may be, all my hope now depends on you."

"But do you mean this? I thought——"

"If you have thought ill of me, I have deserved it—and deserved it more than you will ever think, even if you ever come to know me better. But now I am yours only; now, at least, I am sincere. Your love is the only thing that I value now; and you must believe me at least in this."

"Oh, if I had only known——" she began, with Madame de Marsay in her mind; but there was no need for her to say more, and she said no more. It will be thought that Maurice Brandon was fated to be always more fortunate than he deserved; but then it may be said that there are not many men in the whole earth who would not be rewarded above their merits by the love of Rose Arnold.

The confession had been made but just in time. Paul Corbet entered suddenly.

"I am awfully sorry, Brandon—but here's a man from the Dolphin to say the coach is at the door and your luggage put up. How time does fly, to be sure! I thought I'd only been away a moment. But, if you must go, why, 'speed the parting guest'—that's right, isn't it? And you'll come again soon—that's settled."

"I am sorry they have put up my luggage," Brandon answered, "for they will have the trouble of taking it down again."

"Why—what—aren't you going, after all?"

"I am going to wait for the soup *à la bisque*."

Old Corbet looked round in sheer amazement at his friend's capricious behaviour; but he discovered only one thing—that Rose had run away from the room. The true prince had come at last, and thrown off all his disguise; and though he was not exactly the prince according to her dreams, she was more than content. Besides, her dreams were all over now, and she was awake at last.

THE LONDON ART SEASON.

THE present year will be remembered by two events which must greatly determine the development of art within the country for the next century; the one, the removal of the Royal Academy into a new and commodious home; the other, the undivided appropriation of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square to the national pictures. Although it were too much to assert that the measures taken leave nothing to regret, yet a settlement of long-disputed questions of site and otherwise, which all parties are willing to accept, has at any rate the advantage of putting an end to wearisome Parliamentary inquiries, and to those indefinite delays and incertitudes which have proved fatal to action and progress. Thus in past seasons we recall few incidents having more promise for the future than the private views of the National Gallery and of the Royal Academy during the present spring. The congratulations which were then heard have since received general echo from the public at large. And the results obtained are the more important, because they do not pretend to be final; the measures adopted are means to further ends—they imply, and indeed necessitate, persistent action and continued development through coming years.

The Royal Academy records on a tablet placed within the new building in Piccadilly, the achievement which secures its independence through all time, in the following simple words: "These galleries and schools were erected by the Royal Academy for the promotion of British Art, in the thirty-second year of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria, A.D. 1869: Sir Francis Grant, president; Sydney Smirke, R.A., architect." The ground was the unconditional gift of the nation; the galleries have

been paid for out of the accumulated savings of the Academy. We will not stop to describe an interior which by this time has become familiar to most of our readers; suffice it to say, that by general consent these galleries, fourteen in number, and opening *en suite* on one floor, are spacious, handsome, well lit, and in all respects admirably suited to the purposes they will have to fulfil. We doubt whether in the Paris Salon, or indeed in any gallery in Europe devoted to the exhibition of modern works, can pictures or statues be seen more favourably. It is difficult, in fact, to determine whether the exhibition, which has been accounted one of the best known for many years, owed more to the beauty of the galleries, or to the excellence of the works displayed. One material point it was satisfactory to mark, that the promise given that the standard of merit should not be lowered was strictly kept. We think, indeed, that the standard was unintentionally raised. Never before had the choice been so great; artists throughout the country, stimulated by the idea that the good time was at last coming, put out their utmost powers, and actually produced and presented for exhibition nearly five thousand works, being more than one thousand five hundred in excess of the highest number hitherto known. And yet, strange to say, with three times more space in Piccadilly than in Trafalgar Square, the number of pictures this year admitted is only six more than last year, while the number of statues is one hundred less. Yet, laying aside all considerations as to the cruel injustice thus inflicted, it is evident that the winnowing implied in the rejection of more than three thousand works, tended to make the ultimate selection choice, and the average merit

high. But it must be admitted that the questions involved in these wholesale rejections are not all on one side. It becomes, however, the painful duty of the Academy, even by reason of its high position, to discourage bad art, and thus to crush the hopes of many praiseworthy but indifferent artists. Sir Charles Eastlake long since declared that one of the dangers to be dreaded from a large accession of space was the wholesale admission, as in the Paris Salon, of works not worth exhibiting. Still we cannot but think that the Council has pushed a principle, sound in itself, too far; and accordingly the public considered that the protest made by "The Select Supplementary Exhibition" was timely and just. Yet when that exhibition opened, people perceived that the Academy had, after all, been not very far wrong in its rejections. The worst part of the case is, that second-rate foreign painters were shown unfair favour, and that the Royal Academicians, acting under narrow selfish considerations rather than in the wide interests of art, took the lion's share to themselves, and put into the best places some of the worst pictures ever seen. In short, as long as forty Academicians and twenty Associates, some of whom ought not to exhibit at all, retain each the right to impose upon the public eight pictures to the exclusion of outsiders, it is impossible to regard the Academy as a great and responsible institution, established not for private ends, but for the performance of grave national duties. Nevertheless, much allowance must be made, especially in this the first trial of an untried building, wherein the conditions to be met were new. We accept gladly, then, the simple assurance given by Sir Francis Grant, that "the Academy hopes next year, with increased knowledge and experience, to give greater satisfaction." We have to observe, however, that small reforms will not meet the exigencies

of the case. We willingly concede that the Academy has made a fair beginning; but beyond lie improvements which the enlightened part of the public pray for, and we trust not in vain. At this moment it may be salutary to recur to an authoritative judgment pronounced some years since when the functions of the Academy were under discussion. "We conceive," said the Royal Commissioners, "the constitution of the Academy should rest on a wider and more liberal basis, and that it should be made more useful than it is at present in promoting art, and in aiding the development of public taste. We think the Royal Academy should be viewed as a great national institution for the promotion of art, and that by the rules which it may frame, its public character and duties should be distinctly recognised and defined."

The Great Gallery in the Academy is in every way a signal success: like the large room in Trafalgar Square, it is the post of honour for the primest pictures—the place wherein distinguished guests sit down at the annual banquet. Though rather large for speeches to be heard distinctly, it is just the size for pictures to be seen well. The idea seems to be, that each Academician and Associate shall as far as practicable have one work within its walls. Twenty-six Academicians and thirteen Associates were actually present; and thus this grand gallery, than which we know of nothing in better taste anywhere, gives as in panoramic view an epitome of the English school. The Academy having lived for a hundred years in lodgings, has now at a discreet age set up housekeeping on its own account; and certainly this large reception-room, by the rich furnishing of its walls, rebuts any suspicion of poverty of resource, artistic or otherwise. It were perhaps too much to assert that this one-hundred-and-first exhibition has been better than any

of its predecessors—indeed, in the remembrance of the great artists we have lost—Stanfield, Roberts, Turner, Etty, and others—it is hard to believe that the English school is at this moment in its utmost strength. Still, as we looked around this great room, and passed through the other adjacent galleries, scarcely less rich in varied contents, we found little reason to repine. The present efficient strength of the Academy is, indeed, great, as represented by the works of Mr Elmore, Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr Calderon, Mr Maclise, Mr Millais, Mr Faed, Mr Horsley, Mr Frith, Mr Orchardson, Mr Pettie, Mr Poole, Mr Poynter, Mr Watts, Mr Yeames, Mr Hook, Mr Armitage, Mr Ansdell, Mr Cooke, Mr Leslie, Mr Lewis, and Mr Leighton.

The verdict which might be delivered on the precise merits of the exhibition must be greatly ruled by the basis permitted to the inquiry: thus, if comparison be made between modern and ancient art, we may find that our painters are wanting in elevation of motive and severity in treatment; again, if contrasts be permitted between English and foreign schools, we may have to regret the lack in our country of strict academic training. Still, an impartial survey of the exhibition will have led to the conclusion that English painters are different from rather than inferior to their competitors. And this difference is apparent, whether we consider the size of the canvases, the nature of the subjects, or the character of the styles. As to size, we have often pointed out that the patronage of art coming not from the Church, municipal bodies, or the State, but from private individuals, our national art has necessarily conformed to the scale of domestic habitations. Still it may be remembered that the new rooms received dignity from works such as "Hero," by Mr Armitage; "St Jerome" and "Electra," by Mr Leighton; "Luther," by Mr Ward; and "Venus,"

by Mr Moore—figures which approached to the life-scale common to Continental schools. And we think it not improbable that even the increased size of the exhibition rooms may encourage artists to enter upon larger and bolder manners. Then, secondly, the choice of subjects may show a certain relation to the size of the canvas to be filled. Thus, so long as our English painters limit themselves to cabinet pictures, they are not likely to compass large historic transactions. Hence we find in our exhibitions more minor episodes than main actions. On other grounds we have to account for the reluctance shown by our artists to approach serious themes or deal with elevated and noble thoughts. A picture nowadays is required to amuse, not to instruct; moreover, in countries where the Reformation has taken root, little faith is proposed in art, and it is found hard to make people believe that she can have any serious vocation at all. Perhaps, as to choice of subjects, the Academy was most to be admired for wide range and variety. Thus, while in a gallery of old masters we may be limited to Madonnas and Holy Families, Annunciations, Nativities, and the like, the visitor, on entering the new building in Piccadilly, was diverted by subjects which ranged from "Judith," by Mr Elmore, to "Don Quixote," by Mr Frith; from "Hero," by Mr Armitage, to "Venus," by Mr Moore; from "Helios and Rhodus," by Mr Leighton, to "Girls Dancing," by Mr Mañon; from "Sheep-shearing," by Mr Cooper, and "The Swannery attacked by Sea-Eagles," by Sir Edwin Landseer, to "A Pause in Sunset," by Mr Vicat Cole, and "Peaches" and "Camellias," by Miss Mutrie.

Again, the styles prevalent in the Academy are in great measure determined by the conditions at which we have already hinted. Small pictures and domestic scenes require finish and refinement, indi-

vidual character and warm human sympathy, and these are the traits which seldom fail to come out favourably in every one of the almost too numerous exhibitions of the season. Yet do we find at this moment within our English school as wide a diversity in styles as in subjects. In the sequel we shall see how in the Academy, as in fact in almost every modern gallery whether at home or abroad, may be distinguished at least three distinctive modes of treatment—the classic, the romantic, and the naturalistic. In fact these fundamental divisions may possibly endure to the end of time. Still, year by year, or at any rate over periods of decades, changes will come about, and we cannot but think that the size and dignity of these new exhibition rooms may influence for good the future of our art. Thus no sooner were these spacious galleries thrown open than it became apparent that a premium was put upon pictures firm in drawing, bold in modelling, symmetric in composition, broad in treatment—all characteristics of grand and noble styles. These were the qualities which made the “*Hero*” of Mr Armitage and the “*Electra*” of Mr Leighton tell on exhibition to unexpected advantage. Thus there may be reason to hope that styles small and puerile will give place to manners great and manly, and that our English art will approximate as well to the ancient schools of Italy as to the modern masters of France, Belgium, and Germany. Furthermore, it is not impossible that the dressy aspect of the new rooms may tend to discourage what has sometimes been common and vulgar in the naturalism of our English school. The style which is at home and at ease in Suffolk Street might scarcely venture to intrude on Piccadilly; and we cannot but fancy that even Mr Erskine Nicol, rising to the dignity of the occasion, has in his admirable picture, “*The Disputed Boundary*,”

cleared away the rags and the dirt in which his figures have hitherto revelled. In fact, one of the uses of an Academy is to sustain academic dignity and decorum; and we trust that the time may come when the unwashed democracy of art will be disinherited, and that which is truly regal and noble be established and endowed. It is certainly an evil that in this country the patronage of art has passed from an aristocracy of birth to an aristocracy not even of talent and education, but of vulgar wealth; and there is hardly an exhibition which does not afford melancholy proof that artists paint down to the market. Yet we trust plebeianism in pictorial art will, with the advance of education, give place to styles which appeal to cultivated taste and poetic thought. We hope that the Dutch pothouse, and the English back-kitchen, with an old woman boiling a kettle, will lose their power even on the masses to whom such scenes are familiar. Levelling democracy in art has done its worst, and already we see on all sides signs of coming reaction. Styles classic and romantic are in the ascendant. We proceed to notice the decisive classic revival which has set in under Mr Watts, Mr Leighton, Mr Albert Moore, Mr Simeon Solomon, and others.

The classic style assumes in the works of the artists just named diverse disguises—partly in form, partly in colour, and in part also in the amount of romance deemed essential to render the cold severity of the antique acceptable to modern tastes. Thus that rapturous composition by Mr Watts, “*Orpheus and Eurydice*,” does not belong to the period of Apelles, but of Titian; the colour is obviously Venetian, the expression and emotion ardent as Giorgione. The style is evidently caught from the great old masters—it fills and warms the imagination; indeed we here have a forcible illustration of the truth never to be forgotten, that grandeur does not

depend upon scale but on treatment. Mr Leighton is naturally associated with Mr Watts; the two artists belong to the same school, with a difference—they lead the mind back from the ignorant present to the historic past; by teaching and example they seek to rescue modern art from the lowness of naturalism and the frivolity of mere costume and fashion. Yet we need not say that the revival they attempt is very far from the great originals. Mr Leighton, in his diploma work, “*St Jerome*,” emulates with doubtful success the colour of Titian; in “*Helios and Rhodus*” he is romantic, even pretty; in “*Dædalus and Icarus*” he attains a purity of line and a generic ideality of form comparable to the style of a Greek cameo; while in the picture already referred to, “*Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon*,” he is no less classic in the statuesque bearing of the cold and colourless figure, in the studious cast of the drapery, and even in the petrified repose preserved in agony. Thus it will be perceived, as already indicated, that Mr Watts and Mr Leighton represent somewhat opposite phases in the same school—the one sees his subject through the medium of colour, the other defines his thoughts by form; thus while Mr Watts is Titianesque, Mr Leighton is statuesque. Yet both incur one danger in common: in seeking the ideal they may lose the individual; in reverting to past tradition they may remove themselves too far from the actual present; in eschewing rude naturalism they may find themselves estranged from the truth and the life of nature herself. Thus do we ever see besetting dangers around whatever path a painter may choose, especially when he climbs into high and solitary places removed from the level where ordinary mortals dwell.

Other artists swell the ranks of the neo-classicists. Thus the best passages in the largest picture of the year, “*A Procession in Honour of*

Bacchus at the Time of Vintage,” by young Mr Richmond, are evidently borrowed from antique bas-reliefs, Greek vases, and Pompeian paintings. This Bacchanal, like a somewhat companion panorama, “*The Procession of Cimabue*,” by Mr Leighton, was painted in Rome. Each work shows, though in different directions, the advantage as well as the dangers of foreign study. “*The Toilette of a Roman Lady*,” by Mr Simeon Solomon, naturally allies itself with the classic school of Roman painting as handed down to our times in the mural decorations of Pompeii. We think it a pity, however, that an artist should emulate a style of decadence. The plea for the revival of the classic is, that it leads back to periods which, untainted by decay, remain unalterable standards of perfection for all time. Yet evidently Mr Solomon has, like other of our artists, made an effort to impart to his composition the allurements of romance and the colour of Venice. It is only, as already hinted, by some such device that antique styles can commend themselves to modern tastes. Also worthy of remembrance, if not of admiration, is “*Medea*,” by Mr Sandys, a head which by its rejection a year ago won unusual notoriety. The work is an anomalous compound of classic and spasmodic styles. The artist, we could suppose from this and prior pictures, may have been impressed with the unwonted intensity of expression thrown into heads of Medusa by sculptors of classic epochs, and by Da Vinci and Carravaggio in the middle ages. Yet another phase of modern antique is presented by Mr Albert Moore’s repellant picture of “*Venus*,” borrowed apparently from the Venus of Milo. Such nudities are quite unobjectionable, because absolutely disagreeable. The figure is neither marble, paint, nor flesh, but stucco. The artist, it appears, will have an opportunity of translating himself

into yet another material, inasmuch as he is favoured with a commission by Mr Layard to decorate with mosaics "the central hall" of the Houses of Parliament. It must be confessed that few of our artists are better trained in schools of strict monumental decoration than Mr Moore, though it were certainly to be desired that he should learn to mitigate what is obnoxious in his mannerism. Mr Poynter, a fellow-labourer in these mosaics, which are, it would appear, to supersede the use of frescoes, has certainly managed, in a lovely figure of "Proserpine" gathering flowers, to cast over a classic theme the sentiment of romance. Speaking generally of this classic revival, one point strikes us as very commendable—its moral purity. The nude figure under the reticent treatment of our English artists becomes unobjectionable. Thus it were hard to suggest a stronger contrast than between the cold and academic, the refined yet majestic figure of "Hero," by Mr Armitage, and the voluptuous "Venus," by M. Cabanel, in the French Gallery. Yet is the style of Mr Armitage derived from France; but our English artist studied in the *atelier* of Delaroche, and may have fallen under the influence of Ingres, the painter of "La Source." On the other hand, Cabanel seeks his models among Parisian courtesans.

Several of the artists above named, schooled, as we have seen, in classic and academic styles, are wisely chosen to take part in certain important public works either projected or already in progress. Thus, as we have stated, Mr Moore and Mr Poynter are intrusted with the design of the mosaics which are to be put up by way of experiment in the Palace of Westminster. Mr Poynter is also engaged on a mosaic for the apse of the new lecture-theatre at South Kensington. We also learn that Mr Watts and Mr Leighton have undertaken to paint two large *lunettes* for the south court in the same Museum.

The Royal Albert Hall will likewise give work to other of our artists, including Mr Armitage, who, as the pupil of Delaroche chosen to assist in the painting of the "Hemicycle," brings experience to the design of the frieze which is to crown the Albert Hall. This frieze, we are told, will be executed by "a school of female mosaic-workers." We may here mention that it is the intention of the Department to reproduce in "earthenware mosaic" two of the cartoons of Raphael for the decoration of the Italian Court in the Museum. We have not space for further details touching these interesting developments in which some of the chief artists of the day will take the lead.

The analysis of the exhibition shows, as we have seen, an increase of classicism, and a corresponding decrease of what may be termed Gothicism or medievalism. Thus once more Beauty asserts her reign in the realms of art, while Ugliness, which the pre-Raphaelites exalted, no longer makes herself obnoxious, save in the works of Mr Holman Hunt. "The Birthday"—a lady bearing presents—by this painter, is brilliant, yet disagreeable; powerful, yet opaque; and altogether more singular than satisfactory. The artist stands alone, for his associate of former days, Mr Millais, has fortunately forsaken a manner which attracted by its power of repulsion. Another phase of medievalism has been presented by Mr Donaldson in two eminently peculiar productions, "Vespers," and "Music during a Banquet." These pictures affect mystery, are studious of colour and negligent of form; the artist falls into failings common to revivalists: excess of zeal is fatal to sober truth. Also much to be marvelled at is another eminently eccentric assemblage of figures, "Haytime," by Mr Armstrong. Why, we would ask, should artists deliberately go out of their way to seek for ladies audaciously angular, gaunt, not to

say ugly? Nature, when she commits an unfortunate fault, or falls into an unhappy accident, repairs the mischief, and at all events does not perpetuate to the end of time the abnormal form. The law of development under which nature perfects her types should be also the law of art; and the error into which revivalists fall is that of going backwards in the order of creation instead of forwards. The one broad line of distinction between classicists and Gothicists or medievalists would seem to be, that the former seek abstract beauty, an ideal and perfected type, while the latter seize upon accident, character, and eccentricity. The remedy lies in the more intelligent study of nature.

Yet another division in our modern art is that which has usually borne the name of the romantic—indeed, as we have seen, classic styles wear a garb of romance. Mr Poole's "Lorenzo and Jessica at Belmont"—where, 'mid mountain and lake lit by the silvery moon, eternal love is sworn—will be readily accepted as an ultra case of romance. The same artist, however, passed into the picturesque when he painted his picture of "The Prodigal Son." And thus do styles intermingle, and the man who to-day is the victim of poetic reverie or frenzied imagination, will to-morrow see nature with a cool eye. Sir Noel Paton, one of the most poetic of painters, has, in choosing "Caliban" for his subject, passed from the territory of beauty into the region of the grotesque; yet, true to his better instincts, he has called into being graceful groups of fairies who float in air musically: the pencil might have been guided by Flaxman or Blake. Shakespeare, as usual, presided as a great national poet over the Academy. Thus, in addition to the works just named by Mr Poole and Sir Noel Paton, there were Shakespearian pictures by Mr Elmore and Mr Frith. The domain of poetry was

further occupied by Mr Maclise in a metallic and black illustration to the well-known legend "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid." We think it probable that even in the dark ages nature enjoyed more light, air, and breathing-space than here afforded. The picture is crowded, artificial, and forced; yet the "beggar-maid," whose face has evidently been her fortune, is lovely, notwithstanding mincing affectation in her demeanour. Mr Maclise is here scarcely at his best; we seem to encounter less of his genius than of his mannerism. Also among supremely romantic subjects must be ranked "Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face," by Mr Calderon. A boat floats dreamily down a sunny, crystal river; autumn has touched the leaves, which look enviously at their reflections in the liquid deep. In the boat sits a swain love-stricken almost to fatuity; the lady, his *vis-à-vis*, holds herself too high and proud for response. Mr Calderon just escapes the danger of being mawkish. The picture is brilliant in light, colour, and execution. In a more tender mood has Mr Leslie painted "Celia's Arbour:" the lady is lovely; a silvery haze veils the canvass; the sentiment is of reverie, half dream and half awakening; sunlight plays among the leaves, and sparkles upon the flowers and grass. Exquisite is the study of tender grey tones; shade modulates sunshine, and light mingles softly with colour. Mr Storey, who might make himself the Greuze of the English school, comes near to the sweet silvery sentiment of Mr Leslie in the picture of "The Old Soldier."

Mr Millais takes part with the romanticists, both by suggestion of sentiment and consonant warmth of colour. "The Gambler's Daughter" is touched by tenderness and pathos; the handling has much of the merits of Continental schools. The painter is of wide versatility; he imports into his art ideas and processes foreign to our isolated

school. His readiness of resource, the daring dash of his pencil, were seen in "*Vanessa*," which for *bravoura* in handling is not unworthy of Velasquez, and for colour is evidently intended to rival Titian. It were interesting, did space permit, to note the successive stages through which the styles of Mr Millais have passed. From the first he showed himself supreme as a colourist, and of late his special purpose has been to strike out chromatic chords of thrilling resonance—each note in the scale awakens, as it were, its harmonics. It is perilous in the extreme thus to play with tones forced up to a pitch seldom permitted to nature herself. On the whole, since the time of the Venetians there has existed no colourist more highly wrought than Millais at this moment, except perhaps the late M. Delacroix of Paris. Our English colourist, indeed, as may be seen in the accessories to the portrait of "*Nina, Daughter of Frederick Lehmann, Esq.*," has, like Giorgione and Veronese, borrowed freely from the Orientals. In several directions, in fact, might be seen reflected within the Academy, lustrous, yet broken and blended, harmonies taken from the textile and ceramic works which we have of late been using decoratively in our dwellings. We live in an age of colour! Still the painting of flesh presents difficulties which few can successfully encounter. At no one period in the history of art has it been possible to point to more than one or two painters who could approach nature in the tone, texture, and transparency of flesh. In the Florentine and Roman schools neither Raphael nor Michael Angelo gained these qualities. Indeed, from the time of Titian to the coming of Reynolds there was little or no flesh-painting in Europe. And even at the present time, while in France, Belgium, and Germany we meet with many heads admirable for form and expression, how few are there that approach to nature

in beauty of complexion! Exhibitions abroad, as a whole, do not reach, as to colour, the standard of our Royal Academy. Thus foreign pictures may often be recognised at a glance by their opaque and dry, weak and waxy, flesh-tints. Hence in the Academy the works of Alma-Tadema, Van Lerius, Portaels, Madme. Jerichau, A. Legros, A. Dillens, H. Merle, and S. Amiconi, were easily distinguishable as of foreign origin. And when we turn to our native painters, who have formed the finest school of colour extant in modern Europe, we still see how rare are artists with an eye so sensitive to harmony as Reynolds, Etty, or Turner. The sense of colour is indeed one of the choicest of nature's gifts, and yet without colour not even a portrait is tolerable. Thus that admirable study from Mr Robert Browning, by Mr S. Lawrence, is absolutely ruined by dull monotony. An unobtrusive negation also usually afflicts the otherwise excellent portraits of Mr Macnee and Mr Knight. On the other hand, the heads of Mr Richmond are apt to be over-ruddy and fiery. What delight colour may kindle in subjects which under hard, literal, cold treatment could never warm to emotion, may be judged from the portraits by Mr Millais, Mr Herdman, and Mr Watts. We have never been quite able to account for the fact that our English Academy should triumph over Continental exhibitions in colour. It may be conjectured that our painters, not being trained to drawing and form—not being recipient of ideas which fly upwards into high art—are glad to descend to the decorative allurements of colour. It may also be surmised that Providence may have gifted our northern vision with warm rapture of colour as some recompense for the coldness of our climate, and as a compensation for the grey negation of our landscape and sky. Thus the happy mission of a picture often is to bring sunshine into our homes.

Or it may be merely that colour has come to our shores by the happy accident that Reynolds, Etty, and others took up an abode in Venice. On the whole, it must be confessed that in the Academy novel harmonies were scarce—most of the results had been attained before. Even in “Vanessa” and “Orpheus and Eurydice” were reflected the hues which Titian caught from sunsets over the lagoons of the Adriatic. Perhaps in the sphere of art, as of nature, there is little new under the sun, even at sunset; and yet nature does not repeat herself, though our artists never grow weary of repeating one another.

The French use the term “*genre* of history” to designate a certain picturesque treatment of national events, and to distinguish that free-and-easy art which throws public characters into stage attitudes and showy costumes. Mr Pettie rose somewhat above this not very elevated sphere in the portraiture of “Cardinal Wolsey” at the moment of his overthrow. We have seldom seen so searching an analysis of character. We read in the lines of that crafty face the story of a life, the fatal climax of a career: the motives which ruled the man are graven in furrows on the features, and a countenance once mobile in play is now petrified in consternation. It is no small thing that the artist should suggest thus much to the spectator. Mr Pettie, however, seems to have drawn full as much from his own imagination as from actual facts—in other words, he has no data for this full face. History records that the Cardinal “having his right eye blemished by disease from circumstances supposed not very creditable,” he wore a flap, and would never permit his portrait to be painted except in profile. Skelton writes:—

“This Namun Sirus,
So fell and so irous,
So full of melancholy,
With a flap afore his eye.”

But Mr Pettie, being in want of

a hero, created by the sweep of his pencil what did not exist—a full face, round and complete in every feature. Thus do modern artists improve upon nature, and embellish the chronicles of the day. Also to the *genre* of history pertains a careful composition of a comical subject—“The Fugitive Jacobite,” hid away by Mr Yeames in a chimney. This large open fireplace seems to have been designed on purpose to conceal Jacobites; and all the persons concerned comport themselves in a manner befitting so perilous a situation. The whole scene is admirably put upon canvas; yet may we be permitted to regret that such admirable art has been thrown away on so trivial a thought. It is too much the habit of our painters to rest content with the making of a mere picturesque composition. To somewhat like objection is open Mr Ward’s “Grinling Gibbons’ First Introduction at Court.” The draperies assert themselves ostentatiously; the subject is lost in its accessories. The public have a right to expect that artists thus signal in power should make more direct appeal to the intellect. Yet possibly the intellect of the public is but a poor paymaster; and it must be confessed that the Academy is as much conspicuous for worldly wisdom as for genius: pot-boiling, indeed, is the most profitable part of the painter’s profession. Among *quasi*-historic pictures, one of the most commendable was Mr Marcus Stone’s “Princess Elizabeth obliged to attend Mass by her Sister Mary.” This clever work is capital for composition, character, and colour.

The preceding remarks will lead naturally to the conclusion that the religious paintings now produced are few, and that, moreover, when an artist does care to touch a sacred theme, he thinks more of his picture than of Christianity. Indeed, in these times of disendowment and disestablishment, the arts,

in common with all besides, are likely, under absolute enfranchisement, to become wholly secularised. Mr Herbert is one of the very few painters who preserve reverence for the old traditions. He has never produced a more impressive head than that of "Saint Mary Magdalene on the Day of Crucifixion at the Tomb of our Lord." The spirit of religion sanctifies the work; awe and anguish bow the head and blanch the face. The eyes have wept till tears will flow no more, the cheeks are wasted by watching, the very soul seems broken in despair. And this attenuation of form, this mortification of flesh and blood, are wholly consonant with the ascetic spiritualism of the Italian pre-Raphaelite painters. Perhaps, indeed, Mr Herbert has carried this treatment to excess. The handling is hard, the colour thin; the picture, in short, is stricken with poverty. And yet, perchance, some significance or symbolism may herein be discovered. The monotone of colour, the monotony of general treatment, which no decorative accessory is permitted to distract, are possibly the garbs wherein sorrow dwells most at peace. And yet we cannot but think that the conception of the picture is better than its execution. Mr Herbert, like the late Mr Dyce, has a hard dry way of giving expression even to his emotions. Wholly different is the art-aspect which Mr Elmore has thrown over his grand personation of "Judith." The picture has boldness of execution; its deep shadows, lit only by moonlight, are lustrous in slumbering colour. The head is of southern type; the skin is even swarthy: indeed, the model, which was first introduced into the Academy last season, the artist, it is understood, met with during his tour to Algiers. Judith, the deliverer of her people, stands pausing and pondering; she draws aside the tent-curtains stealthily, and fixes an undaunted eye upon her victim,

hid from the spectator: her lip, blanched in fear, quivers; but that firm hand and massive arm cannot flinch. This personation of the character is one of the noblest known, either in former or present days, not excepting Riedel's Judith in the Munich Gallery. Other artists have sunk the subject to brutality; on the contrary, Mr Elmore has preserved elevation of motive and grand simplicity of treatment. Our artists, among the wide range of Biblical themes, seek occasion for picturesque effect rather than for deep religious expression. Thus the story of the Prodigal Son, which in certain of its incidents was not above the level of Teniers and Jan Steen, has found favour with no less than three painters—Mr Poole, Mr Poynter, and Mr Gale. The picture of Mr Poole gives further proof that religious art in our days surrenders the severity and symmetric simplicity of former times. The version of the story presented by Mr Poynter, however, comes as a last relic of the good old school of religious painting—noble in form, studiously balanced in composing line, and grave in sentiment. Lastly, "The Return of the Prodigal," by Mr Gale, is an example of the delusion which possesses some artists of the present day, that the first step to religious art must be taken by the departure from nature. Thus we repeat, with regret, that the Academy of the year has given but one more proof that religious art, which for three centuries has been in steady decline, now verges on extinction.

The year has produced in the Academy, as well as in many other exhibitions, a harvest abundant as ever of pictures domestic in incident, pleasing in sentiment, and painstaking in execution. This most numerous class responds to the spirit and wants of our times. Our domestic habits have always taken kindly to homish compositions, such as Wilkie, Webster, the two Faeds, and the two Burrs,

have produced and are producing. Scenes of quiet felicity are more agreeable to the mass of mankind than high-wrought tragedies or stately histories. And as for religious painting, of which we have just spoken, an old man reading his Bible is thought to be more the right sort of thing than a saint gazing into heaven. Art of late years has had for its healing office to diminish the tension on the mind; in our modern society, the intellect is under stress and strain, the bow is bent all but to breaking, and thus persons in the severe conflict of life turn to literature and art for repose and relaxation. Hence the phases presented by London exhibitions. Some pictures are as stimulants. Jaded constitutions take to dram-drinking, and there are paintings and novels which kindle wildfire within the imagination. Still we incline to think that a survey of all but the inferior exhibitions will show that sensation-painting is like sensation-writing—a little going out of fashion. It is found that vulgar tricks of treatment are comparatively easy, that many can succeed in them, that they grow common. Besides, as already suggested, while minds in disease have recourse to stimulants, constitutions healthy trust to nature. And upon this truth rests naturalism in art; and thus it is a good sign when pictures hold converse with green fields and babbling brooks. It is the feverish stir of City life, the artificial garb of fashion, which incline the public taste to landscape and the cottage.

Having in past years spoken not wholly with approval of the rude realism of Mr Erskine Nicol, we are pleased this year to recognise in "A Disputed Boundary" mitigation of a mannerism which bade fair to become obnoxious to good taste. Rags, tatters, and dirt, whether on a living person or in a painted picture, are but seldom quite agreeable either in society or within

an exhibition. We are glad to say that Mr Nicol's present performance shows little for objection and much for approval: character is delineated broadly and strongly; the realism is very real, and the handling vigorous as it can be. As to Mr Thomas Faed, another exclusively naturalistic painter, the difficulty is not in the making but in the keeping of a reputation already made. Yet "Only Herself" has seldom been surpassed in pathos or truth to nature. Still the artist will do well to remember that simplicity and sincerity can seldom be dispensed with in characters which move in an humble sphere. Thus we incline to think that the sentiment cast over the poor street-sweeper in the picture of "Homeless" is too artificial. Two other of the many Scotchmen who have come to seek their fortunes in London—Mr John Burr and Mr A. H. Burr—are also in danger of yielding to the temptations which beguiled Wilkie from scenes of the cottage. Painters will do well to remember that in art it is impossible to serve two masters—or, in other words, to espouse two styles; the cottage and its inmates, in the picture-world, as in life's conventionalities, are severed by barriers all but impassable from the higher ranks of society. Thus two works of much merit in many ways—"The Escape of Queen Henrietta," by Mr A. H. Burr, and "The Intercepted Letter," by Mr J. Burr—are marred by incongruity; they fall into a medley of styles and a melodrama in sentiment. Painters, we repeat, have always to make election between high and humble styles. In the pictures just named the high life is a failure, while the low life is a success. No such conflict or contradiction distracts a composition perfect in its way—"John Anderson, my Joe," the best work yet seen within the Academy by Mr John Faed. Scotch painters were this year strong in London, yet, as to style, the nationality of Mr

Orchardson, one of the most brilliant of the company of painters who have migrated south of the Tweed, seems dubious: certainly this artist's clever composition, "The Duke's Antechamber," was open to grave objections. The characters were forced to caricature; the costumes looked like stage properties; the authors, sculptors, musicians, supposed to be awaiting audience with their patron, carried themselves as a company of strolling players. It is a pity that this well-chosen theme, thrown off with a facile, brilliant pencil, was not treated with greater dignity. Here may be mentioned for commendation "The Minstrel's Gallery." The artist, Mr Marks, heretofore known for his keen sense of humour, has by a happy conceit made each musician the personation of the instrument on which he plays. Thus the drummer is of empty pate, the organist has an eye of fine frenzy, the fiddler is sickly and spider-legged, while the stock musician is a stolid hack strong for any part. Among pictures which the French would lump together as *genre*, none is likely to leave a more lasting impression than Mr Holl's quiet, pathetic picture, painted to the text, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." This young artist, now, we believe, pursuing his studies on the Continent as travelling student of the Academy, has probably marked in foreign schools how Frère, Breton, Millet, Israels, and others, gain deep feeling through unadorned truth, unostentatious colour, and plain straightforward execution. Our artists at home are sadly in want of new ideas and novel methods; there is reason to believe that within the next few years much that is fresh and good may be brought from abroad.

The hangers of this year's Academy—Mr Watts, Mr Leighton, and Mr Hart—though subjected for their pains to even more than

ordinary abuse, did their work well. Much allowance had to be made for the difficulties involved in a first trial of new rooms. Yet have we seldom seen an exhibition hung with more system and symmetry, with juster sense of harmony through contrast. The taste that presided over the dressing-up of these galleries, if fastidious and exclusive, was evidently refined and gentlemanly. Furthermore, as worthy of observation, was the well-sustained interest kept up from first to last throughout a series of ten rooms: nowhere did the exhibition break down; each gallery received its fair apportionment of talent, and was made, when practicable, the representative of some one governing idea. For example, Gallery No. I. opened with an accord of justice, long denied, to landscape-art. Seldom has been seen within the same space so goodly a display of landscapes as that made by Mr Vicat Cole, Mr Peter Graham, Mr M'Whirter, Mr Oakes, Mr Hering, Mr C. E. Johnson, Mr H. Moore, and Mr Watts. Again proceeding onwards, Gallery No. VII. was found to be ruled by three large compositions of landscape with figures—"Aurora in Romagna, Peasants from the Mountains on their Way to Rome," by Mr W. Linnell; "The Old Gate," by Mr F. Walker; and "Girls Dancing," by Mr Mason. It was well to assemble in one place these marked representative works, for mutual comparison and contrast. In no exhibition of the year have we encountered such signal examples of a school which finds more and more favour in England as well as on the Continent. The idea in such compositions is to bring, by oneness of colour, light, shade, and expression, the landscape into reciprocity with the figures, so that between the life of man and surrounding nature may be established complete accord. Thus Mr Linnell shadowed the peasants of the Campagna in grandeur and gloom: the whole scene

called up the associations which linger around Rome; it spoke of suffering, of the eternal conflict waged between darkness and light; and the "aurora" in the sky seemed more in the strain of mourning memory than of the bright hope of sunrise. Again, Mr Walker, in his strange and unpleasing picture, "The Old Gate," told, by the moody melancholy brooding in the faces of the bystanders, of an ancestral house fallen to decay, of a family cast upon evil days. Thus painting may be made something more than silent poetry. Again, Mr Mason, who this year has confirmed a mannerism already too pronounced, kindled imagination by his lovely yet debilitated composition, "Girls Dancing" to the sound of a shepherd's lute. There is music in this idyl, a dying cadence in the colour. Indeed, each of the three pictures just named relies greatly on colour for expression; colour, in fact, is not only kindred to rhythm of sound, but lies close to the emotions; a picture warm in its harmonies is akin to a fervid poem—it has in it eloquence. We have before remarked upon the glow of colour which is now awakening within our English school. Also these pictures may be taken in proof of the revulsion which has followed upon pre-Raphaelitism. Landscapes are now made intentional, they are composed with a purpose; details are massed; the intellect is used for generalisation; imagination melts and merges literalism or realism into broad suggestion. And in this grand treatment of nature we see a wholesome reversion to the noble Italian styles, which, though of late much decried, will ever and anon in the present and the future assert their power and spell.

The landscapes of the year, with few exceptions, give little indication that our artists have found out new aspects in nature. In fact, the Academy owed as much to its handsome new rooms as to the pic-

tures produced. Indeed, one year could scarcely bring about any radical change in the character of our English art; the painters being the same, the exhibition, as a whole, remained pretty much the same also. Yet it was in landscape-painting chiefly that a difference became perceptible, although even in this department the diversity consisted not so much in any advance in the quality of the art, as in the opportunity given for its fair appreciation. Now, as we have said, for the first time is there a prospect that our essentially national school may receive fair-play. Still the grievance remains, that a landscape by an Academician, however bad, has a right to push out of sight the best picture ever painted. The remedy for this crying evil seems to be, that Academicians and Associates shall be dealt with like other people—simply according to their merits. Landscape-out-siders, however, have had this year more ground for thankfulness than for dissatisfaction.

In landscapes, as we have said, the school which has doted upon trivial detail is giving place to a manner broad and powerful. Not even in art do fashions last long. The older men—Mr Creswick, Mr Lée, and Mr John Linnell—naturally represent the old school. Mr Creswick the public were glad again to see, after his severe indisposition, once more himself again. An intermediate school seems to lie between the past and the future, of which Mr Vicat Cole and Mr Leader are the conspicuous representatives. These men do not, like the staid Academicians, impose on nature or on art a creed of finality, though it seems scarcely likely that they will discover or proclaim any truths which they have not already made familiar. Yet "Sunny Showers" by Mr Vicat Cole, notwithstanding some weakness in colour and execution, and "An English River-side Cottage" by Mr Leader, are commendable for just balance of detail

and breadth, and for happy reconciliation of individual truth with generalised effect. The treatment implies the calmness of mind and deliberation of manner which come with experience and training; styles thus matured contrast with the feverishness and hot enthusiasm which youth brings to the study of nature. We are also happy to note a sobering-down in other artists who may have sown wild oats with the pre-Raphaelites and reaped tares for wheat. Mr Brett, in "the Select Supplemental Exhibition," had a lovely study of cloud strata and opalescent sea; and Mr Raven found entrance in the Academy for a woodland scene of sunshine and shadow among the silent hills, with crystal waters of slumbering reflections, lustrous as colours in woven tapestries. Mr Cooke and Mr. Hering also gave proof that our artists look more among the clouds than formerly. There seems, however, reason to fear that the grandest of all elements—the sea—may, since the death of Stanfield, suffer under neglect. The only study which gave to breezy ocean its power, movement, colour, transparent depth, was "Caught by the Tide," by Mr Hook.

Four landscapes, at any rate, gave proof that we are living in a landscape era. Thus, though nature has been purveyed for sketching materials for centuries, fresh scenes, truths, effects, remain to the explorer and the adventurer. One of the pictures to which we refer is Mr MacCallum's "Black Wood of Rannoch, Perthshire," which recalls the large, powerful, scenic manner of Gustave Doré. Also very noteworthy for size and for bold range through space is the canvas which comprises "The Sierra Nevada Mountains" of California. The painter, Mr Bierstadt, is nominally an American, but essentially a German both by parentage and education. His pictures invariably have the grandiose manner of the Düsseldorf school: he makes nature

walk on stilts; he tosses mountains into mid air; he paints as the playmate of the storm: in one part of his picture we need an umbrella, in another protection against a sunstroke. But we think it has been reserved for two Scotchmen to play the grandest part in cloudland and storm. Mr Bierstadt turns the elements to decorative ends—he sports with the sun's beams as with fireworks; but two Scotchmen have come among us—Mr Peter Graham and Mr M'Whirter—who appear to think the primary use of the sun is to make darkness visible. Gloom, terror, barrenness, shadow the black, savagely-jagged mountains of "Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye," as painted by Mr M'Whirter. "On the Way to the Cattle-Tryst," which may have been suggested by certain of Rosa Bonheur's Scottish scenes, is a picture equally impressive. This work came as the only justification yet given by Mr Peter Graham of the hopes raised by "The Spate in the Highlands." Altogether, this grand gloomy nature of northern latitudes, painted to admiration by men in the climate bred, comes as a surprise upon southerners. This landscape-school is original as in subject distinctive; in character it is as wide from the landscape of Italy as the ballads of Scotland are diverse from the sonnets of Tasso. Indeed, these pictures by Mr M'Whirter and Mr Graham have an untamed grandeur, a troubled unrest, which are to our mind akin to the wild plaint of Ossian. Such art, whatever the instrument of words or forms she use, moves the imagination deeply.

It is but a poor comment upon the state to which our school has come, that the Grand Gallery received its chief attraction, not from any historic composition, not from any picture noble in its humanity, but from a terrible and impossible battle of the birds, "The Invasion of a Swannery by Sea-Eagles," a scene of slaughter to which Sir

Edwin Landseer has imparted the thrilling horror of a battle-field. The incidents have been dramatised with amazing effect; the action and movement of the piece are magnificent. Down with a vengeance swoop these swift sea-eagles, thirsting for blood and hungering for slaughter. Yet are we told on reliable authority that this massacre, which almost exceeds the bounds of permitted licence even to the pictorial arts, is simply an impossibility in nature. Naturalists object that these sea-eagles are mere ideal creatures made by the artist to suit his pictorial ends. These birds of prey, it is said, attack with their talons rather than with their beaks, and swans fight not with their bills but with their wings. Thus the desperate passage of arms wherein the eagle seizes with its beak the neck of a live swan, while the swan holds fast with its bill at the neck of its antagonist, is said to be wholly false to the habits of the creatures depicted. Furthermore, the swans are of the tame species, while the eagles, as we have said, are of no species at all, so untruthfully have they been drawn. In short, the scene could never have been enacted with this daring defiance of facts anywhere but on canvas. Yet the picture as a picture will scarcely suffer in public esteem. Utmost skill is shown in the composition; superbly painted are the wings of the eagles and the black feet of the white swans. In short, notwithstanding a certain chalkiness and poverty of colour, the whole work has been conducted, in point of art, with unrivalled mastery. Two studies of lions, also by Sir Edwin, are painted with a broad, firm, yet facile pencil. It is interesting to come upon these original sketches made in the Zoological Gardens for the grand lions at the foot of the Nelson Column. The sketches are even finer than the finished bronzes, which in fact are too sketchy. Yet though the lions in Trafalgar

Square show themselves as the creations of a painter rather than of a sculptor, they must be reckoned among the very best works put up in London within the present century. On the strength of these achievements in plastic art, the Council of the Academy requested Sir Edwin Landseer to furnish designs for the lions' heads in bronze which decorate the doorways of the new galleries. The artist, however, seems unfortunately to have mistaken a dog for a lion.

Sculpture has obtained from the new building equal benefit with landscape-painting; and sculptors have made good return for the favour received, by adding very materially to the artistic effect of the handsome interior. We look around and see niches filled by colossal figures, and doors guarded by statues; the sister arts of sculpture and architecture are brought into fellowship. As in the Villa Albano, Rome, the building has been designed to receive statues, while the statues in turn add decoration to the building. It may be observed that the architect has shown discretion and reticence in the use of colour. The decorative part being played by sculpture, little more was needed for the walls than a shadowy maroon tone, which in the Academy, as in the Vatican and other sculpture galleries, throws white marble into relief. And here we may remark upon the total absence of coloured statues: the revival of classic or middle-age polychrome, so zealously espoused by the late John Gibson and others, has no followers. And it is a question whether even the delicate tone of ivory would have told to advantage in the new building.

Our sculptors did not show themselves equal to the occasion—indeed, of necessity, we encountered but the same masters and styles as a year ago: a building may be erected in a twelvemonth, but it takes longer to make a school. Still we cannot but remember with respect

such works in the imaginative and creative sphere of the art as "The youthful Hannibal strangling the Eagle," by M. d'Epinay; "Jael," by Mr Fuller; "Saved from the Wreck," by Mr Stephens; and "Cleopatra," by Mr Weekes. The two first-named artists reside in Italy, and their works contrast wholly with our national style, if we have one. Thus M. d'Epinay's "Youthful Hannibal," which comes from Rome, has in modelling a firmness and sharpness, a sinew articulation, and a spirit in movement, which belong to ancient classic rather than to modern schools. Again, Mr Fuller's "Jael," from Florence, is conceived in that spirit of romance which has now taken possession of Italy. This figure is moulded on ideal beauty: the execution has delicacy and softness; the marble, which is made to lose its hard immobility, quivers, as it were, under nervous sensitiveness. Yet, judged by historic standards, this exquisite work belongs to a period of decadence—its refinement verges upon effeminacy. Verily great is the contrast between this latest emanation from Tuscan Athens and those figures of Night and Day which Michael Angelo set to keep watch over the tomb of the Medici. The art of sculpture has become debilitated throughout Europe: in France it is strongest; in England we lack the power which comes of knowledge, the style which implies training. This year produced nothing up to the standard of a work sent last year from Copenhagen by Professor Jerichau, the pupil of Thorwaldsen.

The notorious failure of the public monuments from time to time put up in London and the provinces is fully accounted for by each recurrent Academy. Thus a recumbent "Figure of the late Archbishop of Canterbury," by H. Weekes, R.A., to be placed in the cathedral of that city, is just on a par with stone effigies in village churches. Not much better is Mr

Stephens's "Monumental Figure of Elizabeth Countess of Devon." Strange to say, by far the most satisfactory work of the kind we have seen for many a day, we owe not to a sculptor but to a painter. Some weeks since we paid a visit to "St Paul's" for the purpose of examining the two grand windows from Munich, which, did space permit, we would here willingly stop to criticise. There we came upon a recumbent figure which for art quality is scarcely surpassed in modern times—the monument to the late Bishop of London, modelled in clay and chiselled in marble by Mr George Richmond, the portrait-painter! Persons acquainted—and what persons are not acquainted?—with this artist's crayon heads, may be prepared for what is here so admirable in delicate yet decisive modulation of form, intention in detail, and fine intuition of character. The work, however, is that of a painter rather than of a sculptor.

The black hole in Trafalgar Square was not so inappropriate to modern sculpture as usually supposed; certainly many of the works brought to Piccadilly could ill bear daylight. How supremely stolid, wooden, and lifeless did many of the figures look, especially those which pretended to historic dignity! Poor "King Alfred" has received hard mechanical handling from Mr Philip; and our present "Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," by Mr Weekes, was a work painstaking yet commonplace. Assuredly sculpture does not suffer so much from want of patronage as from lack of genius. The "Palace of Westminster" has for some years afforded, and "The Albert Memorial" is at the present time continuing, to our artists sufficient opportunity for display of such talent as they may possess; and yet it is to be feared that many of the works produced are to be regarded as so many tons of good marble spoilt. By Mr Bell was exhibited a small sketch of

"the colossal group of America, in course of execution in marble for the National Memorial to the Prince Consort in Hyde Park," a composition which possesses as much dignity and far more show than the blazing illustrations we have been accustomed to see as frontispieces to pictorial almanacs. We learn that the four Christian as well as the four cardinal virtues will also be called to take part in the same Memorial. "Fortitude," one of the set, has fared well in the hands of Mr Redfern. We do not know how many of the sciences may be expected to pay tribute to the late Prince. Mr Armstead, as a beginning, presents us with "Chemistry." It strikes us that with a little contrivance this one model may serve for every science under the sun: it is well known that in a somewhat analogous case, the four lions at the base of the Nelson Column, one model did for all; and in like manner a slight twist given to the neck of "Chemistry" might change the character and reverse the attribute. This stately decorous figure is known to be "Chemistry" by a retort; she would become "Geology" by a block of granite, "Mineralogy" by a crystal, "Astronomy" by a telescope, "Mechanics" by a cog-wheel. Such art is not a branch of the fine arts or of the useful arts, it is merely the art of trifling. On the whole, sculpture is in lower estate than either architecture or painting.

It may be almost too soon to speculate on the consequences which must follow from the improved position in which the Academy finds itself. There are, however, at least some three or four questions which at once suggest themselves as deeply involving the interest of our national arts. The one is the position which may be assigned to Water-Colour painting, and the relation that may be maintained between the Academy and the hitherto independent Water-Colour Societies. A second question

is the position which may be given to Architecture, and the attitude that may be assumed by the Academy towards the Institute of British Architects. A third point is the position which shall be assigned within the Academy to foreign artists of eminence. Fourthly, and lastly, it remains to be seen what measures can be taken to make the Schools of the Academy adequate to the educational wants of the country. Upon each of these points we will say a few words.

In the first place, we will remark that it seems for the best interest of art that at least the Old and the New Water-Colour Societies should maintain, as heretofore, an independent position and line of action. Some minor and less strong associations may possibly have to succumb. But when we call to mind how high has been the quality of the two water-colour collections in Pall Mall, we cannot but deem the possible extinction or diminution of such exhibitions a public no less than a private calamity. And it was a satisfaction to find, even from the first opening of the room devoted to water-colours in the Academy, that the threatened opposition was far from being so formidable as had been feared. The number of drawings hung by the Academy was only 178, against 306 in the Old Water-Colour Society, 277 in the New, and 721 in the Dudley; and the average of merit gained within the new building was certainly below that of at least the Old Water-Colour Gallery. The Academy, then, for the present, is checkmated in any attempt it may have made to swamp its rivals. For the most part, indeed, only the discontented among the water-colour painters have yielded to the temptation offered; yet were the Academy to persevere in sending out enticing invitations, coupled with the intimation that water-colour painters would possibly be eligible for election as Associates or

Academicians, we could not but fear what might be the issue of the conflict. In this critical posture of affairs our advice assuredly would be, that the Old Water-Colour Society should stick stoutly to its resolve to resist the blandishments of the Academy; let the cold shoulder be given to any member who shall go over to the enemy's camp. We repeat, it is desirable that the Old Water-Colour Society should preserve that independent action which has created a national school wholly without rival. Nor should it be forgotten that water-colour artists must at best be doomed within the Academy to a position second to the painters in oils. Water-colour drawings, moreover, suffer even under the handsome provision made in the new building by competition with oil pictures. These remarks will naturally lead the reader to the conclusion that the best examples of the art of painting in water-colours have been found not in Piccadilly but in Pall Mall. Not easily to be forgotten were at least some dozen drawings exhibited by the older society. "The Wine of Circe," by Mr Burne Jones, will long haunt the imagination by its weird mien and mysterious spell. "Cassandra Fedele," by Mr Frederick Burton, is a work, for high range of thought, for subtle refinement in treatment, not surpassed, and indeed scarcely equalled, by any picture of the year.

As to the future position of architecture within the Academy, we have only to observe that it seems scarcely likely that the architectural profession will be content. Yet the designs sent for exhibition went far to prove that the architects have to thank themselves for the neglect or ill-usage of which they complain. What interest, we would ask, can any academy have in hanging drawings which no public can possibly care to look at? And how did it happen that the only part of the exhibition which turned out a failure was that which fell under the jurisdic-

tion of the architects? The drawings sent in, with but few exceptions, were poor in design, and still worse as to execution; and yet, by common consent, architecture has experienced within the last ten years marked revival. Thus the Gothic designs of Mr Street possess originality and vigour; the mouldings are bold, and the decorations are not permitted to destroy repose and breadth. An elevation of pretentious mediocrity, by Messrs Barry & Banks, forewarned the public of the new façade to Burlington House, which henceforth will disfigure Piccadilly. Much more highly do we esteem Mr Pennethorne's admirable façade to the London University, now an ornament to Burlington Gardens. On the whole, we incline to think the architects as a body are far too impracticable to blend pleasantly with the Academy. Hence they will probably continue to elect a president of their own, and to hold annually an independent exhibition in Conduit Street.

We will add a word as to the reception given to foreign artists by the Academy, and on the position taken by Continental schools in this country generally. No one who has watched the history of contemporary art can have failed to observe the increasing number of foreign pictures brought to this country, and the direct influence which Continental schools are now exerting upon our national art. The French and Flemish gallery has become an established institution. In addition, we occasionally encounter German galleries, even Scandinavian galleries; and at the moment we write, Gustave Doré has a gallery all to himself. The Leeds Exhibition indicated how many of the works thus imported find a permanent place in the homes of England. A retrospective review of the London season scarcely requires that we should speak in detail of the multitude of foreign pictures we have seen within the last few months. The French Gallery, at any rate,

included some few works that deserve to be held in remembrance; yet not without reprobation will the reader recall the most voluptuous Parisian picture that has yet reached London—"The Birth of Venus," by M. Cabanel. Nevertheless, pearly is the flesh, lovely the figure floating lightly upon the waves, a vision of beauty on the sea-foam. Yet a work of this unblushing effrontery is an ill sign of the times, and one proof among many that in France the arts have lost their high intellectual standard. M. Gerôme is another painter in command of all powers needed to genius save controlling conscience. Meissonier also may be said to have become almost essential to the London season. "Napoleon I., 1814," by this artist, was the picture which its owner, Mr Ruskin, used strangely at the Royal Institution "in illustration of the relations of Flamboyant architecture to contemporary and subsequent art." The lecturer, in a printed catalogue distributed among his audience, depreciated this brilliant gem, supposed to represent £1000, by the following criticism: "Realistic art of the lower school, but consummate of its kind. Look at it with the lens. Showing the relation of the disturbed and dramatic manner of modern art to the disquietude of the national character." The passage, though not very comprehensible to plain intellects, seems to confirm our verdict, that French art is in decadence. Any moral that might hereon be hung receives emphasis in the powerful and highly imaginative pictures of M. Gustave Doré. Never did a man play more false to his better nature. Art-creation has become with M. Doré a commercial manufacture, imagination a power to drive machinery and weave pictorial fabrics which cover wide acreage. The painter has overstocked the market.

The Academy has this year tried with questionable success the long-cherished project of making foreign

pictures a distinctive feature in the exhibition. The measure, not without reason, has provoked considerable dissatisfaction. To have rejected three thousand English works in favour of foreign paintings, some of which were below mediocrity, is a manifest injustice. It became but too evident that the Academy, in its desire to show hospitality, overlooked the virtue of patriotism. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that among the advantages anticipated from the possession of more ample space has always been reckoned the admission of distinguished artists of the Continent to the position and privilege of "honorary foreign members." The misfortune, however, was, that the seventy foreign pictures admitted represented to a great extent painters not distinguished but unknown. Thus in the Academy we looked in vain for any one of the eight recipients in the Paris International Exhibition of the "*grand prix*:" not a picture was to be found by Cabanel, Gerôme, Meissonier, Rousseau, Kaulbach, Knaus, Leys, or Ussi. Furthermore, the French school was shorn of such distinguished representatives as Robert Fleury, Comte, Hébert Hamon, Fromentin, Français, Millet, and Breton; in like manner the German school lacked Piloty, Achenbach, and Leu; while Belgian and Dutch nationalities were equally destitute of Leys, Gallait, Willems, Stevens, and Israëls. In fact, had all the foreign pictures in the Academy been collected in one room, they must have made but an indifferent exhibition, and would have displayed the great schools of the Continent to vast disadvantage. It is then scarcely worth while to pass under review works which for the most part may be forgotten without injustice. We may mention, however, that some interest arose from the rivalry, not unintentionally set up, between the landscape-painters of England and of the Continent.

It has been usually assumed, first, that in landscape our painters are the best in the world; and, second, that this essentially national art has been unjustly dealt with by the Academy. The defence now made is, that foreign schools are superior to our own, and that the Academy has ignored our landscape-painters simply because they are not up to the mark. We demur to the plea, yet willingly examine the evidence adduced. We may note, in brief, that some four distinctive schools of the Continent asserted their claims side by side with our native products. First, the French was represented by two of its most distinguished members, M. Corot and M. Daubigny, in landscapes conspicuous for unity in intention, monotone in colour, and the subordination of detail to breadth. Second, the Italian school was represented by men of no greater mark than Verummi, Borgia, and De Tivoli. "The Pontine Marshes," by the first of the three, was painted in a powerful and impressive manner. Third, the Dutch school, as seen in a capital picture, "Dutch Meadow, with Cattle," by the celebrated painter M. de Haas: the manner has been from generation to generation handed down in historic descent from Paul Potter and Karl du Jardin. Fourthly, and lastly, the German or Düsseldorf school, imaginative, scenic, and grandiose, as manifest in "The Castle of the Holy Graal," by Count Kalkreuth of Vienna. We do not carry the analysis so far as to make separate nationalities for America or Scandinavia, because "The Sierra Nevada Mountains, California," by Mr Bierstadt, the American, as well as "The Landscape in Smaland, Sweden," by Professor Bergh of Stockholm, are to all intents and purposes products of the Düsseldorf or German school. We will

not attempt to adjudicate on the comparative merits of these rival landscape styles, British and foreign. It is obvious, however, that much good must result from the friendly conflict among great artists who in distant parts of the earth are devoting their lives to the earnest study of nature. The Academy will doubtless have to reconsider the basis upon which foreigners shall be admitted; yet we cannot but hope that, without prejudice to the prior claims of our own artists, it may be possible to show courtesy to really distinguished painters of the Continent, and to afford space for such great representative works as may tend to rectify what may be wrong and to widen what may be narrow in our insular and sometimes too exclusive national art.

The education of the artist himself, we need scarcely add in conclusion, will, more than all besides, tend to secure the advance year by year of our English school; and we cannot but hope that among the benefits which shall accrue from the position and power gained by the Academy, will be such a reorganisation of the schools, and of the whole system of art-education, as shall place our painters, sculptors, and architects on equal footing with the artists of the most favoured nations. We are glad to know that certain centres of learning will at length obtain the advantage of art-teaching under endowed professors. Thus it may be hoped that the guiding minds of the country will no longer be ignorant of the first rudiments of art. And we trust that when the Government shall come to deal at large with the education of the people, the fine arts will be recognised as potent agents in promoting the wellbeing of man.

THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS.

WE must begin this paper with a frank avowal that, notwithstanding all that has occurred since the publication of our number for July, we adhere to the opinion therein expressed, that the best thing the Lords could have done with the Bill for the overthrow of the Protestant Church in Ireland would have been to throw it out at the second reading. No doubt the thorough sifting which it underwent in their Lordships' Committee has effected great good, both in and out of Parliament. The gross injustice of the scheme as a whole—the cruelty and harshness of its details—the contradiction offered by most of them to the spirit as well as to the letter of the assurances that were given to the country by her Majesty's present Ministers at the time of the general election, and before it,—all these points have been admirably brought out, and the effect upon public opinion is such as neither the advocates of the measure nor its opponents could have anticipated. Still the fact remains, that the House of Lords have formally accepted the principle of religious disestablishment. For the first time since Great Britain and Ireland became one constitutional monarchy, the union of Church and State, on which the Constitution itself was believed to rest, has been pronounced to be an improper union, and, as such, is in one province of that monarchy dissolved. We say dissolved, because, though the union still subsists in law, and must continue to subsist till the proposals of Parliament receive the sanction of the Crown, no man who is fit to go at large believes otherwise than that this process is only deferred. There are steps in the guidance of nations which, once taken, can never be recalled; and a solemn decision, pronounced first by the Commons of England, and after-

wards by the House of Lords, on any litigated question whatever, is clearly one of these. The principle on which Lords and Commons are agreed remains settled, once and for ever; and in the direction of that principle, future legislation, whether it come early or late, invariably runs. Now the principle on which, in the present instance, Lords and Commons are agreed is this, that a beginning must be made in our old constitutional monarchy of severance between the Church and the State; and such a beginning will be made, that we may rely upon, ere many days pass.

These are facts which there is no getting over. The Lords have put their *imprimatur* upon Mr Gladstone's threats, and could not now, were they ever so much disposed, undo their own handiwork. They have done this, to be sure, in their own way; but the words spoken in 1867 are stern realities now: "The Protestant Church in Ireland must cease as an Establishment to exist;" and as an Establishment it will cease to exist probably on the 1st of May 1871, or before it.

Regretting this concession, as we always must, and still believing that it was neither judicious in itself nor by any pressure of public necessity called for, we accept the situation as their Lordships have arranged it for us, and proceed to consider what the probable effect will be upon the state of parties and upon the country, not alone of the amendments introduced by their Lordships into the Ministerial measure, but of the spirit and temper with which they have conducted themselves throughout the great controversy, now virtually concluded. And here, *in limine*, let us point out how much their Lordships have raised themselves in public estimation, both by what they did in dealing with a question unprece-

dentedly delicate and difficult, and by their manner of doing it. On the 14th of last June, the leader of the House of Lords, acting for the Government, moved that a second reading should be accorded to a bill which had come up to them from the Commons supported by a majority of more than a hundred votes, and which, as a matter of course, their Lordships had read the first time without one word of comment on either side. A debate immediately began, which, being continued by adjournment, ranged over four nights, with an amount of forensic skill and brilliancy of elocution such as alone must make it memorable among Parliamentary discussions in all time. Whatever great ingenuity, combined with temper and address, could do to make the worse appear the better cause, was done by Lord Granville, Lord Clarendon, Lord Kimberley, and the Lord Chancellor; and if his Grace of Argyll fell somewhat short of his colleagues in the two latter of these qualities, his worst enemy, if he have an enemy, cannot deny that in the matter of ingenuity he kept at least abreast of them. On the other side, Lord Derby spoke with all his accustomed power, the Duke of Abercorn surpassed himself, and Lord Cairns exhibited that extraordinary skill in hitting the weak points of his opponent's argument and bringing out the strong points of his own which, on all subjects where moral right and moral wrong stand opposed, renders his eloquence so telling. These, among the lay Lords, may be said to have stood in the forefront of battle—the one section arguing unconditionally for the acceptance of the measure, the other arguing unconditionally for its rejection. But there was a third party in the House, to the leaders of which the praise of rare ability, not less than of perfect honesty of purpose, cannot be denied. It consisted, too, of men whose antagonism of views on subjects less vital indeed than the Church question, yet

not unimportant in themselves, had up to the commencement of this remarkable debate been conspicuous. Lord Salisbury, Lord Grey, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Russell, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Westbury, all alike condemned the Bill, yet all alike advised that it should be read a second time. Meanwhile, the Bishops—such of them, at least, as took part in the debate—came out as speakers more than creditably. Their conduct on the division was not in every instance exactly such as might have been expected, but in debate they quite held their own. The Archbishop of Canterbury, for example, logical and simple, made one great mistake. Denouncing the Bill, he spoke as if it were possible, by some process of manipulation in its details, to convert a measure radically bad into a good measure. And there he left his case, for when the division was called for, his Grace had quitted the House. Let us not, however, appear to censure where we mean only to express regret. If there was some apparent lack of courage in refusing to record his vote one way or the other, there has been great boldness as well as excellent judgment in the line which he assumed, and to which he adhered in Committee. He took the lead at once in proposing amendments which, being in order and practicable, were in every instance carried. Some of these have since been modified, not one of them reversed; for the proposal to reserve for their lives the right of the disestablished Irish bishops to sit in the House of Lords, though supported by the Archbishop, was not his proposal. And seeing in the arrangement a great deal more to censure than approve, we confess that its abandonment at a subsequent stage in the proceedings was to us a source of satisfaction rather than the reverse. On the whole, then, his Grace may be said to have fully recovered the ground which at one time he had lost. We remember only that in

Committee he fought the Church's battle well and wisely; his shilly-shallying at the division on the second reading is forgotten.

Passing over the speech of the Archbishop of Dublin, which, like everything that proceeds from his poet's brain, is persuasive and gentle, very just and somewhat feeble, we turn to the utterance of his lordship of St David's—to which, we are free to confess, by the opponents of the measure full justice has scarcely been done. That the bishop committed some curious blunders—as in his reference to St Ambrose—cannot be denied; but the main thread of his argument was a robust threat, notwithstanding the abortive, not to say contradictory, conclusion to which it led. It was ridiculous also to refer to the ascendancy of the Protestant Church in Ireland, as if to that phenomenon might be attributed the extraordinary power of the Romish priests. But we entirely concur in his lordship's spirited denunciation of the uses to which this power is turned, and agree with him in ridiculing the absurd idea that their Church system is in any sense a Voluntary system. It is, as he says, entirely the reverse. They levy the means of subsistence from the people by a kind of spiritual dstraint, which is quite as effectual as any legal process could be. The point, however, on which he came out with the greatest force was his honest avowal of sentiments which have been entertained by every statesman among us worthy of the name, from Pitt to the Duke of Wellington, and from Fox to Earl Russell and Earl Grey. Neither Pitt, nor the Duke, nor Fox, nor Lord Russell, nor Lord Grey, ever, it is probable, contemplated, in less revolutionary times, the attainment of their object by the means which seem now to be forced upon us. But their object and that of the bishop are clearly the same, and could not be better expressed than in the following sentences:—

"I have been in the habit of thinking that the time had arrived when the Irish Church should cease to be the Established Church, but not cease to be an Established Church. I had thought that it ought not to engross the whole provision made for the religious instruction of the people of Ireland, but that it ought not to be totally abolished. The eloquent argument we heard last night from a right rev. prelate was not needed to satisfy my mind on the point. I should be very sorry to see the Irish Church, or any Church, thrown on the Voluntary system, and launched in a boat on the troubled sea without any provision. From this simple statement your lordships will be able to see in what respect and how far I differ from that which in one sense may be called the general principle of the Bill."

How his lordship after this brought himself to assent to the second reading is a mystery which we do not undertake to solve. But at all events he went straight to his point. He voted for the second reading with the avowed intention of suggesting in Committee such changes in the Bill itself as, if carried, must entirely reverse both its purpose and its details.

We come now to the great speech in the debate—the able, brilliant, and, looked at from his own point of view, the unanswerable argument of the Bishop of Peterborough. Before it went down, like corn before the reaper, all the twaddle that had been uttered about the injustice and the impolicy and absurdity of maintaining any further connection between the State and the Protestant Church in Ireland. The speech has, we believe, been printed as a pamphlet, and must, we doubt not, be fresh in the recollection of our readers. We do not therefore intend to try their patience by analysing it; but one extract we hold it necessary to give, because in the few sentences comprising it are expressed more of truth, more of common-sense, and more of political wisdom, than in the most laboured of the apologies for their rash undertaking which any or all of the Ministers combined have put forth:—

"My lords, I contend that the Church of the minority, paid by the minority, standing on the land of the minority, teaching the faith of the minority to the minority, is not guilty of that misappropriation of the funds of the majority with which it is charged. If I may venture to detain your lordships upon a question closely connected with this, will you allow me to ask you to consider for a moment how it comes to pass that the greater part of the land of Ireland is in the possession of the minority of the people? Because your lordships may depend upon it that that is the question which lies at the root of everything. How comes it to pass, I ask, that the great majority of the landlords of Ireland are Protestants? For a very simple reason that I have not yet heard alluded to in the course of this debate. Because the majority of the Irish people, the Celtic population, took the losing side in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the great struggle between Protestant England and the Catholic League of Europe. That was a life-and-death struggle for the religious liberty and the freedom of England and of Europe. Most unhappily for themselves, the Celtic population sided with the Catholics against the Protestants. The battle was fought out between England and the Catholic League in the terrible manner in which contests were fought in those days. On the one hand, there were the penal laws—those infernal penal laws, as I will join in calling them; but be it remembered that it was with these detestable penal laws that England fought the bulls of Popes that encouraged the assassination of princes. These penal laws were not, as some noble lords seemed to think, used in defence of the Church of Ireland. They were passed by the English Parliament in defence of English rule in Ireland, and they would have been passed as penal laws with equal harshness and severity whatever had been the religion of the Celtic population, if only that population had risen against the authority of England. It was not in defence of the Church, but in defence of English rule, and against the Celtic population, that these detestable laws were passed. How stands the case now? At the time of the Rebellion England confiscated large estates belonging to these Celtic rebels, and upon nine-tenths of these estates England planted laymen, and on the other one-tenth Anglican pastors. Now, was the confiscation of the land of rebel

Irishmen just or unjust? If it was an injustice, then undo it all. If, in the name of justice you are to trace back so far the roots of things in Irish history—if you are to make one revolution in the sacred name of justice—then in the name of justice also give back to the descendants of the owners of these confiscated estates what you took from them. But do not mock them by telling them, 'Protestant ascendancy in land is an evil thing in Ireland, and how shall we deal with it? Why, nine-tenths of the land being in the hands of the Protestant landlord and one-tenth in the hands of the clergyman, we will satisfy your demand for justice by ousting from his possession that one proprietor who is most popular, most constantly resident, and least offensive, and we will retain in all the bitter tenacity of his original tenure the proprietor who is most offensive to you, and whose possessions you most covet.' Do noble lords imagine that the Irish people will be satisfied with that? Do you, having to deal with the most quickwitted people in Europe—people whose eyes are very closely fixed on this question—do you believe that they will be anything but bitterly disappointed when you tell them, 'We are about to tear down this flaunting flag of Protestant ascendancy,' and then tear off no more than the least corner of it? The Irish peasant is already giving his answer to this question, and a terrible answer it is. You attempt to pacify him by refusing him the land which he does want, and giving him the destruction of the Church which he does not want, and his answer is one which, I grieve to say, English statesmen in times past have taught the Irish peasant to give. The Irish peasant has been taught that murder and outrage are a necessary stimulant to the consciences of English statesmen. You tell him now that you are doing that which will satisfy him, and his answer appears in a handwriting which makes English statesmen so often tremble, though it needs no Daniel to interpret it. He says he will be satisfied with nothing less than possession of this land, which I do her Majesty's Government the justice of believing that they have no intention whatever of bestowing upon him."

On the 18th of June, or, to speak with greater accuracy, at a very early hour on the morning of the 19th, this first decisive battle

in the war which the Government had raised was fought out. A bill declaring that henceforth there shall be no Established Church in Ireland, and that the property heretofore enjoyed exclusively by the clergy of that Church shall, as existing incumbents die or are removed, be at the absolute disposal of Parliament,—these two principles, in spite of the strenuous opposition of Lord Cairns and his friends, were affirmed. Not all the force of argument brought to bear upon the subject availed to convince one hundred and seventy-nine out of two hundred and twenty-five peers, that it would be possible, in the face of an adverse House of Commons and a doubtful constituency, to maintain intact the great settlement of 1688; and the Constitution, to establish and confirm which one revolution was gone through a couple of centuries ago, has, by another just begun, been struck at and mortally wounded. It was wounded, too, even unto death, not in order that the Ministers might achieve a party triumph, for the result showed that such was the last thing thought of by the House of Lords, but in the hope that a catastrophe which a majority of their lordships affirmed to be inevitable, might be rendered as little disastrous as circumstances would allow. This is a matter of fact of which it is necessary never to lose sight. The Lords, or a great majority of them, would have maintained the Protestant Church in Ireland as the State Church, had that been in their opinion possible. They might probably have introduced into its internal arrangements considerable changes; but to cast it loose from State control at the sacrifice of a great principle—that course they never would have sanctioned but for the pressure of a necessity which seemed to them to be irresistible. Having yielded to that necessity, however, they take up new ground. What is it?

The Government proposed by

their Bill to confiscate, absolutely and for ever, all that property heretofore called Church property in Ireland. They were considerate enough to take some care of vested interests. The Irish clergy—bishops, deans, rectors, vicars, and curates—were to enjoy, for their lives respectively, such incomes as they now derive from rent-charges and glebes; but each glebe and rent-charge, as the incumbent dropped, was to become the property of the State—the former immediately, the latter subject to an extraordinary condition. The proprietor of the soil, from whose rental this charge constituted a deduction, was to be invited to get rid of the burden by paying into the hands of certain commissioners already named a sum equal to twenty-two and a half years' purchase. If he declined to avail himself of this offer, he and his successors were to go on paying to the Commissioners for fifty years to come the exact annual sum now chargeable on his estate. And at the end of these years, in return for the fifty payments thus made, the estate was to be for ever freed from further charges.

Such, in few words, was one of the provisions made for satisfying the claims of incumbents on the one hand, and reconciling the owners of the land on the other, to an arrangement of which, well-nigh to a man, they disapproved. Something, indeed, was hinted at of possible commutation by the clergy, the State offering to buy up the incumbent's annuity, if he should think fit to sell it. But of the right of the parishioners—that is to say, of the great bulk of the people—to have religious instruction dispensed to them free of expense, of that no account whatever was taken. That must cease as soon as the measure becomes law and the present generation of clergymen dies out. On the other hand, the Government declines to apply the money thus acquired to State purposes. It

will not hand over the amount to the Commissioners for the discharge of the National Debt, much less will it connect itself with religion in any form, by undertaking to pay either priests or parsons; but it will build, repair, and endow lunatic asylums, reformatories, and other institutions of the kind, all of which are at this moment a burden upon the land. Some one foretold long ago that Mr Gladstone would never be able to carry his measure of disendowment unless he bribed the Irish landowners by making them a present of the rent-charges, just as he bribed the English landowners to consent to the abolition of Church-rates by making them a present of the sums previously collected as such. The prediction, by whomsoever uttered, has, so far as the Government is concerned, been fulfilled to the letter. For while the rent-charges fall absolutely at the end of half a century to the owners of the soil, the county cess, which the proprietors virtually pay, is at once put an end to, or diminished as far as the value of the benefices brought into the market and sold can effect that end. But this is not all. Apart from the rent-charges, the Protestant Church in Ireland has for three hundred years or thereabouts been possessed of certain lands, particularly in Ulster, the gift to it, out of portions of estates forfeited in rebellion, by princes long deceased. Side by side with these glebes, and exceeding them in value and extent twentyfold, lie large estates, granted long ago by the same princes to private noblemen and gentlemen, and still possessed either by the descendants of these noblemen and gentlemen, or by individuals who have become possessed of them by purchase or other arrangements. The estates belonging to private persons the Government does not at present touch. They are held upon a tenure as good as that by which the Duke of Bedford holds Woburn, or the young Earl of Pem-

broke Wilton Abbey. But the glebes must go with the rent-charges, as one by one voidances occur. The total gain to the State accruing from these two sources has been calculated by Mr Gladstone at sixteen millions; and the question which he and his colleagues considered that they were bound in Cabinet to settle was, What are we to do with the money? There was a time, and that not far removed from us, when simple men like ourselves saw in the difficulty of finding a reasonable answer to this question one of the surest safeguards against raising it at all. We had cruelly deceived ourselves. Mr Gladstone, assisted by the Duke of Argyll and others, excogitated so early as 1867 what they held to be the reasonable answer that was needed. On the strength of a bold declaration resting upon that answer, they came into office, and found that other statesmen, at least as influential as themselves, had a word to say on the matter. Were they dismayed or staggered by the new suggestions offered? Not at all. They took them up and made them their own.

Mr Gladstone's original covenant with the constituencies was this: The Irish Establishment must go. There can be no peace in Ireland till this is done. But the Church as a body possessing property must be dealt with, not tenderly alone, but generously. The clergy must hold for ever the churches, the glebe-houses, and the glebes; and out of the forfeited benefices enough must be restored to them to support them as the ministers of a free but true Church ought to be supported. The surplus, whatever it may be, shall be applied exclusively to Irish purposes. But forasmuch as the Protestant feeling of the country is opposed to the payment of the priests, not one shilling of it shall be applied to the teaching of religion in any form. If this be not in substance what Mr

Gladstone said in Lancashire and elsewhere, before he attained the object of a life's ambition, we shall be glad to be corrected. Observe how his part of the covenant is fulfilled.

The Government of the day refuses to devote any portion of the plunder taken from the Established Church to religious teaching in any form. It pronounced, being in opposition, against coincident endowment. It ran a-muck at Lord Mayo for presuming to use the expression levelling-up. It will have nothing to do, now that power is given to it, with the claims or the wants or the wishes of any priesthood whatever. But a pressure comes from without, and the Government discovers that it must either evade this engagement or lose the support of the Irish hierarchy. Maynooth has existed for years back on the bounty of the Imperial Parliament — Maynooth cannot be left in the lurch. The Government therefore proceeds, without one word of apology, to set aside for the maintenance of that Roman Catholic theological college £400,000 taken out of the plunder of the Protestant Church, and relieves itself at the same time from the payment of the *Regium Donum* to the Presbyterians by presenting them with another lump sum derived from the same source. If this be not an open and direct breach of an engagement entered into for the purpose of catching votes, we should be glad to know how engagements are either broken or preserved. But the engagement, such as it is, is violated just as flagrantly by indirect as by direct breaches of faith. Lunatic asylums, reformatories, and all other institutions of the class, as they are mainly filled in Ireland with Roman Catholic inmates, so they are for all purposes of moral and religious training in the hands of Roman Catholic priests and nuns. It is to the maintenance of these that the revenues of the Church are to

be applied, as much of them at least as remains after satisfying the claims of vested interests. Put plainly before the world, then, and stripped of idle phrases, the Ministerial measure comes to this — that the disestablished Church shall lose the whole of its property by little and little as individual incumbents die out; that of this property the great bulk shall go into the pockets of the owners of the soil; and that out of the remainder large endowments shall be assigned to Roman Catholics and Presbyterians — to the latter under the head of compensation for the *Regium Donum*, heretofore paid out of the Imperial Treasury; to the former in the shape of a permanent advance to Maynooth, and the payment of the salaries of such priests and nuns as preach or minister to the inmates of Irish lunatic and other asylums.

In the interval that elapsed between the second reading and the Committee, good note was taken of these glaring inconsistencies; and notices of amendments, framed with a view to set them right, perhaps to turn them to account, came in by the score. One noble lord after another rode his hobby full tilt at the measure. It is not worth while to advert to most of these proposed amendments, some of which died a natural death, while others, after moving and breathing for a while, were in the end extinguished. A few only need be specified. The Archbishop of Canterbury's proposal to defer the disestablishment of the Church till January 1872, was well meant; yet, in our opinion, the Church gained nothing by it. It is probably by this time abandoned altogether, as it was altered before acceptance. No good can come of putting off for a few weeks or months that which is inevitable. The Protestant Church must soon cease to be the Established Church in Ireland, and the sooner it can conveniently subside into what it must ultimately be-

come, the better it will be for all concerned. As little are we disposed to mourn over the reversal of the decree which had conferred upon the present generation of disestablished Irish bishops the rights of the peerage. Bishops are not life peers, and cannot be made such. They sit in the House of Lords in part by right of their baronies, in part as constituting a distinct Estate of the realm. The four whom Ireland heretofore sent over to the United Parliament represented the Lords Spiritual of that portion of the monarchy. But a bishop who has ceased to be also a baron, and whom the Constitution refuses any longer to acknowledge as a portion of one of its Estates, has no business in the House of Lords. We doubt whether his vote, if he ventured to give one, could be counted. In every point of view, therefore—as well to save the law and custom of the Constitution, as to take away from the Roman Catholics a fresh ground of offence—it is best that the Irish bishops, ceasing to be bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, should cease to be members of the British House of Lords. But almost all the other changes introduced into the details of the Bill have our cordial approval. Observe to what they amount. The Lords have practically affirmed Mr Gladstone's original proposition, by rendering the commutation scheme universal instead of partial, and by fixing the amount which the Commissioners are to hand over to the Church body in lieu of the annual payments which are to cease. To Lord Carnarvon belongs the merit of bringing forward this wise proposal. He dealt in a statesmanlike and candid manner both with this portion of his subject and with the very foolish determination of the Government, not to give, but to sell, their own parsonages to the Protestant clergy:—

“ I believe my amendment will

greatly improve the Bill. The calculations, too, are made in the ordinary life-tables, but it is very well known that the lives of the clergy are considerably longer on the average than those of the laity. The result of the plan proposed will, I believe, be, that the system of commutations will be, of a very close and almost niggardly character. As, too, the Government are already empowered to buy at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and they now propose to sell annuities at 3 per cent, they will by the scheme proposed be enabled to turn over $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and that, too, out of the wrecked fortunes of the Irish Church. Now, my Lords, the first argument which I shall venture to urge in favour of my plan appears to me to be so strong, that if I had no other I should submit it to your Lordships as conclusive. It is that, by providing for a general and early capitalisation, you will close at once all the vexatious, protracted, and irritating controversy on business which will otherwise go on between the Commissioners and the various incumbents. When you look at the state of things at present existing in Ireland, and when you bear in mind the state of things which will be produced by this Bill, you cannot be too strongly impressed with the importance of closing these transactions at the earliest possible moment. It would have another advantage, and one which I would strongly press upon the attention of her Majesty's Government, because they must desire to bring this Bill into conformity and consistency with the principles which they have announced. Now, we have been told repeatedly that the great principle which her Majesty's Government have kept in view has been that of equality. Now, I will venture to say that, tested as I will test it by this principle, this Bill cannot be said to be consistent. In the case of Maynooth, the life interests of the professors and the temporary and fugitive interests of the students are thrown together; and let me observe, in passing, that while the temporary and fugitive interests of the students are represented in the annual grant by £20,000, the life interests of the professors are represented by only £6000 of that grant. But in estimating the compensation to Maynooth the whole £26,000 is multiplied by the figure 14. The total of the life interests in the Irish Church, exclusive of the curates, amounts, I think, to £5,000,000, and with the curates to £5,700,000. Of

the £400,000 to Maynooth, about one-third will go to satisfy annuitants, and two-thirds are left, if necessary, for the re-endowment of Maynooth. In the next place, I want to point out with regard to the Irish Church what is the average expectation of life. In the case of the archbishops and bishops it is twelve years; in that of the incumbents thirteen years, which gives an average of twelve and a half years; but the average for the curates is seventeen years, which brings up the general average to fourteen years, and that is what is claimed. If the average is taken for the archbishops, bishops, and beneficed clergy—namely, twelve and a half years—that will leave a difference of a year and a half between your treatment of the Irish Church and your treatment of Maynooth. Again, look at the matter in another light. The *curriculum* at Maynooth is eight years, but one-eighth of the students leave every year, as a consequence of that period of *curriculum*. With a *maximum* of eight years and a *minimum* of one year, I don't know what your average will come to; but if you throw in the lives of the professors, I don't think you can get an average of more than seven years. Therefore the case stands thus: To the Irish Church, with life interests averaging under the most adverse circumstances twelve and a half years, you would be giving fourteen years under my plan; while to Maynooth, with life interests averaging seven years, you are about to give fourteen years. Then you propose to give the Irish Church the glebes, subject to building charges, while the building charges for which Maynooth is liable are to be entirely remitted. I believe that an argument used in the other House against this proposal was that the Church is a religious establishment, while Maynooth is an educational establishment. I admit the difference; but I am at a loss to see why ministers of religion should be compensated on one system, and teachers of religion should be compensated on another and a different system. Let me not be misunderstood. I don't complain of the terms granted to Maynooth. I don't grudge Maynooth a shilling of the money proposed to be granted to it if this property is to be taken from the Irish Church. What I want is, that there shall be a measure of equality. I believe that any one reading the provisions of this Bill must come to the conclusion that they are favourable to Maynooth; but

if the Irish Church be compensated on terms equally favourable to her, then I have nothing to say."

To this wise and equitable proposal the Government offered all the opposition in their power. They were beaten, however, by a very large majority—only 86 peers supporting Lord Granville, while 155 followed Lord Carnarvon.

Animated by this success, Lord Salisbury, on the following day, brought forward his motion, that the glebes and glebe-houses should be reserved, without any charge to the clergy. We wish that our limits would permit the transference to these pages of the whole of the short but masterly address with which he prefaced his motion, but that is out of the question. After turning into ridicule the vague and unmeaning clause which proposes in the Bill to set a money value on the parsonage-houses, he went on to say,—

"We have often had the verdict of the country quoted for our guidance; but we can only know what the verdict of the country was by knowing what question was proposed to it—by looking to the speeches made before the election by those who are the most eminent members of the present Ministers of the Crown. I do not care what speeches have been made in the present Parliament. I know that the speech which the Privy Seal (the Earl of Kimberley) made last night was one that he would not have dared to make before the last election; and if that very remarkable change of tone in the language of the noble Duke (Argyll) which we were witnesses to last night had manifested itself before the verdict of the country had been given, he would have been restrained by his more prudent friends. We must go back to the promises as they were made before the thing desired had been obtained, not to the interpretation which is given to those promises when the desire is fulfilled. The noble Duke the other night sought to get out of certain language he used by saying we attributed too much importance to his words. I do not wish to excite the well-known bashfulness of the noble Duke by quoting his words again unnecessarily, but I am bound to

do so, because I think he very much underrates the position which he then occupied, and which he now occupies. He was well known, not only as one of the very ablest of the members of the party to which he belongs, but also as chiefly in the confidence of the present Prime Minister, and as one of those who framed the Resolutions on which the verdict of the country is supposed to have been taken. Anything, therefore, which he uttered then must be claimed as part of the subject-matter submitted to the country for its verdict. The noble Duke said,—

“Under the scheme sketched by Mr Gladstone the Church is to be left in possession of the churches and parsonage-houses, and of some land adjacent.”

“That is what the noble Duke said. I will now go to another member of the Government. I suppose there is no doubt about the position occupied by Mr Bright upon this question before the election; and with Mr Bright, as with the noble Duke, we have the satisfaction of dealing with a man who does not ordinarily practise unnecessary reserve, and with whose language, therefore, we may be perfectly free to deal. On the 13th of March last year Mr Bright said,—

“Now, if I were asked to give my advice—and if I am not asked I shall give it—I should propose that where there are congregations in Ireland—I am speaking, of course, of the present Established Church—who would undertake to keep in repair the church in which they have been accustomed to worship, and the parsonage-houses in which their ministers live, Parliament should leave them in possession of their churches and parsonage-houses.”

“Now, Mr Bright made that promise under the impression that there was to be a demand for concurrent endowment, and that what was to be given to the Church should also be given to others; but, deferring the full consideration of this part of the question until it is before the Committee, I wish to show now that the two things are perfectly independent, and that they were independent in the mind of Mr Bright, for he went on to say:—

“All State connection would be abolished entirely. You would then have all sects on an equality. The Protestants would have their churches and parsonage-houses as they have now; but the repairs of them and the support of their ministers would be provided by

the congregations. The Catholics would provide, as they have hitherto done, so meritoriously and with such wonderful generosity, for themselves.”

“It is obvious, therefore, than when Mr Bright gave that promise on the subject of parsonage-houses, he did not dream of its depending upon any other consideration. And Mr Bright made another observation, not strictly on the subject of parsonage-houses, which I earnestly press upon Ministers of the Crown. Mr Bright said,—

“I say that if this question does come to be dealt with by a great and powerful Ministry, let it be dealt with in a great and generous spirit.”

“How it came to pass that a measure conceived with these lofty and generous impulses should have sunk down to this measure, which Shylock himself might have envied, I am utterly unable to understand. I can conceive only that some such plan as was adopted by the Triumvirs of old for getting rid of their troublesome friends, must have been adopted by the Cabinet with reference to this Bill. The Triumvirs, utterly unable to deal with their friends, at last agreed that each man should be allowed to kill as many of his colleagues’ friends as he could. I believe the Irish Church Bill has been dealt with in the same way. Each member of the Cabinet has been allowed to obliterate from the Government scheme what portion he pleased, and I am sure that, after the Bill had passed round, it must have been the most mercenary and avaricious of all the Ministers—I will not say who that was—who cut off these glebe-houses from the remnant of her possessions left to the Irish Church. Then Mr Gladstone, in the same debate, said,—

“I entirely agree with my hon. friend the member for Birmingham in what I understood to be the purport of his speech as to the mode of effecting this great operation. We must, in my opinion, respect every vested interest, every proprietary right, every legitimate feeling, and, in every case of doubt that arises, we must honestly endeavour to strike a balance in favour of the other party and against ourselves. The operation is rude enough after all the mitigation which we can impart to it by the spirit in which we may endeavour to approach it.”

“Well, my Lords, I will not detain you longer. I have only to ask the Government, in the first place, to consider the reason given for the proposal

we make, and in the second place to review it in the light of their own pledges. If they do not abide by their pledges, given before the verdict of the country was passed, they have no claim whatever to come before this House and ask this House to acquiesce in the proposals they make."

Again the Government brought all its influence to bear in opposition to this reasonable proposal. To what this influence amounted may be seen when we state that Lord Russell went into the lobby with Lord Salisbury, and that the latter carried his point by not fewer than 213 to 69 votes.

Two more, and only two, of the amendments moved and carried in Committee against the Government we shall stop to particularise, dealing with them severally, but very briefly. The first was that of which the Archbishop of Canterbury took charge, moving back the date of private endowments from 1660 to 1550. The proposition was in itself so obviously just—it was besides so palpably manifest that their Lordships would accede to it—that Lord Granville, in the hope of averting a defeat, made a specific proposal of his own. He offered to compound for all private endowments by a grant of £500,000. Had this step been taken earlier in the discussion, it would have probably succeeded at once. As it was, the utmost extent to which the Opposition felt themselves justified in going, was to postpone the consideration of the question to a future day; and when that future day came, Lord Granville's offer was accepted. This did not, however, prevent the Archbishop from moving that the Ulster glebes should be made over to the Church body. Again the Government was defeated, the majority against them numbering nearly two to one. One hundred and five supported the Archbishop, fifty-four voted against him.

We confess to having entertained all along some doubts as to the

wisdom of this move and the importance of the victory. The value of these glebes is put by Lord Dufferin at £900,000. It may be so; and in this case Lord Granville's subsequent assertion, that in his offer of £500,000 he meant to comprise these among the private benefactions for which he was desirous of compounding, must be taken as an after-thought. But however this may be, we cannot lose sight of the fact, that of the Protestant population of Ulster nearly one-half are Presbyterians, and that over a portion of these glebes the Presbyterians have a strong claim, if not in law, certainly in equity. The settlement of Ulster was not, be it remembered, from England exclusively; Scotchmen were encouraged to pass over and occupy the vacant space, by distinct assurances that their religious principles would be respected; and for a time not a few of their ministers were in the actual occupation of portions of the glebes. It appears, then, to us, that it would not be unfair, looking to the whole scope and tendency of the proposed changes, if the disposal of these glebes, as well as of the acknowledged surplus of Church property in other directions, were left for the after-consideration of Parliament; and to the after-consideration of Parliament, we imagine, the matter will be referred. Be this, however, as it may, the discussion in the House of Lords very clearly marks the sense which they entertain of the spirit in which legislation is driven; and we are very much mistaken if, time being given for reflection, the country be not found, in great measure at least, to affirm their Lordships' judgment.

We come now to the last vote demanding notice, which, by a curious misunderstanding among the Conservative peers themselves, may be said to have divided itself into two sections. Early in the debate, when Lord Salisbury led the House,

a motion by the Duke of Cleveland failed, which had for its object to provide glebes and glebe-houses for Roman Catholic priests and Presbyterian ministers, with a view to place them, so far as concerned residences and the ownership of land, on a footing of perfect equality with the clergy of the disestablished Church. To that proposal the Ministers opposed themselves, on no other ground than that it was in contravention of the preamble of the Bill. They admitted its wisdom, its good policy, its justice; but they point-blank refused to sanction it, because Mr Gladstone had declared against it. Lord Cairns and a considerable section of the Peers resisted it on other grounds. They are conscientiously opposed to the endowment, in any shape, of the ministers of a religion which they believe to be false; and the union of their forces with those of the Government rejected the Duke of Cleveland's amendment. Then followed—what we may describe as a compromise, or an attempt at a compromise, between the two sections of the Opposition—Lord Cairns's proposing to reserve the disposition of the surplus for the good pleasure of Parliament hereafter; and this, in spite of the best resistance which the Government could offer, was adopted by a large majority. Scarcely had this been done, however, ere Lord Stanhope, in pursuance of notice previously given, moved that the bishops and clergy of two of the Churches, and the ministers of the third, should be provided, out of the funds at the disposal of the Commissioners, with houses and glebes. To each bishop, either of the Church of England or the Church of Rome, his Lordship proposed to give a suitable residence, with thirty acres of land attached; to each priest, incumbent, or minister, a parsonage, with ten acres of land. Lord Stanhope had an admirable card to play. We wish we could add that he played it

admirably. His references to the views of Pitt were not fortunate. They involved him in the absurdity of appearing to contend that Pitt approved—nay, meditated—the plunder of the Protestant Church in order to endow the priests in Ireland. The arrangement itself, however, appeared so desirable in the eyes of the assembly to which he addressed himself, that they affirmed his proposition without stopping to analyse his argument, Lord Houghton seconding the proposal in characteristic terms, and the Duke of Somerset speaking admirably in support of it.

"My Lords," said his Grace, "I think we are engaged in one of the most disagreeable tasks that this House has ever been engaged in. I don't think this measure is entirely agreeable to anybody, though it obtains the partial approbation of the different sects whose prejudices have been appealed to. It pleases the Nonconformists in their hatred of religious Establishments; it pleases the Presbyterians in their hatred of Episcopacy; it pleases the Roman Catholics by offering them the destruction of the Church of Ireland; and it pleases Protestants generally by doing as little justice as possible to the Roman Catholics. It is not, therefore, in any sense a Liberal measure. We are told that the country has made up its mind—that the country is determined to have the measure as it came to this House. Whose fault is that? If Mr Gladstone had only used one-half the ability he has spent in denouncing the Church of Ireland in explaining to the people the real state of the case, I think the result would have been very different. If he had told them to look at what we have been doing for the last thirty years; how we have been educating the priests of Ireland, and doing it with the public money; how we have been teaching the priest the best way to oppose the Protestant religion, and then when he has been so taught letting him live in poverty—would any one say that when we have taught the priest and intrusted him with the instruction of the people we ought not to give him some moderate means of living? Such a gift as that now proposed would be one not to the priests, but to the people of Ireland, who have the greatest reverence for their clergy. If there be any

man who more than another is responsible for the misfortune of this Irish Church question, I say that man is Mr Gladstone. He it was who said that the Irish Church ought to be upheld in the sacred cause of truth; that it must be supported because its mission was divine. It was on account of those sentiments Oxford received him with delight. But, like Coriolanus, he returned to destroy that which he had before upheld. I think, however, that as he has changed his opinion he ought to make allowance for those who were convinced by his former arguments. I confess that I was not among the number. I regarded those arguments as vain, and I think many of his present arguments are vain also. He runs from one extreme to the other. With him there appears to be no halting-place between the torrid and the frigid zones. At one time he laid down that we ought to support the Irish Church on the ground that she taught the truth. Now he advocates the voluntary system in Ireland. The voluntary system has its advantages—it has enormous advantages; but I ask any statesman knowing the condition of Europe, and seeing what are the religious opinions moving in different countries, whether this is a moment at which it is right to take away from Ireland an educated clergy. I think that would not be a statesmanlike proceeding, but a most unwarrantable, dangerous, and mischievous course. My Lords, I don't want to again go over a question of which we have heard so much already. We are told that this is a statesmanlike measure. My Lords, a statesmanlike measure does not destroy everything. It constructs something; but this measure constructs nothing at all. Is it a statesmanlike policy that destroys everything and leaves nothing? You are asked to take away the endowments of the Church in order to give them to lunatic asylums—to take away the educated clergy and to supply their place with old nurses. It is impossible that this Bill can be called the measure of a statesman. It does very well to speak about it at public meetings, because it is just the sort of thing to answer for that purpose; but when it comes to be examined and criticised, it is pulled to pieces on every side."

This is excellent—worth more than all the declamation in which the impugners of his reasoning indulged, and it had its effect. It was aided also

by a declaration from Lord Denbigh—the third, we believe, which he made in the course of the debate—that in stating a short time ago the determination of the Romish prelates to refuse the boon, he had done them wrong, for they were quite prepared to accept it. The result was, that, carrying Lords Russell and Grey along with him, Lord Stanhope defeated the Government and the regular Opposition by a majority of 7, 121 peers voting with and 114 against him. This last blow the Government received after the report of the Committee had been brought up; and their Bill went back to the Commons in principle very little changed, but in all its details brought nearer than could have been expected to the line of justice, as justice in Church matters is hereafter to run.

Such is a brief but faithful outline of this great struggle in the House of Lords—the most momentous, and to themselves, perhaps, the most critical in which they or their forefathers ever were engaged. A measure, revolutionary both in principle and detail, had been carried through the Commons without so much as the pretext of sifting. An overwhelming majority, pledged to do the Minister's bidding, disposed in the early stages of all opposition; and in Committee none spoke from the Ministerial side except one or two members of the Government. Well might Mr Disraeli remind the House, in answer to Mr Gladstone's word of command, that only in the Lords had any serious discussion taken place—that it was their own fault entirely that to the Lords had been left the whole of that work which it became the Commons, in part at least, to accomplish. Conceding more than we are disposed to do to the impartiality of the House—admitting what we must decline to affirm, that there was a very fair and adequate discussion of the principle—Mr Disraeli proceeds to say:—

"But when we came into Committee it was very different, and I do not consider that we had then a fair and complete discussion of the provisions of this Bill. So far as we are concerned on this side of the House, although we highly object to the principle of the measure, yet, believing after that great majority there was every prospect of the principle being adopted, we endeavoured, as far as we could, and in all sincerity, to propose a variety of amendments which would carry into effect a policy not dissimilar in principle to that which had already been adopted by the right hon. gentleman in the Bill, but which would carry the policy to a further extent, and which, we believe, would have mitigated and perhaps removed many of the evils of the measure. But upon all those amendments there was really no discussion, so far as the body of the House was concerned. The amendment was brought forward by myself or by one of my friends, and it was immediately answered by the right hon. gentleman or one of his friends; but we never could get at the opinion of independent members of the House. That is my impression, and I have had some experience of this House. I may be mistaken; but if it is a mistake on my part, it is shared by a great many gentlemen on both sides of the House. I think it would have been very advantageous if those provisions had been well discussed in Committee. For we then should have obtained the opinions of hon. gentlemen opposite more completely upon these matters, and I think that the Bill might have gone up to the House of Lords probably in a different shape, and there would have been less cause for discussion upon the amendments introduced by the Lords."

Mr Disraeli knows the House of Commons well—such Houses, at least, as used to come together previously to the passing of his own Reform Act. We doubt whether he understands the temper of the Assembly to which this particular appeal was addressed. We cannot doubt any more than he does, that beside and above the Ministers there were crowded many gentlemen who abhor with all their souls the predicament in which they find themselves. But what can they do? They are no more free agents than

if the hand of Mr Gladstone had shaped and was directing them to do his work. Take time to consider—weigh well the evil against the good—the mischief that must attend direct collision between the Houses against mere passing mortification to your great leader! How can they consider these things, after his opening address, which for sheer arrogance goes beyond anything that has perhaps ever been put upon record? Here it is in full:—

"In rising to move, Sir, that the House do proceed to consider the Lords' amendments, I shall designedly, for the convenience of the House, avoid making any such general statement of the character of them as might, probably, lead to discussion—though, of course, without presuming to interfere with the right of other members to raise that discussion. But it will be for the convenience of the House that I should very briefly, and in the manner of Parliamentary action, run over, not the whole of the amendments—which are necessarily very numerous, and some of only secondary importance—but the principal ones, and that I should describe the course the Government propose to take upon them. The first amendment is that of the preamble. I shall move to disagree to it, and to replace the words as they originally stood. The second amendment refers to the date at which the Bill shall come into operation. I shall move to replace the date which was adopted in this House. The third amendment refers to the curates. I shall move to disagree to that amendment, but to substitute a modification of the original provision. The fourth amendment is as to the tax on clerical incomes that are handed over to the Church body. I shall move to disagree to that amendment. The fifth amendment is in, I think, the 20th clause, for the protection of annuitants. That is a subject which was not disposed of in this House. I shall move to agree to it with amendment. The sixth amendment is in what is known as the fourteen years' clause. I shall move to disagree to it; but I shall propose, by way of amendment to the original plan, an addition to the clause, the nature of which I will state at the proper time. The seventh amendment relates to the glebe-houses, and removes all conditions of payment

as to the possession of them. I shall move to disagree to it. The eighth amendment is as to what are commonly called the Ulster glebes, but more properly the Royal grants. I shall move to disagree to it. The ninth amendment refers to the deduction of the poor-rate from the price of the tithe rent-charge. I shall move to disagree to it. The tenth amendment is as to the residuary property, and is really consequential on the preamble. I shall move to disagree to it; but I shall propose to insert in the clause words to prevent the loss by Parliament of control over the surplus in any interval that may take place before further legislation. There is another consequential amendment, in the insertion of words referring to what is called concurrent endowment. I shall move to strike out those words."

A debate thus begun, if debate it deserve to be called, could not possibly end except in one way. The master of the House delivers his orders, and the House obeys. The amendments to the measure introduced by the Lords are one by one rejected, and to the Lords is submitted the alternative of choosing between entire abrogation of their own rights or the lapse of the Bill for a season. The Lords, we rejoice to say, do not hesitate as to the course which it behoves them to follow. They received the imperious message becomingly, and on the first point of difference raised by it between themselves and the Commons they affirmed their own determination. Speaking also through their noble leader, they gave the Government to understand that, though anxious to avoid a collision, they were resolute to maintain their honour, which could be done only by yielding on lesser points, while to the more vital of their amendments—such as involve the principle of moral right—they were determined to adhere. For all this they deserve immortal honour.

What line the country will take in the event at any time of a collision between the Houses, it is not very easy to foretell. The *reason* of the nation, the intelligent among

the people, have been with the Lords throughout this discussion. These are not likely to withdraw from them their support after more practical consideration has been given the matter in dispute. On the other hand, the worst prejudices of the ignorant and bigoted among the people are, and will continue to be, decidedly with the Commons. Every mob—from that over which Mr Miall presided the other day in St James's Hall, down to Mr Beales's followers of Hyde Park notoriety—look upon the Commons as a portion of themselves. They, in fact—the mobs we mean—are in their own estimation the Commons of England. All men besides, whether they be titled or untitled, if only they wear superfine cloth and clean linen, belong to the aristocracy. Now the Commons, such as we are at present speaking of, hate the aristocracy with a very bitter hatred. They are therefore sworn enemies of the Lords; and forgetting for the nonce that the members of the other House are usually as neat in their apparel and cleanly in their habits as the peers, the mob will range themselves to a man behind the members of the other House, be the cause of quarrel between them and the Lords what it may. Of the spirit which stirs in this portion of the community, and especially among such of them as hold to the religion of political Dissent, a just estimate may be formed from observing how Mr Miall and his principal supporters the other day spoke of the bishops and their proceedings in Committee. To a man the right rev. prelates were pronounced to be worshippers of Mammon. They did not care for religious truth, not they; their sole thought was of the loaves and fishes, the comfortable glebes and glebe-houses, and the money payments of the clergy. To remind such persons as Mr Miall, that in striving to keep Church property from confiscation and waste, the bishops, like the majority of the lay lords, were

fighting the people's battle, would be labour lost. Mr Miall cannot understand that the best protection for truth is, that they whose duty it is to declare it shall be independent in their circumstances of those to whom they speak. He cannot even see, taking far lower ground, that the competency and social status of the clergy in this country is the people's gain—that to the son of the humblest tradesman or poorest peasant ordination in such a Church as ours opens the door to that advancement in social life to which no man is indifferent. Mr Miall, like every other leader in the Liberation Society, is, or would be, a Pope if he could. That the minister who preaches to him should be independent of him, that he should hold a rank in society which entitles him to meet even Mr Miall as an equal, these are considerations not for a moment to be tolerated; and the simple people to whom this arrogant Pope addresses himself are a great deal too ignorant to see through the gloss with which he disguises his argument. Busy mobs, therefore, in all our large towns may be expected at any time to pronounce vehemently for the Commons, and against the Lords; and the voices of these mobs will be declared by the whole body of the Liberal press to be the voice of the country. But neither stump orators nor the writers of newspaper articles can long prevent the nation from seeing things aright; and the Lords, if they be only true to themselves, may depend upon it that in the long-run the nation will be true to them.

Meanwhile, upon the state of parties—as these are represented both in Parliament and out of it—the effect of recent discussions is already striking, and bids fair, as time passes, to become still more so. Between Mr Gladstone and the old Constitutional Whigs the severance is begun. It will go on widening itself from day to day till a great gulf divides them.

Out of all his former associates in the Government, not one, excluded from office, supported him in the House of Lords; and very few went with him, except reluctantly and with hesitation, in the Commons. Earl Russell, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Cleveland, and Lord Westbury, all swelled the majorities against him on every important division; and Sir George Grey and Sir Roundell Palmer left no doubt on the minds of any who heard them speak that the general policy which they are expected to sustain is positively hateful to them. How could the case be otherwise? Lord Russell went far enough towards the democratic level in calling to his aid in Council Mr Goschen and Mr Forster. He could not reach to Mr Bright. The Duke of Somerset found it hard enough to sit with Mr Gladstone in the Cabinet. To accept as his leader one whose convictions shift from day to day, yet are always vehement—that to a man of his Grace's temperament is impossible. Even the noble house of Devonshire renders to the Prime Minister at this moment, unless we be very much misinformed, only a doubtful allegiance; and of the Greys not one remains to him.

While we write, the compromise between the two Houses is effected, and we conclude as we began, by offering to the House of Lords the tribute of our highest admiration. Above the House of Commons they rise immeasurably as Statesmen, as Orators, and as Logicians. There is about their deliberations an air of gravity and independence which finds no place elsewhere. They think for themselves and speak for themselves as become men who know that the destinies of a great Constitutional Monarchy are in their keeping. Dictation they will not endure, let it come from what quarter it may. The deliberate will of the nation they are unpre-

pared to gainsay, even where they believe it to be a mistaken will; but they decline to accept it as expressed to them through a Minister whose judgment they distrust, or a House of Commons which is his creature. They believe also, and so do we, that Mr Gladstone's power with the present House of Commons itself is a fleeting power. His arrogance offends not a few of those who, as yet, cringe before it; it will sooner or later become to the best of them intolerable. The falling off of his majority in the division

about the preamble is ominous. It reminds us of the cloud not larger than a man's hand that ushered in the abundance of rain. Let the Lords go on as they have begun; and if they cannot give us back what they surrendered last month, at all events they will save their country from the disgrace of being hurried into the commission of cruel wrong in order to keep in power the most reckless Administration that ever tried to guide the councils of an English sovereign.

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LOST PRETERITES.

A LIVING language is like a living man. It has its tender infancy; its passionate youth; its careful maturity; its gradual, though it may be imperceptible, decay; and, finally, its death. After death comes apotheosis, if it has been worthy of such honour—or burial in the books, which, like the remains or memorials of ancient heroes, become the sacred treasure of newer ages. All languages pass through these epochs in their career. Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin are familiar examples of the death and sanctity of great and mighty tongues that were once living powers to sway the passions and guide the reason of men. In their ashes even yet live the wonted fires that scholars love to rekindle. The languages of modern Europe that have sprung directly from the Latin may all be said to have passed their infancy and youth, and to have reached maturity, if not old age. The Celtic languages—all sprung from an ancient Oriental root, and which include Gaelic, Erse, Manx, Welsh, and Breton—are in the last stage of vitality, destined to disappear, at no very remote period, into the

books, which will alone preserve their memory. Were it not for Victor Hugo, and some recent borrowings from the English, it might be said that French had ceased to expand, and had become stereotyped into a form no longer to be modified. Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian hold their own; and that is all that can be said of them. German, and the languages sprung from the same root and stem, contain within themselves such immense resources, and are so continually evolving out of the depths of their inner consciousness such new compounds, if not such new words, as to free them from that reproach of stagnation which may not unjustly be applied to the other great tongues which we have enumerated. But English—which, taken all in all, may be considered by far the richest, though not the most beautiful or the most sonorous, of all the languages spoken in our day—is yet in its vigorous youth, and cannot be accused of exhibiting any symptoms of decay. It is doubtful whether it have yet reached the full maturity of its prime, or whether the mighty na-

tion now existent in America, or the as mighty nation which is destined yet to arise in Australia, will not, as time rolls on, and new wants are created, new circumstances encountered, and new ideas evolved out of the progress of science and civilisation, add many thousands of new words to our already copious vocabulary. Other languages are dainty in the materials of their increment; but the English is, like man himself, omnivorous. Nothing comes much amiss to its hungry palate. It does not live on air and honey-dew, or even on bread, like more delicate organisations. All nature—all the languages of the earth—administer to its wants. It borrows, it steals, it assimilates what words it pleases from all the points of the compass, and asks no questions of them, but that they shall express thoughts and describe circumstances more tersely and more accurately than any of the old words beside which they are invited to take their places. Greek and Latin are its common food; French has long been its *restaurateur*; Arabia has supplied it with refreshment; Turkey has administered to its needs; Persia has helped it to a *hors d'œuvre* or two; and the once despised, but in many respects beautiful, dialect of its Scottish brother has given it strong and wholesome food, in the shape of many poetical words, which it is not likely to part with. But if English is thus perpetually growing and gaining, it is at the same time perpetually losing. Were it not for the noble translation of the Bible, and for Chaucer, Gower, and the poets of the Elizabethan age, it would have lost still more than it has of its early treasures, and would have been Latinised to an extent that would have impaired its vigour, emasculated its passion, and deprived it of that sturdy vernacular which is the richest element in its blood, and best serves to build up its bone and muscle. If few languages now spoken in

the world have gained so much as the English from the progress of civilisation, it must be admitted, at the same time, that few have lost so much, and lost it without necessity. It has been said that a good carpenter is known as much by the shape as by the quantity of his chips; and the chips that the English tongue has thrown off since the days of *Piers Ploughman* to our own, betoken, both by quality and quantity, what a plethora of wealth it possesses, and what a very cunning carpenter Time has proved in working with such abundant materials.

It is one of the current assertions which, once started on high authority, are never again or very rarely questioned, that the writings of Chaucer are a "well of pure English undefiled." Chaucer's well, limpid and beautiful as it is, and undefiled as grammarians and critics may please to consider it, is not so much a fountain as a single stream. Chaucer, though so ancient in our eyes, was a neologist in his own day, and strove rather to increase the wealth of the written English, of which he was so great a master, by the introduction of words from the Norman-French, little understood by the bulk of the people, though familiar enough to the aristocracy, for whom he mainly wrote, than to fix in his pages for ever the strong simple words of his native Anglo-Saxon. The stream of English in his writings runs pure and cool; the stream of Norman-French runs pure and bright also; but the two currents that he introduced into his song never thoroughly intermingled in the language, and at least nine-tenths of the elegant Gallicisms which he employed found no favour with successive writers; and few of them have remained, except in the earlier poems of Milton. If we really wish to discover the true well of English undefiled, where the stream runs clear and unmixed, we must look to the author of *Piers*

Ploughman rather than to Chaucer. We shall there find a large vocabulary of strong words, such as are plain to all men's comprehension at the present day, in the Bible as well as in the common speech of the peasantry; and, above all, in that ancient form of the English language which is known as the Scottish dialect.

Since the days of *Piers Ploughman*, a work invaluable to every English philologist, the spoken language of the peasantry has undergone but few changes as regards words, but very many changes as regards terminations and inflections. On the other hand, the language of literature and polite society has undergone changes so vast that uneducated people are scarcely able to understand the phraseology that occurs in the masterpieces of our great authors, or the Sunday sermons of their pastors, delivered, as the saying is, "above their heads," in words that are rarely or never employed in their everyday hearing. Among this class survive large numbers of verbs as well as of inflections that ought never to have been allowed to drop out of literature, and which it only needs the efforts of a few great writers and orators to restore to their original favour.

Among the losses which the English language has undergone are, first, the loss of the plurals in *n* and in *en*, and the substitution of the plural in *s*; secondly, the present participle in *and*, for which we have substituted the nasal and disagreeable *ing*; thirdly, the loss of the French negative *ne*, as in *nill*, for 'I will not;' *nould*, for 'I would not;' *n'am*, for 'I am not;' and of which the sole trace now remaining is 'willy-nilly;' and, fourthly, the substitution of the preterite in *d*, as in *loved* and *admired*, for the older and much stronger preterite formed by a change in the vowel sound of the infinitive and the present, as in *run*, *ran*; *bite*,

bit; *speak*, *spoke*; *take*, *took*; and many others that still survive. And not only has the language lost the strong preterite in a great variety of instances where it would have been infinitely better to have retained it, but it has lost many hundred preterites altogether, as well as many whole verbs, which the illiterate sometimes use, but which literature for a hundred and fifty years has either ignored or despised. Of all the nouns that formerly formed their plural in *n*, as the German or Saxon nouns still for the most part do, very few survive—some in the Bible, some in poetical composition, some in the common conversation of the peasantry, and some, but very few, in polite literature. Among them may be mentioned 'oxen,' for oxes; 'kine,' for cows; 'shoon,' for shoes; 'hosen,' for stockings; 'een,' for eyes; 'housen,' for houses; and the words, as common to the vernacular as to literature, 'men,' 'women,' 'brethren,' and 'children.' In America, the word 'sistern,' as a companion to brethren, survives in the conventicle and the meeting-house. 'Lamben' and 'thumben,' for 'lambs' and 'thumbs,' were comparatively euphemistic words; but thumbs and lambs, and every noun which ends with a consonant in the singular, are syllables which set music, and sometimes pronunciation, at defiance. What renders the matter worse is, that the *s* in the French plural, from which this perversion of the English language was adopted, is not sounded, and that the plural is really marked by the change of the definite article, as *le champ*, *les champs*. Thus in borrowing an unpronounced consonant from the French, in order to pronounce it we have adulterated our language with a multitude of sibilations alien to its spirit and original structure. The substitution of *s* for *eth* as the terminal of the present person singular of every verb in the language is an

aggravation of the evil. If this change had been repudiated by our forefathers, a grace much needed would have been retained in the language.

Gradually, too, the English language has lost the large number of diminutives which it formerly possessed, and which are still common in the Scottish dialect. The English diminutives in ordinary use in the nursery are many, but are chiefly employed in the pet names of children, as 'Willie,' for little William; 'Annie,' for little Ann; and so forth. The diminutives belonging to literature are few; and if we write 'darling,' for little dear; 'lordling,' for a small lord; 'man-ikin,' for a very small man; and such words as 'gosling,' 'duckling,' 'kitten,' we have pretty nearly exhausted the list. But formerly almost every monosyllabic noun had its lawful diminutive, as it has to this day in the Scottish dialect, where such words as 'housie,' 'wife,' 'birdie,' 'doggie,' 'bairnie,' 'man-nie,' 'bookie,' 'lassie,' 'lammie,' and hundreds of others, are constantly employed. Every Scotsman understands the phrase "a bonnie wee lassiekie," in which there are no less than three diminutives piled one upon the other, to increase the tenderness of an expression which ceased to be English four hundred years ago.

Among other losses, the plural in *en* of the present tenses of all the verbs is greatly to be lamented. We *loven* and we *smilen* would serve many rhythmical needs, and administer to many poetic elegancies that the modern forms do not supply.

"The persons plural," observes Ben Jonson in his *English Grammar*—a work by no means so well known as his poetry—"keep the termination of the first person singular. In former times, till about the reign of King Henry VIII., they were wont to be formed by adding *en*; thus, 'loven,' 'sayen,' 'com-

plainen.' But now (whatsoever is the cause) it hath quite grown out of use. Albeit (to tell you my opinion) I am persuaded that the lack thereof, well considered, will be found a great blemish to our tongue."

But of all the losses which the language has sustained, not alone for poetry, but for oratory, that of many useful verbs, some of which are still existing in Scottish parlance, and of the ancient preterites and past participles of many old verbs of which the infinitives and present tenses still hold their places, is the most to be deplored. This loss began early; and that the process is still in operation in the present day, is manifest from the fact that many preterites written in the best books and spoken in the best society forty years ago, are dropping out of use before our eyes. We constantly find *bid* for *bade*—'he *bids* me now;' 'he *bid* me yesterday;' *dare* for *durst*—'I told him I *dare* not do it;' *need* for *needed*—'it was clear to me a year ago that he *need* not perform his promise;' *eat* for *ate* or *ett*—'he *eat* his dinner;' *bet* for *betted*—'he *bet* me a thousand to one.' The verbs *to let*, *to cast*, and *to put*, seem to have enjoyed no preterite during the last two hundred years in England, though in Scottish literature, both of the past and the present, their preterites are as common as their infinitives and present tenses. *Must*, in English, is equally devoid of the infinitive, the preterite, and the future; while *can* has a preterite, but neither infinitive nor future. For what reasons these and similar losses have occurred in English and in other modern languages it might be interesting to inquire, though it might possibly lead us into metaphysical mazes were we to ask why an Englishman who may say 'I can' and 'I could,' must not say 'I will *can*,' but must resort to the periphrase of 'I will be able,' to ex-

press power in futurity ; or why the sense of present duty and obligation implied in the words 'I must,' cannot be expressed by the same verb if the duty be bygone or future, as 'I *musted*,' or 'I will *must*,' but have to be translated, as it were, into 'I was obliged,' or 'I will be obliged,' to do such and such a thing hereafter. These, however, are losses, whatever may be their occult causes, which can never again be supplied, and which at our time of day it is useless to lament.

The loss which most immediately concerns us in this paper is that of the many preterites and past participles of ancient verbs that are still in use, and of many good English verbs in all their tenses which without reason have been left for vernacular use to the north of England and Scotland, and have not been admitted to the honours of modern literature, except in the poems of Robert Burns and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. We shall not attempt to give a complete list of the lost preterites of our noble tongue,—preterites that ought not to be lost—preterites that are not dead but sleeping—preterites that only need the fostering care of two or three writers and speakers of genius and influence to be revived—preterites that formed the bone and pith of the language of our forefathers, and that make the beauty and strength of the Bible in many of its noblest passages, and that particularly commend themselves to us in Shakespeare,—but shall select a number of the most beautiful as well as the most useful, as hints to the writers of the present and the future—showing them, as it were, a bank on which the wild thyme blows luxuriously, and where the industrious bees of literature can gather stores of honey. Taking them alphabetically, for the sake of convenience and reference, we begin with—

Axe, to inquire.—This was the original and is the legitimate form

of the verb now written and pronounced *ask*, and is not only to be heard in colloquial use all over England, but to be found in our earliest writers, with the inflexions *axed* and *axen* :—

"Envy with heavy harte
Axed after Thrifte."

—*Vision of Piers Ploughman*.

"If he *axe* a fish."

—*Wickliffe's Bible*.

"*Axe* not why."

—Chaucer: *The Miller's Tale*.

For the purposes of lyrical poetry and musical composition, the past participle of this verb, if reintroduced into literature, would be a vast improvement upon the harsh sound *asked*, which no vocalist can pronounce without a painful gasp.

Bid, and its derivative *forbid*.—The ancient preterite and past participle of this verb were *bade* and *bidden*, *forbade* and *forbidden*. Both of these inflections are threatened with extinction ;—for what offence it is impossible to surmise. Shakespeare says,—

"The very moment that he *bade* me do it."

That our modern writers do not follow the example of Shakespeare, and conform to the rules of good English, may appear from the following examples :—

"The competition is so sharp and general that the leader of to-day can never be sure that he will not be *out-bid* to-morrow."—*Quarterly Review*, April 1868.

"Mr Charles Dickens has finally *bid* farewell to Philadelphia."—*Times*, March 4, 1868.

"Uncertain even at that epoch (1864) of Austria's fidelity, Prussia *bid* high for German leadership."—*Times*, April 9, 1868.

"He called his servants and *bid* them procure firearms."—*Times*, letter from Dublin, March 2, 1868.

"James the First, besides writing a book against tobacco, *forbid* its use by severe penalties."—*Tobacco*, by D. King, M.D.

Beat, beaten.—"The preterite of this verb," says Walker, in his *Pronouncing Dictionary*, is uniformly pronounced by the English like the present tense." "I think," says Dr Johnson to Horne Tooke, in one of the imaginary conversations of Savage Landor, "that I have somewhere seen the preterite *bate*." "I am afraid," replied Tooke, "of reminding you where you probably met with the word. The Irishman in Fielding's *Tom Jones* says 'he *bate* me.'" Johnson replied, "that he would not hesitate to employ the word in grave composition;" and Tooke acquiesced in the decision, justifying it by a statement of the fact, which, however, he did not prove, "that authors much richer both in thought and expression than any now living or recently deceased have done so." Children, who often make preterites of their own, in this respect acting unconsciously upon the analogies of the language, often say *bett* for *did beat*. And the children, it would appear, are correct, if the following from *Piers Ploughman* be considered good English:—

"He laid on me with rage
And hitte me under the ear;
He buffeted me so about the monthe
That out my teeth he *bette*."

In Ross's *Helenore*—a perfect storehouse of Anglo-Saxon words current in Aberdeenshire, Kincardineshire, the Mearns, and the north-east of Scotland—we find,—

"Baith their hearts *bett* wi' the common stound,
And had nae pain, but pleasure in the wound."

This preterite might well be revived; it is sadly wanted, as witness the following passage from Mr Disraeli's *Vivian Grey*: "Never was she so animated; never had she boasted that her pulse *beat* more melodious music, or her lively blood danced a more healthful measure." If 'danced' (a preterite), why not *bett*, as *Piers Ploughman* has it? The following recent example of

the present for the past participle *beaten*, is wholly unjustifiable:—

"They were stoned, and the horse in their vehicle *beat* severely."—*Temple Bar Magazine*, March 1869.

Bake, boke, boken, to bake.—Both the preterite and the past participle of this verb are lost to literature, though they survive in the rural dialects of Scotland and the north of England. The language possesses but few trochaic rhymes, and in this respect *boken* might do good service to many a poet at his wits' end for a rhyme to 'broken' and 'token.'

Betide, betid, from tide, to happen.—The preterite is lost. It occurs both in *Piers Ploughman* and in Chaucer:

"Thee should never have *tidde* so fair a grace."

—*Canterbury Tales*.

Blend, blent, to mingle.—The preterite of this verb is very properly preserved by the poets, but seems to have entirely given way in prose and in ordinary speech to 'blended.' Any reason for the change it is impossible to discover; for if it be correct to say 'blended,' it would be equally correct to say 'spended,' 'lended,' or 'rended.' This form of the preterite in the verb 'to mend' has properly been superseded by 'mended,' in order to avoid the confusion that would be caused in the use of the verb 'to mean,' which has its proper preterite in 'meant.' Byron uses *blent* with fine effect in his noble lines on *The Battle of Waterloo*:—

"Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial *blent*."

Bren or brend, brent or brand, to burn.—This verb is lost, though it might well have been retained in the language. "A *brand* plucked from the burning" is almost its sole remnant.

"Bring in better wood,
And blow it till it *brend*."

—*Piers Ploughman*.

Blin, blan, to cease, to stop:—

“And so he did or that they went
atwin,
Till he had turned him he could not
blin.”

—Chaucer: *The Chanones'
Yeman's Tale*.

“Her tears did never *blin*.”

—Nares: *Romeus and Julietta*.

“One while then the page he went,
Another while he ranne,
Till he'd o'ertaken King Estmere,
I wis he never *blanne*.”
—Percy's *Reliques*: *King Estmere*.

Brest, brast, to burst:—

“Have thou my truth, till that mine
herte *brest*.”

—Chaucer: *The Franklein's Tale*.

“The mayor smote Cloudeslee with his
bill,
His buckler he *brast* in two.”

—Percy's *Reliques*: *Adam Bell,
Chym of the Clough, and
William of Cloudeslee*.

Busk, busked, to adorn, to dress,
to make ready:—

“*Busk* ye, my merry men all,
And John shall go with me.”

—Percy's *Reliques*: *Robin Hood
and Guy of Gisborne*.

“The king's bowmen *busked* them
blythe.”

—Percy's *Reliques*: *Adam Bell,
Chym of the Clough, and
William of Cloudeslee*.

“The noble baron whet his courage hot,
And *busked* him boldly to the dread-
ful fight.

—Fairfax: *Translation of Tasso*.

“*Busk* ye, *busk* ye, my bonnie, bonnie
bride.”

—Hamilton: *Braes o' Yarrow*.

“A bonnie bride is soon *buskit*.”

—Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

Cast, to throw.—This verb in Eng-
lish has lost its preterite *coost*, and
its past participle *casten*. Both
survive in Scotland and the north
of England:—

“They *coost* keivils them amang
Wha should to the greenwood gang.”

—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Burns employs the preterite in
*The Death and Dying Words of
Poor Mailie*:—

“As Mailie and her lamb thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she *coost* a hitch.”

And again, in his immortal song of
Duncan Gray,—

“Maggie *coost* her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh.”

In the Scottish dialect ‘to *cast*
out’ means ‘to fall out,’ ‘to dis-
agree;’ and the phrase “they have
casten out” is of constant occur-
rence.

Conne or *can*, to be able.—Neither
the infinitive nor the past parti-
ciple of this verb seems to have been
used since the days of Chaucer, who
says, “I shall not *conne* answer;”
and in the *Romance of the Rose* has
“Thou shalt never *conne* knowen.”

Cut.—This verb never appears to
have had a preterite, though a past
participle *ykitt* or *ykutt* is cited
in Herbert Coleridge's vocabulary
of the *Older Words in the English
Language*. Whence or when the
word was introduced into English no
lexicographer has ever yet been able
to determine. It is neither derived
from the Anglo-Saxon, the French,
the Greek, nor the Latin, and is
therefore, by the exhaustive pro-
cess, supposed by the most recent
compilers of dictionaries to have
been borrowed from the Celtic. A
near approach to it occurs in the
French *couteau*, a knife or instru-
ment to cut with; in the Italian
coltello; and in the English and
Scottish *coulter*, the ploughshare,
or knife of the plough. It may
be that the original word was *kit*,
whence *ykitt*, cited by Mr Cole-
ridge, and that it formed its pre-
terite by *cat* and *cut*. Some little
support for this idea may be found
in the word *cat* as applied in
‘*cat-o'-nine-tails*,’ a weapon that
cuts pretty severely; and in *kit-
cat*, as applied to portraits that
are not exactly full-length, but cut
to three-quarters length, as those
painted for the celebrated ‘Kit-Kat
Club.’

Clead or *clede*, *clad*, to clothe.—The preterite and past participle remain in poetical use as well as in dignified prose, while the infinitive and the present and future tenses have been superseded by the much harsher word 'clothe.'

Clepe, *clept*, *yclept*, to call, to name.—The past participle of this verb remains for the use of bad writers, and sometimes of good writers who compose mock heroics.

"The compaignie of comfort,
Men *cleped* it some tyme."

—*Piers Ploughman*.

"Paraventure in thilk large book
Which that men *clepe* the heaven
ywriten was
With stars."

—Chaucer: *The Man of Lawes' Tale*.

"They *clepe* us drunkards."

—Shakespeare: *Hamlet*.

"As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels,
spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves
are *cleped*

All by the name of dogs."

—Shakespeare: *Macbeth*.

Mr Halliwell, in his *Archaic Dictionary*, says that the word is still used by boys at play in the eastern counties, who *clepe* or call the sides at a game. Many newspaper writers in the present day, at a loss for a word for *calling* or *naming* an inanimate object, talk of the 'christening' of a church, a street, a battle, or any inanimate object. An example occurs in an editorial article of the *Times*, July 12, 1869, on the removal of the grating from the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons—"the grate question," as Mr Lowe *christened* it." In this and other instances the old word *clepe*, in default of call or name, would be an improvement, if it were possible to revive it.

Clem, *clam*, *clammed*, to perish of hunger, to starve.—'To starve' originally meant 'to die,' as we still say of a person that he is 'starving with cold.' The word has lately come to signify 'to die for want of food,' and has produced a very ugly and incorrect hybrid in the word

'starvation,' said to have been first used by Mr Dundas, the first Lord Melville, who, as Horace Walpole informs us, received afterwards the nickname of "Starvation Dundas." The word at the time was supposed to be an Americanism. It has unfortunately fixed itself into our literature; but the original and much better word *clem* and its derivatives still hold their ground in Lancashire and the north of England. The word *clem* does not occur in Shakespeare, but both Ben Jonson and Massinger use it:—

"Hard is the choice when the valiant
must eat their arms or *clem*."—Ben Jonson: *Every Man out of his Humour*.

"I cannot eat stones and turf.
What! will he *clem* me and my followers?
Ask him, will he *clem* me?"
—Ben Jonson: *The Poetaster*.

"My entrails were *clammed* with a
perpetual fast."—Massinger: *The Roman Actor*.

"Let us all *clem*," said a speaker at a public meeting at Manchester during the American civil war, "rather than help the cause of slavery." "I would rather *clem* than go to the workhouse," is still a common and honourable expression in Lancashire.

Clip, *clap*, *clippe*, to embrace, to fondle.—Before the English language borrowed from the French the word embrace, from *embrasser*, to clasp in the arms, this verb was in constant use. It occurs in *Piers Ploughman* and in Chaucer, and had not fallen out of fashion or favour in the days of Shakespeare:—

"*Clippe* we in covenant, and each o
us *clippe* other."

—*Piers Ploughman*.

"He kisseth her and *clippeth* her full oft."

—Chaucer: *The Merchant's Tale*.

"Worse than Tantalus is her annoy,
To *clip* Elysium and yet lack her joy."
—Shakespeare: *Venus and Adonis*.

"Then embraces his son, and then again he worries his daughter with *clipping* her."—Shakespeare: *Winter's Tale*.

"Oh let me *clip* ye in arms as round as
when I woo'd!"

—Shakespeare: *Coriolanus*.

"The lusty vine, not jealous of the ivy,
Because she *clips* the elm."

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

The preterite, once common, survives to this day in the form of an infinitive and of a noun, but in both too offensive to modesty to be further mentioned.

Crine, *crone*, *crunken*, to shrivel from heat, frost, or sickness.—This verb, with all its declensions, has perished, and only survives in its diminutive, to *crinkle*. In this last form it is rather of the middle ages than of our own. See the ballad of the "Boy and the Mantle" in Percy's *Reliques*.

Chirm, *charm*, *churm*, to sound like the murmur or song of a multiplicity of birds.—Mr Halliwell, in his *Archaic Dictionary*, defines the word to mean the melancholy undertone of a bird previous to a storm. Nares, in his Glossary, has *charre*, to make a confused noise, a word current in some parts of England. The word is common in Scotland, though almost obsolete in the south:—

"Small birds with *chirming* and with
cheeping elanged their song."

—Gavin Douglas's translation
of the *Aeneid*.

"At last the kindly sky began to clear,
The birds to *chirm*, and daylight to
appear."

—Ross's *Helenore*.

Milton makes Eve speak of the "*charm* of earliest birds," a phrase which has been misinterpreted to mean the charming (in the modern sense) song of the birds, while it really means *chirm* (in the old English sense), the confused and intermingled song of all the morning birds.

Clout, *clouted*, to mend, to put a patch upon.—The verb survives in Scotland, but has perished out of modern English literature, although Shakespeare used it:—

"I thought he slept, and put
My *clouted* brogues from off my feet,
whose rudeness

Answered my steps too loud."

—*Cymbeline*.

"Many sentences of one meaning
clouted up together."—Roger Ascham.

"*Clout* the auld, the new are dear,
My joe Janet."

—Robert Burns.

Daff, *daft*, to make a fool of, to play the fool.—*Daffe* in Chaucer signifies a fool; and in the Scottish and North English dialect a *daft* man signifies a lunatic, or one who has been befooled. *Daffing* signifies foolish fun or merriment. In the scene between Leonato and Claudio in *Much Ado about Nothing*, when Claudio declines to fight the old man, and says,—

"Away! away! I will not have to do
with you,"

Leonato replies,—

"Canst thou so *daff* me? Thou hast
killed my child."

Both Mr Charles Knight and Mr Howard Stanton, following in the track of other Shakespearean editors, explain *daff* in this passage to mean *doff*, or *put off*. The true meaning is to *befoo*, as the word is used in Chaucer. When, elsewhere, Shakespeare says of Prince Henry,—

"Thou madcap Prince of Wales, that
daffed the world aside,"

the meaning of the word is the same. The "madcap" did not *doff* the world aside, for in this sense the expression would be pleonastic, but *daffed* or *fooled* or *jested* it aside, as a madcap would.

Dare, *dared* or *durst*, *dared*.—The tendency of our modern and colloquial English, as well as of our current literature, is to ignore the two preterites and the past participle of this word, and to write and say *dare* where *durst* or *dared* would be more correct. There is also a tendency to omit the *s* in the third person singular of the present tense.

The following are examples of each inaccuracy :—

"Neither her maidens nor the priest dare speak to her for half an hour" (*durst* speak to her, &c.)—*Hereward the Wake*, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley.

"The Government dare [*durst*] not consent to the meeting being held.

. . . No one can feel anything but contempt for a Government which meanly attempts to gain a cheap reputation for firmness by fulminations which it dare [*dares*] not carry out; and by prohibiting meetings which it dare [*dares*] not prevent."—*Morning Star* on the Hyde Park riots, 1866.

There is no reason why this verb should be deprived of its declensions, and no careful writer ought to fall into the errors just cited.

Deem, doom, deemed, to judge.—This word, which now signifies 'to think' rather than 'to judge,' and which has lost its old preterite *doom*, formerly implied the delivery of a doom, sentence, or judgment. Chaucer calls a judge a *doomsman*; and in the *Isle of Man* the judge is still called the *dempster* or *deemster*. The day of Doom is the day of Judgment. Chaucer does not use the old preterite *doom*, which seems to have perished before his time; but in the *Franklein's Prologue* uses the substantive *doom* in the sense of an opinion or a private judgment :—

"As to my doom, there is more that is here

Of eloquence that shall be thy peer,
If that thou live."

Out of the lost preterite the English writers of three centuries ago formed a new verb, to *doom*, with a regular preterite, *doomed*—a word which does not merely signify to pass judgment upon, but to pass a severe sentence.

Delve, dolve, dolven, to dig, to make a trench or ditch, to bury in the earth.—This verb is still retained in poetical composition, and in the everyday speech of the people in Scotland and some of

the northern counties; but the old preterite and past participle are lost. They have found a substitute in the regular declension *delved*. The old preterite seems to have become obsolete at an early period, as appears from the distich of John Ball the priest, the friend and coadjutor of Wat Tyler in the rebellion of 1381 :—

"When Adam *delved* and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

Chaucer used the participle, "I would be *dolven* [*buried*] deep;" and in the *Romance of Merlin*, a man who was to be buried alive is described as to "be *dolven* quick." *Piers Ploughman* has, "They *dolven* with spades and shovels to drive away hunger." Keats, in more modern times, employs *delved* :—

"Oh for a draught of vintage that hath
been
Cooled a long age in the deep *delved*
earth!"

If he had said deep *dolven* instead of deep *delved*, he would have had high authority, and would have greatly improved the stately march and music of his verse.

Dight, dighted, to prepare, to put in order, to deck, to attire, to wipe away.—This useful word of many meanings is all but obsolete in English literature, but survives in Scottish. The preterite has long been lost, and is not employed in *Piers Ploughman* or in Chaucer. An offshoot of this word in the form of *misdight* (misprepared) occurs in Jack Miller's song, quoted by Stowe in his account of Wat Tyler's rebellion :—

"If might
Go before right,
And will
Before skill,
Then is our mill *misdight*."

Spenser and Milton both attempted to revive *dight*, but with only partial success :—

"Soon after them, all dancing in a row,
The comely virgins came with garlands
dight."

—*The Faerie Queene*.

"The clouds in thousand liveries *dight*."
—*L'Allegro*.

"Storied windows richly *dight*."
—*Il Penseroso*.

In Scottish parlance *dight* does constant service. The lassie *dights* her mou' before accepting a kiss, and *dights* her een after she has been weeping. She *dights* herself in her best attire before going to kirk; and the wife *dights* the dinner for her husband:—

"*Dight* your cheeks, and banish care."
—Allan Ramsay.

"Let me *rax* up to *dight* that tear,
And go with me and be my dear."
—Burns: *The Jolly Beggars*.

Ding, dange, dong or *dung*, to strike hard, to beat down.—The infinitive and present tense of this verb are still colloquially current, but the preterite and past participle are obsolete, or only survive in the nursery phrase, "*Ding, dong, bell*." In Scotland the verb and all its inflections survive. Burns, in his immortal and often-quoted line, says, "Facts are chieft that winna *ding*." Sir Alexander Boswell has a song entitled "*Jenny dang the Weaver*," which expression was translated by an English critic into the very prosaic form of "*Jenny vanquished the cotton manufacturer*." The past participle occurs in the familiar proverbs quoted by Allan Ramsay, "*It's a sair dung bairn that manna greet*," and "*He's sairest paid that's dung wi' his ain wand*." The modern English preterite *dinged* is still occasionally heard in conversation, though lost to literature, as in such phrases: "*Horace? Yes; he was dinged into me at school*;" and colloquially, "*Why do you keep dinging that old story into my ears?*" The word constantly occurs in serious poetry up to the time of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson:—

"Do well shall *dyngen* him down,
And destroyen his mighte."
—*Piers Ploughman*.

"The hellish prince, grim Pluto with
his mace, *ding* down my soul to hell!"
—*The Battle of Alcazar*.

Dow, to be able, to thrive; *dought*, was able.—This verb is utterly lost from English literature, but, like many others of its sturdy class, exists in the speech of the English peasantry, and in the speech as well as the literature of Scotland. By a strange neglect, or a stranger ignorance, the makers of dictionaries—from Blount and Philips up to Richardson, Worcester, and Webster—have either omitted all mention of it, or erroneously considered it to be synonymous with, or an orthographical error for, the similar word '*do*,' with which it has no connection. "*I do as well as I dow*"—i.e., "*I do as well as I can*"—is a common phrase in the north; and the supereminently English but pleonastic inquiry, "*How do you do?*" which means "*How do you dow?*"—i.e., thrive, prosper, or get on—has come to be accepted as accurate English, though wholly a mistake of the learned. Even Nares, in his *Glossary*, has no suspicion of this word, though Halliwell, more acute, gives one of its meanings, '*to thrive*,' '*to mend in health*;' and Mr Thomas Wright, in his *Provincial Dictionary*, follows in the same track as regards its use in English literature, though he does not seem to be aware of its commonness in the literature of Scotland. William Hamilton, the Scottish poet, writes to his friend Allan Ramsay,—

"Lang may'st thou live and thrive and
dow!"

And Burns says to Gavin Hamilton,—

"When I *downa* yoke a naig,
The Lord be thankit, I can beg!"

In his *Epistle to King George III.*, in his eulogy of facts, Burns speaks of them as "*chieft that winna ding*," and adds, "*they downa* be disputed." Ross, in his *Helenore*, has "*When he dow do nae mair*,"—a

phrase that shows the essential difference between the two words.

From this obsolete verb springs the adjective *doughty*, strong, able—a derivation which up to the present time seems to have escaped all the English lexicographers.

Dread, drad, dradden, to fear greatly.—The modern preterite and past participle *dreaded* have entirely superseded the ancient forms:

“But what I *drad*, did me, poor wretch, betide.”

—Robert Greene : 1593.

Dwine, dwined, to pine away, to fall off.—This verb has been superseded by its diminutive, to *dwindle*, which has the same meaning :

“Thus *dwine*th he till he be dead.”

—Gower.

“It *dwined* for eild.”

—Chaucer.

“Bacchus hates repining ;

Venus loves no *dwining*.”

—Allan Ramsay.

Fang, fong, fung, to seize, to lay hold of.—Most people remember the old law phrase, “infang thief and outfang thief,” the one signifying a thief taken within the jurisdiction of a feudal lord, and the other a thief taken without his jurisdiction. This is the only remnant of this verb that has come down to our time except the substantive *fang*, the large tooth of a beast of prey or of a serpent ; the diminutive *fangle*, to take hold of a new fancy or fashion ; and the common phrase *new-fangled* :

“I nold *fang* a farthing” (I would not take a farthing).

—*Vision of Piers Ploughman*.

“He *fong* his foeman by the flank,
And flang him on the floor.”

—Buchan's *Northern Ballads*.

Fare, foor, fore, fure, fared, to travel.—This verb is not wholly obsolete, though its preterite is lost. It has come to signify to eat and drink as well as to travel, and also that which is eaten or drunk. It

is doubtful whether our beautiful word ‘farewell’ means ‘may you travel well through life,’ or ‘may you be well treated by the world.’ A way-faring man is still a common expression. ‘Auld-farrand,’ travelling on the old ways, old-fashioned, is intelligible to the people on both sides of the Tweed. The preterite occurs several times in the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*.

“Alexander fell into a fever therewith, so that he *fure* wondrous ille.”
—MS. Lincoln, quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

“Her errand led her through the glen to *fare*.”

—Ross's *Helenore*.

“As o'er the moor they lightly *foor*,
A burn was clear, a glen was green—
Up the banks they eased their shanks.”

—Burns.

Fret, fret, fretten, to devour or eat up :—

“Like as it were a moth *fretting* a garment.” — Psalm xxxix., *Common Prayer*.

“Adam *freet* of that fruit,
And forsook the love of our Lord.”
—*Piers Ploughman*.

“He (the dragon) has *fretten* of folk more than five hundred.” — *Morte d'Arthur*.

Frush, frusht, frushed, to bruise, disturb, rumple, disarrange.—This good Shakespearean word is fairly admissible into modern dictionaries, in most of which, however, it does not find a place :—

“Stand ! stand, thou Greek ! thou art a goodly mark !

No ! wilt thou not ? I like thy armour well,

I'll *frush* it and unlock the rivets all !”

—Shakespeare : *Troilus and Cressida*.

“Hector assailed Achilles and gave him so many strokes that he all to *frusht* and brake his helm.” — Caxton's *Destruction of Troy*.

“High cedars are *frushed* with tempests.” — Hinde : 1606.

Southey uses the substantive :—

“Horrible uproar and *frush* of rocks
that meet in battle.”

The word well deserves favour and restoration.

Gar, gart, gard, to compel, to force, to make, to cause a thing to be done.—This verb in all its declensions has become obsolete in English literature, where its place has been but feebly supplied by ‘make’ and ‘made.’ “I’ll make him do it” is neither so strong nor so elegant as the ancient English and modern Scotch, “I’ll *gar* him do it.”—

“*Gar* us have meat and drink, and make us chere.”

—Chaucer: *The Reeve’s Tale*.

“*Gar* saddle me my bonnie black,
Gar saddle soon, and make her ready.”

—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

“And like the mavis on the bush,
He *gart* the vallis ring.”

—Percy’s *Reliques*.

Get, got, gotten, to attain, to procure, to come into possession of.—The past participle of this verb has lately become obsolete, except in the talk of the uneducated and in Scottish literature. It was common in the last century :—

“We knew we were *gotten* far enough out of their reach.”—Defoe: *Robinson Crusoe*.

“Ken ye what Meg o’ the mill has
gotten ?

She’s *gotten* a lout wi’ a lump o’ siller,
And broken the heart of the barley miller.”

—Robert Burns.

There is also a marked tendency to the disuse of this inflection in the verb ‘to forget,’ and people too commonly say and write “I have ‘for-got’” instead of ‘forgotten.’

Glide, glode, glidden, to move away easily and smoothly.—The ancient preterite and past participle have become obsolete, and have been superseded by *glided*, much to the loss of versifiers in search of good rhymes :—

“His good stede he all bestrode,
And forth upon his way he *glode*.”

—Chaucer.

“He *glode* forth as an adder doth.”

—*Idem*.

“Through Guy’s shield it *glode*.”

—*Guy of Warwick*.

The reason of the substitution of the regular for the irregular preterite may be found in the desire to prevent confusion with the regular preterite of the verb to glow.

Glint, glent, glinted, to shine, to flash, to appear suddenly.—In Sternberg’s *Northamptonshire Glossary* the infinitive of this verb as used amongst the peasantry of that part of England is cited as *gline*. *Glint* would be the legitimate preterite if this were correct. In Scottish poetry *glint* is the infinitive, and *glinted* the preterite and past participle. In old English poetry *glent* is the preterite :—

“The sunbeams are *glinting* far over the sea.”

—*Newcastle Garland*.

“Could blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou *glinted* forth
Amid the storm.”

—Burns: *To a Mountain Daisy*.

“There came a hand withouten rest
Out of the water,
And brandished it.

Anon as a gleam away it *glent*.”

—*Morte d’Arthur*.

Go, gaed, gone, to depart.—The ancient and legitimate preterite of this verb has been superseded by the preterite (‘went’) of the verb to ‘wend,’ to turn away. It maintains its ground, however, in Scotland and the northern English counties. Chaucer has ‘gadling’ for a vagabond, a wanderer who goes much about; and the language still retains the word to ‘gad,’ to wander or stray about, making short visits :—

“I *gaed* a waefu’ gate yestreen.”

—Burns.

Gnaw, gnew, gnawed, to bite at a hard substance.—The old preterite is lost, doubtless on account of its too great similarity in pronunciation to the more familiar word ‘knew’ :—

“At last in twa the dowie ropes he
gnew.”

—Ross’s *Helenore*.

"No sustenance got,
But only at the cauld hills berries *gnew*."
—*Idem*.

Greet, grat, grutten, to weep.—This verb, with all its declensions, has lost its place in English literature, though the word *greet* remains with a different meaning, 'to salute.' Like other strong Saxon words which modern English has unnecessarily discarded, it is retained in Scotland. It seems to have been lost even in Chaucer's time, who uses *greet* entirely in the modern sense of 'to salute.' *Piers Ploughman* has it in the sense of 'to lament' or 'weep':—

"And then 'gan Gloton to *greet*,
And great dool to make."

"It's a sad time," says an old Scottish proverb, "when hens crow and bearded men *greet*." Another proverb says, "Better bairns should *greet* than bearded men."

"And sighed and *grat*, and *grat* and
sighed again."

—Ross's *Helenore*.

"Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin'."
—Burns: *Duncan Gray*.

"The Edinbro' wells are *grutten* dry."
—Burns: *Elegy on the Year 1788*.

Grab, grub, grabbed, to dig up, to seize.—This verb, in all its inflections, has been wholly relegated to the speech of the vulgar, but, like many other vulgar words, has a highly respectable origin. *Grab*, in its first sense, means to dig a grave or hole; and *grub* means that which is dug up, such as roots for human subsistence, whence its modern and slang signification, 'food.'

Graith, graithed, to prepare, make ready.—A critic in the *Literary Gazette* of March 30, 1860, called a poet to account for using such an unpermissible word as *grraith*, of which he declared his utter ignorance. He might, however, have found it in Chaucer, in Worcester's Dictionary, and in Robert Burns:

"Her son Galathin
She *grraithed* in attire fine."
—*Arthur and Merlin*.

"Unto the Jewes such a hate had he,
That he bade *grraith* his chair full
hastilie."

—Chaucer: *The Reeve's Tale*.

"Go warn me Perthshire and Angus
baith,
And *grraith* my horse."

—*Song of the Outlaw Murray*.

Hend, hent, to take, to hold, to seize, to apprehend:—

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily *hent* the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

It is probable that in this well-known passage from the song of Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale*, the preterite *hent* is a misprint for the infinitive *hend*, though it must be admitted that Chaucer uses *hent* both in the present and the past tenses. This is a very unusual defect in an English verb of that early period.

"All be it that it was not our intente,
He should be sauf, but that we sholde
him *hent*."

—Chaucer: *The Friar's Tale*.

Shakespeare uses *hent* as a substantive, to signify a purpose, an intention to hold by, in Hamlet's exclamation, when he determines not to kill the king at his prayers:

"No!

Up, sword! and know thou a more
horrid *hent*!

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his
rage."

Help, holp, holpen, to aid.—The preterite and past participle are fast becoming obsolete:—

"For thou hast *holpen* me now."
—*MS. Cantab.*: Halliwell.

"And blind men *holpen*."
—*Piers Ploughman*.

"Building upon the foundation that went before us, and being *holpen* by their labours."—*The translators of the Bible to the reader*: temp. James I.

Hit, het, hitten, to strike, to touch violently with a blow.—Both pre-

terite and past participle are obsolete. *Hitten* survives in the colloquial language of the peasantry:—

“Your honor’s *hitten* the nail upon the head.”

—Ross’s *Helenore*.

The Americans, in default of the old preterite *het*, occasionally say *hot*—as, “he *hot* me a heavy blow; he *hot* out right and left.”

Hold, held, holden, to have, grasp, or retain in possession.—The past participle is obsolete, but might be advantageously revived for the sake of the rhyme which it affords to ‘golden,’ ‘embolden,’ &c.

Keek, keeked, to peep, to look in slily:—

“The robin came to the wren’s nest,
And *keeked* in and *keeked* in.”

—*Nursery Rhymes of England*.

“This Nicholas sat even gape upright,
As he had *keeked* on the newe moone.”

—Chaucer: *The Miller’s Tale*.

“Stars, dinna *keek* in
And see me wi’ Mary.”

—Burns.

Kythe, kouth or *couth*, to show, appear, know, make known.—This word has become wholly obsolete in England, but survives in Scotland. The sole remnant of it in English is *uncouth*, originally meaning something unknown, unheard of, strange, and now meaning rough or ungainly. Milton has,—

“Bound on a voyage *uncouth*,”

meaning unknown. The Scotch have the word *couthie*, familiar, or well known.

“And to the people’s eres all and some
Was *couth* that a new markissee
He with him brought in such pompe and
richenes

That never was there seen with manne’s
eye.”

—Chaucer: *The Clerke’s Tale*.

“Take you sport, and *kythe* you knights.”

—*Sir Ferumbras*.

“*Kythe* in your ain colours, that folk
may ken you.”—Allan Ramsay’s *Scottish Proverbs*.

“Their faces blythe, they sweetly
kythe.”

—Burns.

List or *lest*, *lust*, to please.—This word has gradually been dropping out of use, but having been preserved in the Bible, is still occasionally heard. The preterite is *lost*, though the word itself survives as a substantive, and as the infinitive of another verb, to *lust*, signifying to desire pleasure vehemently:—

“The wind bloweth where it *listeth*.”

The colloquial expression “to *list* for a soldier” seems to come from this root, and means, to please to become, or voluntarily to become, a soldier. Chaucer uses *lust* in the sense of joy:—

“Farewell, my life, my *lust*, and my
gladnesse.”

—*The Knight’s Tale*.

Ligge, ligged, to lie down.—This ancient word is still in common use in Cumberland and Northumberland, and also on the Border counties of Scotland:—

“So that the Holy Ghost
Gloweth but as a glade,
Till that lele love
Ligge on him.”

—*Piers Ploughman*.

“What hawkes sitten on the perche
above!

What houndes *liggen* on the floor
adown!”

—Chaucer: *The Knight’s Tale*.

“I have *ligged* for a fortnight in
London, weak almost to death, and neglected by every one.”—G. P. R. James: *Gowrie, or the King’s Plot*.

Let, loot, letten, to let, to permit.—This verb has lost all its inflections in literary and colloquial English, but preserves them in the Scottish dialect:—

“But *letten* him lede forth whom hym
liked.”

—*Piers Ploughman*.

“And aye she *loot* the tears down fa’
For Jock o’ Hazeldean.”

—Sir Walter Scott.

“Ye’ve *loot* the ponie o’er the dyke.”

—Burns.

“But dool had not yet *letten* her feel her
want.”

—Ross’s *Helenore*.

Leap, lope, lopen, to leap.—At what time this verb followed the analogy of weep, creep, and sleep, and formed its preterite in leapt or lept, does not very clearly appear :—

“And they laughing *lope* to her.”
—*Piers Ploughman*.

“Have *lopen* the better.”
—*Idem*.

“Up he *lope* and the window broke,
And he had thirty foot to fall.”
—*Percy's Reliques: The Murder of the King of Scots*.

“Tom Rindle *lope* fra the chimley nook.”
—*Waugh's Lancashire Songs*.

Laugh, lough, leuch.—The ancient preterite and past participle of this verb have been superseded by the modern preterite in *ed* :—

“Then *lough* there a lord,
And ‘By this lighte’ saide,
‘I hold it right and reson.’”
—*Piers Ploughman*.

“He cleped it Valerie and Theophrast,
And *lough* always full fast.”
—*Chaucer: The Wife of Bath's Prologue*.

“When she had read Wise William's letter,
She smiled and she *leuch*.”
—*Motherwell's Collection*.

“‘I think not so,’ she halflins said,
and *leuch*.”
—*Ross's Helenore*.

“How graceless Ham *leuch* at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger.”
—*Burns: The Ordination*.

“An' ilka ane *leuch* him to scorn.”
—*Percy's Reliques: The Auld Guidman*.

Lout, louted, to make an obeisance or a curtsy :—

“And then *louted* adown.”
—*Piers Ploughman*.

“‘Sir,’ quoth the dwarf, and *louted* low.”
—*Percy's Reliques: Sir Cauline*.

“They *louted* to that ladye.”
—*Percy's Reliques: On Alliterative Metre*.

“To which image both young and old
Commanded he to *lout*.”
—*Chaucer: The Monke's Tale*.

“And I am *louted* by a traitor villain.”
—*Shakespeare: Henry VI. Part i*.

Melt, molt, molten, to liquefy by

means of heat.—The preterite is lost, the past participle still preserved in poetry and the Bible.

Mint, minted, to essay, to try, to aim, to attempt, to prove the genuineness of metals before coinage :—

“*Minting's* not making” (attempting's not doing).—*Allan Ramsay's Scottish Proverbs*.

“A *minted* [attempted] excuse.”
—*The Two Lancashire Lovers: 1660*.

The word remains in *Mint*—the Assay Office.

Nake, naked, to denude of covering.—The preterite survives as an adjective; the infinitive is lost :—

“Come, be ready! *nake* your swords.
Think of your wrongs!”
—*Nares: Revenge's Tragedy*.

Pight, a word that occurs in Chaucer, is defined by Tyrwhitt as meaning ‘pitched,’ rather than the preterite of ‘put’ :—

“He *pight* him on the pomel of his head,
That in the place he lay as he were dead.”
—*Chaucer: The Knight's Tale*.

Stowe, however, at a later period, uses *pight* for ‘did put’ :—

“He was brought to the Standard in Cheape, where they strake off his head and *pight* it on a pole, and bare it before them.”—*Stowe's Annals: Henry VI*.

Put, pat or *pight, putten* or *pit-ten*, to place.—The modern verb has lost the preterite and past participle :—

“I there wi' something did forgether,
That *pat* me in an eerie swither.”
—*Burns: Death and Doctor Hornbook*.

“Ye see how Rob and Jenny's gone sin' they
Ha'e *pitten* o'er their heads the merry day.”
—*Ross's Helenore*.

“He's *putten* it to a good purpose, has Brighthouse.”—*The Master of Marston: London, 1864*.

Prank, pranked or *pranked*, to adorn, to embellish, to dress fashionably :—

"Some *prank* their ruffs, and others
trimly dight
Their gay attire."

—Spenser: *The Faerie Queene*.

"False tales *prankt* in reason's garb."

—Milton: *Comus*.

"Most goddess-like *pranked* up."

—Shakespeare: *Winter's Tale*.

Quethe or *queath*, *quoth*, to say.—
The infinitive of this verb is lost,
but the preterite *quoth* remains in
colloquial use, and in writings that
do not aspire to eloquence or dig-
nity, as, '*quoth* he,' '*quoth* I.' *Be-
queath*, to say in your will what part
of your property your heirs or lega-
tees shall possess, is a remnant of
this ancient verb.

Quake, *quoke*, to tremble with
fear:—

"An ugly pit, as deep as any hell,
That to behold therein I *quoke* for fear."

—*The King's Quair*.

"The whole land of Italy trembled and
quoke."

—Douglas: *Translation of the Æneid*.

Rax, *raught*, to reach, to stretch:

"He *raught* to the steere" (he reached
o the helm).

—*Piers Ploughman*.

"He start up and would have him
raught."

—Merlin: *Early English
Metrical Romances*.

"The villain is o'er-raught of all my
money."

—Shakespeare: *Comedy of Errors*.

"Their three-mile prayers and half-mile
graces,

Their *raxing* conscience."

—Burns: *Epistle to M'Math*.

"Is this a time to talk o' wark,

When Colin's at the door?

Rax down my cloak, I'll to the quay,

And see him come ashore."

—Mickle: *There's nae Luck
about the House*.

Reave, *reft*, take off, take away,
whence the old English and Scot-
tish word *reaver* or *reiver*, a thief.
—This word survives in *bereave*
and *bereft*, but is fast becoming
obsolete:—

"If he *reaveth* me by might,
He robbeth me by maistrye."

—*Piers Ploughman*.

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"Therefore, though no part of his work
to *reave* him,

We now for matters more allied must
leave him."

—Heywood's *Troia Britannia*: 1609.

"To go robbe that ragman,
And *reave* the fruit from him."

—*Piers Ploughman*.

"Means to live by *reaf* of other men's
goods."—Holinshed's *Chronicles*.

Reap, *rept*, *rope*, *ropen*, to cut
or help to cut the harvest:—

"*Ropen* and laide away the corne."

—Chaucer: *Legende of Good Women*.

"After the corn is *rept*."

—Nares.

Reek, *roke*, to emit smoke or va-
pour.—The present tense of this
verb survives in solemn and poeti-
cal composition in England, but
both the present and preterite are
in common and colloquial use in
Scotland. "*Auld Reekie*" is a
popular name for Edinburgh.
From the preterite *roke* or *roak*
comes the adjective *roaky*, which,
by a misprint in *Macbeth*, Act III.
Scene ii., appears as *rooky*, and has
led all commentators astray as to
the true meaning of the passage:—

"Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the *rooky* wood."

Rooky or *roaky*, in Jameson's *Scot-
tish Dictionary*, is defined as 'dark'
or 'misty,' as in the passage from
Hamilton's *Wallace*:—

"A *rooky* mist fell down at break of
day."

Here it is evident that the word is
not derived from either 'rook' or
'crow,' and that the true meaning
of the passage is to be found in
Jameson's definition of a Scottish
word that was English in the time
of Shakespeare.

Roun, *rownd*, to whisper, to
talk privately, to whisper in the
ear.—This word is wholly lost, but
might have been preserved, if
Shakespeare, like modern authors,
had been in the habit of correcting
his proof-sheets. The word, mis-

printed *round*, occurs several times in Shakespeare, and has puzzled all the commentators. Mr Stanton, in a note on the passage where Polonius says to the king in *Hamlet*,—

“Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him

To show his grief—let her be *round* with him,”

says, “Let her be blunt and plain-spoken with him.”

In another note to the word in *King John*, Act II. Scene ii.—

“Whom zeal and charity brought to the field

As God's own soldier, *rounded* in the ear

With that same purpose—charge”—

he explains the true meaning of *rounded* (which should be *rownded*, just as vulgar people sometimes say ‘drowned’ for ‘drownd’) as ‘insinuated,’ ‘whispered in the ear.’ He quotes from the Spanish tragedy the line where the same orthographical error occurs,—

“Forthwith, revenge, she *rounded* them in the ear.”

The word appears correctly in all authors previous to Shakespeare :—

“They rose up in rape,
And *rownded* together.”

—Piers Ploughman.

“The steward on his knees sat down
With the emperor for to *rown*.”

—Romance of Cœur de Lion.

“But if it like you that I might
rowne in your ear.”

—Skelton.

Sag, sog, to bend or give way under pressure, to fail :—

“The mind I sway by, and the heart,
I fear,

Shall never *sag* with doubt or shake
with fear.”

—Shakespeare : *Macbeth*.

“That it may not *sag* from the intention of the founders.”—Fuller's *Worthies*.

From the lost preterite *sog* comes the adjective *soggy*, often used by the Americans to signify wet boggy soil that yields to the foot.

Scathe or *skaith*, to do an injury or damage.—Shakespeare and Milton use the verb :—

“This trick may chance to *scathe* you.”
—Romeo and Juliet.

“*Scathed* the forest oaks.”—Milton.

The substantive *scathe* or *skaith*, signifying hurt, damage, and injury, survives in Scottish speech and literature, and is not wholly obsolete in English poetry, though rarely used by modern writers :—

“Oh ! if on my bosom lying,
I could work him deadly *scathe*,
In one burst of burning passion,
I would kiss him into death !”

—Mackay : *Love in Hate*.

Seethe, sod, sodden, to boil.—The translators of the Bible have preserved this old English word, which was in common use before its modern synonym was borrowed with other culinary phrases from the Norman French :—

“And he said unto his servant, Set on the great pot, and *seethe* pottage for the sons of the prophet.”—2 Kings iv. 38.

“Go suck the subtle blood o' th' grape
Till the high fever *seethe* your blood
to froth.”

—Shakespeare : *Timon of Athens*.

“*Seethe* stanes in butter, the brew will be good.”—Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

“It is unsavorye
Y-*sodden* or y-baken.”

—Piers Ploughman.

Shape, shope, shopen, to make, to create, to put into form.—This verb has wholly lost its original meaning in the infinitive and present, in which form it subsists as a regular verb, with its preterite in *d*. Its preterite and past participle have long been obsolete, and do not seem to have been used in English literature after the time of Chaucer :—

“God *shope* the world.”—Wickliffe's Bible.

“The king and the commune
Shopen laws.”

—Piers Ploughman.

"To which this sempnour *shope* him
for to wende."

—Chaucer: *The Frere's Tale*.

Shend, shent, shent, to rebuke, to
blame, to shame, or bring to
shame:—

"What say you, sir?

I am *shent* for speaking to you."

—Shakespeare: *Twelfth Night*.

"He that shames let him be *shent*."

—Allan Ramsay.

"All woe-begone was John o' the
Scales,

Soe *shent* he could say never a word."

—Percy's *Reliques*: *The Heir of Lynne*.

Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*, and
Thomson in the *Castle of Indolence*,
use this word. According to
Dr Johnson, the last author of note
who employed it was Dryden. It
survives in Scotland.

Shear, sheer, shore or shure, shorn,
to cut closely off. — The ancient
preterite is obsolete, and has been
superseded by the regular form in
ed. The sea-shore—i.e., the strip
of land *sheared, shore, or shorn* by
the action of the waves—is the sole
relic of this word in modern par-
lance.

"Robin *shure* in hairst [harvest],

I *shure* wi' him."

—Burns.

"Boston was the Delilah that allured
him [Daniel Webster]. Oft he broke
the withes of gold, till at last she *shore*
off his locks, and his strength went from
him."—Theodore Parker: *Discourse on
the Death of Daniel Webster*.

Shread, shred, to cut off the ends,
to lop.—The old preterite has long
been obsolete, but survives as a
noun, *shred*, a thing lopped off or
cut off, a remnant:—

"The superfluous and waste sprigs
of vines being *shreaded* off."—With-
all's *Dictionary*: 1608.

"A *shredder* of trees."—Nares.

Shrew, shrow, shrown. — This
obsolete word, of which the only
current representative is *shrewd*,
a perversion of the original mean-
ing, signifies 'to curse,' and finds
a singular synonym in America.

In England a scolding wife is a
shrew; in America the same dis-
agreeable person is a '*cuss*.' Shake-
speare applies the word *shrew* to
both sexes, just as the Americans
do the word *cuss*. 'Beshrew
me!' the old ejaculation, meant
'curse me!' At the present day
inferior writers and careless speak-
ers will say, 'I have a *shrewd* sus-
picion,' meaning 'a *sharp*, cunning
suspicion.' The time at which the
word assumed this new meaning in
speech or literature is uncertain.

Shrive, shrove, shriven, to confess
to the priest.—This verb, in all its
inflections, went out when the Re-
formation came in, and only sur-
vives in poetry and romance, and
in the word 'Shrove-Tuesday.'

Slake, sloke, sloken, to assuage
thirst, to quench a fire.—The pre-
terite and past participle are obso-
lete.

Sneap, snep, snub, to check, chide,
rebuke angrily, to be sharp to a
person, like a cutting wind:—

"An envious *sneaping* frost

That bites the first-born infants of the
spring."

—Shakespeare: *Love's Labour Lost*.

"Do you *sneap* me too, my lord?"

—Browne's *Antipodes*.

This word only survives in its
past participle *snub*, which has
become the infinitive of a verb with
the original meaning.

Snow, snew, snown, to drop par-
tially congealed rain.—The pre-
terite and past participle survive
in America, but are considered vul-
garisms:—

"Withouten bake meat never was his
house,

Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It *sneue* in his house of meat and drink."

—Chaucer: *Prologue to the
Canterbury Tales*.

"First it blew, and then it *snew*, and
then it friz horrid."—Major Downing's
Letters.

Ben Jonson, in his *English Gram-
mar*, cites the following verbs that
make their preterite in *ew*—viz.,
blow, grow, throw, crow, know,

draw, slay, and *snow*. The last is the only one of the number that now forms its preterite in *ed*, though uneducated people both in Great Britain and America sometimes form the preterites of grow, blow, and know in *ed*—as when Topsy, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, says "she growed." "I knowed it," instead of "I knew it," is also a common vulgarity.

Stent, stint, stunt, to desist, to cease, to limit, to confine within a certain bound.—This verb is a curious instance of the liberties which Time takes with the old words of a language. The three inflections have each been made to do duty for an infinitive, so that one verb has been virtually converted into three. Chaucer has *stent*, the correct and original form :—

"And of this cry we would they never
stent."

—*The Knight's Tale*.

The noun *stent*, an allotted portion of work, though obsolete in England, is common in America :—

"Little boys in the country, working against time, with *stents* to do."—Theodore Parker : *Discourse on the Death of Daniel Webster*.

Stint, the ancient preterite, is the modern infinitive, and forms its preterite and past participle regularly in *ed*. *Stunt*, to stint, or stop, or cease in growth, goes through the same inflections. The late Daniel O'Connell called the Duke of Wellington a *stunted* corporal.

Swell, swale or *swoll, swollen*.—The preterite in *swale* is almost obsolete; that in *swoll* has been newly revived, but scarcely holds its own against *swelled* :—

"An' thought it *swale* so sore about hir harte."

—Chaucer : *The Wife of Bath's Tale*.

Sweat, swat, to perspire.—This ancient word survives in colloquial, but has been of late years banished from literary, English. The curse pronounced upon Adam, "In the

sweat of thy face shalt thou eat [or earn] thy bread," would have lost much of its energy in English ears, if the ancient translators had been as mealy-mouthed as the men of the present day, and rendered 'sweat' by *perspiration*.

"His fair steed

So *swat* that men might him ring."

—Chaucer : *The Rhyme of Sir Topaz*.

"His hackenye which that was al pomelee gris,

So *swatte* that it wonder was to see."

—*The Chanones Yemanne's Tale*.

"Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
For which they never toiled nor *swat*."

—Burns : *Epistle to James Smith*.

An anecdote is related by Dean Ramsay, in his interesting book on Scottish wit and humour, of a sturdy old lady who loved hearty vehemence in preaching, that she delighted in one particular minister, because when he preached he was in such grim earnest with his discourse that "he grat and spat and *swat*" over it!

Swink, swank, swonken, to labour over-hard.—This word appears to have been almost obsolete in Shakespeare's time. Some of his contemporaries use it, and Milton tried to revive it :—

"In setting and sowing
Swinken full hard."

—*Piers Ploughman*.

"Great boobies and long
That loth were to *swink*."

—*Piers Ploughman*.

"For which men *swink* and sweat incessantly."

—Spenser : *Faerie Queene*.

"We'll labour and *swinke*,
We'll kiss and we'll drinke."

—Beaumont and Fletcher :

The Spanish Cureto.

"For he had *swonken* all the night long."

—Chaucer : *The Reeve's Tale*.

Thole, tholed, to suffer, to endure.—This word is in common use throughout Scotland and on the English border, but has long been lost to English literature :—

"Which died and death *tholed*
About mid-day."

—*Piers Ploughman*.

"What mischief and malease Christ for
man *tholed*."

—Chaucer: *Visions*.

"What mickle wo as I with you have
tholed."

—Chaucer.

"She shall the death *thole*."

—Gower: *Confessio Amantis*.

"He who *tholes* conquers."

—Allan Ramsay's *Scottish Proverbs*.

"Tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun *thole* the factor's snash!"

—Burns.

Threap, to argue, to complain,
to lament:—

"'Tis not for a man with a woman to
threap."

—Percy's *Reliques*: *Tak' thy
auld cloak about thee*.

"Some cry upon God, others *threap*
that He hath forgotten them."—Bishop
Fisher.

"Some headswell learned upon the book,
Would *threap* auld folks the thing mis-
took."

—Burns.

In Grose's *Provincial Glossary*
a shopkeeper's phrase is quoted,
"This is not *threaping* ware"—i.e.,
these goods are so superior that
they are not to be argued about or
cheapened.

Thring, throng, thrung, to press,
to jostle, to crowd, whence the
modern word to 'throng':—

"A thousand of men,
Thringen together,
Cried upwards to Christ."

—*Piers Ploughman*.

The Scottish word *thrang*—i.e.,
busy with a crowd of customers—
is a remnant of this word, in which,
as in many others that we have no-
ticed, the original preterite has been
made to do duty for the infinitive
and the present tense.

Wax, wox, waxed, woxen, woxed,
to grow, to increase.—This word,
chiefly preserved in the English
language by its frequent use in the
Old and New Testaments, lost its
original preterite and past partici-

ple, *wox* and *woxen*, before the
translation of the Bible in the reign
of James I., at which time the
word *wax*, with the regular inflec-
tions, was in common use:—

"And when he *woxen* was more
In his mother's absence."

—*Piers Ploughman*.

"This man *wox* wellnigh wood [mad]
for ire."

—Chaucer: *The Sompnoure's Tale*.

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and *wax*,
Are founded, flourish, and decay."
—Walter Scott.

Wreak, wreaked or *wroke, wroken*,
to avenge.—This word is still cur-
rent in connection with the nouns
wrath, vengeance, displeasure, spite,
and others:—

"So *wreake* us, God, of all our foes."

—*Sir Bevis of Hampton*.

"'Tis not my fault, the boar provoked
my tongue.

Be *wreaked* on him."

—Shakespeare: *Venus and Adonis*.

"And soon in the Gordon's foul heart's
blood

He's *wroken* his faire ladye."

—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

"To have *wroken* himself of such
wrongs as were due him by the French
king."—Holinshed's *Chronicles*.

The verbs which we have
quoted (and we might have very
greatly extended the list, if a vol-
ume instead of a mere chapter had
been at our command) are merely
samples of the literary treasures
that lie concealed in the speech
of the common people of the
northern counties, in the old Eng-
lish authors anterior to Shakespeare,
and in the Scottish literature of the
present day. What should we say
if an English nobleman of ancient
and illustrious lineage and great
wealth had in the cellars and vaults
of his castle hundreds of coffers
and oaken chests filled to the lid
with coins of the purest gold
stamped with the image and super-
scription of bygone kings, if he

would never use nor look at any portion of his wealth? What, also, should we say of him if, in want of gold for his daily needs, he persisted in borrowing it from strangers at usurious interest, rather than touch his antique treasures? We should say he was unwise, or at the least eccentric, and that it was questionable whether he deserved to possess the great wealth which he had inherited. Every master of the English tongue, whether he be poet, orator, or great prose writer, is in the position of this supposed nobleman if he will not study the ancient words of the language, and revive to the extent of his ability such among them as he finds to be better adapted to express strong as well as delicate shades of meaning, than the modern words which have usurped their places. To the poets more especially, and, if there be none such left in our day (which we should be very sorry to assert, when certain great names flash upon our memory), to the versifiers, who are not likely ever to fail us as long as there are hopes and fancies in the hearts of young men and women, this is a matter of especial concern. The permissible rhymes of the modern English tongue are not copious in number; and such as exist, if not as well worn as love and dove, breeze and trees, heart and dart, are far too familiar to come upon the ear with any great charm of novelty.

The dactylic rhymes are still fewer, as every one who has tried his hand at versification is painfully aware. It is the poet, more than the prose writer, who strengthens as well as beautifies the language which he employs. It is true that language first makes literature; but literature, when once established among a people, reacts upon language, and fixes its form—decides what words shall and what words shall not be used in the higher forms of prose and poetical composition. Old English—such as it is found in *Piers Ploughman*, Chaucer, Spenser, and the poets and dramatists of the Elizabethan era, and as late as Milton and Dryden—is a passionate rather than an argumentative language; and poets, who ought to be passionate above all else, otherwise they are but mere versifiers, should go back to those ancient sources, if they would be strong without ceasing to be correct and elegant. The words that were good enough for Shakespeare and his contemporaries ought to be good enough for the greatest writers of our day. But Shakespeare himself is becoming obsolete, and needs the aid of a glossary to explain to educated people many excellent words that are quite intelligible to an uneducated ploughman. Is it the fault of Shakespeare or of modern writers that this should be the case? We think the fault is not in Shakespeare, but in ourselves.

ON THE LIMITATION OF ENLISTMENT AND ARMY RESERVES.

THE misuse of terms is a frequent source of error in human affairs, and in none has it produced more misapprehension and led to more confusion than in recent discussions in regard to army matters.

When the expression "an old soldier" is used, the imagination of a civilian generally conjures up the vision of an aged grey-haired man bent with a mingled load of years and infirmity; and he most naturally asks, Can any unprejudiced human being imagine that a regiment so composed can be compared with one formed of young men in the vigour and fulness of their bursting strength?

And he is right. Such a regiment would be but a millstone tied round the neck of an army.

But here we come to the root of the matter. The expression "an old soldier," when used by a soldier, means, in its broad acceptance, a man in the seasoned vigour of life, ere decay has laid its withering touch on his body, but after the shooting weakness of youth is past.

To make this clear. In our army the usual age when the soldier enlists is eighteen or nineteen. His first engagement of twelve years will therefore expire when he is thirty or thirty-one, and his second engagement of nine years additional when he is thirty-nine or forty years of age. Forty may therefore be regarded as the limit up to which a soldier can serve in our ranks; but he becomes eligible to a permanent though graduated pension after eighteen years' service, or when about thirty-six years

of age. Now is there any one who will say that a man under forty years of age is an old, decrepit, decaying man?

We have, however, already stated that we hold that when a soldier has put in about fifteen years' service—that is, when he is about thirty-three years of age—he has reached the limit of his full physical strength and vigour.*

Elaborate statistical returns have been brought forward to show that soldiers of between seven and fourteen years' service furnish a large proportion of the inmates of military prisons, and that as married men live longer than unmarried, so to retain men in a profession where general marriage is impossible is not desirable.

But war is not a theoretical science only, but is also a very practical art; and what we really want to know in connection with this part of the subject is, At what age do men best stand the fatigues of actual field service?

Now, in so far as our experience has gone, we have no hesitation in saying, that from twenty-three to thirty-one or thirty-two is the period when the soldier is at his seasoned prime, and during which his power of resisting continuous hardship in the field is greatest; and that, beyond all doubt, the period from eighteen to twenty-one is that in which he is most unfit to serve in the field, and is least able to resist the privations of fatigue, want, and disease, to which such service is always and necessarily exposed.†

We are certain that the experi-

* As discipline is a habit, and as all habits are strengthened by exercise and weakened by disuse, we hold (as we have elsewhere stated), on the one hand, that the value of the embodied soldier goes on increasing until the limit is reached when his physical strength begins to fail; and on the other, that the value of the reserve soldier goes on diminishing with each year he remains absent from the colours.

† The writer entirely coincides in the words of "A Private Dragoon," writing

ence of every officer who served through the Crimea will confirm us in this ; and the most valuable statistical table which could be brought to bear on this subject would be one showing the comparative per cent dead and invalided (from causes other than wounds) of soldiers of different ages during that war and the campaigns of the Indian Mutiny.

It is worthy of remark, that up to thirty the annual rate of mortality is in favour of the soldier as against the civilian, and that it is only between that and thirty-five that the scale turns the other way,* the cause being the tropical service and night-sentry duty which all soldiers of that age must have undergone. We should like much to see a statistical table showing the comparative mortality of soldiers and civilians who had spent two-thirds of their lives, above eighteen, in unhealthy tropical climates. Such a return would throw much real light on the question at issue.

A decisive proof of the truth of this will be found in the well-known fact, that after a discharged soldier has been a few years in

civil life his health recovers in a wonderful manner. When no longer exposed to deadly climates and night air he improves marvelously, even though not so well fed, tended, and clothed as formerly. If any one has a doubt on this point let him go to Portsmouth, or any other large garrison town, at the time the enrolled pensioners are called out, and there let him walk down the ranks of the local pensioner division, and afterwards down those of any of the regiments newly returned from India in garrison, and let him decide in which physical strength and warlike power seem most to reside. Let him also bear in mind, that every one of those pensioners has been discharged either as being worn out for the service, or as having served for above twenty-one years.

What we want in the army is *disciplined men fully capable of undergoing all the fatigues of war*; the age and the service which combine these two conditions produce the perfect soldier.

When we speak of an old soldier, we speak of a man who has served long enough in his regiment to

in the *Saint Paul's Magazine* for April 1869, when he says (p. 101): "So far as my experience goes, more men in proportion are invalided under than over seven years' service. An investigation into the point whether there were proportionally more old or young soldiers invalided in the Crimean campaigns from other causes than wounds, would perhaps result in a compliment to the toughness of the veteran."

* TABLE showing the comparative Mortality of Soldiers and Civilians.

AGES.	ANNUAL AVERAGE RATE OF MORTALITY.	
	Of Troops serving in United Kingdom.	Of Civil Male Population in England.
Under 20	3.07	6.89
20—25	5.80	8.68
25—30	7.99	9.55
30—35	12.03	10.56
35—40	15.89	11.94

have acquired fully and completely the *habit* of discipline. When, in contradistinction to him, we speak of a young soldier, we mean one who has been long enough in the ranks to have learned thoroughly the *practice* of drill, but who is only in process of acquiring the habit of discipline.

When we speak of an old regiment, we mean, speaking broadly, one which is mainly composed of old soldiers in this sense—that is, one in which the *majority* of the men have more than three and less than sixteen years' service. More than three, for under that we hold the habit of discipline will not be acquired by the mind. Less than sixteen, for after fifteen years we believe decay will begin to lay its finger on the body.*

For it is to be borne in mind, that in any such regiment in our service, where the influx of recruits and efflux of discharged men must on the average of years be equal, only a small part of the men can be of any one year's service, and the proportion of old soldiers will quickly diminish after the term of twelve years is past. Or, to speak roughly, more than one-third of the men will be under six years' service, more than another third will be above six and under twelve, and less than one-third over twelve and under twenty-one. Moreover, the ages of the men in such a regiment will lie in pretty equal layers between eighteen and thirty, but

above that will present themselves in a rapidly-diminishing ratio.†

It has been admirably argued by the able and eloquent advocate of short enlistments and a popular army (Sir Charles Trevelyan), that the conscription, when combined with only a short period of service—or what is, industrially speaking, the same thing, a short term of service, with its necessary accompaniment, a large annual enlistment—is an industrial advantage to a State, because it improves and enlightens the rustic peasant, and by taking him away from his secluded nook, returns him to it in a short time a more experienced, trained, and civilised being.‡

Now there are certain peculiar circumstances in which this is really the case. In some of the most secluded districts of France, and far down in the wilds of Calabria, beyond the reach alike of manufactures, industry, and education, the forcible removal of the benighted countryman for a time to within the reach and the influence of civilisation and refinement will have a salutary effect; and politically it will have a good result, by breaking down local prejudices and feelings.

But where, in any country, industry is prevalent and education general, the result is the very opposite, as any one who has ascertained the light in which the conscription—the tax of blood—is regarded by the mass of the popu-

* In the Duke of Wellington's opinion (as quoted by Mr Cardwell in the House of Commons on the 10th June 1869), "the old soldier was the *heart* and *soul* and *courage* and *strength* of the regiments," and combined with the young soldier, the two together would achieve any conquest.

† In our service the men enlist for twelve years; but their engagement then terminates, and only men of good character and good health are allowed to re-engage for a further period of nine years. Thus at the end of twelve years a break takes place, when many men quit the army; and this makes the first great alteration in the age and service return of a regiment. After four or five years' more service a good many begin to be annually discharged for disability, and thus the number of soldiers in any corps above twelve years' service must always bear a small proportion to that of those below that limit, and this proportion rapidly decreases after the men pass fifteen or sixteen years' service.

‡ See *A Standing and a Popular Army*, by Sir Charles Trevelyan, K.C.B., p. 10-13.

lation subject to it in France, Prussia, and North Germany, will at once admit. It is universally viewed as *the* great millstone tied round the neck of the industry of the State—the drag constantly checking its onward progress.

The immense number of young men annually required by the system of short embodied service, and the heavy chain of the obligation to reserve service when the term of embodied service ceases, are both to the highest degree unpopular on the Continent amongst all classes except the officers of the army; and it is a noteworthy circumstance, that nothing gave such dissatisfaction in France as the restriction of the period of embodied service from seven years to five, and the substitution for it of a reduced embodied service of only five years, *followed* by a reserve service of four. The conscripts would much rather have served on for seven years continuously, and then been done with the army altogether, and got back untrammelled to their industrial pursuits. The increase caused by this change in the number of conscripts annually required, together with the extension of the period of obligation by two years, was looked upon as a much greater national hardship than the decrease of embodied service from seven years to five was as a benefit.

How a service of years in the army must operate on the character is very easy to see. For a soldier everything is provided. He is fed, clothed, lodged, without any effort on his own part; he is looked after in sickness; he can never suffer want; he is subject to no continuous hard labour; everything is found for him; he has to exert himself for nothing, to exercise no care or forethought. In this respect he is, and must be, treated like a child. He obeys the orders and relies on the foresight of others.

What is required for success in civil life is training exactly the reverse of all this. There a man is

thrown at once on his own resources; his progress depends entirely on his independence, his industry, and his self-reliance. He must do everything for himself; he must think of everything for himself. By the sweat of his brow he must provide his own food, clothing, and lodging; by the exercise of self-denial and forethought he must lay by to meet the uncertain future—its chances of good and ill fortune, of sickness and of health.

What service in the army develops is *reliance on others*. What civil life requires is *dependence on one's self*.

What public opinion now demands at the hands of our military administrators is the formation of a *strong* reserve of trained soldiers for our regular army at the least possible expense to the nation, with the least possible disturbance to industry, without resorting to a conscription, and without destroying the fitness of our regiments for foreign service.

The conditions proposed are hard, the perfect solution of the problem is probably impossible; but a few pages devoted to a consideration of it may not be devoid of interest to such of our readers as have given their attention to the subject.

The different plans proposed in regard to enlistment all ultimately resolve themselves into one or other of the three following, or a combination of them:—

I. That in which the regular army is regarded merely as a mould or training-school—not a military power in itself—from which the men are discharged as soon as they have been thoroughly trained—that is, after three years—to resume their career as citizens, but remain liable to be recalled to the ranks, in case of war, for a course of years to come.

II. That in which the soldier is retained so long in the ranks that he serves for several years after

becoming thoroughly efficient—that is, is enlisted for from five to seven years' service—but is discharged whilst still in the vigour of health, and physically able to resume his career as a citizen, subject to the power of recall for a certain number of years, in case of war.

III. That in which he is enlisted into the army as a profession, and serves in it as long as he remains physically fit for duty.

Each of these systems has its own peculiar advantages and disadvantages.

The *first* is the Prussian system. Its advantages are : (1) that it does not take the man so long away from civil society as to unfit him from resuming his place in it ; and (2) that it provides a numerous and powerful reserve of trained soldiers.

Its disadvantages are : (1) that the army itself is little more during peace than a mere training-school, and is not thoroughly efficient as a war engine until it is put on the war footing by calling in the reserve men, who constitute its real war strength ; (2) that, in consequence, it is unfit for a country in which during peace the regiments require to be efficient war instruments, ready for war service at any moment without calling in the reserve men, as is the case in our army serving in India and the colonies ; (3) that the obligation of service in the reserve, in which lies the whole real strength of this system, is industrially a very onerous one, tying the great bulk of the citizens for the best

years of their lives to the army, preventing them from marrying with any prudence until the first period of their obligation is over, and unsettling them from entering with confidence on their professional pursuits ; (4) that it annually abstracts very large numbers of young men from the labour-market at the period of their lives when the habits of independence and industry are most readily acquired.

The *second* is, in the main, the new French system. Its advantages are : (1) that it gives an army really powerful and efficient in itself, independently of its reserves ; (2) that it gives the State the service of the men when they are physically at their best, and (3) yet does not throw on it the burden of pensioning them on discharge ; (4) that it provides reserve men of great value, from their discipline and age.

Its disadvantages are : (1) that it keeps the men so long away from civil employment that it deprives them of the use of the best years of their lives for the purpose of their own advancement, and does not make any provision for them in lieu of this ; (2) that, consequently, in a State where there is no conscription, it would be necessary to make this disadvantage good to the men by a corresponding high rate of pay, and also to bribe them into the further obligation of reserve service by a high rate of reserve pay ;* (3) that the supposition that inducement sufficient would be found in the chance of employment in such civil pur-

* With regard to this it must be observed, that the experience of the Continent does not at all show the extent to which the disqualification for civil life of several years spent in the army would operate in this country. Abroad *all* are subject to the conscription ; the men are taken by it in equal proportions from all branches of industry alike, and the employers of labour are only too glad to get them back on any terms. The injury of the conscription is more felt in the diminution of the total producing power of the State, than in the disadvantage at which it places the conscript on returning to industrial pursuits. An evil to which *all* are subject does not press on *any one* to his own peculiar disadvantage ; but the result would be very different in the case of a voluntary absentee desiring to resume his place in the ranks of toil alongside the regular and constant workman.

suits as a soldier's training specially fits a man for, is unfounded in fact, because the large numbers annually poured forth on the country under such a system of enlistment would soon overstock all such openings, and they would, besides, be only available for men of exceptionally good character and intelligence—that is, for a small portion of the total number annually discharged.*

The *third* system is practically that of the English army. Its advantages are: (1) that it retains the services of the soldier during the whole period of life that he is fit for war; (2) that by so doing it produces an army of disciplined soldiers, highly trained, and of great war power in proportion to their numbers; (3) that such an army is of great benefit to a country which has extensive foreign possessions, as it saves a vast expense in sending home annually shoals of short-service time-expired men, and exporting raw recruits in their stead; (4) that it annually subtracts a smaller percentage of the population from the ranks of industry than any other; and (5) that, where the enlistment is voluntary, it only takes those men who have an aversion to civil life and hard labour, and who, consequently, are no loss to the labour-fund of the State.

Its disadvantages are: (1) that, as it retains the soldier so long as he

is an efficient man in the ranks, it throws on the State the obligation of providing for him by pension when he becomes no longer fit for service; (2) that this leads to men being retained in the ranks after they are practically past their best as soldiers; (3) that it provides no reserve of trained men in the prime of life wherewith to reinforce the army on the outbreak of war, and consequently requires the regular forces to be kept up at a high numerical standard during peace; (4) that the length of the periods of engagement prevents many men from enlisting who otherwise would do so.

In a country where the conscription is not feasible, and voluntary enlistment can alone be resorted to, it will be found, we believe, to be impossible to provide a *really efficient regular army*, capable of being *supplemented by a strong reserve*, upon any one of these systems; but we believe it can to a very considerable extent be done by a combination of two of them.

Merely looking to the requirements of the army as an army, it would be best done by combining the second and third systems; but, having regard to the industrial considerations involved, we believe it will be found that the most practicable plan would be to combine the

* In the French army the attempt to provide occupation of this sort for discharged soldiers is limited to the case of those who re-engage for a second term of service. The number likely to do so is calculated at 10,000 annually; and even with all the great resources of the imperial system of government, it is not believed that employment for more than this number can by any means be provided.—See “On the Reorganisation of the Continental Armies,” in this Magazine for April, for the details.

Those who imagine that the soldier can easily find employment in civil life would do well to observe the result of the trifling experiment made in this direction by the reduction in our army this spring. In Dublin, for instance, for some time over 200 men a-day were discharged. These poor wretches had no friends who could support them, no industry by which they could live, no opening by which they could return to the world they had left. In want and misery they drifted on—some few to rise, the majority to pauperism and the workhouse, presenting a fruitful recruiting-ground to the Fenian agent, a large addition to the *classe dangereuse* of society—for they had bitterness in their hearts against a Government which they thought had broken faith, they had gaunt misery stalking in their rear, and they were men trained to arms as a profession.

first and third—that is, the Prussian and English—systems.

There are two means only by which you can fill the ranks of an army. One is the conscription, under which you take the men by force; the other is the system of pensions, under which you attract them by the prospect of a life of variety, devoid of care and anxiety, ending in a permanent provision for declining years.

Any intermediate system in which the prospect of a permanent provision is *hopelessly shut out*, and yet the conscription is not enforced, will never succeed,—for the simple reason, that it would be folly in any man voluntarily to enter into any trade or calling which could lead to nothing in the future, and which held out no hope of amassing money in the present.*

The class of men who join a volunteer army are, and always must be, those who dislike a regular steady life of hard unremitting toil. Your industrious young man, anxious to rise, will always seek some

other profession, because the army can hold out to him no reward equal to what he may justly expect to win by the exercise of patient assiduity in civil life.

The men who enlist are those who dislike civil life and its hard unceasing struggle to rise. They come to the army to avoid it, and they will *not come* if they know that after a few years they are to be turned back into it again, having gained nothing in the interim but the loss, in an unremunerative profession, of the best years of their lives.† They will only join a service in which they know that they can remain if they like, and have behaved well, until they have secured a competence for life.

But no man, on the other hand, desires to bind himself hand and foot by a long engagement from which he cannot recede.

What he desiderates is the *power* of remaining in his profession until he has secured a permanent provision, combined with the *possibility* of taking to some other career

* To bring this home: Would any young man of small means go into one of the Government offices, the Indian civil service, or even the army as an officer, if he knew that after five years he was to be turned out into the cold, with the battle of life to commence over again? Would any working man become a groom, a gardener, a cotton-spinner, or an iron-moulder, if he knew that after three, or at the utmost five years, just when he had thoroughly mastered his trade, he was to be turned out of it, prohibited from exercising it in future (for the refusal to allow re-engagements amounts to this in the case of a soldier), and forced to seek for his livelihood in some new calling, in regard to which he was wholly ignorant and unskilled—while he was yet to remain bound to return to it at any moment his late master might want him, however completely such recall might ruin him in his new pursuit? The absurdity of such a proposal is manifest the moment it is applied to any profession but that of arms. If those who make proposals for the army would try them by the test of other trades, there would be fewer unpractical propositions on the subject brought forward.

† Many zealous reformers imagine that this difficulty may be got over by a system of technical instruction in the army itself—that it might, in fact, be turned into a great industrial workshop as well as an army. Now there can be no doubt that it is *most desirable* to give to soldiers every possible facility and encouragement to learn trades; but to imagine that by this means you will ever alter their habits *as a class*, shows a complete ignorance both of the men themselves and of the motives which induced them to join the army. They came to the army in order to avoid continuous hard work. They will not voluntarily take to it when they are there (we speak of the mass—of course there are numerous individual exceptions); and if they find that they are to be forced to do so, this class of men will not come forward at all, whilst the really industrious classes will never enlist, because they can get on much better in civil life. Thus by striving after too much you run the risk of falling between two stools, and getting no men.

should he either tire of his present life, or a favourable opportunity of getting on in other ways present itself.

It is upon this double disposition of human nature that we found the hope of at once securing a good regular army and an efficient reserve.

You must, on the one hand, attract the soldier by holding out to him, as the reward of *good and long* service, the certainty of a pension. You must, on the other, give him every facility to quit the regular army, *on condition of joining the reserve*, should he be so inclined, after he has been once thoroughly drilled and disciplined.

These are the two corner-stones on which the system should rest.*

We now enlist our men for twelve years. This seems a convenient arrangement for those who wish to remain. It retains the soldier during the most efficient years of his life. It affords him at the end an opportunity of quitting the service without pension, but also without the obligatory tie of reserve service. If he is a man of bad character, or physically unfit, we do not permit him to re-engage; but if he is a good man and strong, we allow him to go on for another term of nine years, after which he is entitled to a full permanent pension. We also

allow him to retire on a modified pension after eighteen years' service. The only change we should like to see in this last part of his service is, that we think that it would be for the interest of the State to offer him a *small* permanent pension after fifteen years' service, on condition of his joining the reserve for six years—that is, until he completes his twenty-one years' service.

But the formation of a really powerful reserve must be looked for from giving him the *option of joining it during the period of his first engagement*; and the points to be ascertained in order to be able to fix the time when this option should be given to the man, with justice alike to the army, to the interests of industry, and to himself, are mainly two: (1) That he should not be allowed to join the reserve until he is a thoroughly-trained soldier; (2) that he should not be kept so long in the army as to be unfitted by its training from resuming his career in civil life with advantage to himself.

Now the experience of all armies unites in this, that three years is the *very least* term in which you can at once drill and discipline the soldier.† It may therefore be assumed that he ought not to be

* The writer need hardly say that there is nothing original in the following propositions. There is no conceivable proposal on this subject which has not been made, either publicly or privately, in military circles lately. All that he has attempted to do is to select such as seem to him most consistent with those general principles bearing on the question which it has been his object (however imperfectly he may have succeeded) in these pages to elucidate.

† The opinion of General von Moltke on this subject is one of great value. He has thus expressed himself in regard to the Prussian army: "From the general character of the education of the people, which from the *very first* receives a *military tendency*, we consider that three years are sufficient to make soldiers of them. Our men learn their *drill* in six weeks; but to acquire a military spirit, to learn submission, obedience, firmness, and endurance—in short, *military discipline*—demands, of course, a much longer period of development. How much can be accomplished in this respect in three years was submitted to the judgment of our critics at the Rhine."

Sir John Burgoyne's opinion is: "The fact is, soldiers cannot be improvised. The army is a profession: attention, practice, and devotion to it must be applied for years, and the advancement and prizes attending good service looked forward to as an inducement. High spirit and patriotism, to the greatest extent, will not of themselves enable a body of men to contend in the field against disciplined troops. Not less than three years constantly engaged in the practice are required

allowed to join the reserve until he has served so long in the regular army.

On the other hand, if the man is not to make the army his profession, then, in justice to himself, the sooner he is allowed to resume his industrial career the better.

If he enlists at eighteen, he will by twenty-one have served his three years; and we think it would then be the best time for allowing him *either* to serve on his remaining nine years in the regular army, or to pass into the reserve, with a reserve pay, for a period of five or six years. The rate of such reserve pay would need to be fixed by experience. It will probably be found to lie between 5d. and 6d. a-day.

But it would be too expensive to allow men to embark with their regiments for foreign service who were only under a three years' engagement.

Were the proposal we formerly made ("On Army Organisation," in this Magazine for February 1869) to enlist men for general service adopted, then recruits on joining would be first thoroughly drilled at the district recruiting depot; they could next be attached to some regiment either on home service or likely soon to return home, until their three years' training was completed; and they could finally, if they continued in the army, be posted permanently to a corps—if

they quitted it, be passed into the reserve.*

We would have four breaks in a soldier's service: (1) After three years' training, he might, if he chose, instead of serving on for nine years more, pass into the reserve for five or six years. This is the break which must be looked to to furnish the *great mass* of the reserve men. (2) Should his regiment be at or near home, he might be allowed, after seven years' service, to go, if he wished, into the reserve to complete his twelve years. This would probably not yield many men, but they would be very valuable. (3) At twelve years his first engagement ceases. He can then quit the service free from the obligation of reserve duty. This break would add nothing to the reserve, but is very valuable to the State, for no man would be permitted to re-engage who was not of good character and in good health. (4) After fifteen years we would allow men to retire on a small *permanent* pension, subject to reserve service until they had completed twenty-one years in the army. This would be more economical to the State than keeping on the man on full pay till the end of his engagement, and then giving him a full pension, and would provide a valuable reserve for home service.†

Under this system no man would embark with his regiment for foreign service who was not serving

to make a good soldier; and even after that he becomes better for two or three years more."—*Our Defensive Forces*, p. 12, 13.

The Duke of Cambridge records this opinion: "The best soldier is a man *after three years' service*, and *from that* to about twelve or fourteen, and, I think, even to sixteen."

* We fully admit that the defective part of this proposal is the necessity of posting the drilled recruit at first to a regiment to which, in the event of his remaining in the army, he will not permanently belong, whereas the interests of discipline call for his being at once sent to his own corps; but, with the large part of our troops always on foreign service, we do not see how this can, without enormous expense, be avoided, when the men are allowed to elect for the reserve after only three years' service. Very probably means might be found for shortening this attached period in the case of those who were early anxious to undertake the full engagement of twelve years in the regular forces.

† For a more detailed statement of the reasons in favour of the second and fourth break, see *On Army Organisation*, by Colonel Alison, p. 34, 39, and 42.

under a twelve years' engagement, and who had not been thoroughly trained. On the other hand, every inducement would be held out to young men of three years' service to join the ranks of the permanent reserve.

In other words, you would have the regular regiments in time of peace mainly composed, as at present, of professional soldiers, on our own old system; but alongside of this you would establish an army reserve on the Prussian system, which would afford the means of increasing them to the war establishment at any moment with reserve soldiers, who had all been thoroughly trained, and were in the prime of life.

It is difficult to say what number of men would be likely to join this reserve: we are certain it would be much fewer than our zealous army reformers expect; but if, as we believe, a good many lads would enlist under this system who do not do so now, we are sanguine enough to hope that a third of those who annually join might.

Should this expectation be realised, a large reserve would quickly be formed.

We would have the reserve men liable to recall during war to any regiment in the regular army for service either at home or abroad.

We have put five or six years as the limit to reserve service, because we are pretty sure that by that time the habit of discipline will have begun to fade from the minds of the men. Besides, they will then have reached twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, and may be expected to marry; and when a man marries he ceases to be of much use as a soldier, either line or reserve.*

We would not have the reserve

men attached to the militia; they do not require four weeks' drill a-year, and the loss of so much time would be a grievous hindrance to their industrial progress. They should be attached to the nearest pensioner division, and drilled with the local companies in whatever way may be found most convenient for them.

We shall conclude with a brief analysis of a few out of the numerous proposals which have been made for the purpose of altering our present enlistment system and providing an army reserve.

Such a summary is interesting, as showing the views entertained on this subject by some eminent men and some experienced soldiers; and much valuable information may be acquired from marking with care the points on which they agree and differ.

It would be impossible, with our limited space, to give all the proposals which have been made. We have therefore merely selected those which seem to us to be the most deserving of attention.

After the full explanation of our views already given, we shall abstain entirely from offering any individual criticism upon them. To do so would be merely to apply to each the conclusions we have already arrived at in considering the subject generally.

I. Sir Charles Trevelyan's proposal is, that every man should be first enlisted *and trained* in the militia for a year; at the end of the year he should be offered three alternatives—either (1) to enlist in the regular army for seven years; or (2) to join the militia for a term of ten years, terminable, however, at six months' notice; or (3) to

* In Prussia and France four years is the limit to reserve service for the regular army; in Austria, seven. The result of employing the married landwehr on field service was found by the Prussians to be so eminently unsatisfactory in 1848, that it led to a complete alteration of their system in this respect in 1859.—See Hozier's *Seven Weeks' War*, vol. i. p. 82.

quit the army altogether.* He would make it *compulsory* on the men (except in exceptional cases) to *quit the army after seven years' service*, but would give them the option of being enrolled in the reserve, with "a liberal retaining fee," for ten years more.†

II. Colonel Baker would have the soldier enlist in the regular army, as at present, for twelve years, but *after that* he would only allow non-commissioned officers to re-engage. He considers the best army for service to be one, one-third of the soldiers of which have at least four years' service. He would have the men for the militia enlisted with the proviso, that they were liable to be drafted into the regular army in time of war, but only to serve in it whilst the war lasted. He would have the line battalions in time of peace kept up at a strength of only 500 men, but would raise them to 1000 on war breaking out, by drafting from the militia.‡

III. Sir John Burgoyne proposes to shorten the period of service in the standing army, and to transfer the men at the end of a few years to the militia, "with the eventual possibility, as service in the army becomes more popular, of totally changing the composition of the militia into a body of troops, all of whom have passed through the ranks of the army." For this purpose he would not be unwilling to enlist the men for twenty years,

five of which should be passed in the standing army, and fifteen in the reserve.§

IV. Colonel Macdougall wishes the soldier to be enlisted for fifteen years. Of this he should serve seven years with the colours continuously; then three years on furlough at his own home, receiving during this period a retaining fee of £6 a-year, and an annual training of twenty or thirty days, and being liable to be recalled at once to his regiment in case of war; lastly, five years in the militia regiment of the county to which he belongs, receiving during this period an annual retaining fee of £3.||

V. Lord Elcho (or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, Sir Hope Grant) proposes that the soldier should enlist at once for twenty-one years. He would serve for the first seven in the regular army; he would then pass for the next term of seven years into the First Reserve—that is, would return to civil life, but with a certain amount of reserve pay, and the liability of being recalled, in case of war, to serve in the army either at home or abroad; lastly, he would pass for his final term of seven years into the Second Reserve, in which, still remaining in civil life, he would receive a higher rate of reserve pay, and be liable, in case of war, only to home service. On completing his twenty-one years he would become entitled to a permanent pension.

* *The British Army in 1868*, 4th edition, p. 62.

† *Ibid.*, p. 58-60.

‡ *Army Reform*, p. 29, 30, and 38-40.

§ *Our Defensive Forces*, 2d edition; preface, p. vi, vii.

|| *The Army and its Reserves*, p. 7, 8.

A YEAR AND A DAY.—PART V.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE NEMESIS OF NOIX DE VEAU.

How pleasantly and smoothly the world would go on if it were not for letters, both those which are written and those which are not! Arthur's belonged to the latter class; to the former, in one of its worst forms, the following few words from Max Werner, received by Brandon the very day after he had made his unsuccessful attempt to say good-bye to Rose:—

“BERLIN, *December* —*th.*

“MY DEAR BRANDON,—I am just recovered from an illness that came upon me at a most unfortunate time—so far, at least, as to be strong enough to hold a pen. Will you do me the greatest service?

“Arthur Corbet has carried off from her home the girl whose love I myself fancied that I had obtained. I was wrong, it seems. But the worst of it is, that neither her father nor myself know in the least where they are; and we are anxious, above all, as to how Corbet intended to treat her. If he has made her his wife, there is nothing more to be said or done; but we must know this. As you are acquainted with his friends, you will doubtless be able to learn where he is and what he is doing. Pray do this, and send me word both to Frankfort and here, in case I find myself unable to travel yet. I am at the Hotel —.

“I can count on your doing this at once, I know—not only for my sake, but for hers also, whom I cannot bring myself to blame, even now. Perhaps ere long, when I find out where Corbet is, I may want your assistance in another way. If so, I shall not scruple to ask you to give it.

“I will not try to say more now. Meanwhile do not be alarmed about me. I am able to bear, I hope; and

I have something to do also.—Yours ever, my dear Brandon,

“MAX WERNER.”

Of course Brandon had but one course to take. Nothing but evil seemed to have come from that unfortunate letter of introduction. Although, indeed, the acquaintance of Werner and Arthur had been originally independent of it, still the mere fact of its having been written and given to the latter must have helped to ripen their acquaintance into intimacy, by placing them in the position of being the friends of a common friend; and the writer of it could not sufficiently blame himself for his good-nature in acting as social sponsor for one of whom he had at the time known absolutely nothing. Thus, he thought, it was all the more incumbent upon him to do what he could in the matter for the sake of all parties, more than unpleasant as it would be to play what must seem the part of mischief-maker in the family. Besides, Werner's claim to be considered was, after all, paramount; and the claims of friendship he had never at any time disregarded. Nor did he dream for a moment of disregarding them now, although the service required, slight as it might appear in itself, came upon him with peculiar hardship after the explanation of Rose,—in that he would again seem to her to be mixed up with her cousin's errors and misfortunes.

However, there was no help for it; and he went over to the cottage as soon as possible. An explanation had already taken place between himself and old Corbet, who had consented to the engagement more readily and good-humouredly than might have been expected.

There were many reasons to account for this: for instance, that he liked Brandon extremely; that he wished to keep him for a friend and listener; that, being a great hand at prophesying after events, he fully believed that he had foreseen all along what would happen; that he was delighted that his experiments in soup *à la bisque* would meet with some little appreciation other than his own; that his head was so full at the time of the said soup that he would have consented to almost anything; that he was proud of his niece's conquest over a man who had known the world, who was the friend of Lord Farleigh, who was already a little talked about, who might become famous, who had been rich, and was not likely to be content to remain poor; and, finally, that Rose's lover was by far the stronger nature of the two, and more than a match for the obstinacy which old Corbet did *not* show in the matter. So warmly, even, had the consent of the latter been given, that Brandon felt almost as though he were doing wrong when he knocked at the door and asked to see Mr Corbet privately.

He was welcomed as usual. "I have just had a letter from Germany," he said, plunging into the middle of things at once. "It contains most unpleasant news; and I wish that it were any other than myself who had to inform you of it. You must understand that my only reason for coming to you is that I may serve my friend Dr Werner. He wishes me to learn from you what is your nephew's present address, or where he may be found. I do not know if you have yourself been in communication with him lately, but, from what Rose said, I should imagine not."

"Is he not in Frankfort? What is wrong?"

"I do not suppose that anything is really wrong, except from Werner's point of view. What I have to ask you to do is, by letting Wer-

ner or myself know whenever you hear from him, to help in tracing a young lady who is probably—or rather certainly—in your nephew's company. I myself, as Werner's greatest and most intimate friend, am nearly as much interested in the matter as he."

"Young lady? The devil! Who is she? You don't mean to say that he's married?"

"We hope so."

"You do? Then I don't. But who is she?"

"She is a Miss Reinhold, daughter of a Lutheran pastor in Prussia."

"Then I suppose she is as poor as a rat?"

"I believe she is quite without fortune."

"Well, of all the fools and block-heads—I tell you what, if she has no money he *has* married her. It's just what he would do. And she's a greater fool for marrying him, damn her! Let them go to the devil, both!"

"But——"

"Damn her, I say, and him too! I don't care what becomes of them—and so you may tell your friend."

"But he may, and does, care. So, as I should think your nephew may very likely be writing to you, for money perhaps——"

"Trust him for that!"

"He must send you an address. All we want is to know that, in order to trace Miss Reinhold, and to know what has really become of her. She is her father's only child."

"So much the worse for him, then. If she had only gone off with any one else—but with a boy like Arthur! Well, as he seems to consider himself a man now, he shall be a man on his own account. Nothing more shall he have from me, alive or dead—— There." And his hand came down violently upon the table.

"But you will let us know?"

"Oh, anything you like—anything you like. I don't care."

"But the lady's friends do. And after all, we really know nothing.

Except to Werner, there may be very little harm done."

"Yes, there is—plenty of harm. Nothing that Arthur ever did ever turned out better than it seemed."

Brandon saw that old Corbet was in a violent rage, which was carrying him beyond all reasonable bounds, and that to argue with him, instead of allowing him to cool down, would be the height of absurdity. Presently, however, he grew a little calmer.

"I hope you will excuse my temper," he said. "I am really sorry for the girl's friends. What sort of a girl is she?"

"She ought to be a lady and a good girl, as Werner had chosen her for his wife. I cannot fancy his choosing any other—though strange things do happen. If she preferred your nephew to my friend, it seems to me that, though it was my friend's misfortune, it was nobody's fault; and that she did wisely not to marry a man whom she no longer loved. But of course I do not know the details of the affair. If, as I hope, your nephew has married her, all that can be done is to make the best of a matter which will very likely turn out to have been the best thing both for him and for her. Then she is a clergyman's daughter; and that, I hope, is in her favour."

"It isn't in her favour a curse!" old Corbet exclaimed, again getting formidably red and angry. "Is that all you know?"

"That is all. Werner is never very communicative about himself and his affairs at any time."

"And what is her name? Write it down for me."

Brandon took a pencil and slip of paper and wrote it down.

"Well," said Corbet, "I will let you know what happens. But Arthur will find——"

"I hope you will not do anything in a hurry."

"I never do anything in a hurry."

"And now as to Rose. It seems

to me that there would be no good in letting her know anything about this until we know how things really stand."

"What does it matter who knows it?"

"Suppose they should not be married?"

"But they *are* married, I tell you."

"Even then it would be better to wait till we know all the circumstances."

"All the world may know all about it, and say what it likes, for what I care."

"At all events I will say nothing to any one else."

"As you please, I tell you."

"So be it, then. I shall write to Werner to-night."

"And you may tell him from me that he had just better leave it all alone."

"He must be his own guide; and I am sure he will do whatever is for the best."

"And I shall write to Nordheimer. I expect he's most to blame of anybody. Not another stroke of business shall he do for Corbet & Freeman for the rest of his days, if I have still any influence in the matter—the cheating old rascal!"

Not unnaturally, Brandon did not see the full justice of the last speech; but as he had something else to think of than the commercial interests of Herr Nordheimer, he made no remark.

"Now I know," old Corbet went on, "why and wherefore Arthur has been so secret about himself ever since he went away. However, I've done with him in every way but one—and that's a way he won't thank me for."

"May I ask you to wait before you do anything that might possibly prejudice him, until you know more about it all?"

"Who said I was going to do anything to his prejudice?" asked Corbet, sharply. "By the way, have you got your friend's letter with you?"

"No; but I have told you everything." He certainly did not intend to show the letter, for his object was to make matters as smooth as possible, and there were one or two hints and expressions that he thought had better not be seen, especially the reference to the probability of Werner's wanting his assistance in another way. "And so I am to understand that Rose is to know nothing of the matter at present?"

"I won't mention Arthur's name again."

"I did not mean that."

"Surely I needn't speak about my own nephew unless I like?"

Brandon did not stay to see Rose, but left the house, very dissatisfied with his visit. He had certainly had no idea that old Corbet would have been so incensed against his nephew without knowing more about the circumstances. He judged, however, that so strong a fit of anger would blow over all the sooner by reason of its very strength. But he was greatly mistaken.

With all his peculiarities, Paul Corbet, in one respect at least, belonged to a not uncommon type—to the type of those who can forgive and laugh at any offence that does not concern themselves, and whose anger is always the most violent and the most enduring when directed against those for whom they have the warmest affection. He also had the not uncommon failing of letting small faults accumulate without remark until he visited some error, which he would otherwise have passed over lightly, with a punishment which ought properly to have been divided among all that had preceded it. In fact, he chose to assume unreasonably that his nephew had, in this special matter, been acting with all imaginable baseness, because, supposing him to have married the girl, he had done so without consulting his uncle; and this fault he unconsciously and perversely, and with-

out seeing the absurdity of the process, added to the utterly inconsistent fault of which Arthur had been guilty, supposing him to have carried off Bertha without marrying her. As both courses of conduct appeared, to his angry judgment, to be equally wrong, old Corbet judged also—or rather acted as though he judged—that both had been followed at once. Moreover, he joined to these inconsistent offences those also which lay in the long neglect of letter-writing, of which he had so often complained, and his disappointment with his nephew generally, not recollecting that he had sent Arthur to Frankfurt for the express purpose of preventing the indulgence of the supposed genius of which both were so proud. But justice and logical consistency were not the prevailing virtues in the character of Paul Corbet, in whom one would no more look for these than one would look for self-denial in that of Arthur.

So, as he lay in bed that night, the conduct of the nephew assumed violent and exaggerated proportions in the eyes of the uncle, who, incapable of weighing evidence or reserving judgment, supplied the evidence from his imagination, and pronounced judgment upon his own *ex parte* statement of the case to himself. Too angry and put out to sleep, he was, if possible, more incensed against Arthur in the morning even than over-night; and the first thing he did was to send for the solicitor who had charge of his will. The result of the interview, whatever its nature may have been, brought about a reaction which rendered him silent and peevish, so that Rose looked forward confidently to his suffering an attack of gout. The attack, however, did not come.

Thus matters remained for a while. Brandon went away for a short time, which he spent in London, and then returned to Grayport, with a view to working there quietly

during the winter. Rose had been asked, and had gone, to lunch at Farleigh; for though Brandon was averse to her accepting the invitation, he was unable to give any good reason for her declining it. The Countess had been most friendly with her, and had quietly made herself mistress of the state of things between her and Brandon. Not long afterwards, however, to the great relief of every one, she left the place, and was followed very soon by Lady Harriet, and not long afterwards by the Earl. As to correspondence, old Corbet had written a long letter to Herr Nordheimer, and Werner had been silent.

The anger of Arthur's uncle continued, if with less violence, yet with greater obstinacy. Nevertheless, where his nephew was not concerned, he fell naturally into his old round of thoughts and pursuits. On New-Year's Day he arranged to have as perfect a dinner as could be put together, and to call into play all the resources of his science and of his art, although, as a matter of course, Brandon was to be the only guest. For days—nay, for weeks—beforehand, he devoted his mind to this great purpose, taking extraordinary care of his health and appetite meanwhile, so that he himself might not be found wanting when it was achieved. At length the great day arrived, and the small party was assembled in the best of spirits, the host being the noisiest of the three. Rose had been disappointed that Christmas had passed without bringing at least a letter from Arthur—she had even hoped that he might have taken a holiday in order to come and see them—and the disappointment was all the greater since she had herself written to him very lately, addressing her letter of course to Frankfort, where she still believed him to be. But her anxiety on the score of her cousin was not able to mar her happiness when she compared the nature of the victory which she had originally

hoped to achieve over Brandon with that of the conquest which she had actually achieved.

Old Corbet had been a little worried and nervous all day, but the first glass of wine put him into his most talkative mood—so much so as to make him transgress one of his favourite canons on the limits of conversation before the olive-period of dinner. Brandon was rather silent; but he was perhaps the happiest of all, for he felt that he had at last reached land, though it was a land of which he had never dreamed. This family life, too, into which he had fallen of late, was not without its influence—it gave him the almost forgotten feeling of being at home. His host, even, had ceased to bore him now; for there are few people, however hot-tempered, capricious, illogical, inconsistent, exacting, or tyrannical they may be, who cannot be more than tolerated for the sake of a Rose Arnold.

Their respective troubles being for the time entirely laid aside, the three were all very well satisfied with themselves, with each other, and with the world in general. Arthur was forgotten, even by Rose herself; for she was neither ill nor unhappy, and, without being one or the other, it is impossible to think of the same person or thing every day and all day long without an instant's repose. He was, in fact, completely out of her mind when a letter, just brought to the door, was handed to her uncle. It bore the Frankfort post-mark.

Dinner was just over, and old Corbet had eaten and drunk to the full content of his heart—possibly to more than the content of his digestion, judging from the flush that covered his face and head. He calmly and slowly poured himself out a glass of Chambertin, drank it deliberately and with complete enjoyment, and then took up the letter.

He was one of those people who, when they want to know from

whom a letter comes, instead of opening it in order to look at the signature, spend a minute or two in trying to satisfy their curiosity by means of the circumstantial evidence afforded by the outside. He therefore turned it over carefully a few times ; but he was in no mood for reading letters : he saw that it was not from Arthur, and he felt strangely heavy, and disinclined to exert himself even so far as to break the seal. "It will keep, no doubt," he said. But Rose, whose quick eyes had recognised the writing of Herr Nordheimer, looked at him appealingly.

"Well, then," he said, "here goes"—and tore it open suddenly.

He read it through, very slowly indeed, from beginning to end, without removing his eyes from the paper. Brandon was not looking at him, but Rose was watching him with an anxiety which became all the more intense when she saw that his eyes were, after his first reading, only apparently taking in the words, while his face kept changing colour from a mere flush to something more. At last, as if not quite conscious of what he was about, and yet with a kind of energy, he rose suddenly from his chair, threw the letter over to Brandon, and, with a hoarse exclamation of "Arthur—there, read that!" fell backwards. He clutched at his seat as he fell, but was unable to hold it, and sank heavily upon the floor.

Rose did not scream nor faint ;

but, though terribly alarmed, ran to his side, raised his head, and loosened his neckcloth. Brandon first rang the bell and sent for the surgeon, and then went to the assistance of Rose. But he also took up the letter from the table and placed it in his pocket.

Nothing that either of them could do—and they did all that could be done without medical aid—succeeded in restoring Paul Corbet to consciousness, though he still breathed heavily and thickly, and the veins of his head and neck were swollen and throbbing. But Brandon, who kept his hand over the heart, felt that every second its beatings became more feeble and more slow. There was terrible danger, he saw ; and it seemed as though help would never come.

Dr Sands, however, arrived at last. He seemed prepared for what he saw, for his instruments were ready, and he made no delay. The lancet acted like magic ; the eyes opened and turned upon Rose ; the lips moved.

"Arthur—the letter—Rose," they said. Then the lower jaw fell, and there was silence.

Brandon had been supporting him while the surgeon knelt by his side. Now the latter took Brandon's place, and laid it—"him" no longer—upon the carpet.

This time Dr Sands not only thought "apoplexy," but said it also. There was no longer any need for silence, for there was nothing more for him to do.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ARTHUR IN ENGLAND.

Maurice Brandon had again become a rich man. Paul Corbet had by his will, which had been drawn up as shortly as possible, left the whole of his property to his niece Rose Arnold and his friend Maurice Brandon absolutely, and, as nearly as possible, equally. To his nephew Arthur Corbet he bequeathed, in his old-fashioned

way, the conventional shilling, alleging as his motive the assumed marriage with Bertha Reinhold.

Brandon had some long conversations on the subject of this will with the lawyer who had charge of it. Of course, under the circumstances, and as he himself had, indirectly, been the means of bringing about the disinheritance by which

he had benefited, he could not—so it seemed to him, at least—regard himself otherwise than as bound to provide for Arthur out of his own share of the property. But the lawyer, who was well acquainted with the character of the heir-at-law, strongly advised his new client to make no regular provision for him at present, and, indeed, at no time to part with a final control over the whole, as far as such a control could be retained. A perusal of the letter, also, which, in combination with *gourmandise*, had seemed to have caused the death of old Corbet, rendered Brandon far less disposed to act towards Arthur as freely as he would otherwise have been disposed to act, and had furnished him with private reasons for thinking that he should be behaving most generously as well as most justly to Arthur, and most in accordance with what Arthur's uncle would have wished, by secretly employing a very considerable sum in a way in which it would certainly not be employed if he should let the management of the matter go out of his own hands. Rose, in her ignorance of the circumstances, could not help thinking, most unjustly, that her future husband might have shown more eagerness not to take advantage of her uncle's excess of capricious generosity to him, so as not to prejudice the claims of one who was almost her brother—indeed she did not see, in her romantic way of regarding things, why he should not have refused the legacy at once and altogether, and have made it all over, somehow or other, to Arthur without any difficulty; but she did see clearly that he was trying to do what he thought was for the best: and she heard such glowing accounts both from the lawyer and from the doctor of his kindness and generosity in the matter, that she satisfied her heart by assuming that the three among them were no doubt right, and laid whatever delay and want of enthu-

siasm which she might think she perceived upon the shoulders of law and business.

And now came the question as to what Rose herself was to do, and where she was to live. She could not remain in Grayport all alone, without a soul to speak to her or to care about her. It would be bad for her both mentally and bodily, nor would Brandon allow the idea to be entertained. On the other hand, she would not, so soon after her uncle's death, listen to a word on the subject of fixing a time for her marriage. After much consideration and consultation, it was arranged that she should leave Grayport for the first time in her life, and, as a home, probably for ever, and that she should, for the present, take up her abode in London with some of her father's relations, who were by no means unwilling to become the hosts of a girl so amiable and with a purse so well filled—of one, in short, who was likely to do them credit in every possible way.

It was a cold winter's day when she left the little house which had contained the whole of her life almost from the beginning. It is unnecessary to say what she felt; her emotions were such as are familiar to most people, and may be easily imagined by the few to whom they are unfamiliar. Rose had not, while her uncle lived, fancied that she cared in the least for either Grayport or the cottage; on the contrary, in her dreams she had always carried herself far away from their tame and dull monotony. But, nevertheless, those very dreams had, without her knowledge, thrown that colour of romance and sentiment round the place which dreams always throw over the place where they are dreamed. When she bade farewell to her own room, her magic chamber, where she had spun so many cobwebs long since swept away, she could not but feel that she was taking a last farewell of her old self also, and that however

happy her after life might be, it would miss something which it was painful to lose; and every well-known detail about the place, as she parted from them all one by one, seemed to inflict upon her a distinct and separate blow of its own, and unconnected with her greater grief.

Many tears did she shed as she went over the once despised old cottage for the last time: many for her uncle, many for herself. But she was brave enough; and when it was all over, and they were fairly on their road towards B——, Brandon could only guess that she had been weeping from the brightness of her eyes and the tenderness of her smile. He accompanied her to London, where they arrived late, saw her to the door of her cousin, Captain Arnold, and then left her, to resume, as far as he could, the story of his own separate life at the point where it had been broken by his long absence from the world.

Rose, though she still lived very quietly indeed, found her first visit to London strange and exciting enough, even without much more experience of it than was afforded by the streets. Such had been the seclusion of her life hitherto, that B—— had been the only large town that was known to her, and she seemed plunged into a different world indeed when she found Farleigh Castle nothing more than a name, and even its Earl held but of little account—in fact of no account; for, when he was in town, he avoided the society to which he belonged by right of rank, and Rose was not likely to hear much of his waning celebrity behind the scenes. As regarded her own little Grayport world, she might have fallen from another planet. But, full of events as every day seemed to her to be, none occurred that were of more than temporary interest, until one day she was surprised by the visit of no less a person than Madame de Marsay. The latter saluted her most affectionate-

ly, and, after a few sympathising expressions about the death of Paul Corbet, said,—

“And now, I suppose, you are surprised to see me? Well, it is not so wonderful. I heard from some one from Grayport who had come to see the Earl that you had come here, and I could not resist trying to renew my acquaintance with you. And when may I hope to congratulate you on your becoming Mrs Brandon?”

“Not yet—nor do I know when, exactly.”

“Whenever it may be, I shall be glad to hear of the happiness of my two dear friends. You know that I have known Maurice—Mr Brandon, that is—for a long time? But I suppose you know all about that,” she added, with a sigh and a smile.

“I have heard that you have long been friends.”

“I never thought he would have married; but strange things come about. I used to fancy him quite a woman-hater—or, I should say, woman-despiser; but it seems I am wrong in this instance. And then I always thought that if he ever did marry, it would be a title or a fortune; but it seems that I was wrong again, and did him injustice. I am very glad that he is brave enough after all to marry without a penny—only for love. I assure you, dear, that men who would do that are very uncommon.”

“But we shall not be quite penniless, I assure you.”

“I am charmed. It will be so much better for Maurice—Mr Brandon, I mean; but then we are such old friends—I hope you will pardon me?”

“Certainly,” said Rose; but she was beginning not to be charmed with her visitor.

“Then he did not lose all his fortune?”

“All, I believe.”

“And yet you will not be quite penniless? Ah, I see,” she added, as if to herself, with a half-smile

that she took care should be seen. "Well, love is none the worse for a little gilding, is it? But I won't say that; yours is the age of romance, dear child, and you would, I daresay, prefer love in a cottage, and all that sort of thing?"

"Indeed I should not," Rose answered, with decision.

"But that is a pity, I think. I should have preferred it, at your age"—the Countess spoke as if she were quite an old woman—"ah! and I have not lost my illusions yet. But men are so different: they never have illusions. And so Mr Brandon—there, I have got it right now—will not have to work for bread? I am so glad—he will be able to live out his own life, and have a charming wife into the bargain. My dear Rose, I must positively come and see you when you are married, if only that I may see what Maurice looks like as a married man. I am afraid that I shall hardly know him."

Rose answered something, which might perhaps have been taken to signify acquiescence had it been audible. She thought her visitor rather impertinent, to say the least, and did not find her patronising tone and self-possessed manner at all attractive. But the Countess knew very well what she was about. She had succeeded admirably in throwing suspicion upon Brandon's motives in engaging himself to Rose, and suspicion of that subtle and shadowy kind which is raised much more easily than it can be dispelled, especially in unguarded and unconscious hearts.

It never rains but it pours. Even while Madame de Marsay was with Rose, a loud knock at the door was followed by the sudden and unexpected appearance of the long-lost Arthur. Rose could hardly believe her eyes, and, for an instant, hardly recognised him. She had been very angry and vexed with him for a long time past on account of his complete neglect of his uncle and of herself—for even the death of the former seemed not to have

affected his behaviour in the least; but she met him, now that he was returned at last, with her old joyful and affectionate warmth, for she was overjoyed to see him again, and she had always hoped and believed that all the mystery about him was fully capable of explanation. He, however, received her welcome coldly.

All at once she was surprised to see him start and his eyes fix themselves strangely upon Madame de Marsay. He had not yet spoken a word. On her part, the Countess did not rise to go, and was so evidently waiting to be introduced, that Rose had no choice but to grant her silent request. Arthur said something about having had the pleasure of seeing her before.

"I am ashamed to say that I cannot quite remember the occasion. Was it at Paris?"

"No, Madame; and it is not likely that you would remember, for I only saw you, and nothing more. It was at a ball at Frankfort."

"Indeed! So you know Frankfort?"

"I lived there some months."

"Really? And did you ever happen to come across my friend and physician, Dr—I never can remember names!—Dr—oh! I have it—Dr Werner?"

Arthur looked up at her quickly, but saw no reason to suspect any hidden meaning in her words.

"Yes, I used to know him," he answered.

"And so you are the cousin of my dear Miss Arnold! Yes, any one could see that; there is quite a likeness. I suppose you are here for the wedding?"

"The wedding?"

"Oh! I must leave Rose to tell you that, if you do not know all about it."

"Rose," he took an opportunity of saying to her aside, "I am just come from Grayport, and have heard a great many strange things there. You and I must talk together. Can't you get this woman away?"

But the Countess did not mean to go just yet. She wanted to know something more about this handsome cousin.

"I suppose," she said to Arthur, "your being at Frankfort was the reason that I never had the pleasure of meeting you at Grayport? What a delightful place it is! I never enjoyed myself so much in my life."

"You have been there lately, then? Yes, I have been out of England a long time."

"And your poor uncle, Mr Corbet! I should so like to have known him better. How sorry you must be that you were away at his death."

Madame de Marsay was really firing shots altogether at random, just to try how things lay; but, as it happened, they all told. She had noticed the constraint with which he had met his cousin's first greeting, and the sullen, almost angry, expression of his face. She noticed, also, an appearance of anxiety on the part of Rose, and was not long in coming to the easy conclusion that he was displeased either with the intended marriage or with the disposition of his uncle's property, or with both. She would very much have liked to have seen him *tête-à-tête* before any conversation could take place between the cousins, but this was obviously impossible. All she could do was to learn how to communicate with him, if necessary, as she did not intend to pay any more visits to Rose at present.

"I am very glad to have met you, Mr Corbet," she said. "I am at home every Sunday evening, and shall be always charmed to see you. If you will let me have your address, I will send you a card to remind you."

"You are very kind indeed. I am just now staying at the — in Covent Garden." He was getting impatient, and, as usual, showed it plainly.

"And you must come and spend a long day with me, dear Miss Arnold. Will you? But I will write

to you soon, and arrange. And now I have been *de trop* a long time, I am afraid; you must have so much to say to one another after all this long time. Good-bye—we shall see each other soon."

The parting between Rose and her visitor was warm on the side of the latter, but on that of the former decidedly the opposite. Arthur saw the Countess to her carriage, hearing the praises of his cousin sung to him the whole way, and then returned to the drawing-room.

"Confound the woman, or Countess, or whatever she is!" he exclaimed. "And now, listen to me. I have just been to Grayport."

"But where have you been all this time? You cannot have been at Frankfort, or you must have got my letters, and surely you would have answered one or two of them."

"We will come to that presently. As it happens, I have not been at Frankfort lately, and happen not to have received your letters. It was from a stray *Times* that I first learned of my uncle's death."

"And then you came back?"

"As fast as possible. I hurried to Grayport, and was astonished to find you gone. Then I went to the lawyer's, and learned—that I had been disinherited for the sake of Maurice Brandon, and that you, my sister almost, are engaged to be married to him. The disinheriting is true enough, for I saw a copy of the will; but such a monstrous story as that of your engagement I will not believe, except from your own lips."

"It is perfectly true," Rose answered. "I am engaged to be married to Mr Brandon. And if you mean that he had anything to do with my uncle's will, you are wrong. No one has regretted it more than he."

Arthur looked at her with astonishment. She had never taken such a tone with him before. "But you cannot deny he gains by it?" he said.

"You cannot tell how angry and offended my uncle was with you.

It was useless to try to soften him. I was engaged before the will was altered, and so it was not strange that Maurice should be put in your place."

"You were engaged first, were you? Ah! it was a good chance for a ruined man. Good-bye, Rose; and, if you marry Brandon, good-bye for ever." So saying, before Rose could prevent him, he abruptly left the room and the house.

Poor Rose was left in a most unhappy state of mind. This quarrel with Arthur was in itself quite bad enough; but, joined as it was with two separate accusations against Brandon, brought on the same day by two very different people, and both charging Brandon with mercenary motives in seeking her hand, it was very much worse than bad enough: especially as she could not shut her eyes to the gross facts, that her lover was actually a ruined man when he proposed to her, and that his proposal was followed almost immediately by the alteration of the will in his favour.

She had not dared to ask her cousin anything about his supposed wife, on account of the evident state of his temper. In spite of his temper, however, she did not imagine that his anger would continue—at all events, as against herself; and she felt sufficiently safe in relying upon the power of time, and of Brandon's good intentions towards him, to make him see the injustice of his mistake. Still, however, she thought it best, for the sake of all of them, to bring matters to some kind of issue as soon as possible: so she sat down at once and wrote to Brandon, telling him that she had seen Arthur, and asking him to come to her as soon as possible.

As to Arthur himself, he was certainly in the greatest trouble and difficulty, for he found himself, without money and with a large accumulation of debts, suddenly cut off from being able to realise the expectations upon which he had been living for years. He had com-

plained bitterly to the Grayport lawyer of his hard lot, but found that nothing could be done, and that he must now manage to make his own living in the best manner he might. How much he now began to regret a certain escapade of which he had lately been guilty may easily be conceived, for he was not a man of the most constant nature in the world, nor one to deny himself willingly for love's sake. As he walked towards his hotel, he thought a great deal about repenting at leisure; and, without the least desire, or even inclination, to be false or cruel, began heartily to wish that Bertha were anywhere but where she was—which, however, was not London.

But he had about him still three or four pounds—his last; and he had not the least notion how he should raise more, for they happened to have resulted from the pledging of a few small valuables which had not found their way to the pawn-brokers days ago. Still it was a small capital, for a man with confidence in himself and in his resources, which might be made to breed sufficient to obtain credit, if nothing more. He knew very few men in London now, and, among those whom he knew still, he was in debt to most; for during his uncle's life he had been a great borrower, both of large and of small sums, from acquaintances as well as from the professional lenders. So he set to work to think how he could contrive to raise a few more pounds immediately. He could not go on living at a hotel where his expenses must have already covered what he had in his purse, and he could not leave it without either paying the bill or else resorting to some device for escaping from it without paying at all; and, frequent as his lies and actions of doubtful honesty might be, they were at least never deliberate, any more than were his actions of truth and honesty. At last, after much consideration, he found himself, as it were involuntarily and by accident, in a billiard

room which had been one of his haunts of old, and where he had won many a match in former days.

But to play when one can afford to lose, and for love of the game, is very different from playing when one can only afford to win, and for the direct purpose of winning. It was almost a matter of course, under the circumstances, that he should never have played much worse, or against seemingly better players. The result was that, though he quitted the place with a pocket considerably heavier than it was when he entered it, it was only because eight pennies weigh considerably more than four sovereigns.

He could not be at a much lower ebb than now. With an incapacity for work so extreme as almost to amount to a disease for which he scarcely deserves to be blamed, and with a woman entirely dependent upon him for support, eightpence was but a slender provision. He was not capable of feeling future evils strongly, but he was easily worried and excited by the ills of the present; and when he arrived at his hotel, the unusual number of small glasses of brandy that he swallowed, in order to restore tone to his nerves, only had the effect of shaking and exciting them still more. At last he threw himself desperately into one of the coffee-room chairs, and sat there for long with his arms folded, his chin upon his chest, his legs stretched and straightened to their full length, and his eyes staring into the fire. While in this position, a note was brought to him, addressed in a lady's hand.

"The Countess de Marsay would very much like to see Mr Corbet before she leaves town to-morrow, as, coming from Frankfort, he would very likely be able to give her some information that she requires. If he has no better engagement, she would be glad if he would come to her this evening. There will be a

few other people, and perhaps a little music."

"—, — STREET,
BERKELEY SQUARE."

"This almost looks like an adventure," he said to himself, "and may be worth following up. I hope, though, it may lead to *bonne fortune* in a more material sense."

Of course he went. He was glad of being able to make any attempt to shake off his blue-devils; and the Countess was celebrated, beautiful, and rich. He was soon at the door of Madame de Marsay.

He found her, however, by herself. The few other people had not arrived, or else had forgotten their engagement.

"This is very kind of you, indeed," she said, "to have come to me at once. But I am sorry for one thing—you will meet no one but myself. However, I will not expect you to remain longer than you please."

He was about to say something appropriate to the happiness of being summoned, as he thought, to a private interview by a beautiful woman—an interview that, he chose to fancy, could have but one meaning. She was prepared for his having such an impression, however, and stopped him at once.

"I really have something to say to you," she said. "You are a friend of my friend Mr Brandon, are you not?"

"I am sorry if he is a friend of yours. I certainly do not call him one of mine."

"But he is going to marry your cousin, Miss Arnold?"

"Not only so—he has been continually in my way, and I have now to thank him for utter ruin—that is all."

"Your ruin? How can that be? Are you enemies?"

"It seems so. Why or how he hit upon the plan, the devil only knows. But, first of all, he got me sent out of the country; then he got round my uncle, and made him make a will in which everything

was left to him, and nothing to me : and now he is going to double his fortune by marrying my fool of a cousin."

"Your cousin is no fool, but a very charming girl. I admire his taste. You are no friend of Mr Brandon's, then?"

"If ever I have a chance of showing him what I am to him, you will not ask me that again."

"What a strange story! Then you are really left without means?"

"Altogether—utterly."

"But how could this be? Surely your uncle must have been offended with you, or something——"

"Of course. Only I knew nothing about it."

"Was there no reason given for leaving you out of the will?"

She saw that Arthur was getting into a communicative humour—partly, perhaps, by reason of the brandy; partly, no doubt, by reason of her sympathy—and so she came at once to putting direct questions.

"Oh, some stupid story of my having married without his consent."

"But are you married, then?"

"No—that is——"

The Countess smiled. "Never mind," she said, "I do not want to know your private affairs. But you must be wondering what is my motive in wishing to see you? Well, I love Rose dearly, and Mr Brandon, too, is an old friend; and

I wish to save them both from a marriage that must be miserable for them both. Will you help me?"

"I should think so! But how? Rose seems infatuated."

"Not only could you at once put an end to the marriage, but you might benefit yourself also at the same time. How did this story of the marriage—yours, I mean—get to Mr Corbet's ears?"

"It could only have reached them in one way. Only one person knew the circumstances on which it was founded, and he was a friend of Brandon's."

"So Mr Brandon must have told him? and told him falsely, it seems. Is that so?"

"Yes—but——"

"You are not married, you say. Why not say so to Miss Arnold as well as to me?"

"But what then?"

"What then? Why, she will understand what were, I fear, Mr Brandon's true motives and schemes, though he is my friend. And then, is your charming cousin so very disagreeable to you? A girl who is amiable and beautiful and rich—it seems to me it will be your own fault if you remain poor."

Arthur looked for an instant full into her face, but he read nothing. Then his eyes sank down, and he did not answer. The Countess smiled quietly, and gave time for her hint to work.

CHAPTER XIX.—ON WITH THE NEW.

The letter received by Paul Corbet, immediately before his death, and appropriated by Brandon, was as follows:—

"FRANKFORT A M.,
Dec. —th, 185—.

"HIGHLY-RESPECTED SIR,—We are in receipt of yours of the —th ult.

"We must say that we were much surprised and grieved at your tone, touching M. Arthur Corbet. We can only say that his conduct

while with us was unexceptionable, and that it was certainly not part of our duty to control his private life, or to interfere with his marriage with a respectable girl, even had we been aware of his intention.

"We should, indeed, have preferred to leave yours unanswered, in the hope and belief that you had regretted the most unwarrantable expressions of which you make use towards ourselves as soon as the letter had left your hands, ascribing them to temporary anger against

M. your nephew. But we are sorry to have to say that circumstances have since come to our knowledge of a very serious character indeed.

"It had of late been usual with us to put considerable confidence in M. your nephew; and at the time he left Frankfort he had in his possession certain bills and other valuable securities, together with a very considerable sum in bank-notes, and a small sum in gold (to enclosed schedule of which effects we beg to refer you) belonging to us: and, from him, nothing has since been heard of any part of the amount. We waited two clear days, in order to give sufficient time, but are sorry to say our delay was ill advised. On inquiry, we find that many of the bills have been discounted at Berlin by Messrs Steinkopf, and by others, and the value received as for us by M. your nephew, under circumstances which can leave no reasonable doubt upon our minds that he has provided himself with funds for his marriage and for his journeys at our expense; in a word, that he has been guilty of gross fraud and embezzlement. It is with a view to spare our most esteemed and respectable correspondents, and yourself personally (in spite of your expressions towards ourselves, which, we beg to repeat, we cannot but consider most unwarrantable and unjust) from the effects of publicity, that we have hitherto refrained from taking any proceedings against one bearing the name of your honourable firm, save in the most strictly confidential manner. We cannot, however, afford to lose the amount (noted in the enclosed schedule), which, as you will see, is very considerable, and most important to us at present, as we have many acceptances to meet, and have already been much embarrassed.

"Awaiting an early reply, with your instructions and intentions in the matter, and (in spite of the expressions in your letter to which we have referred) assuring you of

our sympathy and regret, we are, with the highest respect and consideration, your most obliged and very obedient

"NORDHEIMER & Co.

(*per* Jacob Nordheimer.)

"P. CORBET, Esq."

It was the result of this letter, and of communication and subsequent correspondence with the Frankfort firm, that Brandon had seemed to be rather cold and dilatory in acting for Arthur's interests. But he was in fact more than ready to do the latter the fullest possible justice; and it seemed to him that the first step to be taken with this view was to make restitution of any sum of which Herr Nordheimer had been defrauded. He had therefore, as soon as possible, made private arrangements to do this, and was otherwise very careful as to how he carried out the rest of his plans for Arthur's benefit. His intentions to help Arthur generously and substantially were not, however, in the least affected, for he at all events understood human nature well enough to be inclined to make even more than due allowance for offences which result from weakness of will: while his affection for Rose, his gratitude to Paul Corbet, a sense of somehow having done Arthur an unintentional injury, and a natural generosity in money matters, all led in the same direction.

It was soon after concluding this business in as satisfactory a manner as such a business could be concluded, and a day or two after the interview between Arthur Corbet and Madame de Marsay, that he went to make one of his accustomed visits at the house of Captain Arnold. He found Rose in the drawing-room with Mrs Arnold, who, as was usual when he called, left the room in the course of a few minutes. He had noticed that Rose was very grave, and had received him with a stiffness and coldness which put

him in mind of old times ; but he thought nothing of it, and began, when he was alone with her, to talk as usual.

"Wait," she said. Something in her tone made him look up. He saw that she was looking very pale and anxious.

"I had just been writing you a note," she said, with a calmness too complete to be natural. "Your coming has saved my sending it—and I am sorry. It would have been better to have written."

He waited for an explanation.

"It was to say good-bye to you," she said, in a very low but steady voice. "It was to tell you that we had better—that we must—part."

"Part!" he said, in a tone of pure astonishment; "why, my dearest girl, what is the meaning of all this?"

She was evidently determined not to show the least emotion, however great the effort might be.

"It seems that we have been mistaken in each other," she said.

"Surely, Rose, you cannot be speaking in earnest?"

"In full earnest." Her tone and look confirmed her words.

He, in his turn, looked grave, and more than grave. "Either there is some mystery," he said, "or else I am dreaming. It cannot be that you would thus send me from you as coldly and suddenly as if I were a footman who had not suited you."

"Coldly!" she exclaimed suddenly, and with energy; but she immediately controlled herself. "I did not wish to see you. How can I tell you in words—without saying what I cannot say?"

"Rose," he said, "you must tell me at once, whatever it may cost you, what it is that has come between us."

"Nothing has come that has not been always between us. How can I have been so weak and so blind!"

Brandon waited for her to continue.

"Will this tell you? I do not wish to say what—but I saw my

cousin Arthur last night. Is not that enough?"

"Well?"

"Do you not understand yet? Must I say—say to you, in plain words——"

"Indeed, Rose, you must. Whatever it is that you have heard about me ought to be told and answered in the plainest words that there are."

"Then I will say it in plain words, since you will have it so. I am no longer, then, the silly girl whom you first met at Grayport—and I have to thank you for opening my eyes."

"Am I to understand that your cousin has been speaking of me to you, and that he has more influence over you than I? In that case," he added, bitterly, "I confess that we have been mistaken in each other, and that we had better part. I certainly will not come between you and him." He could have bitten out his tongue for this last speech; but it must be owned he had great provocation.

Her eyes flashed as he had never seen them flash before. "How dare you!" she said, with another giving way of her forced calm: "but now I can believe anything, now that you defend yourself by insulting me, who—why should I be ashamed to say it?—have loved you more than you will ever either know or care—as much as I now——"

"Rose," he said, "in spite of what you say—though, God knows, it is hard enough for me to bear—I will not leave you without knowing why one who, I thought, loved me yesterday, now seems to hate me. I cannot believe that one so just as I know you are, and so constant as I still believe you to be, can speak such words as you have spoken without believing them to be justly deserved."

"Most justly, as you well know."

"This cannot have been caused by any general slander. There is something more, and I have a right to know it—and know it I will."

"When you know it better than I?"

"Rose, this is too much. After what you have said I cannot hope that we can ever be to each other again as we were yesterday. Let us part, then, if you will have it so. But, once more, I know that I have done nothing to forfeit at least the right to know why this must be, and upon that right I must insist, in justice to myself, if not in justice to you also."

"If, then, you are determined to hear from my lips what you must know in your own heart, you shall. I will try to spare you no longer—I you shall at least have no reason to complain of injustice. Will that content you?"

"That is all I ask, now."

"Listen, then. You found in a quiet country town, out of the world to which you belonged, a childless old man, who was honest himself, and unsuspecting of others. You found also that he was rich, and that all his wealth would pass to his nephew and niece—so much you could easily learn in conversing with one who never concealed anything, even from a stranger. You, ruined by the failure of a bank which, it seems, had for long only been kept up by fraud, having got the heir out of your way, gained the love of the heiress; and then, in order to obtain the portion of the heir also, abused a simple old man's hospitality and friendship by forging a story, and, on the strength of a falsehood, by obtaining from him a will in your own favour, while you leave the natural heir to starve. *My* injustice! Now, have you any reason to complain, except that——" But at last she had given way, and her conflict with herself, maintained so bravely and so long, had ended in a rush of tears, in which pride, anger, and contempt were for a while lost, and turned to utter sorrow.

He heard her to the end in silence. When she had finished, "Perhaps I am wrong," he said, "to say a word

more to one who can believe me to be so utterly base. But, because I love you still—because I am not able at a single blow to destroy the love that has been growing within me for so long—I will be weak enough to tell you, whether you believe my word or no, that, although it is true that something said by me was the immediate cause of your cousin's leaving England, it was said with no other motive than the wish to give good advice; that I forged no story, and knew nothing of the will until it was too late; and that, since I did know of it, I have done all that I could do to remedy its injustice."

"Will you deny, then, that you told my uncle that Arthur was married?"

"I do not deny that I told him what led him to that conclusion."

"I will take your own words, then. There is no difference. And do you deny—that I should have to ask you such a question!—that you knew what you said to be false?"

"You would be right to scorn me if I listened to such a question, even from you."

"What made you believe it true, then?"

"Most certain and positive information—as far as it went."

"And why did you tell him at all?"

"Not for his sake, and certainly not for mine. It was for the sake of a friend to whom——" He paused: to bring in the name of Bertha Reinhold, directly or indirectly, would only have the appearance of his slandering Arthur afresh, while it would be quite out of his power to prove his words.

"Yes, 'as far as it went,' and 'for the sake of a friend'—it is plain what that means. No—you can have had but one motive: I cannot believe otherwise, when I know for certain that there was no truth in your story from beginning to end—that, in point of fact, Arthur has never married, and that there has never been any reason for

imagining it for a moment. If you even had had any reason for supposing it—and that was impossible—you must have learned your mistake immediately. As for your conduct towards myself, heaven knows I would have trusted you in spite of all appearances, and have taken your mere word, though all the world thought you selfish and cruel—even against the solemn word of him who is my brother rather than my cousin; but in this matter I cannot believe you. Even you, with your own lips, confess that you were the bearer of a false tale, and that you profited by the falsehood. How, then, can I believe that your professed love for me was of a kind different from that of your friendship for my uncle, and your ‘wish to give good advice’ to my cousin?”

The case, as she had put it against him, was certainly terribly consistent and terribly probable, and there was an element of truth in every one of its allegations that rendered the whole charge most difficult to meet, if, indeed, it could be met at all. Brandon was bound to admit all the facts; and to deny the existence of a bad motive in every one of a long list of actions, each of which, by its very nature, strongly suggests, or even implies, the existence of one and the same bad motive, is much the same thing, in the eyes of the logical part of mankind, as telling a gross and palpable lie. Rose, too, had no more reason to disbelieve in her cousin than when she had parted with him at Grayport; her original prejudice against Brandon was now naturally revived in her mind, if not in her heart, and was strengthened by a vague jealousy of Madame de Marsay, founded upon the manner of the latter at their last interview, and by the anything but vague hints thrown out by the Countess as to Brandon’s motives, now so fully confirmed by what she had heard from Arthur.

“So, then,” said Brandon, after a short pause, “it seems that we must part for ever. I would not now say anything more to defend my-

self, even if I could. I cannot, and do not, blame you, even though I have to live out the rest of my life as best I may, scorned and hated by you. Only promise me one thing.”

She did not answer.

“It is only this, that if you ever see, as I trust even now you may, that you have wronged me, you will be as just to me as you believe now that you are; that you will let me know, if we both live, that I am hated by you no more. As for love—but that is nothing to us, it seems, any longer. But if you ever come to do me real justice, believe that I shall never have thought of you with anger or blame—only with the deepest sorrow.”

Her emotion had now left her utterly weak and overcome—so much so, that Brandon might almost, had he made the attempt, have triumphed over her reason and her will. But to her he could not but be generous. He therefore took her hand, just touched it with his lips, and left her. She remained where she was, incapable of moving or thinking, until she, almost mechanically, exerted herself sufficiently to gain the solitude of her own room.

It is more than possible that both Rose and Brandon may be blamed for their conduct towards each other at this crisis. As to the latter, whether any better course than that which he had actually taken was open to him, it is almost impossible to judge. It must be remembered that the demon of pride is the very last to be driven out of the soul; and there may be many who will think none the worse of him for having acted to some extent under its influence—who may even, perhaps, be of opinion that he might, with advantage, have shown a little more pride still. But however this may be—whether he acted with too much pride or too little, and in spite of being taken by surprise—he had at least remained sufficiently master of himself not to seek to rest his defence upon any accusation against Arthur. He

had been loyal to the memory of Paul Corbet, and loyal to his enemy; and love, it is to be hoped, ought not to be considered as the less deep and strong for not being able altogether to master a man's actions and words. He is none the worse lover who is able to remember under all circumstances that there are more people in the world to be considered than himself; and if the love inspired by Rose Arnold was of the unselfish sort, and distinct from blind passion, she ought rather to be praised than her lover blamed.

But, leaving Brandon to all the weight of the sorrow that, deservedly or not, was now upon him, Rose herself must be held to have more than expiated any fault that there may have been on her side by the punishment that the fault brought with it. It may, however, very fairly be doubted whether she was guilty of any fault whatever. She had not been false, she had not intentionally been unjust, she had not loved weakly. If she is to be condemned at all, it must be for still loving a man, in spite of her better reason, whose character and conduct could not but appear to her odious and despicable. From her point of view, the whole course which Brandon had followed from first to last had been extremely open to suspicion; and yet, since she had first given him her love, she had never once wavered in her perfect trust until the more than suspicious fact of the false story and its consequences was plainly brought before her. She knew not the whole truth about Brandon's conduct in any one particular; she could only judge it from the outside. Even at the best, she would have seen by this time that he had at all events concealed many things from her, and this alone she would have held to be treason to the perfect openness and confidence that she thought ought to result from real love. But there was no "best" to be discovered. She was therefore forced to believe that Brandon had

never really loved her, and she was infinitely more ashamed of and angry with herself than she was ashamed for or angry with him. In any case the engagement must come to an end, she thought; and she had intended to put an end to it with more quiet decision than, as it turned out, her feelings permitted. Whichever of the two may be the most in fault, she was certainly the more unhappy, if that could be; for while it is an everyday thing for both men and women to love where they hate, it is the most horrible of torments for a woman to continue to love where she is bound to despise.

Decidedly it was more than a mere lovers' quarrel. Both felt that their parting was final. Had Madame de Marsay been able to open and to read Brandon's heart when he left the house, she would have repented bitterly: had she been able to read that of Rose, she would have felt herself fully avenged.

It would be useless to attempt to describe in detail the manner in which Brandon spent the next few days. He went about among other men, and ate and drank and talked, and even tried to work and sleep, as though nothing had happened. His engagement had not been known among his friends, and so his rather altered habits and weary look called forth but little remark; for he was too proud a man to speak of his real sorrows, or even to admit that he had any. Rose, also, tried to put a brave face on the matter, but with less success at first. She became really ill—so much so, that Mrs Arnold was alarmed. Brandon's unusually long absence at last made the latter suspect the cause; but Rose, as soon as she found herself becoming an object of sympathy, summoned together all her strength, declared openly that her engagement had been broken off by herself, utterly and decidedly refused to give any explanations to anybody, requested that the subject should never be mentioned to her

again, and assumed such an extraordinary flow of good spirits that every one was deceived, especially her cousin, whose observation of things and people was always superficial.

Arthur, within the last few days, had been thinking very seriously indeed about himself and his position—very seriously for him, that is—and the more he thought of it, the more he felt attracted by the last suggestion of Madame de Mar-say. It is true that Bertha was in the way, more or less; but, to natures like his, absence and non-existence are very much the same thing. What is past is about equivalent to what has never been, and to-morrow is a word without a meaning at all. If he could get Rose to marry him, all would be right again: he should recover his rightful portion of the inheritance, burdened with a wife, indeed, but with one who was very amiable, who believed in him, and of whom he need never be ashamed: he should be able to pay his debts, and make things all right with Herr Nordheimer — like almost every one who commits a real fraud for the first time, he fully intended to make it all right again somehow one of these days—he should provide generously for Bertha. In fact it would be a delightful state of things for all parties, for Bertha as well as for everybody else. She could not wish either to starve herself or to allow him to starve. Her very affection must tell her that to be deserted would be the best thing for her, because it would be the best thing for him. And then she was so far away, and Rose was so very near and so very charming, and had improved so very much in every way during his absence! And thus, with a sort of half purpose, he began to be very attentive to his cousin, to be tender in his manner towards her, to do what he could to amuse her and give her pleasure, and — to borrow money of her, which she was only too willing to

lend, or rather give, to him, to any amount. At first some of this money found its way into the hands of Bertha. Then he began to get into that fatal condition in which people say, "I will write to-morrow: what difference does another day make?" And they are right—for a day sooner or later makes no difference in a lifetime. Then, as a natural consequence, the idea of Bertha became like a dream to him, and he forgot to call at the address he had given her to ask for her letters. Then, at last, he used invariably to think of her at breakfast-time, especially if he had been keeping unusually late hours the night before—the surest of all signs that the recollection of her was growing to be nothing short of a nuisance, a symptom of nervous depression, and a sign of the immediate necessity for soda-water and brandy. Of course, all the time, his intentions were unimpeachable; but, in spite of his unimpeachable intentions, he was rapidly becoming a performer in what looked very much as though it would turn out one of the commonest stories in the world.

Rose was always glad to see him, for he was now her only friend, and all that was left her of the old times that she used to call dull, but now called peaceful. She was always most affectionate with him, and showed herself exceedingly anxious to aid him in every way she could: altogether, she interested herself so much in him and in his affairs that he began to misinterpret her motives, and to flatter himself that her affection for him was something more than what it used to be when they were brother and sister at Grayport—he began to think that he had but to hold up his finger to make her fall down and worship. And then she was so much more quiet, more amiable, less exacting than the jealous, passionate girl whom he had left abroad, that everything seemed to be going on quite pleasantly again—for him.

MR MILL ON THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.

AFTER a careful perusal of Mr Mill's essay *On the Subjection of Women*, we find some few points to stand out from the rest in such distinct prominence that it may be well to state them at starting, as the readiest way of conveying a general impression. The foremost of these is the scarcely-veiled assertion of himself as the sole advocate among men with fairness and perception enough to plead woman's cause, to discern what she is capable of, and to indicate her real work in the world. Strong in the conviction that no man can at once honestly and rationally differ from himself, we see Mr Mill fearlessly meeting the whole human race single-handed. He exactly corresponds to the lunatic who proved logically that all the rest of the world was insane. It is nothing to him that mankind from the beginning has seen the matter in another light. Custom, he calmly tells us, however universal, affords no presumption, and ought not to create any prejudice, in favour of woman's subjection to man. Neither men nor women have hitherto had an idea of woman's true vocation. Nor are the arguments by which he seeks to prove his points less bold than the attitude assumed of seer and discoverer. He pooh-poohs all opposition at starting, and in one sweeping statement drives all his countrymen out of the field of controversy. There is less human nature, he tells us, in England than anywhere else; consequently we have had less opportunity than other men of studying its manifestations, and have no right even to a view. And if Englishmen know nothing of human nature generally, because in England rule has substituted itself for nature, still less do they know anything of woman's nature, which is, in fact, a sealed book, not only to him but to herself. All that Mr Mill allows is,

that certain tendencies and aptitudes are characteristics of women, as woman has hitherto been. "I do not say," he cautiously adds, "as they will continue to be, for I consider it presumptuous in any one to decide what women are and are not, can or can not be, by natural constitution."

It is among the notable points that Mr Mill is especially dissatisfied with his countrywomen in what they can and do at present; from which we may infer that they have disappointed him by coldness to the efforts he has made for their emancipation. He is evidently ashamed of them for consenting to marry while the laws are in their present infamous league with man's brutal despotism. Their efforts to please their masters disgust him as sycophancy, while their dull acquiescence in a bondage under which they ought to writhe is the worst sign of all. In fact, we gather that Mr Mill finds his countrywomen the great hindrance to progress, and he is angry and jealous accordingly. He hopes to subvert society as it now stands, and the conservativeness of women is an impediment which would make anybody despair but a philosopher of Mr Mill's school. But he clearly aspires to eradicate the feminine element out of woman's nature. Woman, as she is, is his enemy. "While women are so unlike men as they are now"—for so he puts it—Mr Mill expects no social amendment; but this difference does not discourage him, because it is one apparently not of nature's, but of despotic man's and the laws' making, and he is taking both in hand. Alter the marriage laws, and the thing is done. The moral regeneration of mankind will only really commence (p. 177), he tells us, when marriage is placed on the footing he recommends, and all ideas of authority on the one hand

and obedience on the other give place to an exact equality;—a mercantile firm where neither partner leads being the model proposed. At present no slave ever was a slave to the same lengths and in so full a sense of the word as a wife is, and she is a slave for life. The analogy of the *firm* suggests the idea of dissolution at will; but Mr Mill tells his readers that the question of divorce is beside his present inquiry, which we should not have thought if he had not said so. Lastly, however little in favour of woman as we know her is with Mr Mill, he has a bright future in store for her if she will take his advice. He believes that old women have it in them to manage our finance—the finance not of the family but of the nation;—old women, not of the class the world has often trusted with its chiefest affairs, but veritable grandmothers and old maids, and widows who, having brought up their families, will be at leisure to devote the decline of life to their country. Mr Mill, in conclusion, is pre-eminent in his indifference to ridicule; he is impervious to the absurd side of a view;—a peculiarity which is magnanimous or otherwise as he can see a joke or not. There is not much evidence that he *can* so far sympathise with his kind in the present volume. He evidently piques himself on being able to waive aside the coarse frivolities of brutal power; but take it as we may, we must feel that a patronage of old women is among the most respectable eccentricities of an abnormal self-esteem.

The tone of this work is so surpassingly insolent towards the whole human race,—it involves such an insult not only to men, but to women as we love and admire and desire to keep them—to the ideal woman as man's helpmate,—that we might wonder at the civility and seriousness with which it has been received by the world of readers as represented by the press, but that the subject of the relation of the

sexes, however treated, meets a question of the day. And wherever people criticise an existing state of things, they are pretty sure to hit some palpable blots which demand consideration, and create sufficient sympathy between reader and author for reasonable discussion.

We must believe that Mr Mill has acquired his ideas of the aspirations and claims of women, possibly, too, of their capabilities for work not yet given them to do, from a limited and not average experience. He allows us to suppose him the recognised confidant of the class who by no means take their idea of woman's place and office in the world from St Paul. The fair members of the American convention for changing everything are evidently in communication with him; this correspondence, and an implied more intimate personal acquaintance with a few gifted women, roused by circumstances,—and possibly by his arguments and teaching,—into discontent, suggest to him a state of feeling among women at large which has no foundation in fact. Outside of these grateful sympathisers, his knowledge of the condition of women, their treatment by their masters, and their place in the world, might seem to be derived solely from police reports and other law columns of the *Times*.

It never has been denied in any age of the world that there are women of genius and of extraordinary administrative power, nor has mankind ever been unwilling to recognise this power and genius when it has declared itself. Only men and women of the old traditional way of thinking see—believe they see, at least—that these are exceptional cases which must not alter the existing relation between the sexes, or the apportionment on a large scale of the work of the world. It is this common-sense view which irritates Mr Mill against his countrywomen. They have no idea of sacrificing the ground they already

hold by grasping for a new territory. Taking experience and observation as against his theory, they are disposed to laugh at his cry for liberty on their behalf. When he tells them that society makes the whole life of a woman in the easy classes a continual self-sacrifice, and exacts from her an unremitting restraint of her natural inclinations, they will not see it. Even the bribe of allowing women to take the initiative, and make the offer, which Mr Mill's theory of a "firm" clearly involves, loosening the present cruel restriction to "yes" or "no," will not tempt them to wear his colours. The idea of dependence upon men does not weigh unpleasantly upon women in the abstract; rather they have their own notion of liberty only to be attained through men, which is precisely his notion of bitter bondage. Take, for instance, his glowing praise of liberty as a sensation. Word for word, we believe it to represent the sensation of a woman of spirit in entering that married life which, according to Mr Mill, makes her the "body-servant of a despot" for the remainder of her life. "Let any man," he exclaims, "call to mind what he himself felt on emerging from boyhood—from the tutelage and control of even beloved elders—and entering upon the responsibilities of manhood. Was it not like the physical effect of taking off a heavy weight, or releasing him from obstructive, even if not otherwise painful, bonds? Did he not feel twice as much alive, twice as much a human being, as before? And does he imagine that women have no such feeling?" Now, of course, many a bride finds herself mistaken in her notion that married life brings freedom of action—though perhaps not so much oftener than man in his first dream of independence—still the fact that such an impression possesses the female mind should qualify some of Mr Mill's hard hits at his fellow-men. But not only do his coun-

trywomen disappoint Mr Mill by insensibility to their slavery in the everyday routine of life—he complains of them still more when they assume an attitude of self-assertion, and yet do not assert his views. Because they will not treat the sexes as enemies, and marshal their sisters to the battle, he says that women who write dare not say anything that men don't like to hear; and that the greater part of what women write about women is mere sycophancy to men. Nay, he is so unhandsome as to hint further, that in unmarried authoresses much of what they write is intended to "increase their chance of a husband," and that with this aim they overstep the mark, and disgust the men they seek to attract by a servility beyond what is desired or relished in any man but the vulgarest. But if English authoresses, either through despair of attaining an object Mr Mill holds not worth all this pains, or because it is attained already, write without the fear or hope of men before their eyes, yet they are "such artificial products" that he does not attach the value of a grain to anything they can say on this subject where it differs from his own opinions. As we have said, a certain asperity of tone shows that in claiming for woman rights she does not now possess, Mr Mill is as much influenced by resentment for the use she makes of the power now in her hands, as by any real desire to see her sphere enlarged, unless in the change she loses more influence than she gains. It is because women stand in his way, are a drag upon what he considers progress, that he wants to change their status, and make them more like men. He has some chance with a young man, he seems to say, till he marries, and then it is all over with him—the interests of the family hold him down, and all through the wife's narrow views of life. Of course, till we know what Mr Mill considers the good held

in check and abeyance by woman's narrowing influence, we cannot argue the question. It is certain that women now—and we believe the same is natural to them in every normal condition of society—have an especial eye to the private and particular. The family carries it often over public claims, always over vague theories of public good. We say vague, because where, as in religious questions, the advantage is realised, they do not yield to men in sacrificing not only personal but family interests to higher considerations. But this shyness of theory is not necessarily an evil; checks and drags are essential in all complex machinery. Families are as much institutions as states, and the people who have the care of them must hold loyally to their charge. Nor ought Mr Mill to lay the blame of desertion from the ranks of innovation and change upon women mainly: it is the fashion of his school to do so, and to denounce the frivolity of women accordingly; but time exercises the same feminine sway upon most minds—time and work. When men begin to act as well as talk and speculate, they sober down in the fashion so offensive to Mr Mill; for action brings the real sense of weight and place in the world. It is very well to be a master speculator; but always to speculate as a disciple, which must be the fate of most, is unsatisfactory—to be always fighting another person's quarrel with society, and whatever is established and received for truth. Above all must the faith of youth in a universal upset—the hope in mere change and subversion—fade along with youth itself: and it is not unfair, after reading this book, to assume that it is this particular faith of which Mr Mill laments the decay. Of such are “the young men of promise, who generally cease to improve as soon as they marry.”

When we view Mr Mill as the head of a movement, it is important to enforce that he aims at

changing the very nature of woman. His object is to make her something radically different from what we know her. He sneers at the natural fear of change in this vital social question, and assures his readers that of one thing they may be certain—that what is contrary to woman's nature to do, they never will be made to do by simply giving their nature free play. But a country's institutions are not only moulded by the national character—they also mould it; and no one can pretend to say that the reticence and contented domesticity which Mr Mill complains of in his countrywomen, and which men in general respect as an especial feminine virtue, will undergo no change under the call to publicity and rivalry with men which he would force upon them. Not that all women would respond to his appeal; there would be under his *régime* public women and private women—a recognised division from which we can imagine many inconveniences. The private section would be a class by themselves, subject to the temptation of recommending themselves to men through the strong contrast of their pretensions with those of their more ambitious sisterhood. They would have a character for frivolity and subservience to keep up. Poor creatures, simpletons, pretty dolls, and the like, would be at premiums such as they have not yet attained.

Nor can we imagine the stronger division of the sex such intellectual gainers as he supposes, by being urged into a new arena. Mr Mill, in his gallantry, or in his serious conviction, will not grant as *proved* any intellectual inferiority, scarcely a difference; but no woman with any claim to be attended to has ever asserted this equality: on the contrary, it has always been the reproach of clever women that they despised the commonalty of their sex. “If any one were to write down the conversation of women among

themselves," said Mademoiselle Scudery, "it would make the worst book in the world." She spoke thus to stimulate her friends to a higher tone; but this and similar disparaging comments on the weakness of their sex from many vigorous female intellects, is in fact an admission on their own part of a need of masculine support in their higher efforts. While conscious of some exceptional powers in which they stand comparison with the men they compete with, yet they own a need of sustentation from without. They know themselves to be brighter, stronger, more far-seeing in intercourse with men of superior intelligence. Even where this tone towards their own sex is offensive, an admission of some need lies at the bottom. We do not say that Mr Mill will meet with no woman to agree with him; but, from admissions constantly implied, we do feel confident that no woman of clear reason and wide experience fully acquiesces in his line of argument, or adopts his tone in her own person. We will go so far as to suspect that the most masculine-minded woman is conscious of a strain in continuous intercourse with men of vigorous thought, from which it is pleasant to relax into the amiable trivialities at present allowed to her sex, but which under a transcendental reign would be a giving in, a falling away, a desertion of the cause. In the contemplated rivalry in the same field of work, women aiming at posts and professions now filled by men would have a credit to keep up, a constant sex assertion to maintain, which might issue in eccentricities of tone, manner, habit, and costume not pleasant to think of. Now we are men and women. A modern school of philosophy threatens us with a third estate, which, in so far as it got a footing, would scarcely affect for good the other two. The argument that woman will never do what it is not her nature to do, therefore that there is

no harm in opening every door to her energies, will never go for much with people who are persuaded in their own minds. It is the nature of many people to do things badly, and the nature of a great many other people not to know when a thing is bad or good, well or ill done. To open certain callings to women, which, because unsuited to their powers, they would fill with inferior average success, would be doubling the incompetence, instead of, as Mr Mill says, doubling the world's stock of intellectual power; and while every profession is, as with us, overstocked with men, there is surely some plea from nature against doubling the candidates. Of course when we say, in answer to the plea for the education of women, that women are not constituted by nature for the same strict, systematic, long-sustained course of study by which men are prepared for the intellectual professions, we are met by the reply, that the physical training of women amongst ourselves is at fault for this. Let girls, we are told, have the same exercise and liberty of limb that boys have, and they will show themselves as little subject to nervous and other weakening influences. This is said, not because it tallies with any experience, but because it is the only thing to say, because it is *some* answer, because in certain cases of distinguished female intellect the girlhood has been passed a good deal in boy fashion. But if we inquire into these cases, the boyish sports—nay, even the boy's dress—were not a training, not an educational experiment, but an early stirring of conscious power, an eccentricity of genius in embryo. All women who have distinguished themselves hitherto, Mr Mill says, have been self-taught; and he argues that if they were taught like men, the proportion of highly-trained literary power with what is self-taught would be the same among women as it is among men. This

can only be true under Mr Mill's hypothesis of the world's ignorance :—

“Hence, in regard to that most difficult question, What are the natural differences between the two sexes?—a subject on which it is impossible in the present state of society to obtain complete and correct knowledge—while almost everybody dogmatizes upon it, almost all neglect and make light of the only means by which any partial insight can be obtained into it. This is an analytic study of the most important department of psychology, the laws of the influence of circumstances on character. For however great and apparently ineradicable the moral and intellectual differences between men and women might be, the evidence of there being natural differences could only be negative. Those only could be inferred to be natural which could not possibly be artificial—the residuum, after deducting every characteristic of either sex which can admit of being explained from education or external circumstances. The profoundest knowledge of the laws of the formation of character is indispensable to entitle any one to affirm even that there is any difference, much more what the difference is between the two sexes considered as moral and rational beings; and since no one, as yet, has that knowledge (for there is hardly any subject which, in proportion, has been so little studied), no one is thus far entitled to any positive opinion on the subject.”—(P. 41.)

As a comment on this profound passage, we quote Lord Penzance in a recent debate :—

“I understand that there has been a recent discovery by profound thinkers that there is no moral or intellectual difference between the sexes such as to lead to the subordination of the one to the other. Truth, however, in the common affairs of life, lies very near the surface, and those who dig and delve into the lower strata of thought sometimes bring up ingenious theories, but rarely practical truth.”

As we think we know women, we see in them a greater capacity for self-teaching, a greater power of imbibing knowledge from collateral sources, a greater aptitude to catch the tone of thought about them without direct instruction, than in

men, together with less power of sustained attention and concentration of the mind on a given subject. And all this fits, or seems to fit, in with what has hitherto been regarded as nature's plan. Up to a certain age girls and boys can learn together. A divergence is observable just at the time when life opens to both. Girls, it is said, cease to study because they see no practical end in it. There comes a reaction into idleness with the girl at a time when her brothers are urged to their utmost by the sense of working for a career. Nature has something to say for this reaction. It would not, we believe, suit the average female constitution to go through a university course of study from eighteen to two-and-twenty; but also, we will allow, comes the question to her, Where is the practical use? what will this labour do for me? and we can foresee no period in the world's history where the answer can be the same as to men. Therefore, because the majority of mankind cannot work their minds for learning's sake, but only for some intelligible end, we do not believe the education of women can ever be conducted with the same system and severity as for men, because the question of marriage acts with diametrically opposite influence on the two. Mr Mill sneers at man's notion that the natural vocation of a woman is that of a wife and mother, and at his educating her accordingly. “They might,” he continues, “be supposed to think that the alleged natural vocation of women was of all things most repugnant to their nature, insomuch that if they were free to do anything else—if any other means of living or occupation of their time and faculties is open which has any chance of appearing desirable to them—there will not be enough of them who will be willing to accept the condition said to be natural to them.” Mr Mill is certainly hard upon man in this matter of female education, and lays much to deliberate inten-

tion which is inevitable in the nature of things. Few men are educated for remote contingencies, as he would have all women to be. It is true that one woman in a million may have the organisation, physical and mental, which would qualify her for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or to shine in debate in the British Parliament, or to perform a difficult operation, or to construct a railway, or to build a cathedral, or to conduct an intricate lawsuit, or to sway a fierce democracy; but the chances are too infinitesimal to found a system upon. People must be educated for probabilities, and make their way to possibilities by themselves. If women are to compete with men, their education for the task must begin from the cradle. It does not occur to Mr Mill to consider, not what philosophers in the abstract, but what the father with a family to provide for, must do in any given circumstances. Education for a profession is expensive. It may be taken for granted that young people expect to marry. Now marriage, in the case of a man, is a stimulus to exertion in the ordinary course of things; he is a better, more sedulous doctor or lawyer for being married. The father has not to put the question to his sons as to whether they will or will not marry; but with his daughter of eighteen it is a different matter. He spends his money on a mere chance of its helping her on in life. No one can say that a woman is more eligible as a wife or mother for pursuing a profession; and if she does not pursue it, the cost of her education is wasted. Hence it seems to us that women, whatever their liberty of choice in the higher lines of employment, must always struggle into it on a different footing from their brothers, and always be at a disadvantage, unless, that is, fathers are relieved from the charge of their children by the State, too enlightened to consider sex at all.

Mr Mill is extremely severe on men assuming superiority by virtue of mere physical strength; but how is it possible to ignore or suppress in himself the natural effects of a fact on his moral consciousness? He quotes with recoil and disgust the title of lord as having been actually applied by the wife to her husband, and tolerated by him; but we do not see how this physical superiority can help carrying with it some sense of lordship over every condition of life wanting in his power to enforce his will. The boy of three who proves by rude experiment that he is stronger than his sister of four, receives an impression that can never be erased. If he uses his new-found power to bully, he must be snubbed; but all the teaching of his anxious mother only confirms in him the fact of his strength as a gift not to be ignored, but used. It belongs to the yearning in a good man to protect and defend the weak where they are weak. It does not interfere with a frank recognition of superiority in the nobler functions where he sees it in woman, but it does involve a claim to supremacy where he sees fit to exert it. The groom who sits behind his mistress, and takes the reins from her hands when he sees the horses need a stronger hand, feels this as an inevitable consequence of being the strongest. In fact, the whole question must turn upon this. Mr Mill's argument does not go upon women being more than the intellectual equals of man—if they were, they would have been his master long ago; if, therefore, they are physically weaker, the theory of equality falls to the ground, even without the argument from analogy, which leads most men to expect a mind softer, more open to control, less fitted for intense labour in a less robust frame. Equality that rests on sufferance ceases to be equality; it cannot affect the mind as such. The notion is a mere inflation that ends in bluster. Mr

Mill's whole line is really that women are not equal to men, but we are to act as if they were. He calls upon the law to defend the weak, which, in truth, is the law's one business; but the fact that they are dependent on law is subversive of the theory of equality. Was there ever, Mr Mill asks, a domination which did not appear natural to those who possessed it?—a plausible ground for mistrust of our innate conviction, which, however, will not stand his tests. Aristotle, he says, held the opinion that the Greeks were of a free nature, the Thracians and Asiatics of a slave nature, and time has proved him mistaken. But this view was always open to the appeal of physical strength. Nobody could say in Aristotle's day that it was physically impossible for these slaves to throw off the yoke. The theory was perhaps acceptable, as quenching uneasy fears to the contrary. In all the cases he adduces, this last appeal has determined matters. Mr Mill cannot pretend that women will ever be able to secure their own independence by force of arms; and even if men were to do it for them, it would be mere favour, a make-believe, a pretence. The physical strength of slaves must always have been an element of insecurity. This insecure tenure can never be felt by men in regard to women. What men decide by law they are sensible of being able to abrogate when they please. Mr Mill has a Utopia in prospect, in which human nature will not only be weak, as in England, but absolutely done away with altogether as we know it. He writes as if nature was in his future to present no hindrances to a perfect uniformity of pursuit. With this we have nothing to do. In the world, as we and all mankind that has preceded us have known it, women under no conceivable circumstances can have the law on their side but by the permission of men; therefore they seem to us to act wisely by owning a natural law

of subordination, and submitting to "subjection" as a Bible word—a justification for its use we need not say of little weight with Mr Mill. The discussion must, in fact, always want the last touch of reality. Nothing that we have said militates against the right of women, though physically weak, to justice; but it has much to do with what constitutes just claims. There may be certain privileges which men may think justly theirs—privileges founded on their different and stronger organisation.

The fact—for which we see nothing but that it must always remain a fact—that woman's influence over men will always be most potent before she has attained to her fullest mental development, must limit her influence, or rather determine its nature. There is this difference between the sexes' view of each other's time of most perfect charm and fascination,—woman early arrives at a perfection of grace and manner—the body ante-dates the mind. She is most persuasive, most irresistibly attractive, while still a girl. The term girl is clung to; the period of girlhood is that of sway. With women, boyhood is a term almost of reproach. With a girl in her teens, "a mere boy" means something raw and irresponsible—the mind still unformed. The man grows in her regard and interest as he matures—a very natural variety of standard if the one sex acknowledges a protector and superior in man, the other a being to shield and guide in woman, but altogether irrational under Mr Mill's view. However, with his notions of the perfectibility of the race, this is nothing—a mere temporary infatuation in men. Hitherto such and such ideas have influenced mankind; it is no reason whatever that they should continue to do so. At any rate, while the infatuation lasts, we regard it as a natural barrier potent on both sides against that severe application, that emulation between the sexes, which

is to issue, according to this philosopher, in the regeneration of the world.

However much we have shown ourselves to disagree with Mr Mill's treatment of this subject, we cannot but consider his book opportune at the present juncture. It is well that people generally should realise that meddling with the marriage laws is dealing with edge-tools, and that no alteration on the existing state of law and opinion can be thought of without serious consequences for good or evil. Mr Mill shows a perfect indifference to the enormous risk of his proposed changes. Probably there would be some difference between him and ourselves as to what constituted them. Christian morals, we are given to understand, elsewhere are going to be put on their trial. This essay may be a contribution to the argument. He begins by complaining of the power the present state of the law puts into the hands of a brutal husband; but his whole argument leaves such considerations far behind. To place women on the standing he claims for them, the relation of marriage must cease to bind as it does now. He exacts the right on both sides of separation at will on grounds which would now be regarded as frivolous, and therefore will not allow marriage to be a tie; for that is no tie that holds neither party against the will of the hour. He makes no allowance for the reconciling effects of the indissoluble; he seems to eschew altogether the vow of taking "for better for worse." Husband and wife with him are to join in raising funds, are to be equal as partners, are to dissolve the contract at will. He abstains from the question of absolute divorce—his faith in the revolution he would effect blinds him, we believe, to consequences; but few people can contemplate the natural results of boundless legal separations without foreseeing consequences to morals hideous in

the eyes of the humdrum respectability in which English society, by these transcendentalists, is supposed to wallow, to the smothering of all finer perceptions. No one can be other than ashamed of the leniency too often shown to brutality by the administrators of the law, or by the law itself, where the wife is the victim. The story told by Professor Newman is likely to be true enough, of the fellow who grumbled at his sentence of six months' imprisonment for ill-using his donkey, on the ground that he had only had two for beating his wife nearly to death. It is quite of a piece with the line of defence taken by a Yorkshireman before the coroner: "This I can say, I never felled my wife in my life—and that's a great thing to say;" a plea drawing from one of the jury the hearty response, "Ay, Tummas, it is." But it must not be supposed that an alteration of the marriage laws will have any prompt effect in restraining these excesses. Any inquiry into such atrocities shows that they are quite as common where the contract between the man and woman is not marriage. Indeed it is noticed by the curious in human nature that a woman will put up with more from the man who is not her husband than from one that is; and we have known it inferred that a man and woman who lived as man and wife were not married, or she never would have put up with what she did from him. What, we would ask, would be the consequence to women of the lowest classes if the right of separation was established on the ground of incompatibility of temper? We hear much in these days of the superfluity of single women. Might there not, then, be another class on the world's hands infinitely more helpless and *de trop*? As has been well remarked, if the wife is a slave, at any rate a man, as the law now stands, can have but one slave. So long as physical strength remains on the man's side, he must have the advantage in change. A hus-

band and wife separating at fifty, which of the two, we would ask Mr Mill, will have the best of it, or the most chance of an eligible new alliance? The truth is, his whole line is for exceptional women, either in power of mind, or in circumstances, or in temper, aims, and ambition. The vast body of women, we cannot doubt, know themselves to be better off now than they would be if thrown upon their own hands for support. As the American fine lady said to Mr Hepworth Dixon, to account for her not joining the "woman's rights movement," "You see I like to be taken care of." It will be a bad time, we believe, for woman whenever it is announced to her as her privilege through the length and breadth of her ranks that henceforth she must take care of herself. Margaret Fuller, the great American exponent of the new claim, required that woman should enter into competition with man on every field now exclusively his own, and also that he should yield to her every gallant and chivalrous observance. She exacted to be allowed to speak in the Senate, to preach in the pulpit, "to be a sea-captain, if she will;" and also expected to have his arm as her support when she crossed a room, that he should pick up her handkerchief to save her the trouble of stooping, and give up his seat to her whenever she chose,—that woman should, in fact, be at once his idol and his rival. The experiment can never in the nature of things be fairly tried; and we believe it is fortunate for woman that it cannot, and that she should betray, after all, more real appreciation for the tenderness of a voluntary courtesy than the "rights" which she is persuaded to clamour for. The one class of women who owe least to the chivalry of men are those least aggrieved by the laws as they now stand. In fact, a single woman of spirit has not much to complain of from the law beyond political disabilities. As

things now stand, she can do most things she wants to do. If she chooses, she may regret that her education did not fit her for a profession; but if she has any candour, she must own the grievance an afterthought—she can scarcely admit to herself that any such destination would have found favour in her youth. It is the fashion with theorists to enlarge upon the growing army of single women, as though the State should educate every woman to form one of its ranks. Mr Mill even aspires so to present the ignominy of married subjection to women, that she shall refuse the yoke; and speaks sneeringly of an irresistible *entrainement* as her one cause for submitting to it; but opinion and nature are powers scarcely to be subverted by such taunts.

It is often easy to go along with Mr Mill half way, a companionship no doubt worse than valueless in his eyes. Thus some rights married women certainly have bearing upon his tribute to their powers of government and domestic management. They belong, however, to custom rather than law. Every woman has a right to know the state of her husband's affairs. She has a right to know what she may afford to spend. If he has secrets from her on this point, one of two things is certain—he either has not chosen prudently, or believes himself not to have done so; or his secrets are anxious, painful, or discreditable ones. Openness on these points has often more to do with the right relation between husband and wife, is a greater check upon the frivolity and expense which are so frequent a charge against the sex, than any other consideration. Prudence and economy must have some basis to act upon. Men constantly treat their wives as if they were fools, and then are angry because they are foolish. Such unjust want of confidence causes a waste of that administrative power attributed to woman

as her peculiar gift. We agree also in much that Mr Mill says on the self-abnegation men conspire to expect from women as such, and to treat as an especial feminine virtue. "All the moralities tell them that it is the duty of women, and all the unreal sentimentalities that it is their nature, to live for others, to make complete abnegation of themselves." In so far as this view, enforced as a characteristic of sex, encourages the selfishness of men, it must be a false one. It is too true that men are still trained in the idea that the women connected with them do only what is natural and right when they sacrifice their property, and often their only means of living, to the exigencies of *their* selfish extravagance. But this is scarcely an occasion for entering upon such questions, Mr Mill carries his readers so far beyond reforms of mere detail either in law or practice.

In treating with indignant contempt the sum and collective wisdom of mankind on these vital points, Mr Mill bases his right on intimate experience: he says to his readers, "I know what I say." He has been happy enough, he leads his readers to infer, to know in the closest relation a woman who has taught him to respect her whole sex as by right of nature the intellectual equals of man. "Who can tell," he asks, "how many of the most original thoughts put forth by male writers belong to a woman by suggestion, to themselves only by verifying and working out? If I may judge by my own case, a very large proportion indeed." While, in justification of his view of marriage in the only condition which he considers worthy of respect, we read in the conclusion:—

"What marriage may be in the case of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinions and purposes, between whom there exists that best kind of equality, similarity of powers and capacities, with reciprocal superiority in them—so that each can enjoy the

luxury of looking up to the other, and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and of being led in the path of development—I will not attempt to describe. To those who can conceive it, there is no need; to those who cannot, it would appear the dream of an enthusiast. But I maintain, with the profoundest conviction, that this, and this only, is the ideal of marriage; and that all opinions, customs, and institutions which favour any other notion of it, or turn the conceptions and aspirations connected with it into any other direction, by whatever pretences they may be coloured, are relics of primitive barbarism."—(P. 177.)

These indications of the source and inspiration of the present essay impart interest and sentiment, while they detract from its value as an argument. Where the affections are deeply engaged, we maintain it impossible to pronounce authoritatively on such points as these passages decide. We, who write in absolute ignorance of Mr Mill's data, perceive only that his personal individual experience has determined his line of thought on a question which has occupied the mind of mankind ever since there were men to think, in defiant opposition to their conclusions. It is a great privilege to have known one eminently intellectual and noble woman; but as an argument for the abstract equality of the masculine and feminine intellect, a man's self cannot be the judge from personal experience. Whatever shortcoming there may be in woman's capacity, the power of seizing upon another's thought almost in the act and moment of conception, and making it her own, has never been denied her. It is this that makes the clever woman's conversation so brilliant. She not only produces her own store, but she is the mirror of all the minds about her. Neither she nor they may detect it, but this is the reason why many a woman surprises us where there is quick interchange of thought, who collapses into a very ordinary thinker, with her pen for her only inspiration. This is mere generalising in

face of a particular experience ; but we believe our readers' own observation will prove on our side. We own we should have accepted Mr Mill's instance of intellectual independence as more conclusive if there had been less unanimity of thought. But we cordially enter into the charm of the union he pictures. How many happy, mutually beneficial marriages there are without any approach to intellectual equality is beside the present question. We believe them to be beyond count. The ordinance of Providence's own appointment is not dependent for its success on mere intellectual balance or exact harmony. The principle of due subordination, the sense of a larger and a lesser sphere of action, tell with soothing power even where there may be wide divergences of opinion ; and, above all, the deep religious acquiescence in the law, human and divine, that the marriage union is indissoluble, is one of magical force to smooth and reconcile, though this is a force wholly alien to Mr Mill's sense of right.

Where an author writes *in memoriam*, a sympathy is aroused in his readers which must mingle some tenderness with the strongest opposition to his views. He is advocating not only a cause but a person ; his arguments have a power to himself borrowed from a stronger influence than reason. He represents a lost pleader of the cause he advocates ; he has to do justice to something dearer than abstract truth : hence much of the harshness and unfairness we have to complain of ; hence, perhaps, some share of the arrogance, as though he were the solitary possessor, the monopolist, of the truth and fact on which the whole question turns. People are never so arrogant as when they speak in their own person what they have derived from a source they have implicit trust in. Hence too, perhaps, that deadness to ridicule we have remarked on as so prominent in this onslaught on uni-

versal opinion, a sensitiveness which people are seldom quite self-reliant enough to overcome if they have only self to back them ; though, no doubt, a positivist philosopher has advantages on this point beyond other men.

It is observable that all men who take women for their theme argue upon an extremely limited knowledge. We may generally form a safe conjecture on the view a man will take of the whole sex if we know what his particular experience has been. Mr Mill says the same, though without personal application : "The most favourable case which a man can have for studying the character of a woman is that of his own wife ; and in fact this is the source from which any knowledge worth having on the subject has, I believe, generally come. But most men have not had the opportunity of studying in this way more than a single case ; accordingly one can, to an almost laughable degree, infer what a man's wife is like from his opinions about women in general."

There are persons so keenly sympathetic in their own natures that the want of sympathy in Mr Mill excites a strong antagonism. His intense arrogance, his incapacity to do justice to the feelings or motives of all from whom he differs, his intolerance of all but his own disciples, and lastly, in natural consequence of these qualities, his want of playfulness in himself and repugnance to it in others, all combine to create something like antipathy. There are not points enough in common for argument. With the exception of these emphatic protesters, it is curious to observe—in the discussion and comment of which,—either in seriousness or banter,—the present essay is a fruitful source, how readily it is granted to be clever, well written, logical, and so on. Nobody is afraid to praise Mr Mill, whatever side they take in the argument ; for this reason, we believe, that everybody, man

and woman, feels to be outside the region of severe fact. Turn from his page to society and experience, and his whole edifice crumbles to dust. In their inmost heart all are equally convinced of the unreality of the thing—we do not say of the details, but of the conclusions they are to prove. It is understood there is a fallacy somewhere, which Mr Mill shows his cleverness in hiding out of sight. Where the logic gets most commended, the innate difficulties are regarded as so many puzzles for which Mr Mill finds plausible solutions. He has found out the only answer, such as it is. Thus it is ingenious to call woman an artificial product, in reply to those who argue for the natural dependence of woman upon man. It is ingenious to call the subordination of women the single relic of an old world of thought and practice exploded in everything else; it is ingenious to give as a reason why women remain behind men in the pursuits open to both, that they have not time for them because society assigns to them other duties—that, especially, of being charming. It is *the* answer, of course, to attribute the contentment of woman with her present lot to ignorance of the value of self-dependence.

The case of a mercantile partnership adduced in refutation of the time-honoured argument, that where two ride together one must ride behind, is of the same nature. The reference to Mrs Grundy, where our present ideas of propriety are threatened, is commonplace, but still *the* retort where sarcasm is the only answer. Everybody agrees that there is an immense amount of truth in what Mr Mill says, as there generally is in men's quarrel with an existing state of things; but the conclusions he derives from his truths all demand just a little fresh adjustment of nature. If only Mr Mill were a good Catholic, says the *Tablet*, in return for his defence of the priest as a check upon the tyranny of the husband—if only women were men in petticoats, says another—if only his plans for removing present evils would not admit a hundred worse, says a third,—then we might do something more than admire Mr Mill's ingenuity; then we might not only defer to his assumption of especial enlightenment—of a philosophic vantage-ground from which he is justified in despising the wisdom of mankind from the very beginning of things,—but we might also accept him for our guide.

A NIGHT WITH THE VOLUNTEERS OF STRATHKINAHAN.

I HAVE the highest respect for the Volunteer movement, and the highest admiration for Volunteers. I think the country owes them an immense debt of gratitude. Perhaps a professional soldier can estimate better than a civilian what the magnitude of the debt really is. He knows how irksome a business it is to reduce one's self to the condition of an automaton, to abandon one's personal identity, to become Number One, Two, or Three in a squad, and to concentrate for hours one's whole intellectual faculties upon the task of instantly adjusting the anguished frame to certain angles, in obedience to the unmelodious shriek of the drill-sergeant.

I can recall no instances of nervous tension so protracted and intense as those under which I suffered as a recruit officer of her Majesty's Line; and remembering that ordeal of terror and suffering, I regard the volunteer—the self-immolator—with feelings of profound admiration, sympathy, and astonishment. I look upon his existence as a death-blow to the cynical idea that patriotism has ceased to be; and if you tell me that the age of chivalry is gone, I point triumphantly to the perspiring legions who offer themselves as willing victims in the dog-days—from morn to noonday bright, from noon to dewy eve, dreeing their self-imposed weird in the grand field-days of Wimbledon Common or the Brighton Downs. The professional soldier, of course, has tangible advantages to gain by submitting himself soul and body to the thralldom of military discipline.

But the Volunteers? for what purpose eat they thus the bread of toil? *Cui bono* this deliberate expense of tissue?

The only solution I can find is, that these men are patriots.

Of course we are all accustomed

to admit this in a general honorary sort of way—indeed it has become one of those standing after-dinner axioms, like the bravery of the army, or the merits of the Royal Family, which no true Briton would dream of attempting to controvert.

But I regard their patriotism as genuine and remarkable, and therefore worthy of something more than a mere assenting and commonplace admiration; and I record my own admiration here specially, and I make these few remarks on this occasion, lest in the following pages I should be suspected of a wish to throw ridicule on an institution so honourable to its members, and so beneficial to the country, which is justly proud of it. It is not to be supposed that such an institution can flourish with equal vigour in every district where it has taken root; and as in certain localities the superior energy and intelligence of the inhabitants will be displayed in this as in everything else which they take in hand to do, so in others where there is no energy and no intelligence, the Volunteer movement will be stamped with the same backwardness and inefficiency which characterise all the other undertakings of the place.

And if a district happens to be steeped in whisky, as Strathkinahan was (I say *was*, for let us hope the Strath has long ago abjured the deleterious “creature”), why, naturally, its Volunteers, in the infancy of the movement, would be apt to regard the movement as they regarded everything else—from a purely alcoholic point of view.

So much by way of apology or disclaimer. And now to my story.

One autumn day, a good many years ago, I was taking mine ease in mine inn in Edinburgh, when it was announced to me that a visitor, by the name of Captain Cumming, was waiting below. I occupied the

interval between the announcement and his appearance in the room in mentally calling the roll of my acquaintances, but failed to discover any one answering to this description; nor could I tax myself with knowing any member of the clan. From the Red Comyn who was made "siccar" end of in the olden time, to the Black Cumming who threatens us with the immediate end of Time itself, all the clan Cumming "were to me like shadows." The difficulty was (not immediately) solved by the entrance of Tom Finlayson, not a few years ago my friend and brother subaltern in the —th Hussars.

"Holloa, Peter!" I exclaimed, using his regimental misnomer—which, written in full, was "Blue Peter"—"I'm delighted to see you; and how are you? and what are you? and where are you? and what will you drink? Take a weed, and bring yourself to an anchor; and, by the quality of mercy, let my hand alone, and spare at least my trigger finger;" for Peter was strong in his friendly feelings, and expressed them strongly upon such occasions by collecting one's fingers into a sort of fascine, and then squeezing them with the full power of his vice-like grasp. "But where is your friend?" I went on.

"What friend?" replied Peter.

"Why, Captain Cumming, of course; I suppose he came with you."

"Captain Cumming!" said Peter; "why, hang it!—I'm—you don't mean to say you don't—eh?"

Peter had never been a lucid expositor of his ideas, but there was a haziness about this which led my gaze to his nose, the tints on which had given rise to his sobriquet, and had undoubtedly derived their own origin from habits not unconnected with a rather hurried close of his military career.

Peter, still sensitive about his tints, read my eye like a book, and laid his fingers nervously on the many-coloured feature. "Hang

it!" he cried, "don't stare so, and listen to the end of a fellow's sentence. I was going to say that you don't positively assert that you don't know who Captain Cumming is?"

"Yes, I do assert that I know nothing about him."

"Well, he is in this room."

"Oh! is he?" said I, banteringly, now convinced of Peter's melancholy state, but determined to humour him for the sake of the furniture. "Of course—not so bad—ha! ha!—pray introduce me."

"Now then, look here," burst out Peter, "I'm Captain Cumming!"

"Oh! I understand now. All right, Peter; the rose by any other name, &c., and of course I'm safe; but you're not half disguised. Let me recommend a beard, a dark wig, and a lick of flesh-coloured paint on the—you know; and what have you broken for? and where are you off to? in short, let me hear all about it;" and I drew two chairs to the fire, and prepared to receive in comfort a recital of my friend's pecuniary embarrassments, and his scheme of flight from the Philistine.

"Tut, tut! there's no deception, no mystery; can't you understand? I've changed my name for good and all—got a property by my wife, and taken her name."

I congratulated him heartily on his good fortune, and added, "I suppose the 'Captain' is a little honorary prefix of your own invention built on the ruins of that cornet which——"

"No, it isn't."

"What! did you acquire that by your wife too?"

"No; I'll tell you. You see, though in right of my wife I'm a landed proprietor, the property in question does not yield a very large revenue, and, moreover, what there is of it is a good deal burdened; and so, when we went down to take up our abode there, we found it rather difficult to make the ends

meet, and therefore, to supplement our income, and give me some occupation at the same time, I accepted the appointment of Adjutant of the 2d Administrative Battalion of Keltshire Volunteers. My property lies in that county, so it suits very well; and that's how I stand before you, transformed from ex-Cornet Tom Finlayson into Captain Cumming."

"And how do you like the work?" I inquired.

"Oh, very well; the colonel does very little, so I have the corps pretty much in my own hands, and can work out my own system."

This was said with some dignity, and I had much difficulty in repressing a grim smile as I thought of Tom's military antecedents and the system likely to spring from them.

"Nothing like system," he went on. "I carry out old Chalk's —th Hussar system as much as possible. I hated Chalk, and he hated me; but I recognise his military talent, and I have made use of him I can tell you; and, though I say it that shouldn't, you'll find few corps that can walk round the 2d Ad. Batt. of the Keltshire Volunteers. I took 'em over, sir, like a lump of clay, and my what-d'ye-call-it hand has moulded them into a—a—moulded them, sir! The worst of the business is that the fellows won't stick to it. You drill them up to the highest pitch of perfection and then they leave you. You never saw such a fickle, captious set of devils as I have to deal with. They're always taking offence—sometimes with their officers, sometimes with me, and very often with my system—and then they resign; so that though the corps is a crack corps, it is a very small one. Three companies have already been broken up, and if another goes, the 2d Ad. Batt. of the Keltshire Volunteers will collapse—the adjutancy will collapse—and Captain Cumming will also collapse financially. Now another company is in a very shaky

state, which makes me horribly anxious and uneasy. It (the shaky company, the Strathkinahan company) has lately been transferred from the Kippershire county corps to ours. Strathkinahan is in our county, but in a part of it which dovetails itself far into Kippershire, so that the men are in feeling rather Kippershire than Keltshire men, more especially that they are all on the property of Lord Worrycow, the great Strathkinahan proprietor. Well, these fellows don't like the transfer, and won't co-operate at all. They lost their captain some time before they joined us, and being ordered to select his successor from our county, they keep shilly-shallying and doing nothing, much provoked thereto (I understand) by their lieutenant and ensign—the one a fellow who distils whisky on a large scale, and the other a sheep-farmer who largely consumes it—both, I believe, so thoroughly inefficient, that either the corps will not select them for promotion or they themselves decline to be promoted. I'll be hanged if I know what they want! but the result of it will certainly be, that if they don't get a good captain to keep them together they will fade away like the other three companies, and then good-bye to my appointment.

"Well, I've done what I could by writing threats and remonstrances—all to no purpose; so now I am going down to beat up their quarters in person. I have a man in my eye who would make a first-rate captain for them; and if I can only get them to elect him, the company will be saved, and so will be my adjutancy; so I am determined that they *shall* elect him, by fair means or foul. Couldn't you make a run down with me, and then come on for a few days to my place and try your hand at grouse-driving? It's a glorious district—splendid scenery, and all that—and I'm sure the natives will amuse you; and then your diplomatic talents might be of

immense assistance in helping an old friend out of a difficulty."

I had some ten days at my disposal at the time, so I readily agreed to Tom's proposal, and the next day saw us *en route* for Strathkinahan.

It will not do, for obvious reasons, to describe too accurately the geographical position of Strathkinahan. Suffice it to say that it lies far away out of the beaten tracks of men, and that he who would behold it must undergo a varied yet tedious journey, with perils by land and perils by water, and the equally important Highland element of whisky. Our journey was performed by almost every possible form of conveyance—railway, steamboat, stage-coach, row-boat, dog-cart, and post-chaise; we employed them all, and I had thus an opportunity of studying, not without interest, the habits of the Celt in a state of locomotion, and of observing how, under his quaint handling, the most modern inventions put on an irresistible air of travesty. On a Highland railway I saw a solution of the long-vexed question, "How should the guard communicate with the engine-driver?" It was very simple, and consisted in the former functionary pelting the latter with large stones until he was fortunate enough to hit him in some telling place, and work upon his mind through the sufferings of his body. I saw the deficiencies of pressure on the valves of a steamboat-engine supplied by the nether-men of the steerage passengers, who kindly volunteered to perform in turns this interesting duty. And it was not without a tremor that I observed our driver quietly take off his left boot and improvise therefrom a supplement to the drag by wedging it in between the wheel and the worn-out buffer, prior to plunging, at sixteen miles an hour, down a long and dreadfully steep mountain road into the darksome abysses of the "Devil's Glen."

Everything, however—even a Highland journey—must have an end, and at last, amid pelting rain and howling wind, our jaded horses were pulled up in the dark opposite the "Bodach-beg Inn and Hotel."

"Here we are," said Tom; "we are to sleep here, and have our meeting with the corps in the barn behind the house. I wonder if the officers have come; I asked them to dine with us. How infernally dark and quiet it all is! Kick the door, driver, and rouse them up."

A long onslaught by the driver's hoofs on the door produced no effect.

"Break a window," shouted Tom; and the driver, finding no other missile handy, again had recourse to his left boot, which he hurled through a lower pane. This destruction of property at once had the desired effect.

Lights shone in the windows, dogs barked, and at last the door was half opened and a head showed itself warily in the aperture. It was the head of an angry man, and from it proceeded winged words of wrath.

"Gang on! gang on! this meenut; I've tell't ye a'ready there's nae mair whusky in the inns, and if there was, there's nane for a drucken auld carle like you. A Collector! a bonny Collector! I'll collect ye! and it'll be fower and saxpence for the peen o' glass, and if ye dinna pay it this meenut ye shall march hame on your hose, for deil a sicht o' yer damned auld brogue shall ye get this nicht without the siller."

"The man's a maniac," cried Tom, springing past me and pouncing on the orator like a tiger, whom throttling, he thrust back into the house. "What in the name of all the whiskies do you mean, you jabbering idiot? Whisky! I don't want any of the abomination. We want the dinner and the rooms and the beds we ordered. Don't you know me—Captain Cumming? I was here fishing last summer; and

didn't you get my letter, you numskull?"

"Captain Cumming! is it you, sir? Wha wad have expeckit yer honour at siccan a time o' year? I made sure it was the Collector; he's on the ramble this eight days past, drinking three days here till I pit him oot, and five up i' the bothy, and noo he's hunting for drink heigh and laigh—ragin' like a bear; for he would toom the Spey in spate if it ran wi' Talusker or Glenleevat."

"But my letter, man, my letter? Did you not get it?"

"I got nae letter, sir. Ye see, the postman gaed aff a week sin' to see his freens up Appin way, and there's been nae chance tae get a letter without sending ance errand the fifteen mile. But come in, gentlemen; bedsyeshall ha'e and rooms, but for the denner I dinna ken what to say; but I'll speak to the wife." With which he ushered us into a room, fireless and cold, yet stuffy withal, and pregnant with the odours of departed peat and whisky long ago consumed. Leaving his candle, he retired hastily to consult the guidwife upon the serious crisis.

"Well, this is a nice state of things," said Tom; "but I wrote to the Volunteers a fortnight ago, so they must have had time to get their warning before the confounded postman went off for his holiday—fancy a single-handed postman daring to have a holiday!—so we're sure to have them here; and even if we have a bad dinner and unaired rooms, it's only for one night, for we'll get the business over this evening and be off home to-morrow morning."

The landlord shortly after returned and told us, with many apologies, that ham and eggs, a fowl, and perhaps "a bit braxy" would be our dinner, assuring us at the same time that his statement as to the whisky, outside, was only a humane fiction devised for the Collector's own good, and that there was an abundance of the best Glenlivet

down below. He added ruefully that "the bodach" (meaning the Collector) had been lurking about the premises, and had taken advantage of the temporary confusion consequent on our arrival to effect a lodgment in the kitchen, where he was again "makin' himself most ootrageous," and resisting all attempts at eviction—physically with his fists, and morally with the argument that he was there on military duty.

"Ye see," explained the landlord, "he's in thae Strathkinahan Volunteers, and bein' 'on the beer,' as ye may say, he's gotten it into his head that he has a tryst here this nicht wi' his commandin' offisher—the Earl, I'm thinkin'—which shows that the Collector is far through; for when he's in his ordinary he cares for nane, and wad break tryst wi' the archangel Gabriel himsel', if he had the chance."

A light seemed to break on Tom (who, by the by, had never visited the corps since its incorporation with his battalion.) "Who is this Collector?" he inquired.

"Weel, sir, he's no exacklee a Collector himsel', but he aye gets it as a kin' o' title; his fayther aye got it, but I'm thinking it wad be his grandfayther was the Collector."

"And what is his name?"

"Shooliter."

"Shoeleather?"

"Shooliter."

"That's a queer name; I never heard it before."

"It's no exacklee his name jist, but a byname from the bit farm. 'Hamish Shooliter, the Collector,' that's him in full," said the landlord, as if summing up and closing the discussion.

"But he must have a name—a surname I mean," said Tom.

"Weel, I suppose he wull; it'll be Cawmill maist likely."

Tom hurriedly consulted his notebook. "By Jove! just as I expected," he exclaimed; "'Ensign James Campbell, Shooliter Farm, Glencroaky;' why, this beastly Col-

lector is the ensign, and his tryst is to dine with us here to-night!"

"Aweel," said the landlord, "nensign's the word; for he's been aye croonin' to himsel' as if he was discoorsin' with some ither body. He's been aye sayin' in a fierce voice, 'Nensign! Nensign Hamish! Nensign Shooliter, you're drunk, sir! You're not fit for t' nensign! Shoulder arms and faal oot, Nensign Cawmil!' and then he answers himsel' in a quate fleecing way, 'Jist anither glass o' tuddy afore I fall, my lord; the tuddy's goot; it's easy to tak'. I'm a Collector and a nensign, and anither glass can hairm naither the tane nor the tither.' And aye the fierce voice again, 'Shooliter! attention! to the right half face! to the devil with you, Shooliter! quick march!' And syne he greets."

Tom now shortly explained to the landlord the new position which he occupied to the Volunteers of Strathkinahan—told him of the meeting arranged for that evening, and that the officers were expected to join us at dinner. "The lieutenant," he continued, "is a Mr M'Tavish of Glensnork; do you know him?"

"I ken him weel," replied the landlord; "he was here wi' Shooliter for his first three days, preparing, he aye said, for his 'prospaction;' but he wearied o' the Collector, and misca'd the whusky for having nae bite wi' it; sae he gaed aff wi' the doctor to the new inns at Mairdroukit, for a chainge o' scene and speerits; but he'll be here, the corby, when he smells drink for naething."

"And the doctor, he was invited too—do you know anything of him?"

"Fine that—a dacent nice man; he'll be wi' Glensnorruck, nae doot, and they'll be comin' thegither. If the doctor was to come it'll be a' richt, for he'll baith come himsel' and bring the tither."

I was this day a travelled and a hungry man; it was now past seven

o'clock, and I by no means saw the advantage of hanging my dinner-hour on such a vague contingency as the arrival of these worthies, so with some decision I asked Tom "in how many minutes we should order dinner to be served?"

"Well," said Tom, "I asked these fellows for seven o'clock sharp, but we must give them a little law. The roads are bad, and an engagement in Strathkinahan is different from an engagement in Belgravia; besides, the cooking will take time: we'll give them three-quarters of an hour and then sit down. Dinner at a quarter to eight, landlord—places for five; you must have another fowl and more ham and eggs; and look here, if your friend the Collector has not collected his senses by dinner-time, don't let him come up—d'ye hear?"

"I'll see to him, sir, nae fear; and now I'll show you your rooms, gentlemen."

When I was finishing my toilette Tom appeared. His air was mysterious, and he shut the door carefully.

"You see," he said, "what a queer lot of people I have got to do with here; the chances are we shall have no meeting at all, or if we do, that the meeting will be, like the 'United Brick Lane Temperance Association,' drunk; but if they *do* come, confound them! drunk or sober, I'll carry my point, and make them elect my man, Sir William M'Vittie—I swear I will. I have had another talk with the landlord, and he now admits that he knows more of the politics of the matter than he pretended at first. They're all dead against the transfer—which, however, is a *fait accompli*—and I suppose they have got it into their woolly brains, that by refusing to elect a Keltshire man as captain, they will prevent the practical working out of the matter. The landlord thinks they'll come, however, for the sake of the liquor—which it appears their late captain used to stand

freely—but, being come, will give fair words, and try to evade any decision. But we'll take the fowler in his own gin; and I've been thinking of a dodge, if you'll help me—will you?"

"Of course I will," I replied; "I'll assassinate the Collector, if necessary, or anything."

"Well, then, I'll introduce you to the meeting as a tremendous swell of some sort—something between a Field-Marshal and a Prime Minister, but, above all things, as a special friend and confidant of the Queen's—stay, why shouldn't you be the Inspector-General of the Volunteers? The very thing; so you shall be. When the right moment comes you'll address them; and if, with this hint, you don't carry my point for me, all I can say is, you've degenerated since the old Newbridge days, when you canvassed two Roman Catholic parishes successfully in the Orange interest as The O'Clancy More. What did it then? why, blarney and poteen. With the Irish Celt these are specifics. Try his Caledonian brother with the same. Of course you'll feel your way and be cautious, and take your time from me. I'm a little nervous about the doctor; we must feel his pulse at dinner, and either make him a conspirator or not, according to his symptoms. Now, let us go down; I'm as hungry as a hunter. Stay, we must christen you first—what are you to be? Not more than a general and a knight, I think, to begin with. We can easily promote you as public enthusiasm warms up. So come along, General Sir Hercules O'Halloran, K.C.B.—that ought to fetch them. You're a trifle young for a colonel even, but you're big and burly, and the Doctor's the only one who's the least likely to suspect, and I can tell him, if necessary, that the Queen insisted on your promotion for services at Court. Come on."

We had not been long in the sitting-room when a sound of ap-

proaching wheels was heard, and a confused murmur of many voices, and on looking out of the window, we beheld, by the dusky light of a torch, a gig which had drawn up at the door. It contained two human figures, and was surrounded by a crowd of indistinct forms, who had apparently arrived with it.

"The doctor and the lieutenant, of course," said Tom, "thank goodness; and these weird shapes must be the corps: well, they shall have a captain to-night; and now for dinner." He rang the bell, which the landlord answered. "Is that the lieutenant who arrived just now?" inquired Tom.

"It's Glensnorruk himsel', sir, and the doctor wi' him safe enough; and there's a drove o' billies come along wi' them. Maist likely they'll ha'e been waitin' up at the bothy till he cam' by; between oorsel's, I'm thinkin' there's mair gangs on at that bothy than the gauger kens o', but it's no for the like o' me——"

"Oh, hang the bothy! ask the lieutenant and the doctor to come up."

In a few moments we heard a peculiar sound on the wooden stairs—a hurtling, griding, bumping sound—suggesting the idea that some heavy body was being propelled upwards by an agency not altogether successful in resisting the tendency of the said body to gravitate to the bottom of the stairs. Occasional crashes took place, when both appeared to be involved in a common downfall. These crashes were succeeded by guttural sounds of the human voice, which I conjectured to be profane swearing in Gaelic. The ascent was, however, achieved, and there was a repetition of the sounds along the passage leading to our room, alternated with quick whispers of entreaty, expostulation, and wrath. A heavy bump against our door announced that the expedition, whatever it might be, had arrived. There was a pause. Tom and I looked at each other.

"What the deuce can it be?" he said.

"Somebody very drunk," I replied, "taking care of somebody rather worse; the Collector, for choice."

At this moment the door was slowly opened, and an arm, terminating in a very evil and claw-like hand, was extended into the room, and commenced a sawing vertical action in the air, that might mean deprecation, but was probably the result of heavy leverage going on at some other part of its proprietor's unseen body.

"Come in," cried Tom, "come in;" but the saw only worked more vigorously, and the fingers were clinched as if in intense muscular exertion.

"Stay out then," shouted Tom, in a rage, whereupon the saw worked for a few strokes with terrific vehemence, and a shoulder and eventually a head made their appearance. The head was a bald head, decorated on either side with a high and tapering horn of black hair; the face was swarthy and dingy, pierced with a pair of Chinese-looking eyes, and corrugated with a wild assortment of smiles, or rather grins, which broke out independently all over the face, cancelling and neutralising the expression of each other in a most puzzling manner. The arm continued to saw, and the horned head was butted backwards and forwards as if in salutation.

"Mephistopheles!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Her name's M'Taveesh, sir—M'Taveesh of Glenschnorruk, sir; Rifled Lifteenant, sir," said the head.

"Oh! Mr M'Tavish," said Tom, "how do you do? I'm glad to see you; won't you come in, though?"

"How doo yew doo? and how are yew? and how doo yew doo?" went the head, as if mechanically repeating some formula.

"Very well, thanks; but come in," said Tom.

"Can't," replied the head.

"What?" said Tom.

"Not able," said the head.

"Why not?" said Tom.

The head tossed one of its horns back indicatively to the door and murmured, "The Collecthur."

"Where?" cried Tom.

"On her ither airm and leg," replied the head.

"Why, damme! he's a regular old man of the sea, this infernal Collector!" shouted Tom.

"Run him in, Mr M'Tavish, and let's see him; give a tug; pull away—all your strength—there!" and the head, followed by its body, shot comet-like into the room and subsided on the floor, leaving behind it, inside the door, and on the perpendicular, an Apparition.

"The Collector!" said M'Tavish, picking himself up, and extending another claw, by way of introduction, in the direction of the new arrival. It was satisfactory to see this historical character at last.

He was a tallish elderly man, with a very red face, a fixed and flaming eye, and white hair, on the top of which was perched, somewhat defiantly, a round drum-shaped boy's cap with a tassel at the side—a head-dress evidently filched from the nursery below.

He wore tartan trousers and a black dress-coat, with what are called "weepers," on the cuffs. On the whole, his appearance was not disappointing. We tried to keep our gravity, and Tom to be courteous.

"How do you do, Mr a—a—Collector?" he said.

The Collector spoke not a word, but elevated his arm with the gesture of a minister bespeaking attention for grace before meat, and remained in this attitude, like the lion rampant in the Scottish shield. I think he had some hazy notion of performing a military salute, but was deterred by considerations of equilibrium.

"Won't you sit down?" said Tom, trying to look as if the atti-

tude of the lion rampant was perfectly normal and expected. There was no answer. The fixed eye had shifted its angle, and glued itself to a bottle of sherry which stood on the table; and the mind, such as it was, that shone through that eye, was in that bottle and nowhere else.

"Hadn't he better sit down, Tom?"

I interposed, treating the Collector as a lay figure.

"Certainly," said Tom.

"Well, then, here goes;" and I poured out a glass of sherry, and advanced towards the Collector. "Take a glass of sherry, ensign?" I said. He shot out the paw to its full extent, and slid one foot forward in my direction. I took a step back, still holding out the shining bait. Out went the paw again, and another shuffling pace was effected; and so on and so on till we got opposite the sofa, when I turned upon him and decanted him into it, giving him the wine by way of reward.

This he devoured, and then letting the glass fall and break on the floor, again, as if nothing had happened, fastened his burning orbs on the bottle. It was evidently fruitless to attempt any conversation with the wretch, so we left him to his contemplation, and Tom turned his attention to Mr M'Tavish.

This gentleman was, no doubt, according to the Strathkinahan standard, very sober. By comparison he certainly was, but I am inclined to think he was indebted for this happy state of things less to personal abstinence than to the quelling influence of two sober Sassenachs, and a certain feeling of being on a superior moral elevation to the Collector. He stood up with his thumbs stuck into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, his head carried low, as if preparing to butt, and every particular square inch of his visage working with a spasmodic action.

His English was broken and almost unintelligible, and every sentence was preceded, accompanied, and followed by a series of

sputterings and hootings which, with the working of his face, I could refer to no mental emotion whatsoever.

Mephistopheles, the Black Dwarf, the Gorilla, Waterton's Nondescript, the laughing hyena, the horned screech-owl, and the vampire, were a few of the ideas instantly suggested by the contemplation of this Highlandman.

"Well, Mr M'Tavish," said Tom, "so you got my letter all right; I suppose you warned the corps, and I hope we shall have a good meeting, and get through our business?"

"Shess, captain—that's adjutant, shess, sir. Letter? shess, Corps come? shess. Business? tit, tit, tit! no business." Then after a pause, and with an insinuating assortment of puckers playing all over his face, "Bheil Gaelig a'gad?"

"What?" said Tom.

"Spoke Gaelic? tit hish!"

"No," said Tom.

"No spokes? ach tit! no spoke Gaelic?"

"But we *have* business, Mr M'Tavish, and very important business too."

"Shess, sir, shess, to be certainly, captain, major, adjutant, but no spokes? none? not a few?"

"Devil a word," said Tom, testily.

"To be surely, tevil a word, ach tit!"

"This is healthy," said Tom, forgetting his manners, and looking round at me with a shrug. The lieutenant also looked at me, and, catching his eye, I thought I read in it symptoms that he might speak better, and stick more to the point if he chose. The instant our eyes met he fired off his "bheil Gaelig a'gad?" at me.

"No," said Tom; "this is a general, and a great friend of the Queen's, and he couldn't think of speaking it."

"Ach! she's a Queen's freend? and no spokes? Queen spoke a few?"

"Not a single one," said Tom; "she'd be ashamed to do it."

"Tit, tit, tit! to be surely, Sassenach Queen—no spoke."

"But about business, Mr M'Tavish——" A diversion in his favour was, however, created by the entrance of the dinner, and a sudden movement on the part of the Collector. He had sat perfectly motionless, and staring at the bottle; but his line of vision being intersected by the waiter, he uttered a low moan, rose from the sofa, and, with a stride and a plunge, made the door, and lurched out of the room.

In the depths of his drunken Celtic inner-consciousness, the fellow was probably offended.

"Ensign Cawmil—jist a little peety, she's no greatly hersel' the nicht," said the lieutenant. "She's a pretty fellow, ferry pretty, a good offisher, a good ensign—in Gaelic; but the nicht she's no jist hersel'; no, sir, no jist hersel'. But we'll no be angry or quarrel her, no, no; tit, tit! hish!" The last was semi-interrogative, semi-deprecatory.

"Well," said Tom, "I can't say I think it creditable. Being drunk and speechless may make a very excellent officer in Gaelic, but in any other language he would be considered a disgrace to his commission; and when I was only to be here for one night, he might, I think, have contrived to be sober."

"To be surely," replied the lieutenant; "and she'd be trying for four days to do it."

"To do what?"

"To lay the whisky, to be sure."

"To lay it in, I suppose you mean—and he seems to have succeeded to a marvel."

"Ach! no, tit, tit! to lay it with bitters *and more*."

"Well, hang me if I ever heard such a recipe! more whisky, do you mean?"

"Most certaintlee, bitters and more," in the indignant tone of one who heard an infallible specific for the first time called in question.

The landlord here announced

Dr M'Kinlay, and a little, meek, elderly, and apparently somewhat sober man walked into the room.

"How do you do, doctor?" said Tom. "As I had invited the other officers to dine, I took the liberty of asking you to join us as the honorary assistant-surgeon, and I'm delighted to see you."

"Much obliged, sir, and very proud I am to come; it's an honour, sir, to me to make your acquaintance."

"Let me present you," continued Tom, "to Sir Hercules O'Halloran, who has come down to have a look at the Scotch Volunteers." Then, in a whispered aside, "A very eminent man, particular friend of the Queen's; might do you all a deal of service; he reports every thing, sir, everything—medical service and all."

"God bless me!" said the unsuspecting doctor; "it's a great honour, Sir Hercules, to see you, and to dine with you makes me very proud indeed. I never expected such a distinction, I'm sure. May I make so bold, Sir Hercules, as to ask how you left her Majesty the Queen?"

Trying to combine the air of camps and courts, I replied with bland condescension that my royal mistress was, at the date of my last telegram from Windsor that forenoon, in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits; had lunched in private; was to drive to Eton College for inspecting purposes in the afternoon, "and by this time," looking at my watch, "is entertaining, with her usual condescension, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Pope's Legate at dinner."

"God bless me!" cried the doctor; "this is wonderful! And you heard all this to-day, Sir Hercules? here, far away in the Highlands? Excuse the freedom, but there's something awful in meeting the like of you, Sir Hercules."

"Oh! I'm a very humble person, doctor; don't imagine" (with great humility) "I'm anybody to be afraid

of. Her Majesty is good enough to keep me posted up in her movements. Three telegrams a-day, that's all. There's so much I have to be consulted about, you see; you understand me? eh?"

"Unquestionably, Sir Hercules, of course. It must be a great comfort to her Majesty, although I say it to your face, sir, to have such a fine, affable, pleasant nobleman to consult with; and she'll miss you much, no doubt."

"Tut, tut, doctor, you flatter me, and make a great man of a mere nobody—a poor soldier, sir, nothing more, who is glad to make your acquaintance, doctor."

I concluded with an access of condescension, extending my hand, which the doctor took in a tumult of delight and awe.

Tom warned me by a look not to go too far; but as he had given me my rôle, I was determined to play it for myself. Besides, indeed, the doctor was evidently prepared to swallow anything.

"Now let us sit down to dinner," said Tom. "Sir Hercules, will you kindly face me? Gentlemen, pray be seated. I'm afraid the dinner won't be very choice."

Nor, in truth, was it. He who hath bent his hungry head over dinner in a Highland inn, even in the tourists' season, may remember how much that meal is indebted to the keen mountain air and the appetite with which it is approached; and he may therefore form some idea of a similar banquet out of the season. Fowl there was, but such as reminded one of the feathered spectre which, on arriving at a dhâk bungalow in India, the traveller inevitably sees led shrieking to the slaughter, to serve as the *pièce de résistance* fifteen minutes after. Eggs were there, but such as "Brother Sam" describes as having been "very nice little eggs six weeks ago;" and as for the ham, it painfully suggested the universal adaptability of the driver's boot.

Our guests, however, seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. The doctor, though perched, timid and bird-like, on the edge of his chair, contrived to play an excellent knife and fork; and the lieutenant, his head almost flush with the table, ate like a ghoul, albeit sorely impeded therein by an attempt to reconcile the normal position of his hands in the arm-holes of his waistcoat with their duties of wielding knife, fork, and spoon.

I had taken a quiet opportunity of hinting to Tom my suspicion that the lieutenant was hiding his light under a bushel with a view to evading business; and that if the conversation was to be kept off it for a time, the scoundrel would be found comparatively fluent, especially under the immediate influence of meat and drink. In pursuit of these tactics, therefore, we contrived to make the conversation (if such it could be called) general.

We drew Glensnork on the subject of his farm—the merits of black-faced and white-faced, wool, heather, wintering, turnips, and other congenial topics. He became comparatively lucid, and by degrees, as glass after glass of vitriolic sherry descended, there was no lack of a certain fluency. His English was execrable, but he had plenty of it. The doctor, though penetrated with awe, and sitting as it were on the threshold of royalty, nevertheless contrived to chat away pretty freely, and was of considerable service in acting as a sort of jackal to the lieutenant, laying him on to topics on which he had some ideas, and eventually, when the creature passed into the narrative and facetious stage, drawing him out in what he evidently considered his brilliant things. In this way we were favoured with a little episode in his military career which was clearly held to reflect much credit on the lieutenant's courage and wit.

"When the Queen had a reviews," he said (his use of singulars and

plurals was remarkably vague and impartial) "in Edinburgh—Ferry certaintlee you would be there, general?"

"Oh yes!" I replied; "and I think I remember your face there."

"Most notoriouslee you would be seeing me there. Well, sir, when the Queen had her reviews there, I went to it, with his lordship's regiment—eight hundred ferry beautiful fine fellows—and when we were making the march into the Cannysgate, a French Spies keepit walkin' beside us, and lookin' prettysurprised and frightened like. At last the Spies comes to me and says, 'Can these men fight?' says he. And I turned to him, mighty fierce, and says I to the Spies, 'Go away, you tanned ugly teef of a Spies!' says I; 'go and tell your King and your countree not to give them the Chance,' and she jist turned aboot and went away with a ferry white face. I put the fear of deeth on to that Spies." This gem he favoured us with three or four times, accompanying it with a great deal of weird laughter.

The doctor then turned the conversation to salmon-fishing; and on my asking how they were off for fish in the river there, he replied, that what with stake-nets at the mouth, and "burning the water" up above, there was but poor sport to be had.

"Burning the water!" I said; "I thought that had been illegal for long."

"So it has, Sir Hercules; but it's done a good deal for all. Ask Glensnork, Sir Hercules," said the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Deed, doctor, and it's a pretty small quantitee Glensnorruck kens aboot the wather; he never touches it;" a statement which in many senses was no doubt incontrovertible.

"Ah! but your shepherds, your shepherds? I'm afraid they're pretty guilty."

"Hoosh, doctor! not kilty at all; the shepherds be on the hills with the sheeps, and not able to be kilty

with the fishes and sawmonts in the wather."

"Well, Glensnorruck, there was Fraser you know——"

"Ach! to be certaintlee, Lauchy Fraser. But who made her kilty? Me, surr—Glensnorruck hersel'—spoke to the Shirra's man and made her kilty."

"Ah! how was that?" said the doctor.

"Well, Lauchy be always makin' his tanned ugly traffics into my house, and always coortin' and coortin' my servant lass for rams and brose, and kissin' and trash. I be findin' him pretty seldom oot o' the house, and quarrelled him. 'Mister Lauchy,' says I, 'be greatlee kind, and get trams and brose and servant lasses for yoursel', and don't be bringing yourself into my kitchings twice again, you nasty trooper!' says I, 'or maybe there'll be a little more said.' Ferry well, two days afterhin, I be going into my own kitchings to crack wi' Shennet, my own servant lass—shess, sir, my own servant Shennet—and there is my pretty shentleman Lauchy again, wi' a dram in his mooth and a big fishes beside him, coortin' and quarrellin' at Shennet to kettle the fishes for him. 'You plackgard!' says I, 'you vagabones! you are into here again!' 'Plackgard your nanesell, Glensnorruck,' says he, giving me his peastly tongue. 'Where have you been, you *sloightear*?' says I. 'To the hills and to the sheeps,' says he. 'Did you find that big sawmonts on the hills among the sheeps?' says I. 'I met her there,' says he. 'Ach! you tanned *breug-adair*!' says I; 'I will teach you to come coortin' at Shennet, you teef! you poacher! and to set fire to the wather against the law. Come to Donald, come to the Shirra's man, and get your fishes kettled.' So I handed them, him and his fishes, to the lock-up, and *kettled him*; and it was 'Good-bye, Mr Lauchy; ye've saved Glenschnorruck six months' wage,' which he was awed."

"And where is he now?" I inquired.

"The tevil may ask the questions—in the chails, to be sure."

"And you never paid him?"

"Not a hapnee, the teef! he would have paid the Shirra for the poachin', and been oot o' the chails coortin' again."

Glensnork was, of course, so much delighted with this splendid illustration of crime, law, and justice, that he repeated it frequently; and the appreciation displayed by his audience bringing him into high good-humour, Tom seized the opportunity of turning the conversation into a business channel.

"Well, M'Tavish," he said, dinner being now some time over, "I'm very glad to have made your acquaintance in this pleasant sort of way. Here's to your very good health; and now I think it's time to discuss the *real business* of the evening."

"Goot life, captain! business already? You must be ferry heavy on the speerits, if you would be for beginnin' already," said the lieutenant. "No, surr; my thanks to you, but not a trop of tuddy till the wine settled herself. It was a mighty fine surprise for Mr Lauchy when she obsairved herself in the lock-up. 'It will be your fun, Glenschnorruk,' says she, 'that——'"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Tom; "you misunderstood my meaning; what I wished to express was, that we should lose no time in looking at the concern which has brought us here to-night."

"Hoosh, captain! you would not be thinkin' of that. If the post-boy cannot look at his own horses and his own concern, he must be a ferry poor cratur inteed, and the doctor's powney Callum, she looks at herself. 'It will be your fun, Glenschnorruk,' says Mr Lauchy,

'that you are putting on to my head.' 'My teer goot friend,' says I——"

"You misunderstand me again, Mr M'Tavish," said Tom, firmly.

"You must be aware that it is now six months since you lost your captain, and——"

"Six months, captain? will it be six months sin' the cratur died?"

"Six months," said Tom.

"Well, maybe, maybe; oich! oich! six months. Well, well, she was a nice bit cratury. 'Yes, Mr Lauchy,' says I, 'you are ferry right, and you will have——'"

"The devil seize Mr Lauchy!" thundered Tom, in a fury. "I'll tell you what it is, Mr M'Tavish, I have come here to discuss business and not to waste time, and if you had the proper spirit——"

"Well, well, captain," said the irrepressible, in the tone of one yielding to excessive importunity, "if you must set to the speerits, goot life! let us yoke to them, but be ferry strict with Mr Stewart to give them out of his own brown pig.* As the meenister says, 'Stewart's pig is like the cask o' the weedy woman, with a last drop always into it.' You will ken the meenister, captain?"

Tom's wrath melted away at the peal of laughter with which I greeted the lieutenant's last flank movement; he joined in it, but denied all knowledge of the divine, and outmanœuvred M'Tavish by plunging *in medios res*.

"Now, Mr M'Tavish," he said, "have the goodness to listen without interrupting me. I have come here to-night to see that the corps *does* elect a captain, and I mean to see that it does, and I wish to know if you will support Sir William M'Vittie. The Lord-Lieutenant is anxious that he should be nominated, and, what is more, so is the Queen. You must elect a Keltshire man; he is a Keltshire man,

* An earthenware vessel called a "grey-beard" in the Lowland dialect, and containing a gallon.

and the best, and indeed the only, man you can get in the district. Now I have said my say ; let me hear yours, but let it be to the point. We have had quite enough of Mr Lauchy and his salmon, and I won't listen to another word except on business."

"Ferry well, to be certaintlee, Surr, ferry well ; but you will likely be ringin' for Stew-art's pig first ?"

"Certainly," said Tom, ringing the bell ; "and now go on."

"Ferry well, I was just saying to me ownself and to the Collecthur lately, that it would be incautious to be in a tremendous hurry aboot the business. 'Collecthur,' says I, 'we cannot chump over crayt big hetches and titches withoot a look into them.' 'What you say is a true case,' says the Collecthur. 'You are a cliver man, Glenschnorruk,' says he ; 'and we must not chump over a captain ferry hastily.'"

"Well," said Tom, "that's all very true ; but I'll be hanged if six months isn't long enough to look at the biggest hedge or ditch that was ever jumped over, and in fact there *is* to be no more delay in the matter. I tell you I won't stand this humbug any longer, and you mistake your man if you think you can play the fool with me. Will you support Sir William or will you not ? and if not, will you propose some one else, in opposition to the Queen's wishes, and the Lord-Lieutenant's and mine ?" Tom added, demurely.

"I am sure," said the doctor, on whom the fiery sherry was working its effect perceptibly—"I am sure such a statement would be sufficient for the corps ; the Queen's wish and the Lord-Lieutenant's and yours, captain, and I may add yours, Sir Hercules (for of course your feeling will be her Majesty's), would weigh with them against any other suggestion ; and I will say this, that if Glensnork were to set himself up in an opposition to these wishes of yours, he would pan him-

self, pan himself, Sir Hercules, I do assure you."

"I don't doubt it," I said, assuming that the process of "panning" was equivalent to ostracism in Strathkinahan ; "and serve him right too," I added, rather fiercely.

"But he may be sure of this," continued the doctor, "that Strathkinahan will refuse to be panned with him."

"Hoosh, doctor !" said the lieutenant, whose normal attitude towards the doctor was that of an honoured patron evidently ; "you are a ferry cliver man, but you are incautious to speak when you are not asked to spoke. Ailsie M'Leod is in crayt trouble with her tooth-gums ; you had petter" (with a dignified wave) "go and make them heal—tit, tit !"

"The opinion of a sober professional man," cried the doctor, in high wrath, "is at least as valuable as that of a being who forgets himself daily with the bottle."

"Deed, doctor, he'll be a ferry smart man that forgets the pottle when you are into the room. Go away—go and sing a song to Ailsie's tooth-gums."

"Come, come, gentlemen," cried Tom, as the doctor was bursting out in huge wrath at this *tu quoque*, "we are forgetting ourselves ; to business, business, business. What do you say, Mr M'Tavish—will you support Sir William ?"

"Well, well, Sir William is a fine man, a ferry fine nice nobleman ; but, for God's sake, captain, is Stew-art niver bringing his pig ?"

"Oh yes ! this will bring him" (ringing the bell) ; "and now go on, for heaven's sake !"

A diversion was, however, again created in the lieutenant's favour by the entrance of the landlord, who informed us that the corps had been for a considerable time awaiting us in the barn, and were beginning to get a "little troublesome ;" and as it appeared to Tom and myself that perhaps more might be done by a direct appeal to the

whole body than by fencing with their impracticable officer, we decided to descend at once.

A strange scene presented itself to our eyes as we entered the barn. It was dimly lighted by a few tallow candles stuck into bottles, and by a stable-lantern suspended from a crossbeam in the centre. A heavy cloud of tobacco-smoke brooded over all, through which were hazily revealed the figures of the Volunteers. We had a dim panorama of shaggy crests of hair, of red faces, of tobacco-pipes, and of all manner of improvised drinking-vessels; while the hum of many voices, the puffing of many pipes, and the glugging of lips that drank greedily, were the sounds that met our ears. When our entrance was observed, suddenly uprose from the mist the form of a tall man with an outstretched arm, and from his lips proceeded a sound much resembling an ill-executed sneeze—"Att-itshun!" The form and the voice were those of the Collector, who seemed to have partially succeeded in "laying the spirit," and who now, in the exercise of his military function, was calling the room to "attention."

The men all rose, looking like the peaks of hills appearing above the morning mist.

"Saloot!" cried the Collector, still favouring the attitude of the lion rampant; whereupon the corps all began to make what looked like mesmeric passes with their right arms in the air. "Dooble saloot!" shouted the Collector again; and then each man employed his left arm also, which gave the pleasing general effect of about fifty men swimming for their lives in an ocean of tobacco-smoke. This movement had for me such a delightful novelty that I could not help remarking on it to the lieutenant, who explained with great pride that it was an invention of his own devised to meet a difficulty he had felt in receiving merely the same salute as the Collector. "So I doobled it for my nanesel";

and if the craturs had more aims, they would use plenty more of them for the captain and yoursel'."

Tom now told the lieutenant that he would like to see the company fallen in in their ranks for a minute or two, just to get an idea of the general appearance of the men.

"Would you put the craturs into rangks without their sojer's clothes on, captain? and without their guns? Tit, tit! begging your grace, that would be a ferry fulish-like trick, to be sure."

"I don't want to see their clothing or their rifles; I want to see the men themselves. Have the goodness to fall them in," said Tom, firmly, "and get them into single rank."

"Ferry goot, ferry well," said the lieutenant, with a shrug. "Shooliter, be craytly kind and put the craturs into a single rank." The Collector had, however, apparently succumbed to his old enemy again, for he only waved his arm feebly, and muttered, with a sort of imbecile snigger, "She kens naething about it."

"Very well," said Tom, "I'll do it myself; give me a sergeant."

"Is there a sergeant among ye?" cried M'Tavish.

"No," shouted the collective voice of Strathkinahan from the mist.

"Very well, a corporal will do," said Tom.

"Is Corporal M'Ildhu thereabouts?" inquired M'Tavish, peering into the haze.

"He's at the bothy," shouted a score of voices.

"Why did he not take heed to come doon?" said the lieutenant.

"He had words wi' the Collector," explained the chorus again.

"Well, well, that's a peety—a sore peety—and the captain here and all."

I understood the chorus to admit, by a sort of rumbling growl, that it *was* a pity.

"Well, never mind," said Tom; "give me a 'coverer' of some sort, and we'll get on."

"Deed, and it's a thing the corps never had, captain. There was a taak of sairvin' them oot at our own costs; and they would be ferry goot in the wat nights if they were happenin' to be M'Intoshe's clothes, and cheap."

"Isn't this nice?" said Tom, grimly, looking round at me. "Give me your right-hand man, then; I suppose the company has a right and a left?"

"Shess, sir! most notoriouslee, most certaintlee. Hand me oot the richt-hand man," he cried into the mist.

"She is not into here," replied the chorus.

"Who is she then, at all?" cried the lieutenant.

"Lauchy Fraser," shouted the chorus, with a roar of laughter.

"Ach! deed, and it is trooth," cried the lieutenant, heartily joining in the mirth; "she is on a vee-sit to the shirra;" whereupon there was another roar, which put Tom quite out of temper, and he pounced personally into the mist, and seizing the first man he found there, stood him up against the wall.

"This is the right-hand man," he said; "and now come on, all the rest of you, and fall in." And what with the doctor's assistance and mine, he at length contrived to get them into a row against the wall, all continuing to smoke their pipes and to retain their drinking-vessels in their hands. Tom winked at these delinquencies, however, for the purpose, as he explained to me after, of keeping them in good-humour and carrying his point. "Now, Mr M'Tavish, take command of them; and if your ensign can stand, which seems doubtful, he may as well take his place—it may keep him out of mischief, at least."

"I am to command them, captain?"

"If you please, Mr M'Tavish."

The lieutenant waddled out in front of the line, his hands in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, his head low, and shooting backwards and

forwards, like a large gander waddling heavily to a pond, while from his lips came a sort of preliminary hissing, also suggestive of that bird. The hissing gradually "boiled up," so to speak, till it bubbled into a cry of "Oarter arrums!" whereupon the men gave an apologetic plunge in their ranks, apparently to imply that if they had the means, the lieutenant's wish would be cheerfully complied with.

"Tut, tut! Mr M'Tavish," said Tom, struggling between laughter and indignation, "I don't mean that; take command in the regular way."

"Shoolter arrums!" shouted the bewildered lieutenant, and again the corps executed a sort of *pas d'extase*.

"Fall in on the right, Mr M'Tavish," said Tom, with a desperate effort to keep his countenance; "and, for the love of heaven, take your hands out of your waistcoat, and hold up your head, and try to look like a reasonable being for three minutes!" he added, as the lieutenant moved sulkily to his position.

The arrangements being at last completed, including the position of the Collector, who, by way of compromise, was accommodated with a stool on the left flank, Tom and I walked slowly down the rank and inspected the men. They were a fine set of fellows, certainly—tall, sinewy, broad-shouldered, and athletic-looking. Many, indeed, bore very unequivocal traces of the manner in which they had occupied their time at "the bothy;" but there was no disgraceful case like that of the Collector, the intermittent nature of whose inebriety made it difficult to deal with on any uniform system. The men, as a rule, stood steadily enough in the ranks, though in one or two exceptional cases an attempt was made to shake hands with the inspecting officer as he passed.

"Gentlemen," said Tom, when the inspection was completed, "I

have to congratulate you on your fine, I may say your soldier-like, appearance. I had often heard of the fine *physique* you have in this district——” (“It could not have been the feesick of Dr M‘Kinlay,” interpolated M‘Tavish, still rankling at his medical friend), “and I am not disappointed. A fine *physique*, and the mental intelligence which you evidently possess, are immense advantages; but they must be properly applied, and there are two things that can alone compass this end—drill and discipline. As it is with the regular, so it is with the volunteer soldier. I am sorry to find, with regard to the first, that you have been unfortunate in losing your drill-sergeant; but I am now making arrangements to supply his place. With regard to the second, the grand essential is, that the corps should be fully and efficiently officered; above all things, that there should be at its head a competent captain—a man of intelligence, energy, and, I may add, social position. A long period has elapsed since the death of your late captain, and no step has been taken to elect and nominate his successor to the Lord-Lieutenant. I have made frequent representations to your officers on this score, but without any result. I have therefore personally visited you for the double purpose of inspecting the corps, and of impressing upon you all the necessity of at once proceeding to elect a captain. When I say that I am inspecting the corps, I do not speak correctly, for I am in reality on this occasion only the attendant of the distinguished General Sir Hercules O‘Halloran, who, in his capacity of Inspector-General of Reserves, does you the honour of being present here to-night, and may not improbably feel himself called upon to address a few words of advice to you on the subject I have been insisting upon. When I mention that Sir Hercules, in addition to his great military distinction, is so

highly honoured as to be the confidential adviser of our beloved Sovereign, you will, I am sure, concur with me in the propriety of at once giving three cheers for that eminent officer. Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!” The cheers were given with right goodwill, till roof and rafters rang; and then Tom gravely continued his oration: “The Lord-Lieutenant will not appoint a gentleman to that position without your nomination, and I must tell you that he is not a little surprised and disappointed at the delay which has taken place. It would not be right for me to conceal from you, and I have Sir Hercules’s sanction to mention, that pain and surprise have also been excited in far more august quarters, by what he has felt himself compelled to stigmatise as ‘this unseemly tardiness;’ but to-night I am confident this stigma will be removed, and I now propose that we proceed at once to elect a gentleman to the vacant position. I will not trouble you to stand in the ranks while this goes on; but I earnestly request you to sit down in an orderly manner, and discuss the matter in a business-like way. To the right face! Break off!” The men tumbled out of their ranks, and resealed themselves on the benches; the Collector obeyed the order by turning a back somersault off his stool; and the lieutenant waddled back into civil life much relieved, to lay aside the crown of office. “Now,” said Tom, “let us discuss the matter quietly. I say Sir William M‘Vittie is our best man, and that we ought to elect him at once. Light your pipe, M‘Tavish, and give us your opinion.”

“Sir William is no doot a ferry fine, nice, parteeular, pretty fellow, captain,” said the lieutenant, emphasising each epithet with a draw at his pipe, in which an inordinate amount of suctional power was employed; “but if a captain is to be aal the goot things that you

have spoke into your bit speech, Sir William will not be our man."

"How d'ye mean?" inquired Tom.

"Angus M'Rioch, will you be craytly kind, and tell the captain whether Sir William is for the dipping or for the smearing of the sheeps?" said the lieutenant, in a voice of the deepest solemnity.

"Dipping!" bellowed the whole room as one man.

"Ferry well, captain, you will not, after that, again be speaking for Sir William," said M'Tavish, with the air of one who has got rid of the first of a series of difficulties, and proceeds to handle the next, confident of success.

"But I don't see what that has got to do with the question," urged Tom. "As he has neither got to dip nor smear the Volunteers, I don't think it matters what he does with his sheep."

"There niver was a yowe, there niver was a tupp, there niver was a wedder dipped yet at aal on to the holdings of my father's son; there niver will be a yowe, there niver will be a tupp, there niver will be a wedder dipped on to his holdings," said a lantern-jawed old fellow in a sort of chant; and the somewhat irrelevant statement was received with much applause, and evidently held to strengthen the case against Sir William.

"What would the old red man, Colin-with-the-crooked-nose, have said to all the dippings and the trash, Angus?" inquired another anti-Sir William-ite; but the Nestor only smoked with ineffable grimness. He had uttered, and that, he evidently thought, should settle the matter without further parley.

"There was once a pollis-offisher, by the name of M'Ardle, in the Strath," suggested another of the party, "but he is not into it now. Will somebody be ferry kind, and say who pit him oot?"

"Sir William!" cried a dozen voices.

"I suppose a pollis-offisher is to

have no mouth in this Strath," observed a gentleman largely provided in respect of that feature, and with complexional indications that neither in eating nor in speaking was it principally employed.

"M'Ardle was not a drucken man," hiccoughed the Collector. "He tasted—at a time—like me; it was his dewty—Sir William pit him oot for—for his dewty. His name was Peter." And much honour was done to these decidedly hazy propositions.

"If Sir William is to be captain in the Strath, the Volunteers may ferry quickly put their mouths into the store wi' the guns, and not bring them oot again," suggested another satirist.

"After the shearin', when the ball was in the barn at Craig-Vittie, there was plenty of tea, but I did not obsairve anything for a man-body to drink," said another.

"If Sir William is to be captain, he will have to list the auld wives into the company. Betty M'Candlish will make a ferry parteeicular fine lieutenant to him, and Ailsie M'Leod will be ensign instead of the Collector."

"Sir William is a temperanst man at his heart."

"And a temperanst man is a teirant."

"And we will have no teirants and no teiranny here."

Loud applause followed these heroic sentiments, and the lieutenant, turning to Tom, observed, "You see, captin, Sir William is a parteeicular nice goot nobleman, but the Volunteers will not be for having a teirant for their captain."

"But there is no one else in the district you can elect, and as you must elect some one, why you must elect Sir William. It's all nonsense about tyranny. Sir William is an excellent man, and no more a teetotaller than I am, though, of course, he doesn't think that every parade is to be turned into a drinking bout. When you know him better, when he is mixed

up with you as your captain, you will find all these things you've been hearing about him are nonsense, and I hear he is going to reside regularly at Craig-Vittie."

"If I might make bold to say a word," said a diplomatist, whose opinion was evidently held in high esteem, "I would say this, that if we must elect a captain, we must elect him; but if there is no one into the Strath who is shootable for the poiseion, then, for Got's sake, let us not at aal forget that there is other places with shootable people into them. We will elect some ferry crayt man; we will elect the Prince of Whales. He will be captain to the company; but we will not be troubling him, and he will not be troubling himself to come down to the Strath for the dreels; and so we will have a captain and no teiranny."

This novel method of solving the difficulty found universal favour; and M'Tavish at once abandoned his Fabian policy, and became clamorous for instant action as to the Prince's election.

Tom took me out of the room for consultation. "Did you ever see such an impracticable set of devils?" he said. "What's to be done?"

"Arguing won't mend matters, that's clear," I replied. "Give me some particulars about this Sir William, and I'll see what I can do." Tom did so, and I learned that Sir William had quite recently succeeded to the property; that he had lived principally abroad in the diplomatic service, and was as yet almost unknown in the Strath; but that he was about to settle on his acres, and that his co-operation and assistance would be of the greatest importance in saving the Volunteer movement in the locality from death by alcoholic drowning. He was reported to be a very sensible man; and though neither the tyrant nor the ascetic he was alleged to be by the corps, he had, on a recent short visit to the Strath, been not a little startled and scandalised at the ex-

traordinarily chronic state of fuddlement in which its inhabitants lived, and had expressed himself pretty broadly on the subject, and, in one or two instances, made a clearance of the most inveterate offenders. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*. "In fact," Tom concluded, "he is just the man to keep these dipsomaniacs in order; and I know he will accept if he is elected."

"Very well," said I, "you had better let me speak to them. Just say that 'the General' will address a few observations to the corps."

When we returned to the meeting we found that they had just elected the Prince of Wales *nem. con.*, and were expecting with flaming eyes the arrival of the "glasses round" with which the lieutenant had suggested they should celebrate the event "at their own costs."

Three cheers for "our captain, the Prince," were given somewhat defiantly on our entrance; and, on the whole, matters bore a decidedly unsatisfactory aspect.

"Gentlemen," cried Tom, "Lieutenant-General Sir Hercules O'Halloran, K.C.B., Inspector of the Reserve Forces, will address you;" and I stepped forward, desperately determined that if unscrupulous impudence could avert the collapse of the Keltshire "Ad. Batt." and the loss of my friend Tom's appointment, it should not be wanting to me on this occasion.

"Gentlemen," I said, "first of all I must express to you, as representing the Royal Family, my very sincere thanks for the honour which you have so loyally and so very properly bestowed upon us—I mean, upon the Prince of Wales. Gentlemen, you have done honour to yourselves in honouring him—(cheers)—and before I go further I beg that you will allow me, on behalf of the Queen, to defray the expense of the farther honour which you propose to offer him in drinking his health." (Loud and protracted cheering, during which I tried to look as if the Privy purse

was at that moment in my port-manteau up-stairs.) "But having said thus much, it deeply grieves me to add that duty and my instructions compel me to decline, with every expression of gratitude, the honour which you have done to his Royal Highness." (Murmurs, soothed by the arrival of the liquor, during which I paused for a second or two.) "Yes, gentlemen," I resumed, "it is my painful duty to be obliged to decline. You must all be aware, of course, that the Prince, from his position and natural affability, is perpetually importuned to accept situations similar to that which you have offered him to-night. In such great numbers are they offered to him, indeed, that to fill one tithe of them, even in a nominal and honorary way, would strain and overtax his royal energies most insupportably. Under these circumstances we were obliged to come to a fixed determination; and I assure you that in coming to it I experienced the greatest hesitation and difficulty, but having been come to, it cannot be deviated from. It was this,—that the Prince should only consent to take command of one corps at a time. What that corps should be it was of course left for me to decide; and after renewed hesitation, my choice fell upon—upon—upon the corps which—now enjoys that distinction.

"The Prince himself, with that self-abnegation which characterises him, has frequently implored me to reconsider the matter, and bring him into a wider connection with a movement which he honours and admires.

"Supported by her Majesty, I have, however, remained firm; and you must pardon me if I say that even the impression which you as a corps have made upon me to-night, and the *absorbing* interest which you clearly take in your duties, cannot make me waver.

"On Monday night, the night before I left London, I was dining

in private with the Prince and the Duke of Cambridge; and his Royal Highness, understanding that I was about to proceed northward on my tour of inspection, again reverted to the subject. 'Are you still as obstinate as ever, Hercules?' said his Royal Highness. 'Please your Royal Highness, I am a rock,' I replied. 'As the Russians found at Inkerman,' remarked the Duke of Cambridge." ("Three cheers for Sir Hercules!" cried the doctor, which were rather quiveringly given, however.) "'Won't you give me a corps in each of the three kingdoms?' urged the Prince. 'It can't be done at any price, your Royal Highness,' I replied, firmly but respectfully. 'I like the Scotch,' continued the Prince. 'They are a noble race,' I replied; 'especially the Highlanders.' 'You should have seen them following me up the Alma Heights,' said the Duke. 'Give me a Scotch corps, General,' said the Prince—'there's a good fellow.' 'It cuts me to the heart to say "No," sir,' I replied. 'But what am I to say to all these fine fellows?' he inquired, pulling out a bundle of papers, which were requisitions from the Kirkintilloch, Kilbogie, Slamanan, Cowcaddens, and other corps. 'You can show your interest in them by nominating the gentleman you would wish to fill the post instead of your Royal Highness,' I replied. 'It is a happy thought,' said the Prince; 'but it is impossible for me to go down to Kilbogie and Cowcaddens at present, and I would not nominate a substitute without being sure of him, as, of course, where I nominate, the corps can't refuse to elect.' 'Leave it all to Sir Hercules,' said the Duke; 'his judgment in all military matters is simply the best in the country.' 'Your Highness does me infinite honour,' I replied. 'Pooh, pooh! only your due, O'Halloran,' said the Duke. 'Well, O'Halloran, would you

mind going to these places for me,' said the Prince, 'to say that I thank the corps with all my heart, and that I leave you to act for me and nominate a substitute?' 'It is my duty and delight to do what your Royal Highness wishes,' I replied. 'But you must be very careful in your selection, General; you must be sure that the man is fit in every way—above all, that he is a district proprietor;—and when you have made your choice you must be firm. Remember that for the moment you are the Prince of Wales; and if any other corps should elect me while you are in the north, pray go to them also, and select a substitute for me. I am ashamed to give you so much trouble.' 'Don't mention it, Prince,' I replied; 'I will carry out your instructions to the letter.'

"Well, gentlemen, I have been to Kirkintilloch, I have been to Kilbogie, to Slamannan, and to Cowcaddens, and in each of these places I have made, I think, satisfactory appointments. In one instance the corps had set their hearts upon a gentleman I could not appoint; but I am bound to say, that the moment they became aware of the ground on which I stood, they evinced the patriotic and loyal self-denial which is characteristic of the volunteer, and at once accepted with enthusiasm the gentleman I had selected.

"Now, gentlemen, by your selection of the Prince to-night you have virtually thrown, as you must see, the appointment of your captain into my hands; for though, as a matter of form, I shall simply propose a gentleman to you, you will, as a matter of course, accept him; and standing in this position, I feel the grave responsibility which rests upon me. On the one hand, it is most unpleasant to me to run counter to your inclinations; but on the other, the duty I owe to the Prince is paramount.

"As far as my own convictions

go, however, I have no hesitation in making my selection. In many districts where I might be called upon to act as I am to-night, I should require time for inquiry and consideration; but here, in Strathkinahan, I find ready to my hand the right man, and that in the person of one of my oldest and dearest friends, a man of great distinction, high character, probity, and Presbyterian principles—a man, in fact, every inch a man and a soldier. I allude to my honourable friend Sir William M'Vittie of Craig-Vittie, Baronet."

A perfect howl of indignation rose from the party, upon whom this came like a thunderclap. It was necessary to take a high tone at once, so "Volunteers!" I cried, raising my voice sternly, "you forget in whose presence you virtually are. Situated as you are, this unseemly demonstration is very nearly approaching to a seditious cry, and I trust" (with grim emphasis) "that I shall never have to report or to punish sedition in Strathkinahan. I propose to you Sir William M'Vittie. I am sorry there is a prejudice against him, but I can't help it. How groundless it is I well know.

"His views upon certain practical matters, such as the dipping of sheep, may not be as healthy as I could wish, but a residence in Strathkinahan will correct them. As to his being a temperance man, *that* I repudiate, on behalf of my old friend, as a personal insult; and when I tell you that at Court, where he is known well, his singular power of consuming claret and other fluids has procured for him the nickname of "Gallon" M'Vittie, you will, I think, acquit him of any such baseness." ("Hurrah! hurrah!" from the doctor and Tom, slightly joined in by a few converts.)

"I beg to propose him, then, as a fit and proper person to be Captain of the Strathkinahan Volunteers, and I *expect* the proposal to

be seconded and carried unanimously."

"I second it, Sir Hercules!" cried the doctor, at once.

"And it is carried *nem. con.*," I added, hastily. "Get paper, pen, and ink, and I will draw the requisition."

"I make so bold as to make a protest against it," said the diplomatist.

It was necessary to nip this sort of thing in the bud by a *coup d'état*, so I replied, with fierce energy, advancing and gobbling at the fellow, "Hold your tongue, sir! you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir! All your brother volunteers blush for you, sir! Another word, and I shall turn you out of the corps, and out of the room, and send you to the lock-up, sir!"

This quelled the fellow; and the rest of them accepted me as apparently a sort of dictator, endowed with the fullest legislative and executive powers. No farther difficulty was made; and after I had ordered another round of liquor to the health of the Queen, another to the health of Sir William, and a third in honour of Tom and myself, certain hieroglyphs were dashingly appended to the requisition; and the meeting broke up in the highest delight, after singing "Auld Lang Syne," and dancing hand in hand round the prostrate and senseless form of the Collector.

Next morning we departed at

daybreak, and posted the requisition at the first village. I confess I had many misgivings as to what the morning feelings of the Volunteers might be, and whether, in my wish to serve Tom, I might not have run him into a serious scrape. All, however, went well, and in three weeks I had the satisfaction of seeing Sir William gazetted. And now I can assure my readers that the pious fraud has turned out to admiration.

The Strathkinahans are now a flourishing corps, and Sir William and Tom are still flourishing in their official connection with the once tottering "Ad. Batt."

For once, then, the efforts of a practical joker have been productive of beneficial results, for my friend Tom has much benefited therefrom, and thereby, in Strathkinahan, the Volunteer institution has been placed on a solid and satisfactory basis; so that though the austere may decline to admit the Horatian "*Dulce est desipere in loco*," perhaps the blending in this case of the "*utile*" with the "*dulce*" may lead them to find extenuating circumstances in the outrageous audacity of my conduct. Tom has no doubt whatsoever on the subject. Looking over my shoulder as I write, he bawls out—

"*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*" "You carried my point for me, old boy, and I'm for ever grateful."

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

WHAT IS TO COME OF IT?

I HAVE been anxious to learn from Mrs O'Dowd what impression prevails in Ireland regarding the Church disendowment measure amongst her own friends; and whether they really feel that the great pacification scheme of the Government will be a success. Her reply is not reassuring. Any satisfaction she condescends to express is on the score of the pleasure the Bill has afforded "the dear Holy Father;" and, indeed, she tells me more of what is felt at Rome than at Dublin on the downfall of the Church.

The social status of the Parson was the permanent insult to the Priest; and the really revolutionary feature of the measure consists in the downfall of the Gentleman, and not the injury to a Church. Of course, she says, "It is only a part of the debt long due to Ireland;" but I am so used to this now, that I verily believe if an Irishman got to heaven, he'd declare it was only an instalment of some beatitude that he had a right to from his ancestors! For the first time for years her letter contains no lament over the loss of our landed property and the sale of O'Dowdville under the Court; and I can plainly see that she regards the possession of an Irish estate as a very transient bliss, and thinks what is sauce for the Churchman will be a very meet condiment for the Landlord.

She gives me a long list of people shot or shot at during the last couple of months, only showing, what I have often said, that chronic disaffection in Ireland was always more fatal to life than the acute attack of rebellion. The language is everywhere the same—No Parson, no Landlord; and the benign rulers who have conceded the one

boon will surely not withhold the other. Indeed, every argument for the former will, with very little change, serve for the latter. First of all, the Badge-of-Conquest cant, if it mean anything at all, is fully as applicable to rent as to tithe; and when for the Church of the Minority you read the words Land of the Minority, the sentence runs on to its consequence just as glibly and just as naturally. Nobody is stupid enough nowadays to appeal to the rights of property or the sacredness of title; and when we ask what the landlord "did for Tim Flanigan," that Tim should pay him so much every March or September, it will be as hard to answer the question as when it was propounded about the parson and his tithe.

The English press is somewhat grandiloquent on the admirable spirit with which the Catholics of Ireland have welcomed this triumph over their opponents. There has been no exultation, no display of unseemly joy, none of the insolence of success. The reason for all this admirable self-control is simply this, that the Catholics accept the boon as a mere dividend of what they deem their due; they are not exultant over two shillings in the pound where they mean to be paid in full, and with heavy interest beside. The priests are far too cunning to make any display of their delight; and as for the laity, this blow to the Established Church was never a great boon to them. That blessed cant, Badge of Conquest, shows how much there was of sentiment in the grievance; for certainly very few Irishmen ate their dinner the less heartily because Ireland had been once conquered by the Saxon.

There is always a ludicrous contradiction in attendance on anything when it is distinctively called

Irish. An Irish lord, an Irish estate, an Irish diamond, an Irish colliery, and an Irish anecdote, somehow convey to English hearers impressions painfully dashed by a disparaging adjective; and when we remember that O'Connell was called the Liberator, because no man subjected so many of his followers to imprisonment, it may not be so far-fetched to imagine that Mr Gladstone, as the Irish Pacificator, will originate more and more deadly strife than we have known for many a year back, except we admit Irish pacification, like Irish reciprocity, to be only one-sided.

The Italians are very like the Irish, and many of the proverbs of the one are popular adages with the other. They have one, however, in Italy, which I do not remember amongst ourselves. The toad, it is said, has no tail, because "he did not ask for one at the creation." Now, if we have not the maxim, we understand its wisdom, and we should have as many tails as a pasha if it only needed asking.

The priests and their party—for it is a party in Ireland—have long had the credit for a certain amount of moderation, because there were always some others who asked more than they. While Father Cullen bargained for the downfall of the Protestant Church, the mutilation of the Irish University, and the concession of the whole education of the country into the hands of the priests, there were Fenians who cried out for the expulsion of the English bodily, and the entire independence of Ireland. And in this way the Cardinal came out as a man of moderate views, who walked in the ways of the Constitution, eschewed all resort to measures of violence, and placed implicit trust in the wisdom of Parliament. The Don't-nail-his-ear-to-the-pump allocutions with which he exhorted his flock against landlord murder were read with admiration in England, and, partly through selfishness, partly stupid-

ity, were supposed to be sufficient evidences of Roman Catholic loyalty. The Irish proprietor living in a remote district, with his shutters lined with sheet-iron and his revolver on the sideboard, scarcely took so philosophic a view of his Eminence's logic. He knew better what such admonitions meant; and, to do the priests justice, there is very rarely any ambiguity in their exhortations.

When the reverend father from the altar had on three successive Sundays impressively and sonorously demanded, "Who stole Darby Delaney's vinegar?" and received no answer, he supplemented on the last occasion, in a tone of heartfelt humiliation, "Jim Riley, Jim Riley, you trate me with contempt." It is needless to add that the vinegar was restored after this.

It is not merely the eloquent simplicity of this appeal that we are called on to admire here, but the tender delicacy by which Mr Riley was recalled to a sense of honour without the faintest aspersion on his character; and here is what constitutes the true excellence of the address from the altar. "I know nothing about your landlord or his agent, but I hear you have been turned out of your holding, and that you and your family are living under the shelter of a ditch. I hope you have patience to bear it. I hope, when the dark nights come on, and the gig-lamps shine through the blackness, and the sharp trot of his mare apprises you that the man who turned you out to starve is then hastening home to his comfortable dinner—I hope, I say, if you rush out on the road, it will be to send a blessing, not a stone, after him. I hope all this, but I confess I'd be little surprised if my hope turned out ill-founded."

It is in our perorations we shine in Ireland. "May the blessing of the Almighty Father follow your honour all the days of your life," whined the old hag, as she trotted after the gentleman; and then see-

ing at last that her entreaty had not moved him, she added, "and never overtake you!"

Mr Gladstone has not heard the end of the Irish blessing on his

labours; and though I am not particularly sensitive on the score of such benedictions, I'm free to own I would rather he had to bear it than I had.

CROWNING THE EDIFICE.

I have always maintained that the Emperor of the French had no other *politique* than one of contingency; that there was no forecast in his view of affairs; and that, like a bad whist-player, he played simply with reference to the trick on the table, and had not the most distant conception of its influence on the whole game:—that an air of great reserve, a remarkable talent for silence, an eye like a window of ground glass, admitting little light within, but obstinately refusing all information to those without, lent great aid to the impression of his thoughtful and reflective character. I know well that such as enjoyed the privilege of closer intimacy with him saw these disguises, and read him with a far more just estimate of his capacity.

We have only to remember the Italian campaign, with its abrupt ending after Solferino—the luckless Mexican expedition—and later again, his utter discomfiture at the results of the late war in Germany—to see that he foresaw nothing, provided for nothing; that though he looked mysteriously, and uttered his oracular platitudes with the air of profound thought, he neither took in the greatness of what was passing before his eyes, or had the very vaguest conception of the consequences that must follow.

As a pool may be muddy without being deep, a man may be moody without being imaginative; and a brooding temperament may pass muster with many for a thoughtful disposition and a constructive ability. I can well imagine that a far abler man might have had a less brilliant success. His strong-

hold throughout his whole career has been the exact opposite his character has presented to every trait and feature of the people he ruled over. Todleben's earthworks never presented a more formidable front to the Allied artillery than did this impassive temperament to the furious assaults and biting sarcasms of this excitable people.

Now the man who can upset the chess-board need never be checkmated; so was it at Somma Campagna as, before that, in the Crimea. He stood up, and said he would play no more. What avail all your plans, all your combinations, against this? You cannot force him down upon his seat and order him to continue to stake his pieces; and to the vulgar appreciation there is no skill at the game carries so much the impress of cleverness as this abrupt and mysterious resolve to risk no more. Ah! he sees more than we do, he suspects—heaven knows what! That keen intelligence has pierced the cloud that obscures *our* vision. *He* is not like us. The history of the late concessions is abundant evidence of a mind that is only awakened by the actual presence of an emergency, and deals with that emergency as though it comprised all the difficulty of the situation. As though to show how little he associated himself with the spirit of the new demands for liberty, he takes especial pains to keep his ministers in the dark as to his intentions. He takes his resolves apart from them; and at the very moment he is supposed to concede the demand for responsibility in the minister, he is actually showing the country that a minister has

nothing to divulge, nothing to maintain, and nothing to stand by. Nor is this enough, but he dissolves the Chamber at the very moment of their exultation, lest perhaps they should overeat the fresh bread of their freedom, and not be as moderate in their appetites as when a little staleness had impaired its temptation. He is not quite sure of his game, and he upsets the chess-board.

Our surprise is not with what little reason this world is governed, but with what few resources our rulers are gifted. With a cant and a mock concession one can go on for a long time. "Crowning the Edifice" serves for the one—coquetting with "ministerial responsibility" will suffice for the other. For what or to whom are ministers to be responsible? Is it for the acts of one who declares that by the voice of the nation he is above responsibility? Is it for him who proclaims that he will concede nothing of his power, assuming that power to be the safeguard of the people?

The press in England hailed the late concessions as an immense gain to the cause of liberty. Some Brummagem resemblance they bore to our home notions delighted them. Our insular self-conceit is always flattered by the notion that, when foreigners imitate us, they are on the highroad to an advanced civilisation; and there would be no end to our enthusiasm if a member of the French Legislature would widen the brim of his hat and speak disparagingly of the Senate. Frenchmen, it must be owned, are not so highly gratified with the Imperial munificence, and regard the peremptory way in which the House was prorogued as a very strange

corollary on a newly-acquired independence. Constitutionalism is a plant of slow growth. I am not quite sure that the seed of it has yet been sown in France. Certainly a Chamber of Deputies is not a House of Commons; nor is it very clear to me that, with our system of putting ministers to the question on every possible subject, from a Reform to the Rinderpest, any government in France would be practicable at all. There is a great tendency in the present day, however, to introduce what are called "checks" into all State machinery; and we have actually got to love friction for the inconvenience of it. The safety of Austria is supposed to reside in the balanced antagonism of the various forces, and the prosperity of the State is guaranteed by a Catholic monarch, a Protestant Premier, and an Infidel Council. So, who is to say what virtue may not be in a system that provides a ministry who must answer for everything except the will of him who decrees everything, and be responsible for all in France except the rule of the crown?

Don Carlos was said to have been granted by Louis Philippe the valuable power "to reside in any part of France he liked, provided he selected the city of Bourges;" so in like manner the Emperor concedes ministerial responsibility on the condition that his own prerogative remains untouched; and says, "Badger M. Rouher to your heart's content, and leave me to administer the kingdom!" And this he calls "Crowning the Edifice." For my own part, I think the building looked just as plausible without the roof as with one.

OUR SMALL BENEFACTORS.

I have been sorely vexed through life with a class of people of whom, so far as I am aware, no moralist has spoken, nor any censor exposed the demerits.

To me, long-suffering, these people have proved a torture in a degree totally disproportioned to their apparent power to annoy, just as the irritation of a nettle-rash is more intolerable than the sufferings of a fever. I will not venture to say that there may not be some peculiarity in my organisation—some fatal flaw in my temperament, which exposes me in an especial manner to the irritation they inflict; but my conscientious belief is, that the world at large is no less affected than myself by these mis-demeanists; and that, though no public exposure of them has yet taken place, there will be many willing to avow that they join me heartily in denouncing these impostors as one of the grossest swindles of a very swindling age.

Do not imagine for a moment that I am joining in the loud hue and cry raised—not unjustly raised—at our speculators, our jobbers in loans and shares; the promoters of schemes to amass unlimited wealth; the companies (limited) to buy land in the moon, and underlet it in the planet Saturn; the men who foresee tranquillity in Ireland and solvency in Greece.

The knaves I have in my mind belong to no particular class or calling—they come of all countries, and belong to all lands, though—be it said in parenthesis—we breed a considerable number of them for home consumption. I never heard of the spot that was totally free from them, and I have come to regard them as a necessary accompaniment of our civilisation. They ride with us in the park; they dine with us; we meet them at picnics; we find them at shooting-boxes; we see them at church;

there are few country houses, there was never a wedding-breakfast, without them. Who then, you ask, are these ubiquitous people, who prey on society at large, and yet whose depredations have met no denouncer? Who are these social evils of which all of us suffer, and none, so far as I know, complain? Is the age so uncomplaining, is the spirit of our time so redolent of honey, that we really overlook a poignant source of annoyance, and prefer to suffer in silence, rather than disturb our neighbours by complaint? I am afraid I cannot go thus far, and must rather seek to account for our silence by imputing other motives; but first let me declare who are the delinquents I would arraign—who are the culprits I would now place in the dock.

The people of whom I wish to speak having not been included, so far as I am aware, in any criminal catalogue, must have a title given them, and for want of better I shall call them “our small benefactors,” and describe them as a class who trade “retail” in benevolence, and make their smallest donation ring as loudly as the noblest offering of splendid generosity.

Which of us does not know the man, or occasionally, but less often, the woman, who lays us under a load of never-to-be-forgotten obligations by the present of a match-box, a toothpick, a book-marker, or a pen-wiper? who by something inexpressibly valueless, conferred in all the solemnity that might accompany the transfer of an estate, purports to reduce us to a condition of slavish gratitude, and to buy us, body and soul, for fourpence?

Do not mistake me—do not for a moment believe that I am coupling or confounding the warmth of attachment with the sterling value of a gift. It is the fact, that the

creatures I would expose are such execrable travesties of her who "gave her all," that in their ostentatious parsimony they cast a ridicule on all that is most sacred in benevolence, that I denounce them. It is because they practise a gross fraud on the world, and endorsing their shabbiness with the autograph of their egotism, they hope to make their petty bill of exchange a legal tender to mankind.

It is natural enough to feel the absurdity of accepting some valueless present, conferred with a touching emotion, and accompanied by expressions that show how the donor regards you, as bound by a debt of inextinguishable gratitude through life. You are ashamed to your conscience for the part you are performing in a wretched comedy, and it is not without a struggle that you submit to the humiliating hypocrisy of the occasion. It is well, however, to remember that your benefactor is at least sincere—at the time. *He* really believes that his trumpery gift, being his, has a value totally apart from all material estimate of worth. The egotism of the creature is honest, and he is convinced that what he gives you must be of sterling value, for he knows what pangs the act of munificence has cost him, and how fearful were the throes of the hesitation he had to pass through, ere he had brought himself to the moment of the gift.

That same moment has become an era to him for life. Hence is it that years afterwards he will remind you of the occasion, and say, "It was on the very day I gave you that cane;" or, "You may remember a little present I once had the pleasure to make you. You were good enough to say I gave you the best pen you ever wrote with. Do you still continue to make use of *my* pen? Am I correct in supposing that your note of this morning was written by a certain pen? I should be proud to think that it was with *my* pen you

wrote that last paper in the *Quarterly*," &c. &c. This goes on through a thousand variations, and that unhappy gift runs through your life like a dark thread through a web, appearing and disappearing at intervals, but never lost.

Life is a tissue of small slaveries. We submit to the bondage of fashion, of public opinion, of common report, of what we call respectability, and to the crushing despotism of regard for appearances; but none of them, nor all of them together, constitute as humiliating a condition, nor one of such abject bondage, as being the recipient of one of these infinitesimal gratuities. Do what you will, go where you will, become what you may, that remorseless benefactor sits on you throughout life with his cigar-case or his breast-pin, making your existence seem to revolve around this petty offering, and every act of your career would seem to have some mystic connection with this insignificant incident.

I repeat, however, these people are sincere. There is, so to say, a poetry in their egotism that invests all things of theirs with an inconceivable value; and this, added to the fact that it costs them much to give, makes whatever they confer appear of priceless munificence.

We have laws against men who issue base coinage, and here are people far more fraudulent, for they forge benevolence, and make a mockery of some of the tenderest ties that bind heart to heart. There is no offence more worthy of reprobation than that which disparages some good trait, or brings obloquy on some good custom. These forgers of generosity should be denounced of all men; and just as in our public places we read, "Beware of pickpockets," I would wish to proclaim as widely as I could, "Take care of the SMALL benefactors." They infest the world, nor was any society so happily constituted as to be able to exclude them.

It may seem that I am needlessly

bitter in my denunciation of these impostors ; but in truth I am less angry with them for their own dereliction than I am indignant at the amount of disparagement they bring on that good thing they counterfeit. One cannot make some small token of regard any longer an emblem of remembrance without coming into the category of these humbugs, and thus is it they bring discredit on a pleasant usage, and throw an air of ridicule over the interchange of priceless tokens.

These hypocrites of generosity are a large family, and, like other large families, they have got poor relations—small people who, so far as their humble means go, affect the ways of their more prosperous connections. These are the men who go about with little mock cordialities and assumed warmth, and may be called “God-bless-you people,” for such is their constant salutation, and by the use of suchlike benevolent wishes they arrive at being thought kindly and good-hearted. It is a small stock in trade to live on, one would say, and yet there are many who make a livelihood out of it—ay, and bring up their families too, generally well trained to carry on the “business of the house.”

It is not pleasant to think that these small benefactors have a great success in life, and impose on the world so far as actually to beget followers and disciples. An instance of what I mean occurs to me as I write, and if recording it will disembarass me of the memory hereafter—as I have sometimes found to be the case—I shall not be ungratified. When Garibaldi lay wounded and a prisoner, after the ill-conceived affair of Aspromonte, British sympathy poured in upon the fallen hero in every form that kindness and generosity could suggest. There was not a possible want, not a single requirement, that English forethought and benevolence left

unsupplied. Wine, cordials, summer and winter clothing, tracts, towels, and table-linen, arrived in masses, and the little esplanade before his prison resembled the busy quay of a custom-house, with its crowd of packers, porters, and revenue officers.

Without any thought of the simple habits and humble tastes of him for whom they were intended, the English people continued to send dry champagne and drier sherry to a water-drinker, and stores of preserved meats to one whose heartiest repast was furnished by a crust and a bunch of grapes. While, therefore, unreflecting generosity pressed upon the gallant sufferer every appliance of comfort and every luxury—a steam-yacht, I remember, was of the number—one of his followers, his chief confidant and friend, and a man of station and fortune, came to me one morning with every sign of deep emotion on his face, his eyes suffused, his lips trembling, his whole expression displaying great agitation. “I am overcome,” said he, seating himself, and speaking in a voice broken and tremulous; “these proofs of sympathy are too touching to be borne.”

Believing that it was British munificence and generosity he referred to, for we were sitting surrounded with its evidences, I endeavoured, half apologetically, to lay something to the account of English eccentricity, and that fervour which, underlying the phlegm of the nation, is its most characteristic feature.

“You mistake me, my friend,” said he; “it is not of your countrymen I was now thinking. It was the association of ladies in Milan who have written such an affecting address to poor Garibaldi—every word of it would make your heart bleed; and they have sent him is,” and he produced a square envelope from his pocket, and drew forth—a pin-cushion!

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK.

There is an Irish story—I am not sure it was not told by Miss Edgeworth—of an English traveller entering an Irish cabin, and being struck with amazement to find that a corner was set apart for the accommodation of the pig,—an arrangement apparently not in accordance with comfort and cleanliness. “Good heavens!” cried he, “is it here you keep your pig?” Poor Paddy, mistaking the drift of the rebuke, replied at once, “Ay! and hasn’t he every conviancy a pig could require?”

What brought this story to my mind to-day, was reading the Lords’ debate on the Irish Church Bill, where the motion of what is called concurrent endowment was discussed. A noble lord read out a letter from a priest, wherein it was stated that the writer, on being appointed to a certain parish, found the greatest difficulty in providing himself with a “suitable residence.”

The letter had its effect, and many were the condolent commentaries on such a disastrous state of affairs, and much very pretty compassion was bestowed on the Rev. Father Tom O’Leary, destined to experience in his native country all the hardships of the bush, and all the discomfort of a mission among savages.

Was it possible that no Irish peer was present, or, being present, had the courage to tell their lordships what manner of man was this who complained at not finding a “suitable residence”? This talk of concurrent endowment has led to the propagation of a great error—a mistake so gross, as to mislead men utterly in their judgments of this question; and this error is, that there is any parity in the condition of the priest and the parson—or that, in training, culture, habits, modes of life, or requirements, there is a single point on which they stand on an equality.

It may be once for all understood that the Irish priest is simply the cottier in black gaiters; that in nothing save the thin lacquer of a Maynooth civilisation is he different from Thady who is earthing the potatoes, or Tim who is stacking the turf; that his thoughts, his instincts, his wants, are theirs; and that save in the scowling expression of his brow and the dirty black of his raiment, there is not a feature to distinguish him from the peasants around him.

I am far from saying that, because he is a man of lowly birth and humble belongings, he should be left houseless, if it be your policy or your convenience to endow him with a house; but I do insist upon it that you ought not to confound this man’s wants and daily requirements with those of men totally removed from him in station. The “suitable residence” of an Irish priest might very well be a room or two rooms in a farmhouse. In nineteen cases out of twenty his earlier years had not accustomed him to even such humble comforts as these; and there would be nothing in the habits and the lives of his neighbours to wound his sensibilities or shock his prejudices.

Englishmen who associate the *suave* and soft-toned ecclesiastic with all the *petits soins* of a French abbé, or the more dignified but not less subtle Monsignore they have met at Rome, with the vulgar exterior, the coarse manners, and the ostentatiously avowed insolence, of the Irish priest, make a great mistake. But it is the old story, always recurring in our annals. Whenever we make one blunder, we outdo it tenfold by our attempt at reparation. We began by starving the troops in the Crimea, and we ended by sending them potted meats from Fortnum and Masons, and *patés de foie gras* from

Strasburg. In like manner, from some impression that you have not treated your Irish Catholics very generously, or very handsomely, by a tremendous spring in reaction you are going to overwhelm them with benefits.

Now I tell you flatly, your mixed pickles and smoked salmon for your soldiers at Balaclava were not a whit more absurd than your notions of "manse for the priests."

A ration of mess-beef for the one, and a mud cabin for the other, would have met all the requirements of the situation. Neither Corporal Casey nor the Curate had been reared with fastidious tastes, and by subjecting them to this temptation you run a far greater risk of corrupting than of civilising them. If you insist on building glebe-houses for these people, you must nominate a commission to teach them how to live in them. Like the Paddy who snuffed the candle with his fingers and deposited the snuff in the snuffers, observing that it was a mighty pretty "convaniancy," these men will live in a corner congenially dirty and disorderly, and regard the house as a "pretty convaniancy," and no more.

It took you some time to discover that curry-powder and Scotch marmalade were not the most suitable rations for an army in the field; but you found it out at last,

especially when you heard that the objects of your solicitude were laughing at you; and I suppose you will one of these days admit that it was a mistake to install a man in a house, all whose ways and habits are accommodated to a cabin; and that you no more brought the priest to your side by your ill-judging munificence, than you stimulated the soldiers' courage by your piccantly and potted mangoes.

If in your passion for setting beggars on horseback—and it is a favourite pastime with you—you had any humoristic sense of the drollery of the exhibition, I could forgive you, at least in a measure; but when I see you performing the farce in all seriousness, and helping him into the saddle with a self-complacent chuckle over your own generosity in having provided the mount, I own frankly I lose all patience. Has not the proverb warned you what would come of your munificence? Don't you know in your heart where he will ride to?

It may spoil the poetry of your idyll; but mingle a little common-sense with your generosity, and if you must house these men, build mud cabins with three rooms each. They will have then "suitable residences;" and if you add occasionally a shed for a pony, the arrangement will be complete, and there will be, as Paddy said, "every convaniancy a pig could require."

PIQUES ASSIETTES.

"Piquer l'assiette" is politely defined by the Dictionary of the Academy, "*Diner habituellement chez les autres.*" Now I do not know if the quality thus represented has a special phrase in our own language, though the thing itself is certainly recognised amongst us. There are two distinct and totally different sorts of people who dine "*habituellement chez les autres,*" and to classify them is a matter of some difficulty. What medical men include under the titles of chronic or acute will, however, serve my turn, and I shall speak of them under these designations. The acute diner-out is one in considerable request by the world. He is pre-eminently a talker, tolerably witty, very anecdotic, and superlatively malicious. He is such a cognate number in society that he saves you all pains of introduction. He will suit any company and any tone of the conversation. Where the level of the talk is high, he is not unequal to take his share in it; at least he has the nice tact of knowing when and where he may intervene; and he has a perfect appreciation of the man whose opinion it is safe to back; and nothing is graver than to see him on the losing side in any division. If the conversation be of a mixed order, he will be still more at home, for he is better at epigram than at sustained talk. He is quick at illustration, and admirably apropos with a story. Above all, he is discreetly ill-natured, and knows exactly the amount of malevolence people will admire, without ever passing the bounds of good taste; and he can weigh to a grain the sort of scandal society will swallow without being revolted. Perhaps the best thing about him, however, is the dread entertained of him by Bores. Even the hardest, the least repressible of that order, will keep to his shell in the presence of this

man, whose wit is merciless if one of these venture forth, and whose wicked drolleries seem especially invented for these unhappy people. With one spider-hawk you are safe as regards spiders in your house; and so with one of these men I speak of, Bores fly you and seek other hunting-grounds. Not, however, that this is all unalloyed profit—far from it; this order of diner-out is often arrogant, and sometimes actually insolent. He has carried off so many dull dinners successfully, and got to believe that wherever the talk runs freely, it is owing to himself; that it was he who helped the Bishop to that argument that he was wallowing after so long and couldn't come up with; that it was *he* who saved the company from that elephant-hunt that had devastated so many tables; that it was *he* who arrested the agreeable young man's story that was going to compromise the lady who sat opposite him; in fact, that it was *his* strategy carried the victory;—the host's burgundy, turtle, whitebait, and venison, being mere accidents of the occasion, and without more bearing on the success than the meat-returns of a commissary-general would have on the triumph of the battle.

I have said that these men have great faults; their dictatorial manner, their assumption of universal knowledge, and their mode of proclaiming it, are all unpleasant; and I cannot imagine anything less agreeable than a *tête-à-tête* dinner with one of them; but I admit their great ability, and I am free to own that the daily dulness of our dinners requires them. In Hungarian teams there is always a horse attached by the bridle to the others, but not connected with the carriage. The function of this animal is to plunge, caper, and curvet; to shake his mane wildly to the wind, and, bounding and buck-leap-

ing, to encourage the others to the belief that they are only out for "a lark," and that there is nothing fatiguing or burdensome in what they are doing. There is something of this kind on the part of this gentleman. Nobody ever expects him to play the host to any one; he dines nobody; he pulls nothing of the coach; but he shows that he enjoys the road, and he tells the others that they ought to do so too, if they only knew how.

There is a false air of *bonhomie* about these fellows that imposes wonderfully on the world. They have glorious digestive powers, and their look displays it; and in one respect the ease of their manner is pre-eminent, for they know every one; and the man who is wanting in this knowledge is like one who plays the game of life without ever being aware what is the trump.

So recognised are these men amongst us; so regarded as a part—and a very essential part—of our social organisation; so completely do they meet a requirement of our time and habits,—that I cannot but think they should be regarded as constituting a profession, like law, medicine, or divinity. Their preparatory education is to the full as costly, and the field on which they exercise is wide as the world itself; and why, in this age of taxation, Chancellors of the Exchequer do not make them pay for a licence to practise, is more than I can explain.

I come now to the chronic form; and, like all chronic cases, they are neither pleasant to treat nor very rewarding in the issue.

The chronic *pique-assiette* has no qualities of agreeability or companionship. He is not pleasant, not witty, not amusing in any way. Thus you rarely find him in cities. But where is the country house without one of his species? He would be a parasite if he had brains for it; being a dullard, he is simply a hanger-on. You ask, Why is he there? No one can tell you; not even the host himself, who, startled

by the question, has to own that it is one he has never asked himself. Like a stage supernumerary, he knows he ought never to be a foreground figure, and so he shuffles about among the flats, and attracts as little notice as need be.

You fancy that if you should ever come to settle in that neighbourhood, nothing would induce you to admit this man among your guests; and there you are wrong: he would have his place at your board as certainly as he had his right to sit where you see him. As a rule, servants dislike him; not so much because he never "tips," but that they always suspect him to be the author of various little reforms which curb their privileges or diminish their vails, and he is believed to be less a guest than a spy in the house. Habits of self-preservation teach him a sort of discretion which some mistake for loyalty; but he has no qualities of loyalty or good faith or generosity, save with reference to himself. His theory, if he have a theory, is, "When my friends," that is his name for the public, "have got tired entertaining me, they will have to pension me by a place in the public service. They must make me the inspector of this, or a secretary to that; a consul, or a custom-house officer; unless—better, perhaps—they have an old maid in the family with five thousand pounds and a taste for matrimony." So well aware is he of the force of a vested interest, that he has no fears for the future. Other men may have casualties; one may lose his election and the post a seat in the House would have given him; another may have been smashed by an unfortunate speculation; a runaway agent, a rainy season on the indigo crop, a sudden rise in bank discounts, a fall in the price of wheat—heaven knows what! will slay their thousands, and spread dismay and misery where but yesterday there was splendour and light-heartedness. Your genuine hanger-on is

above all these casualties. Storms bring no shipwrecks to him, nor do hurricanes devastate his fields; a cold plate or a corked bottle of claret are his worst calamities—and even these can be survived; hence that marvellous equanimity that bystanders behold and envy; hence that supreme calm amidst all the convulsions of life that makes this man look like a hero where all around him are craven or distracted.

These men swim where all is shipwreck around them; not merely because they are unencumbered of all belongings, but they have no moral *impedimenta* either—they have neither hopes nor fears, regrets, affections, nor attachments.

Why the world needs, why it even tolerates, these people, is not very easy to say. What want do they supply in our moral system? What blank do they fill up in our sociality? Do they trade on the fact of their inferiority, ministering, as it does, to the pride of every other man who measures himself with them? Do they rely on getting through life the way men trust to force their way into the pit of a theatre on a crowded night, and gain a place without paying for it?

Have they a mission? and if so, What is it? If any one will tell me I shall be more deeply grateful than ever I have felt before for the solution of a riddle.

WRITING TO THE PAPERS.

Will any one tell me whether it be a sign of the tyranny that public opinion exercises amongst us, or an evidence of some abnormal irritability characteristic of our age, that we can scarcely open a newspaper without reading a complaint or a disclaimer of one sort or another? Now it is a member of Parliament, who begs to assure the world that when "he alluded to cruelties at Drumshambo, he did not refer to Central Africa, but to the county Leitrim, which is in Ireland." Now it is an archdeacon, who desires to record that "he did not, in his sermon before the judges, deny the existence of a God, though the uninterrupted course of late legislation in Parliament, and the downfall of a sister Church, had disposed many weak-minded Christians to question the dogma of providential supervision."

Last week we had a letter from a money-lender, to deny that he had really charged sixty per cent—solvent creditors being, I believe, constantly accommodated at thirty or thereabouts. Snookes begs to say that the Snooks charged at Marlborough Street for indecency was not Walter B. Snookes, who lives in

Norfolk Street, Strand, and spells his name with an "e," nor is he any relative or connection of the above; and Matilda Y—— is anxious to inform a large circle of friends that she is not the Matilda Y—— who vouches for having taken eight boxes of the Widow Welch's pills and found herself much the better after.

As for the people who were at her Majesty's reception at the Palace Gardens, and whose names were not given in the list—or the parsons who attended the levee at Lambeth, and who were omitted to be mentioned by the reporter—they are legion; but what is still more amusing is the pains taken by the stupidest men in creation to disclaim having written something that has attracted universal admiration. I am sure I knew a dozen men who were wretched at the imputation of having written *Eothen*; and there are some scores who are hoarse in assuring the world that they are not the authors of the *Vestiges of Creation*, or the Talmud article in the *Quarterly*. The self-flattery of these people is palpable enough. They will not see the absurdity of the implied pre-

tension ; they are blind to the fact that they are in themselves, in their lives, their natures, their daily doings and sayings, a standing protest against everything that smacks of ability, and that to deny they have done something clever is like the declaration of a lame cripple that he is not an acrobat.

Why, I ask, must we have the columns of our newspapers filled with these disclaimers ? Why must we be bored by the personal pretension of people who fancy that they hold in the world the same place that they occupy in their own esteem ? The question at once arises, Have we, has the nation, become so small that it is matter of importance to know why Mr Jones was kicked, and who kicked him ?

The inference is, that there are people who interest themselves about Mr Jones, and would like to learn where he got kicked, and why. But surely this is not a fair picture of our social condition, or one on which we would like to risk the judgment of posterity : we are not really so small, so microscopic, as all this.

There are men of mark amongst us, of whom we naturally are eager to hear, and of whose lives even gossip is not without value ; but of the masses of that ignoble herd whose lives prove nothing beyond the fact of existence, why do we need to hear that they have been here and not there ; that they did this and not that ; and that it is only in deference to the urgent entreaties of friends they have reluctantly consented to assure the world they have not supplied Dickens with his choicest humour, and given Landseer the original conceptions of his best pictures ? That the bungling speaker who managed to confuse himself into half-a-dozen contradictions in the House, should like to lay the blame on the reporter, is perhaps natural enough. He might well feel shocked at his appearance in print, and shudder at the thought

of what his constituency would think of him. Let him disclaim them by all means ; let him tell the world that when he said black he not only meant white, but that he cannot understand the spirit which could have mistaken his intention as anything short of malevolence—and he is vain enough to believe that the whole course of his public life will corroborate his claim to be interpreted as he demands.

There is something so attractive to certain men in a mere momentary publicity, that I believe they would rather figure in a police report than pass on with the obscurity of common folk ; and I am fully convinced that many a man has been consoled for the consequences of a moderate railroad accident, a shock and a shaking, by the subsequent delight of a letter to the *Times*. Of the enjoyment felt by those who record the time they were delayed at Chester, or how many minutes they were behind time at Croydon, let the *Daily Telegraph* speak. It is all very well to talk of redressing grievances, and bringing public opinion to bear on this, that, and the other ; but Jones rushes into print really to display Jones ; he writes to show Brown and Robinson that he has got access to the *'Tiser*, and that his parts of speech are thought worthy of the world's attention. For my own part, I think all this is very dreary literature ; and from the young men who are anxious to explain why they do not marry on fifty pounds a-year, to the young ladies who lament over the selfish habits of their brothers, I deem them very insufferable bores.

The habit leads to a querulous tone of discontent amongst us that is painfully evident in all our social relations. This is sufficiently remarkable to be the comment that intelligent foreigners commonly pass upon our manners. They constantly remark that there are

few people who have so little to complain of as Englishmen ; there are none so prone to grumble.

This taste of public complaint is little other than a perpetual menace of Lynch law, which argues very little for our civilisation ; and one of the results is, that we educate our masses to believe that they are wiser than their rulers ; and thus we see that all the solemn investigation of a criminal trial disappears before the force of a popular current of opinion started by a writer in a newspaper, a journalist gravelled

for lack of interesting news, and tired out with a long session and a hot season.

If these people must write, let there be a paper devoted to popular grumbings, so that he who loves grievances shall know where to look for them, and he who eschews the literature of lamentation may be able to escape it. Surely the events of our time are more interesting reading than petty rectifications or insignificant complaints, and leave more profitable matter for memory behind them.

DIPLOMATIC SALARIES.

There are few questions which call forth the British economical reformer in a more conspicuous character than a debate on Diplomatic Salaries. Excepting archbishops, I know of no class which conciliate less popular sympathy than ambassadors. They are supposed to be arrogant, supercilious, indolent, and overpaid : men who fare sumptuously every day, and whose delight it is to lord it over their countrymen abroad—reserving what they may possess of courtesy for their colleagues, or the Court to which they are accredited. If a little truth might be permitted on a subject so fully decided by popular acclamation, one might hint—of course, in all humility—that in the whole course of official life there are few men at home who, as heads of departments, contribute so much of honest labour to the State as these supposed voluptuaries of pleasure and indolence.

As to the personal qualities and capacities of the greater number of those who hold chief rank in our diplomacy, I have no hesitation in asserting that no State of Europe is more ably served than our own ; and if it were not from a reserve, which I need not stop to justify, I could quote names here of men who have done more to uphold British influence abroad, and impress

foreigners with high notions of British honour, and British truthfulness, than all the discussions on ways and means would do if Hansard were published in polyglot. Honourable gentlemen, however, who have travelled on the Continent, and by some mischance have not partaken, as they might or ought to have done, of ambassadorial attentions—whose wives and daughters have not danced at legations, or been fêted at Ministerial receptions—come home brimful of reductionary projects. It is a fine thing when a man can be personal and patriotic at the same time. There are not many occasions in life in which you can assail the man's income who has not asked you to dinner, and it is rare to find an opportunity of showing that he who has the privilege to rise in the House has also the right to sit down at the table.

There is a story told of a former Minister of ours at Brussels,—I don't see why I should not name him—Sir Robert Adair,—which is worth reviving.

Amongst the names on his visiting book, he one day chanced to see that of Joseph Hume, the well-known economical reformer, who, passing through Belgium, had called at the Legation, with a reasonably grounded expectation of official attentions.

Sir Robert's dinners had a wide reputation. An admirable cook, and an exquisite cellar, had given the English Legation a European fame; and it was said that Mr Hume was one of those who are in no wise insensible to such excellences. Indeed a junior member of the Legation had heard, and reported to his chief, that Joseph delayed his departure to enable him to pronounce on the fare of the Legation. Sir Robert, highly indignant at the paltry reductions so pertinaciously moved in official salaries, and belonging to that old Whig party whose creed was, that there was a class which should never be subjected to vulgar discussion and popular opinion, was very adverse to any attention to the chief leader of these assailants: at last, however, he gave in, and sent Mr Hume an invitation to dinner.

Mr Hume came, doubtless brimful of expectation as to the exquisite character of the banquet that awaited him. He had heard marvellous stories of the delicacies for which land and sea were ransacked, and of vintages which only royal cellars could rival. What was then his disgust to be served with a weak *potage* and a glass of third-rate sherry, followed by a leg of mutton and light Bordeaux, the whole closing with a chicken and some salad,—Sir Robert apologising, in all humility, for the fare by saying, "You see, sir, what these d——d Radicals have brought us to, with their reductions! A little more of this, and we shall come to a prison dietary, with some pudding, perhaps, for a Sunday."

A very mistaken estimate of the cost of living abroad prevails amongst Englishmen generally; and the tourist is prone to believe the continent a cheap place. If, however, instead of travelling as one of "Cook's savages," he were to inquire into the expenses of a domicile abroad; of house-rent, say at Paris or Vienna, the keep of equipage, and the cost of servants, he would be

astonished to find that London was among the cheap capitals of Europe.

In this age of contract and tender, there is no doubt, by the aid of suitable advertisements, you might find it possible to get a man who would undertake the embassy at Paris for less than we pay Lord Lyons. It is not improbable, too, that some one with business to do at Washington, might bestow some spare time for the Alabama question at less cost than we now maintain Mr Thornton there. Indeed I see no reason why F. O. should not borrow from a brother department, and—as the system of a roving squadron supersedes stationary fleets—by a sort of *diplomatie ambulante* replace all our resident Ministers,—a travelling van being constructed to carry all the staff, the chaplain, and the archives; for the due conveyance of which we might contract with the railroads.

If it were necessary to make the advent of the ambassador imposing, like that of the judge on his assize, a procession could be formed by resident British functionaries, consuls and vice-consuls acting as pursuivants and javelin-men.

In all this late economical fervour it was amusing to see how the temper of the time was reflected. The question was, how to cut down diplomatic salaries; and it ended in reducing the chaplain at Paris! I do hope the nation feels relieved by that act of disendowment, and sensibly better by the saving of that three hundred a-year. When I read in my *Times* that Mr Rylands was obstinate or obdurate, and would not stand that chaplain, I own I envied him, and thought to myself what a grand thing it was to be a Parliament man, who, though not of force like a great Minister to disendow a church, could still reduce a chaplain, and better the British taxpayer by about a farthing for every thirty-eight thousand of the population. For my own part, I think if I had had a place in the collective wisdom I would have borne in

mind those plausible advertisements we read daily, where the man who "drives a chaise professes to know a little of gardening, can wait at table," and so on; and I would have suggested that the comparatively not overworked member of an embassy, called the military *attaché*, might be made to read prayers on Sundays, and, as the newspapers say, "make himself generally useful." True economy consists not in doing without certain requirements, but in having them without increased cost. Any one can cut off a chaplain; the great thing is to have the chaplain's services, and be nothing the poorer. I do not suppose a sermon would be insisted on, but if it were, these gentlemen might surely acquit themselves as creditably as many in orders.

That Sir Hamilton Seymour's declaration, "that a diplomatist's chief duty consists in giving good dinners," should be quoted as a sneer at his craft, is simply another instance, amongst many, of the ill-fortune that attends an epigrammatic or a witty man when quoted by a dullard.

It is clear enough that Sir Hamilton meant to lay stress on the enlarged influence wielded by one who knew how to exercise a splendid and graceful hospitality; nor could any one speak more *du droit* on such a subject. His unhappy critic, however, took him in a most literal nakedness, and would transfer to the cook what had been accomplished by the conversation. If my distinguished friend—and I am very proud I may call him so—should entertain many such guests as this commentator, I suspect he will limit the style of his conversation to a very unadorned excellence, seldom venture on an illustration, and never a joke.

It is somewhat hard, that do what he may, the British Ambassador or Minister contents nobody. If he shut his doors, and live a retired and simple life, he is denounced as a curmudgeon and a miser; and

Publicola or Brutus writes to the *Times* to know why is the nation to be disgraced through its representative? If he is a man of display and princely habits, the British tax-payer is appealed to, and asked if it be any satisfaction to him to learn that his hard-earned savings are gone to maintain a more than royal state at Paris or Vienna?

Of all the things John Bull pays for, there is not one of which he knows less, or takes a fainter interest in, than Diplomacy. In his rough judgment it is a sham; and he has only to hear it is a costly sham to accord it scant favour. He knows nothing of what these men do, or what, as Sir Henry Bulwer very astutely put it, "they prevent being done;" for in reality it is to their watchfulness, their foresight, and their promptitude in detecting intended mischief, that a nation often owes its security; and that peace we pray for weekly is more continually the care of these men than of all the venerable Bench who implore it from carved stalls in cathedrals.

As roasted fowls appearing at a *table d'hôte* dinner apprise you that the feast is drawing to a close, so in the same way may you argue, when Parliament takes to cutting down diplomatic estimates, that the session is nigh its end. It would seem as though this last flicker of energy was reserved for those whom the proverb tells us "*ont toujours tort*."

For my own part, I think of Diplomacy pretty much as I do of horse-racing; and though I am fully persuaded we do not improve the general breed of our cattle by cultivating Derby winners, we succeed in obtaining a very perfect specimen of equine excellence. And when we see England represented abroad by a man who unites the close reasoning powers of an equity barrister, the facility of expression and the brilliancy of a great essayist, with the polish of a consummate courtier, I do own I'd listen more patiently to a little self-gratu-

lation at home over our good fortune in possessing him, than I would read a motion in Parliament to reduce his accommodation and place his establishment on half-pay.

Perhaps I may be told, The nation does not want these any more than they want racers; that all this

stride and speed are unnecessary to the daily routine of our lives; that something slower would suit our habits better and cost us less to provide. I have not a word to say against this. Let us try our donkeys by all means; they'll certainly be cheaper!

AUSTRIA & CO.

Picture to your mind the condition of England, if, after being worried so many years by Irish disaffection, harassed by incessant complaint, and half heart-broken by continual failure, she were at last to hand over the government of the empire to a clique of very ambitious and self-opinionated Irishmen, and while there was nominally and ostensibly a Prime Minister and a Cabinet in England, yet that the real power of the State was centred in—let us say, by way of example—Sir John Gray or Mr Maguire. Imagine that in all the complications of England with foreign countries—her treaties of peace, her tariffs, and her various international compacts—Ireland, a purely agricultural country, which had little or no interest in manufacturing products or the new material that promoted them—who cared nothing whatever for the state of Europe nor for its internal arrangement—Ireland alone anxious for Irish prosperity, and merely submitting to union with England so long as she could make England subsidiary to Irish interests—imagine, I say, Ireland having in the chief direction of affairs Sir John Gray, overruling Mr Gladstone, and dictating to him what language should be held at Constantinople, what measures should be taken in India, how much money we should pay for Alabama claims, and what reductions might be made in the sea and land forces of the empire.

Imagine, besides all this—imagine that Ireland, not content with the control of the whole empire, with

overbearing English interests and affronting English ideas, should assert the claim of Dublin to be the capital of the United Kingdom on terms of equality with London, and oblige the Queen to hold Court there with a degree of ostentation and splendour that might possibly wound the pride of the greater city; and last of all, imagine that, unsated by all these evidences of supremacy, Ireland should insist on having her national flag—her harp and shamrock—displayed in contradistinction to the flag of England, so that foreign nations should see that her autonomy was secured, and that, while consenting to be a partner with England, she merged none of her individuality in the larger country—that, in fact, the Union was a compact which she held to so long as she herself guided the destinies of both, but was quite ready to abandon if her control was disputed or her dictation disallowed. To make the parallel complete, let us suppose a meeting of the Irish Parliament, where a member in his native language should devote two hours to a bitter attack on the Prime Minister, who, being ignorant of the Irish language, had to sit patiently under the gibes and impertinences of his assailant,—and then you have a picture of what Baron Beust endured but a few days ago, where the only relief to the *ennui* of his position was in hearing, from a colleague on the bench beside him, occasional scraps—in translation—of that abuse at which the whole House was laughing loudly.

Picture all this to your mind, filling in the minor details, what would be the natural consequences, the distracting and contradictory counsels that would prevail in a Cabinet hampered with responsibility, but unsupported by power; the uncertainty of a nation that could know nothing of whither it was going; who saw its influence hourly diminishing, and its greatness gradually in decline; who, thoroughly aware that perils menaced it from without, possessed no security within by which to meet them; and who, last of all, pined under the conscious wrong that a more cultivated and advanced race had been superseded in the direction of affairs by a semi-barbarous and turbulent people, new to government—almost new to civilisation. Fancy all this, with its more flagrant effects, and in its strongest colours, and you have Austria, under the nominal rule of Baron Beust, but really governed, directed, and dominated by Hungary and a few Hungarians. This is that splendid "Dualism" over which our Liberal newspapers sing pæans, and whose achievements furnish the daily topics of "our Own Correspondents."

England's necessity, urged O'Connell, is Ireland's opportunity; and so was the disastrous campaign of the last Prussian war the necessity which placed Austria in the hands of Hungary. The peace of Prague was the triumph of the Deak party. Austria had ceased to be German, and had got nothing in exchange! Now I am far from wanting to lavish praise on the old Austria of the Metternich days, which, however pleasant to live in, was politically a mere network of intrigue and police "espionage." There was a little of every species of misgovernment in that period which has ever existed since the world began. There was much corruption, widespread distrust, and unlimited ignorance; but, strangely enough, there was little injustice,

less tyranny, and no discontent at all.

The Austrian nature has a great many amiable and attaching qualities. It is kindly, it is compassionate, it abhors cruelty, and has a wide sympathy with all "the affections of the family." No measures of severity are needed to rule these people, and none were resorted to; and there ran through this, the most aristocratic of all European nations, a curious current of democracy, that, without invading the social distinctions of class, made the *Bauer* feel that he was in some things the equal of the prince, and that the tie of country implied a kindred that linked all gradations together. In that bygone institution, the *Kreishauptmann*—an officer whose especial duty it was to protect the poor man and assert his rights when invaded by wealth or power—we see how carefully the State provided for the casualties of a system which boasted to be "parental" in all its dealings. Of the Austria of that day Hungary formed a part—as did Bohemia, Galicia, and those Slavac countries which lie to the south and east of the empire—but no more thought of assuming any pre-eminence than does Carinthia now, or Dalmatia. That Hungary should pretend to an independent existence might seem not unreasonable: she had a national history, institutions, and, above all, a language, to back up these claims; but that she should succeed in being the guiding element of the empire—that she should dictate to Austria her policy within her frontiers and without them—is something scarcely short of incredible, and yet this is now the real condition of the empire.

Baron Beust sees and knows, as every one sees and knows, that to prevent the Prussianising of all Germany there is but one possible remedy—a South German Confederation, to which Bavaria and Württemberg must contribute the initiation, and on which the German

provinces of Austria might rely. The Hungarians, who perceive in this scheme the foundation of an Austrian influence in Germany, resent it at once, as something which will militate against their own supremacy. A weak Austria, with them, means a strong Hungary; and they make no hesitation of declaring that all their sympathies go with Prussia as regards German annexation, and that their best wishes attend Count Bismarck in his intentions of aggression beyond the Main.

To stamp out the German element of Austria—to obliterate all that gave her culture, that supplied generals to her armies and statesmen to her councils—this is now “the Hungarian idea;” and as the Hun, with all his boastfulness, does not really feel himself the equal of those who guide the destinies of Western Europe, his remedy is to push the empire eastward, where his own dominance will seem less disproportionate and less unequal to the exigencies of modern civilisation. It cannot be denied that Austria has become, since the disastrous days of Sadowa, a reformed country—that she has acquired liberties which probably no prosperity would ever have conceded to her—and that in press freedom, trial by jury, and the abrogation of the concordat with Rome, she has placed herself on a level with the freest lands of Europe. The Hungarians claim the merit of all these, but I cannot think fairly. In their assertion of liberty there was nothing more conspicuous than their selfishness. It was all for Hungary; and whatever struggles the Bohemian, the Galician, the Illyrian, or the Croat might make for equal privileges, Hungary lent them no sympathy, no aid.

Of the internal difficulties with which Austria has to deal—difficulties to which questions of race impart a degree of bitterness scarcely credible—her local newspapers are

filled. To-day it is Prague—yesterday it was Agram—was the battleground of contesting nationalities. It is, however, the emergencies occurring beyond her frontier—the threatening notes that come over the Rhine or up the Danube—these are the formidable casualties which menace Austria, who is no longer free to contract an alliance or cement a friendship without the concurrence of Hungary. Fancy England arrested in her action on the outbreak of the Crimean war by Ireland declaring that she had no quarrel with Russia, that she rather liked the Emperor Nicholas, and, on the whole, had no objection to see the Cossacks bivouac along the Bosphorus! It is but a few days ago a Hungarian journalist held language not unlike this about Prussia—language not easy to stomach by those who remember Königsgratz, and long to avenge it.

That Austria's real benefit would be in a complete neutrality there is no doubt, if neutrality were possible; but, above all, it should not be a forced neutrality, an abstention imposed on her by disaffection within her frontier, a command enforced by a menace of dismemberment. And such is now the state of feeling, that it would scarcely be possible to predict the question which would unite the great forces of the empire, and send an Austrian army into the field with the God-speed of the whole nation.

This is the Dualism which Baron Beust has created, and is called on to maintain and conduct to a happy conclusion; and although statesmanship in England and in France cannot be said to sleep on roses, I suspect the Minister at the Hoff Burg has a weightier charge and a more difficult game to play than any of his colleagues at Westminster or the Elysée. There is no harm in wishing him the old prayer of our State trials, “May God give him a good deliverance!”

THE WINDING UP.

It is not our intention to pass elaborately in review either the work of the Session which has recently come to a close, or the Queen's Speech, which sent the Peers and Commons of England away to their autumnal recreations. Both tasks have been performed fully, and, on the whole, with tolerable impartiality, by our contemporaries of the daily and weekly press. The arrogance of Mr Gladstone has been praised or censured according to the views taken by his critics of the policy which he is pursuing; in no single instance has it been either ignored or denied. The subserviency of the House of Commons to its master's dictates is duly registered, approvingly or disapprovingly as the case may be. With perfect fitness the House itself has been described as consisting mainly of elderly gentlemen rich in everything except brains; and the exploits of the more prominent of its secondary members, so far as they have been noticed at all, are estimated at their proper value. Thus Mr Goschen, we are told, displayed laudable industry and knowledge in the business of his department—rather faint praise, we should have thought, to come to the share of Lord Russell's pet *protégé*; while Mr Forster, on whom the largest share of official work in the House of Commons fell, "proved himself one of the most useful members of the Government," by doing something or another very imperfectly. He brought forward a measure which was received with general approbation, and then prudently postponed a portion of his comprehensive scheme—a mode of procedure which, though original, is not, it appears, under the circumstances, to be regretted, because the power of interfering with the endowment of particular schools may be more safely intrusted to a Com-

mittee of the House than to her Majesty's Government. Again, what Mr Disraeli was prevented from doing in the matter of a Cattle Plague Bill last year, "by the uncompromising pertinacity of a few opponents," Mr Gladstone achieved this year with perfect ease, the House having become convinced, under his judicious management, that it is best in all cases "to delegate to official departments the details of legislation." All this is indeed very edifying. To be sure, not even by these means are we guarded from the misfortune of having either bad Bills foisted upon us or good Bills so drawn as to be unintelligible. Thus the Bankruptcy Bill, which "was carried with great energy and ability by the Attorney-General," is admitted to be neither more nor less than "an Act for enabling the Lord Chancellor and the Chief Justice to enact a Bankruptcy Law." That, however, is of no great consequence. The Lord Chancellor and the Chief Justice between them are, we make no doubt, better qualified to enact a good bankruptcy law than the House of Commons. The task of doing so is therefore wisely left to them, and we daresay that they will accomplish it effectually. But what are we to think of a House of Commons which declines to put any check whatever on the levying and expenditure of public money, or so much as to inquire, first, whether it be honest to overtax the people by a sort of side-wind? and next, whether the proposed outlay in the two most costly of all our public departments gives us any assurance that the country shall possess either an efficient army or a competent fleet? It is very well to say that "the country is, consciously or unconsciously, waiting, not without incurring a certain risk, to learn whether Continental nations will permanently

maintain their monstrous armaments." The country is doing nothing of the sort. It needs, and has a right to demand, and does demand daily, in every private circle and through the press, that its Ministers of War and Marine shall lay upon it no heavier burden than is absolutely necessary, while at the same time they place it beyond the risk of a sudden disaster. But the House of Commons, not being the country, but, as now constituted, the obedient humble servant of the Minister, and nothing more, votes whatever sums the Minister may require; and affirms his arrangements, be they what they may, without criticism. "In consequence, perhaps, of the death or retirement from the House of some active members of the profession, there were no occasional debates on naval affairs;" while in regard to military matters, all that we may comfort ourselves with amounts to this, that "Mr Cardwell's plan may perhaps furnish a palliative to a military weakness which cannot be regarded with satisfaction." Now we object decidedly, and so does the country, to such dereliction of duty as this. We choose our representatives, and send them to the House of Commons, principally that they may take care that the public revenues are justly raised and wisely expended; and it is no consolation to be told that, owing to the death or retirement of some active members of the two professions, the wants both of the army and navy are neglected, and the abuses of the service and the misdeeds of the Admiralty but faintly denounced. Neither can we reconcile ourselves to the prospect of being obliged to pay, in the course of 1870, five instead of four quarters, both of assessed and income tax. Mr Lowe is, we admit, a very clever man, and very amusing in the enunciation of paradoxes. We can enjoy his fun so long as it goes no further than an attempt to demonstrate that four and five are

convertible terms; but we object to be experimented upon, either by the tax-gatherer or the Master of the Mint, in order to show that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was in sober earnest all the time we believed him to be joking.

Looking, then, to all the great purposes for which the people choose their representatives, and send them to Parliament, we feel ourselves bound to say of the present House of Commons, that it has proved an absolute failure. It has applied no pressure at all to the Government with a view either to ease the people's burdens or to put the country in a defensible state, with all the nations of the Continent confronting us, and armed to the teeth. It has made no move to arrest that spirit of alienation between the mother country and the most important of her recent offshoots, which, if it go on embittering itself only a few years longer, must lead to the premature separation of the one from the other. It has heard with indifference of the steady growth of pauperism through the decay of trade in all our great towns, without taking any step to apply to the disease the single remedy which cannot fail of proving successful. With millions of acres of excellent land lying waste in the colonies, no plan is proposed of systematic emigration, nor any vote taken for carrying into effect arrangements which would prove of priceless value both to the colonies and to the mother country. Even with the baneful influence of the Trades-Unions, to which the prevailing distress is in great measure to be attributed, the House of Commons refuses to interfere—doubtless because in this, as in other matters, it has learned "to delegate to official departments the details of legislation." What, then, has it done? Passed the Assessed Taxes Bill, which, while it deprives many a local collector of his bread, thimblerys the community

out of a quarter's taxes, and makes us pay in advance, at the most inconvenient season of the year, what has heretofore been spread over many months. And positively this is all, with one great exception yet to be noticed. For the Bankruptcy Bill is, though nominally law, exactly what two great legal functionaries may choose to make it; the Endowed Schools Bill ends at its most important clauses by a convenient reference to a Committee of the House; and the Cattle Importation Bill, however much the Government and the House may pride themselves on having passed it, is only a bad edition of the very same measure which the late House of Commons, sustained by the present Ministers, managed to reject.

All this, however, we shall be told, is beside the purpose. The present House of Commons was elected on a particular understanding, and for a special purpose. "The abolition of the Irish Establishment, and the instruments by which the work was to be performed," were the great ends proposed to the constituencies; and both were determined at the general election, and by the subsequent accession of Mr Gladstone and his colleagues to office. Now we beg most distinctly and pointedly to reject this proposition as inaccurate. The statement is indeed made—that we know well—by every Liberal writer that handles a pen, and every Liberal speaker that addresses a public body; but, begging these gentlemen's pardon, the statement is not one whit the more true on that account. It serves the purpose of Liberal writers and of a majority of the House, which has really no such independent rôle before it, to reiterate what they all equally know to be incorrect, and they must forgive us if we meet the assertion by a counter-assertion, and by giving some reason for the faith that is in us. Nor is it exclu-

sively, we regret to say, by Liberals, half-ashamed of their own subserviency, yet incapable of breaking loose from the chain which galls them, that this baseless assertion is hazarded. There are those among the Tories, and they high in position too, who take up and repeat the cry, finding in it, we presume, some small measure of consolation under the disappointment in regard to the working of their own measure of reform which has overtaken them. Yet there needs only a candid reference, not only to the speeches spoken at the time of the general election, but to the course actually pursued in legislating on this very Irish Church question, to prove how far from the truth the assumed axiom lies. The real point to be determined by the electors was, Whether they would have Mr Gladstone or Mr Disraeli to guide the counsels of the nation? They were, as we think, unwise enough to prefer Mr Gladstone, and, entertaining this misplaced confidence, they gave him his majority.

Referring for the correctness of this view of the case, so far as hustings' professions are concerned, to the files of any of the leading newspapers—of the *Times*, for example, or the *Standard*—we beg our readers to ask themselves the question, Whether the conduct of the House has not been such, since it met, as can be accounted for on no other principle? Allow that the Irish policy of the present Ministry, as shadowed out last Session, had something—perhaps a good deal—to say in determining the choice of their representatives by the electors. What then? The policy actually pursued was, in almost all its details, so different from that laid down beforehand, especially by Mr Gladstone in South Lancashire, that it is impossible to conceive how any honourable man, feeling himself pledged even virtually to sustain the one, could have supported the Minister in carrying the other, at all events in its integrity.

The declaration of the Minister yet *in posse* amounted to this, that for the sake of peace the connection between the Church and the State must cease in Ireland. It must cease, also, by a process for which, in the history of these ancient kingdoms, there was no precedent. He did not propose to do, as was done in Scotland two centuries ago, depose one Established Church in order to set up another in its stead. No: his object was to put an end to the rivalries which had heretofore prevailed between the Protestant and Romish Churches; and the one effectual means of so doing appeared to him to consist in getting rid of a religious establishment in Ireland altogether. And this could best be done by the confiscation of just so much of the property of the Protestant Church as had come to her from the State; while, in order to show that he nourished no *arrière pensée*, he pledged himself that of the plunder so acquired not a shilling should go towards the sustenance of any other religious body. As to private endowments, with these he had no intention to interfere. Nay, so tender was he of the feelings of individuals, so full of love and regard for the institution which it had become his stern duty to overthrow, that he undertook to secure to the clergy for ever the undisturbed possession of their churches, their glebes, and glebe-houses, even though holding to the opinion that to the State the Church, as a corporate body, was somehow or another indebted for these benefices. Thus making it appear that after all his measure was not a cruel one—or if cruel, only cruel so far as necessity required—he won the assent of the constituencies to an arrangement which should take away from the Establishment, indeed, its political status, but could not deprive it of more, certainly, than one-fourth or one-fifth of the revenues heretofore possessed by it. Indeed he went further. He assured the country

that any proceeding more harsh than this would be distasteful to the Roman Catholics themselves, and, if we mistake not, referred to Mr Bright's celebrated letter as showing that not even by that champion of religious equality were sterner proceedings thought of or desired.

Such were the assurances given at the hustings, such the Irish policy of which both constituencies and members were understood to approve. What followed when Parliament met? A measure of sheer and absolute spoliation,—not one word inserted in the Bill to retain a fixed portion of the Church's property for the benefit of future generations—not one word about leaving to the clergy the undisturbed possession of their glebes and glebe-houses. On the contrary, glebe-houses were to be retained only on paying a price for them. An arbitrary line was drawn also, so as to put out of the category of private endowments lands and tithes acquired from prelates and princes long after the Church had abjured the errors of Popery, and become in doctrine and discipline what she now is. Finally, arrangements were made for relieving the general taxation of the country from the burthen heretofore thrown upon it in maintaining the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, and paying to the Presbyterian clergy the small annual stipend which from the period of the Revolution they had received from the State, by devoting to these purposes no inconsiderable sum out of the property of which the disestablished Church was deprived.

We must ask our readers to forgive us for thus bringing back to their recollection facts which have been stated over and over again, and defy contradiction. It was necessary to recapitulate thus far, in order to place in fair contrast the actual proceedings of Mr Gladstone's majority, with the purpose for which

it is alleged that they came together. What was that purpose? Did the gentlemen composing the majority come together mainly with a view to affirm Mr Gladstone's Irish policy as it had been explained to them at the hustings? Did they not, on the contrary, go to Parliament pledged to support Mr Gladstone in any measure on any subject which it might suit him to bring forward? If the former question be answered in the affirmative, another immediately follows: What similitude is there between the promise and the performance? If the latter, what becomes of the axiom, so often repeated, that it was to disestablish the Irish Church, not to bring Mr Gladstone in and drive Mr Disraeli out, that an enormous majority of the constituencies voted? But this is not all. There never was a Session, since Parliaments first came into existence, in which a House of Commons so entirely and continually stultified itself at the bidding of a Minister. The admirable discipline that prevailed in the Liberal ranks—what was it but the obedience of slaves to their master? The compulsory silence of not a few in whom the fire burned, but who yet spake not with their tongues—what was that but the cringing of so many hounds under the glance of the whipper-in? And more remarkable still: the promptitude with which, as the leader changed, the party changed—refusing to-day what he refused, granting the same thing to-morrow because he conceded it—was there ever conduct so little worthy of the representatives of a free people, so entirely dictated by that blind subserviency of their own judgments to the will of an able man, which in all ages, and in every state, has gone before and paved the way for the loss of public liberty?

We have done, however, for the present, with the Act disestablishing and disendowing the Irish Church. It has become the law of

the land; and, like all other laws, whether in themselves wise or unwise, it shall receive from us, and from every loyal subject of the Crown, implicit obedience, till it be repealed. That it will ever be repealed, we need hardly take the trouble to say we hold to be impossible. Enough for us if we could see any sure ground of hope that it will not prove the first of a series of laws as iniquitous and unwise as itself, landing us in a state of society of which the bare contemplation in the far distance fills us with horror.

But though, for the present, we have done with the Church Spoliation Act, we do not feel ourselves precluded from offering a few observations on the manner in which, not that measure only, but other projects of law devised by Her Majesty's Ministers, were, in the course of the late Session, pressed upon the consideration of the Legislature. It seems to us that a plan must have been deliberately arranged somewhere for transferring, with as little delay as possible, to the House of Commons all the powers of the State; and that Mr Gladstone, wittingly or unwittingly, has come under its influence. Ever since he broke away from the great Conservative party, he has evinced extraordinary impatience of the privileges of the Peers. The few checks which they ventured to impose from time to time upon his legislative measures, were in every instance resented as personal wrongs; while the earliest possible opportunity was embraced, as in the well-known case of the paper duty, of compelling them to accept what they had formerly refused. Nor was he, on such occasions, more guarded in the language which he applied to them, in the House and out of it, than angry men are wont to be when speaking of those who have offended them. Yet we should act unfairly by Mr Gladstone, and belie our own sentiments, were we not to add, that never till of late

has the suspicion crossed our minds that there was more in all this than the outburst of an uncontrollable temper. It is not safe, however—it is decidedly imprudent—in a man holding Mr Gladstone's place in society, to let his temper hurry him into acts and words which are calculated to mislead others. The habit of speaking disrespectfully of privilege, and still more of privileged classes, is very contagious. And when men indulge, without restraint, in disrespectful language in such cases, they are not far removed from invading the privileges which they affect to despise. Now we are not so foolish as to suppose that men like Mr Bright are in the most remote degree acted upon by what they see others do and hear others say. But weaker persons, such as the present Solicitor-General, are very apt to form their own principles on what they know or believe to be the opinions of their betters; and the ruck of a political party, especially such a party as has lifted Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright into office, and keeps them there, is sure to carry to excess the prejudices of their leaders. Observe what immediately follows from all this, as well as its more remote, though probably not very distant, consequences; and take a few examples.

Mr Gladstone could not be ignorant that to his Church Spoliation measure, as originally proposed in the House of Commons, a determined resistance would be offered in the House of Lords. All the advice which was freely tendered to him through the newspapers on that head must, moreover, have served his purpose little. He knew from the first that the idea of creating Peers enough to force the Bill through a recalcitrant Chamber, was mere silliness. A hundred fresh creations would have hardly sufficed to turn the scale in his favour, while the introduction of a hundred Brummagem Peers into the House of Lords would have

caused, in all probability, the transfer of as many of the Peers of a few years' standing from the Ministerial to the Opposition benches. The knowledge of these facts did not, however, so operate as to make Mr Gladstone either withhold his measure, or so arrange it, in the first instance, as to disarm, at least in part, the hostility of which he was aware. There would have been no imputation on either his wisdom or his courage had he adopted the latter of these two courses. On great constitutional questions, which lie far apart from the province of Party, a wise statesman, bent on doing as little hurt as possible to the established institutions of the country, is as eager to conciliate his rivals as to secure the allegiance of his friends. The legislative union with Ireland was not brought about without a secret understanding between the more moderate and the wisest on both sides. Just a century before, Scotland was, by a like process, prevailed upon to merge her distinct nationality in that of Great Britain. But Mr Gladstone turned aside from such a course as this. His tone, on the contrary, was defiant throughout; and up to the House of Lords his Bill went with this modest hint, well-wrapped up, indeed, yet perfectly intelligible—Reject it if you dare!

Mr Gladstone's tone was fully appreciated by his Solicitor-General, who had his Bill also before the House of Commons; and which, being accepted there, awaited, like the greater measure, its rejection or acceptance in the House of Lords. Sir John Coleridge's measure, as we need scarcely stop to remind our readers, dealt with the system of government, and, permissively at least, with the endowments of the University and Colleges of Oxford. On the whole, it was a very harmless measure. Had it not formed one of a group, the obvious design of which is to sap by degrees

the connection between Church and State in England, no Tory, who understands why he is a Tory, would vote or speak against it. But it came up to the Lords at an unfortunate moment. It was beset and surrounded by unhappy associations; and the Lords, after permitting it to advance a good way towards acceptance, finally threw it out. Immediately the law officer got upon his high horse. Mr Gladstone had spoken contemptuously of the Lords for presuming to interfere with his Budget. Why should not Sir John Coleridge make their lordships understand that he also held them in something more than contempt, and was biding his time to let them know it? Sir John Coleridge acted in all this like a very silly and flippant young lawyer; but what was his chief about? Why did Mr Gladstone allow one of his subordinates so to express himself in the House of Commons as that the words, if seriously taken up in another place, must have brought about a conference anything but friendly between the two Houses? Because Mr Gladstone was then smarting under his own sense of wrong, and did not care how soon or upon what ground the difference between the two Houses might arise.

Meanwhile the Lords were giving to the great measure of the Session the attention which it deserved. They were, at the same time, commanding the admiration even of their enemies by the eloquence and perfect knowledge of the subject which they displayed at the second reading. That they arrived at a wrong conclusion their lordships are probably by this time convinced; but be the conclusion right or wrong, they had not reached it when another proof of the sentiments entertained by her Majesty's Ministers towards them as a separate branch of the Legislature was exhibited. Lord Russell, it will be remembered, brought in a Bill for enabling her Majesty to create

a certain number of life peers under conditions which promised to make the process comparatively harmless. The Bill had been read a second time, and was hung up till the great debate should terminate, when it attracted the attention of the Right Honourable the President of the Board of Trade, and was by him criticised. Writing to the chairman of a great meeting in Birmingham, and through that individual to the country at large, Mr Bright thought it not unbecoming in a member of the Cabinet to speak of the Lords as "not very wise," and of the measure which Lord Russell proposed, and his own colleagues in the House of Lords supported, as "tinkering"—an expression, perhaps, more appropriate than respectful. Now we all know what Mr Bright's opinions are. A lord is to be hated and shunned because he is a lord. They have no lords in the United States of America, and the United States of America are the greatest and best-governed nation in the world. But why was Lord Granville constrained to justify rather than apologise for such an inopportune declaration of his colleague's sentiments? Because Lord Granville is in the Cabinet a very secondary person to Mr Bright; because Mr Bright has the ear of their common chief; and, more than this, because Mr Bright will tolerate a snub from none of them, well knowing that his expulsion from the Cabinet would leave the rest without a party to sustain them. Still, with all possible respect for her Majesty's Ministers, we must take the liberty of reminding them that the Lords are an independent branch of the Legislature, and that it as little becomes the President of the Board of Trade to sneer down their authority, as it would the First Lord of the Treasury himself to speak of his Sovereign as not very wise. All these are signs of the times, pregnant with meaning. What more?

Passing over the reception awarded to the Lords' amendments of the great Bill, of which we spoke at some length in our last number, —taking no notice, except to express our regret and chagrin, of the miserable compromise into which their lordships found themselves constrained to enter—we will ask our readers to gather up as well as they can the threads of that abortive attempt at legislation which took the name of the Scotch Education Bill. For our own part, we decline to notice more than its issues. From first to last, in its theory as well as in its practice, this cant about education to which we are compelled to listen in these days, is positively nauseous to us. What do people mean by education? Is a man educated only when he can read, write, and keep accounts? Will the knowledge of the mechanical portion of these arts make him a respectable and useful member of society? Is not education necessary to render the stripling, as he grows up, a good shoemaker, a competent tailor, a handy ditcher, a skilful gardener? Education! The word stinks in our nostrils—not because we undervalue the thing, but because we hold in sovereign contempt the slang—for it is nothing better than slang—which is all that we usually get for it. Multiply schools; force people to contribute to their maintenance whether they like it or no; but be sure that you exclude from these schools everything like specific religious teaching. This is the philosophy of the day; and it stands nobly side by side with the zeal which our philosophers manifest in their eagerness to emancipate the human mind from worn-out superstitions. Our fathers held that one of the first duties of the State was to bring within the reach of the many the opportunity of learning their duty to God and man. With this view pious individuals devoted a tenth of the produce of their estates to

provide on these estates holy men who should preach Christ and His Gospel to their dependants. And in order that religious services might go on with regularity, they built churches and provided the ministers of religion with houses to dwell in. Of secular education—the arts of reading, writing, and keeping accounts—they took, perhaps, less heed. They—the laity, we mean—left this matter mainly to be cared for by the clergy; and the foundation of our great schools and colleges by prelates and priests, and the devotion of no small portion of their own time to the work, shows that, in thus trusting to the clergy, laymen leaned upon something stronger than a reed. But we have changed all that now. Down with the churches; up with the schools. Take away the endowments from the clergy; but tax the laity largely in order to multiply places where boys and girls shall learn how to read any book except the Bible, and scribble obscene and impious words on doors and walls as they pass them by.

We have long laboured under the delusion that, of all countries in the world, Scotland was, for its size and the extent of its population, the best provided with secular schools. There is a hazy recollection about us of the schoolhouse in every parish over which an educated man used to preside, where boys and girls of all stations of life, whether they were Presbyterians or Episcopalians or Roman Catholics, used to come together to be taught out of the same class-books, and afterwards to play together at the same games in perfect harmony. It strikes us that, though in these schools the Shorter Catechism was taught, no child was required to be present at such teaching if his parents objected; and that though the Bible was used as a class-book, the Romanists and Episcopalians learned out of it to read just as accurately, and with as little leaning towards dogmas of any kind, as the young

Presbyterians. We seem also to have a vague persuasion that in large towns, where the school endowments fell short, private benevolence stepped in and well supplied the void; and that, on the whole, it was an exception to the general rule if household servant, or mechanic, or ploughman, or what you will, was unable in Scotland to read, and generally to write. But a few years ago it pleased a section of the Presbyterian Church in that country to quarrel with the law of patronage, and a secession took place, which, joining its strength to that of other Seceders and Dissenters, managed to put the Established Church in something like a numerical minority. It was a bitter secession, too, this last, for it led to the setting up of denominational schools as well as denominational kirks and manses, wherein, though the self-same class-books were used, and the self-same Catechism taught, as in the parish schools, the bitterest abhorrence of the Residuary Church was systematically inculcated. And now, it seems, the founders of these schools, having become weary of paying for them, urge a Government which is known to be unfriendly to religious establishments generally, to get the burden which they wantonly imposed upon themselves transferred to the parish rates. This, in few words, is the true history of that measure which the Duke of Argyll was allowed to introduce into the House of Lords, and to which their lordships gave, as we conceive, a much larger measure of attention than it deserved. What has been the issue? Their lordships adopted the Bill, passed it at the second reading, introduced into it in Committee many valuable improvements, and sent it down to the Commons a really not bad Bill. The Commons handed the matter over to the Lord Advocate, who, in his own person, would have been well enough pleased with what the Lords gave him; but, watched and

prompted by the Scotch members—Voluntaries, or, at all events, Anti-Establishmentarians, wellnigh to a man—he took a course, we venture to say, unprecedented in legislation. Instead of submitting the Bill, as he had received it, to the House of Commons, and discussing it clause by clause, he hurried through the previous stages, got it recommitted *pro forma*, and brought it out again entirely changed. In point of fact he reversed all that the House of Lords had done, and sent back the measure to their lordships almost word for word the same that it was when first submitted to them on the motion of the Duke of Argyll. This would have been bad enough had it been all, but it was not all. The consideration of the Bill in the Commons had been put off till the Supplies were voted, the Appropriation Act passed, and the business of the Session brought to an end. Then, and not till then, the Commons played the prank of which we are speaking; and the representative of the Government in the House of Lords had the bad taste to require that within a few hours of the prorogation their lordships would agree to what he called the amendments of the Commons. A more barefaced attempt to take one of the branches of the Legislature by surprise never was made. Ten or twelve years ago it would have succeeded fully, for after these measures are past, very few Peers except the Ministers and their official adherents care to be in town. But the electric wire came into play, and before the division was called for, Peers enough hastened back to put the Government in a decided minority. The Bill was thrown out.

These incidents alone—and many more might be quoted—carry us to the obvious conclusions,—first, that a more unscrupulous, and therefore dangerous, House of Commons than the present never came together; and, next, that if legislation go on a Session or two

more in the spirit which characterised the Session just ended, the oldest among us may live long enough to see the last of the greatness and prosperity of the country. Nor have we arrived at our present deplorable condition all at once. For years past the Constitution of this great country has been put up to a sort of Dutch auction, wherein leading statesmen—as ambitious as they are able—have bid against each other for popular favour. Three years ago an extension of the franchise was the bait held out to catch the people's voices. The party which offered it failed because their rivals went further than they. This year the destruction of the Protestant Church in Ireland sufficed to reverse the scale for the moment. But can the balance hang at its present level three years, two years—one year more? We doubt whether Mr Gladstone himself—we are confident that not more than one or two of his colleagues—entertain any such idle hope. It is very well to put into the Queen's mouth a speech expressive of satisfaction with the past, and hope for the future. Ministers could not well do otherwise, considering the parts which they have just played. Yet the Queen's Speech itself, unless we read it amiss, hardly conveys to others the meaning which its authors doubtless intend it to carry. What, for example, are we to collect from such sentences as these?—

“It is the hope of her Majesty that this important measure may hereafter be remembered as a conclusive proof of the paramount anxiety of Parliament to pay reasonable regard, in legislating for each of the three kingdoms, to the special circumstances by which it may be distinguished, and to deal on principles of impartial justice with all interests and all portions of the nation.

“Her Majesty firmly trusts that the Act may promote the work of peace in Ireland, and may help to unite all classes of its people in that fraternal concord with their English and Scottish fellow-subjects which must ever form the chief source of strength to her extended empire.”

How the Act is promoting the work of peace in Ireland we need not stop to point out. The bitter tone in which Protestants speak of the wrongs they have suffered, the growing hostility between the police and the people, the attitude of the Romish hierarchy on the question of education, the spread of agrarian outrage—all these testify to the peculiarly Irish interpretation which we must put upon the phrase. But another and not less alarming idea suggests itself.

Are we, then, at the beginning of a course of legislation of which the object shall be to undo the work of the past? Is it the deliberate purpose of Parliament to break up the three united kingdoms into their component parts? Heretofore it was considered good statesmanship to get rid, as much as possible, of generic differences among us. We thought it best to have one law for the Celt and the Saxon, one Parliament to make the law for both alike, and one religious system recognised and intertwined through the Constitution which rendered the State Protestant, while at the same time it left individual citizens perfectly free to worship God as they saw fit—or not to worship God at all. Is all this to be reversed? “It is the hope of her Majesty that the destruction of the Irish Church may be hereafter remembered as a conclusive proof of the paramount anxiety of Parliament to pay reasonable regard, *in legislating for each of the three kingdoms*, to the special circumstances by which it may be distinguished.” What are we to gather from this, except that the noblemen and gentlemen who speak in her Majesty's name, and profess to deliver her Majesty's sentiments, have come to the conclusion that it is a mistake to regard England, Scotland, and Ireland as one kingdom, and that the only practicable mode of governing them is to legislate for each according to the special circumstances which distinguish it

from the other two. Now we know that one of the special circumstances which distinguish Ireland from both England and Scotland is this, that there is a bitter and universal feud between the owners and occupiers of the soil, and that nothing will content the latter except the confiscation of the estates of the landlords, and the division of the same, in what they call just proportions, among themselves. Are the Government prepared to bring in a measure next Session, "paying reasonable regard in this respect to the special circumstances of Ireland"—in other words, to the well-known wishes of the Irish people? For it is no secret now—indeed they themselves admit the fact—that the "important measure" over which these pæans are sounded had its rise in the anxiety of Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright "to pay reasonable regard to the special circumstances" and wishes of the Romish hierarchy, and through their co-operation to "dish the Tories." Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright found a House of Commons subservient enough to take their view of the case, and the priests and the two ambitious statesmen had their way. Is the nation satisfied? Are the people content? As much the reverse as can well be. Not to speak of the temper of the Orangemen, which, though wonderfully restrained, breaks out from time to time, as in the recent demonstration near Clones, we ask you to observe how rapidly and universally the cry for fresh changes has been raised elsewhere. The *Times*, true to its instincts, neither pretends to deny that the fire is burning, nor keeps back from adding fuel to the flame. On the 14th of August the Dublin correspondent of that journal delivered himself of the following characteristic announcement, in utter contravention of all that his masters had written while the battle of the Irish Church was in progress. Then it was the nation, not the

priests, which demanded deliverance from a standing insult. No priest's question, but a people's question, was involved in the point at issue, as to whether the Protestant clergy should or should not be left in undisturbed possession of their glebes and churches. Now a new light breaks in upon us, and we discover that all this was a delusion:—

"The Land question has rapidly taken the place of the Church question as a topic of public discussion, and is likely to draw out far more of the popular feeling. It is the question of the people, as the other was of the clergy, and they will enter into the agitation of it with all the earnestness and ardour which a sense of direct personal interest and not mere sentiment can inspire. The 'national' journals will throw all their influence into it, and have already begun to press into its advocacy some dangerous doctrines."

Of course they will, and the *Times*, with exceeding adroitness, will play, as indeed it has already begun to do, through its Tipperary Commissioner, into their hands. Here are a few specimens of the sort of logic to which the "national journals" are giving currency. We shall see by-and-by how far the reasoning of the *Times* correspondent falls in with it.

The *Nation*, certainly not the most violent of these journals, and tolerably consistent in its support of the present Government, speaks thus:—

"Before the discussion of this [the Land] question is even approached, the consequences of not settling it effectually must be considered—in fact, the gravity of the present crisis, as we have endeavoured to explain it, must be thoroughly appreciated. It must be remembered, in the first place, that disaffection has vital force in Ireland, not merely because it is propagated from America, but because the minds of the people have been in a state of despair of any good coming from the English Parliament, and are, in fact, just in that state in which it is most easy to excite them to desperate enterprises. No half measures, then, will do. It will be necessary that, in

the settlement of the Land question, certain principles be admitted, upon which alone a satisfactory measure can be framed. Above all, the principle with regard to land which the Irish landlords are so much in the habit of enunciating as just—that 'every man can and ought to be allowed to do what he likes with his own'—must be abandoned and thrown aside as untenable and immoral; and that other, 'the soil belongs to the whole people and not to a few alone,' must be substituted for it. Let Mr Gladstone frame his measure upon this principle, and his measure will be just and equitable, and he will have the Irish people with him; let him weigh well all the considerations involved in the question, and we doubt not that this is the principle he will find himself compelled to adopt."

The *Irishman*, more outspoken, though, in truth, not one whit more disloyal, takes higher ground. It appeals to the Irish people themselves, and doubtless knows what it is about in doing so:—

"Wherever the land has been possessed by the few, the few have ruled, and ruled for their own advantage solely. Once upon a time landlordism governed France. What France became under the blights of aristocracy and landocracy the chronicles of the French Revolution tell. But bad as was the rule of the landocracy in France before the Revolution, it never equalled in infamous cruelty the rule of the landocracy in Ireland as it is to-day, and as it has been for centuries past. The French serfs had one advantage over the Irish land-slaves. Their masters were Frenchmen, who, if they had little mercy on them, at least looked upon them as countrymen, and treated them as human beings. In Ireland, the masters of the land-slaves are foreigners; there is not a single bond of sympathy between the landlord and the land-serf. The landocracy in Ireland is the outward and visible sign of a foreign usurpation. Its mission in Ireland is to desolate the land, and to hold it in peace for the conscienceless strangers who rule us. The lands which they hold were once the property of the Irish people, and were taken from them by spoliation and chicane. Whether the landlords hold the soil by descent or by purchase, they hold that which is not theirs. The man who buys a stolen ring, knowing it to have been stolen, is as bad, and

legally as punishable, as the actual thief. And the man who buys land, knowing it to have been stolen from the people, is as bad, and morally as amenable to popular justice, as the actual stealers of the land. This is the best plea that can be put forward for the best landlord in Ireland. He has purchased stolen goods, or inherited stolen property. For every acre of Irish land has been stolen from the Irish people, and is unjustly, if not unlawfully, withheld from them."

Having thus demonstrated the moral and legal right of the peasantry to the land which they cultivate, our mentor goes on to suggest the readiest and surest means of establishing it. He expects little apparently from Mr Gladstone, or if he do, it is to the fears, not to the patriotism, of that great statesman that he looks for the attainment of his object:—

"The Irish people," it appears, "are not quite prepared to give up the soil of Ireland for the sole use and benefit of the landocracy. They have some desire to live in the land which God gave their fathers. But before they can live peaceably in it they must make it worth living in. They must get rid of the plague of landocracy. How are they to get rid of it is a question we do not care to answer. Messrs Bright and Gladstone, we say, may do it for us if they like, if they choose to restore to the people the soil which former English Governments stole from them. Nothing short of this will get rid of the plague."

And forasmuch as Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright have not yet declared in favour of restoring peaceably to the people the soil which former English Governments stole from them, the people are reminded that it is their duty to provide themselves with arms, and "to be ready and resolved to use them, either in guarding the rights they possess or (at the proper time) in achieving those to which they aspire." But the possession of arms by the whole people is desirable for other reasons:

"The law can disarm only the good citizen. The badly-disposed man will be armed in spite of the law. And it is

the consciousness of superiority over the well-disposed portion of the community that makes him the daring ruffian he often is. Place the honest man on an equal footing with him by putting arms in his hands, and the ruffian will soon give up his trade. So that the possession of arms by a people, instead of promoting, is the best preventive of crime."

It will be seen, however, that this gentleman's views of what is and what is not crime are, to say the least, peculiarly Irish:—

"The greatest criminal of society is the exterminator. If there was a gun in every house, how many a landlord would be prevented, by the mere knowledge of the fact, from exterminating his tenantry; and how many a tenant would be thus spared the guilt of dyeing his hands in blood?"

And it is side by side with these announcements that we are invited, in her Most Gracious Majesty's parting Speech, to return to our homes grateful, and to rejoice over the legislative exploits of the past Session:—

"Her Majesty reflects with pleasure that, in returning to your several homes, you may contemplate with thankfulness the fruit of your exertions in the passing of many important laws, a portion of which we have now had it in command to notice.

"During the recess you will continue to gather that practical knowledge and experience which form the solid basis of legislative aptitude; and her Majesty invokes the blessing of the Almighty alike upon your recent and your future labours for the public weal."

How far "my lords and gentlemen" are contemplating at this moment with pleasure the fruit of their exertions we will not take it upon us to say. But that they are gathering, or endeavouring to gather, that practical knowledge and experience which form the solid basis of legislative aptitude!—whatever the meaning of the expression may be—is tolerably certain, and verily there is no lack of instructors to aid them in the work. The *Nation*

and the *Irishman* we have already quoted. Let us turn now to the *Times*.

In the number of that journal for the 18th of August last we find a leading article, of which the subject had been supplied by No. 3 of the Commissioner's despatches or communications, dated from Tipperary. How far the editor and proprietors of the *Times*, or of any other newspaper, are morally justified in sending an agent into one of the most unruly districts of Ireland for the avowed purpose of collecting details which will be read throughout the length and breadth of the land, inflaming the people's passions, and confirming them in their belief that they are oppressed and trodden down by the "landocracy," is a point for these gentlemen, not for us, to determine. But about the issues to which the subjoined sentences point, there can, we imagine, be but one opinion:—

"'The landowners,' writes our contemporary, 'are, with hardly an exception, Protestants, and the tenants are nearly all Roman Catholics.' It requires a very slight exercise of the imagination to understand what this implies. We must remember that we are dealing with a people no more instructed than their neighbours to distinguish between what is real and what is apparent, and hitherto it has seemed to the Catholic farmer that he was not merely called upon to pay rent to his landlord, but to bring his tribute to maintain means of religious worship at his landlord's desire. More than this, the Establishment put the landlord in direct opposition to his tenant, for it made the one fight to uphold what the other was pledged by every motive he held sacred to overturn. A relation like this produced a reflex action even more lamentable. A landowner who was taught from his infancy that Roman Catholicism was unmitigated evil, and that the priest was his natural enemy, was not without means of acting upon this teaching. His tenants desire to erect a chapel in which the sacred offices of their religion may be celebrated;—he refuses a site, which would be turned, so he tells them himself, into a means of idolatry. They would like to

build a residence for their friend and spiritual guide;—the landlord drives him beyond his borders, so that the peasant whose child is dying unbaptised, whose wife is agonising for the last sacraments, sees those he loves perish unhoused because the priest lives afar.”

Again: “The second evil detected by our Commissioner is more commonly recognised; but while appearing easier of solution, its removal is, perhaps, more difficult. ‘The largest landowners are absentees, who seldom or never visit the neighbourhood.’ Their estates are, indeed, generally well managed, and the mere fact that rent is spent in one country instead of another is, although the doctrine is hard to learn, of no real importance. But the absence of great landlords is most felt in its effects upon the small landlords. The latter are not taught by example the principle involved in the maxim ‘*Noblesse oblige*.’ We do not wish to bring a railing accusation against any one, but we fear it is undeniable that the Irish landlord of inferior rank is the occasion of much that is darkest in the social condition of Ireland.”

And yet again: “The last evil in the social organisation of Tipperary springs from the joint action of the two facts, that ‘the tenancies are nearly all at will,’ and that, ‘with some not inconsiderable exceptions, and those chiefly of modern date, all that has been done for the improvement of the land . . . has been the work of the occupiers, not of the owners.’ From these two circumstances flow consequences transcending all others in their influence on the state of Ireland; and if we do not dilate upon them now, nor investigate proposals for their mitigation, it is not for want of appreciating their reality, but because we shall have other opportunities of discussing them in a way befitting their importance.”

Now we have no desire to withhold the fact that, in the article from which we have just quoted, as well as in the letters of the Commissioner, which we may probably notice at length when the series is complete, there are many saving clauses, intended, no doubt, to guard the writers from the imputation of wantonly desiring to stir up strife. But will the Irish tenant care about these saving

clauses? What heed will he pay to them? Just as much as the enemies of the Irish Church paid to the saving clauses with which it was the habit of Mr Gladstone, Mr Chichester Fortescue, and the Solicitor-General to interlard their philippics against Protestant ascendancy. They will remember that of these landlords it was said that “they drove the spiritual friends of the tenantry beyond their borders, so that the peasant whose child is dying unbaptised, whose wife is agonising for the last sacraments, sees those he loves perish unhoused because the priest lives afar;” they will forget, if indeed they take the trouble to read the statement at all, “that instances like these are not recent.” No. Neither the wretched English in which the libel is written, nor the ungrammatical qualification which waits upon it, will hinder the Irish peasantry from accepting the *Times* article as convincing proof that their wrongs are real, and that in England, not less than in Scotland, they are admitted to be both real and intolerable. What follows? A more determined concentration of the national will upon the one object which for years past has had any interest for the Irish people, and a settled purpose to bring it about, if other means fail, by universal terrorism. Is it to be supposed that Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright are either ignorant of these facts or indifferent to them? Have we any right to assume that this Commissioner goes forth to do his work without the knowledge of a Cabinet which boasts of Mr Lowe as one of its foremost members?

It is not, however, exclusively against the rights of property that the present House of Commons is prepared to begin a crusade, provided only the Government give the word, and Mr Gladstone put himself at the head of the movement. One member has given notice that early in next Session he will invite Parliament to do to The

Principality the same justice in ecclesiastical matters that has been done to Ireland; another has a scheme *in petto* for considering the state of Scotland in regard to the status of the Established clergy; a third has gone so far as to insinuate that the time has come for applying the national property now usurped by the Church of England to national purposes. Now it is very well to say that these are but the idle threats of fanatics; that the Government is pledged to resist their being carried into effect; and that it is most probable we shall hear no more of them except in some short and idle debate. They who hold such language do not know the men with whom we have to deal. Mr Gladstone may not consider it prudent to take up any of these points next year, or the year after. The Irish Land question will furnish work enough for one Session at least. But Mr Gladstone's opinions on the subject of Church Establishments in the abstract are too well understood for us to make the pretence of revealing a mystery when we put them upon record. He never hesitates to say, as often as the subject comes up in order of conversation, that the spirit of the age is adverse to such things, and that, in contemplation of what is inevitable, it is his duty, as a statesman, to sever, one by one, the lashings which bind the Church of England to the State, so that the former, when cut adrift, may run as little risk as possible of being swamped by the process. We believe also that, whether converted by Mr Bright or otherwise, he has come to the conclusion that, without effecting such a change on the land-tenure of Ireland as shall render absenteeism impossible, Ireland must become ungovernable. And if he succeed in redistributing the soil of one of the three kingdoms, how long will it be before he casts about for the means of accomplishing a similar process in the other two?

The truth is, and we write it in sober sadness, that in whatever direction we turn our gaze—whether back to the past, where blunder after blunder haunts the memory, or onwards into the future—we see nothing calculated to inspire us with hope for the country so long as political parties shall remain as they are. At this moment, indeed for many years past—certainly since Lord Palmerston departed from among us—the wellbeing of the State has been treated as something altogether subordinate to the triumph of factions and the success of their leaders. Lord Palmerston was not, in all respects, a Minister to our mind. He was not always correct in the view which he took of things; he was too jaunty in manner, too indifferent to consequences. But Lord Palmerston understood the Constitution, and would neither himself take a step to damage it more than it had been damaged when he received it into his trust, nor suffer others to do so. Now we have earnest men, as they call themselves, advanced to the management of public affairs—men so very much in earnest that rather than submit to be outmanœuvred by their rivals, they will go any length in their bid for power. How long is this to last? Are there no wise men outside these cliques who, seeing the dangers that threaten the commonwealth, will consent to sink the small differences that stand between them, and take counsel together? What are the old constitutional Whigs about? What are the best and noblest of the Tories doing? Is it impossible to form out of these a party which shall say both to Mr Gladstone and Mr Disraeli, We hold your genius in the greatest respect, we entertain a very high opinion of your political abilities, but we will act with neither of you if you refuse to take your stand somewhere; we will act with either, if he will only enter into an obligation to

stem the tide of revolutionary change which is sweeping us we know not whither? Surely this great empire is not so decayed from what it once was that it can furnish no champion sufficiently brave and loyal to undertake an enterprise hazardous, perhaps, but noble — the raising of a constitutional banner round which the nation may gather. For we deny that the nation is in favour of most of the changes which have of late been forced upon it. We are quite satisfied that its most anxious wish is to avoid other changes with which it is now threatened. We know that

every thinking man is sensible of the truth that the real business of Government is, or ought to be, not to tinker continually at abstract principles, but to get the machine, as it is, into sound working gear, by fostering trade and commerce, by promoting wise emigration, by teaching the people that to his own individual exertions every member of the community should look as the surest means of promoting the welfare of the whole. Are we never again to see those in office who understand this, and, understanding, are determined to act up to it?

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A YEAR AND A DAY. — CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XX.—FINANCE AND FINESSE.

In truth her cousin was now the only friend that was left to Rose Arnold, and all her sympathy, supported as it was by her sense of justice, was consequently now devoted to him. He was not only restored to his old position in her regard, but was placed on a higher pedestal even than before. Having once felt what it is to live for another, she could not do without what was so great a luxury to her long-imprisoned nature; and if she was unable to transfer to him her love, she was able to transfer to him her active devotion. She, too, considered herself a trustee for the disinherited Arthur, who thus came to enjoy, directly or indirectly, the benefit of both shares of his uncle's fortune. She even made an attempt to settle the greater part of her own portion upon him at once; but in this she failed, not because he was in the least really unwilling to accept it, but because he was ashamed to accept it openly. He preferred using her assistance from time to time, and waiting for his opportunity of becoming master of the whole.

Meanwhile he lost nothing by his self-denial. He soon became, in effect, the steward and agent of Rose: and her property, to say the least of it, did not thrive under his hands. He had many pressing debts to pay: he could not live without a certain amount of luxury: and then he had to make good that money which he had "borrowed," as he termed it, from the Messieurs Nordheimer. He accordingly "borrowed"—as he again called it—freely from what belonged to Rose, intending, as before, to make it all right somehow and some day. It need hardly be said that the amount he raised to satisfy the Messieurs Nordheimer never found its way into their hands. It was all engulfed in the eternal To-morrow. At last, however, even he, careless and improvident as he was, was forced to see that matters were going just a little too far; and he accordingly began to look out for better investments, and to study finance on a grand scale. It was by no means difficult to foresee what would be the result of the loose and

general terms in which Paul Corbet had chosen to express his will.

But when unskilled and ignorant players first begin to play high, they are almost invariably successful ; and so it was with Arthur when he first began to speculate. He ran enormous and absurd risks, but his boldness seemed to have won the heart of fortune ; and whether he backed horses or companies, this good luck was invariable. He was soon able to look down with lofty contempt upon the cold advice and remonstrances that reached Rose and himself almost weekly from the Grayport attorney, from Captain Arnold, and from the old stockbroker who had been in the habit of acting for his uncle. On his side he had the grand argument afforded by success ; and at last he became rather respected by them as a sort of financial genius, who ought to give rather than receive advice. Rose seemed becoming a prize worth the winning indeed, although her fortune hourly trembled at the end of a slender thread which must inevitably break at last, and that in no long time.

As yet, however, her cousin did not propose marriage to her. His vanity, indeed, assured him that he might do so safely, but, in his heart, he felt that there was still a barrier between her and him. Almost daily he was on the point of trying to break it down, but daily he made this also a question of To-morrow.

Meanwhile, the more he succeeded in increasing the capital that was practically altogether in his hands, the more extravagantly he lived. He had always had much of the character of the gambler about him, and his speculations on a large scale had, among other results, that of increasing his love of play in smaller matters. But in these he was not quite so fortunate. If there is not more risk, both from ill-fortune and sharp practice, where cards and dice are concerned, than there is in the matter of shares and stocks, the effect of bad luck in the

former case makes itself felt more immediately ; and so, although he scarcely perceived it, a great deal of money ran out, if a great deal ran in. Rose, too, was extravagant in her own way. The marked increase of religious feeling that is apt to show itself in a disappointed woman who is too young and healthy to sit down in despair and imagine herself broken-hearted, took in her the form of an increased tendency to do good works rather than to hear sermons or work slippers for curates ; and the world of London was around her, affording more than sufficient scope for her lavish and indiscriminating charity. Arthur used to be terribly put out sometimes by the wholesale manner in which she used to subscribe to almost every list that was placed before her, and the expensive plans which she was always trying to make for the spiritual or temporal relief of the poor at large, not to speak of her constantly-increasing private and personal charities. Between the two, indeed, matters very soon came to such a pass that, although her fortune looked almost enormous on paper, a prudent financier would have reckoned it as not being worth a hundredth part of its apparent value. Over and over again the partnership of the cousins just escaped complete insolvency by a bare hair's-breadth ; and it was quite certain that whenever insolvency did come, it would inevitably be complete, for the managing partner acted on the principle of never discharging a liability that could possibly be postponed, and the sleeping partner was always paying and never receiving.

Still, while the firm flourished, although Rose was made unutterably wretched by the never-ending struggle between her heart and her reason, Arthur had a glorious time—far too glorious and exciting to allow him to think of such a trifle as Bertha. Besides, he had no right to help her—the money in his hands was not his own. So far, at least, he was a faithful steward to

Rose. He had not heard from her for so long, too, that he had almost forgotten that he might have heard from her had he pleased; and yet, with a strange but common inconsistency, whenever he had to pass by the hotel to which he had instructed her to address her letters, some feeling or other made him hurry his steps and pass it by, if possible, on the other side of the way, as though it were really tenanted by the ghost of an old and disagreeable recollection.

Of Madame de Marsay he had seen nothing more, nor did he desire to see her. He could not help feeling that he and she were very like conspirators; and though he never owned to himself that his conduct had been in any way wrong, she seemed to be unpleasantly connected with that side of his conduct of which he least loved to think. But at last he again received one of her rose-coloured notes, requesting him to call and see her, as she wished to consult him about something of great importance. It was so worded that he could not disobey without a breach of good manners; and of a breach of good manners he was never intentionally guilty, unless, by committing it, he could avoid what was troublesome or disagreeable. Just then, to call on the Countess was neither the one nor the other, as no more trouble was required of him than consisted in getting into a cab, while to be sent for in confidence by a beautiful woman can scarcely be called disagreeable. Besides, he was naturally curious to know what she wanted with him.

But this was not easy to learn. When an excuse had once served its turn, it was not her habit to remember it any more. After a little ordinary conversation on the subject of the weather and the coming season, she said,—

“I must really go and call on my dear Miss Arnold. It is quite an age since I have seen her.”

“She will be delighted, I am sure.”

“She is well, I hope? How fortunate it is that you came back when you did!”

“You mean about Brandon? Well, that is all over now.”

“Of course. By the way, what has become of him?”

“How should I know?”

“I thought perhaps you might have seen him about town.”

“No. His movements don’t interest me, I assure you.”

“Perhaps not. But I should say you had better take care. Your movements may interest him.”

Arthur shrugged his shoulders. “They may, for anything I care,” he said.

“You are not afraid of slander, then?” asked the Countess.

“Not the least. Have I not conquered it?”

“Don’t let confidence make you rash, however,” she answered. “If I were you, I would not be too slow.”

“In what?”

“‘In what!’ But that sounds well. Don’t think I want to force myself into your confidence.”

“I should be only too happy——”

“Of course!” she interrupted, with a laugh. “But I heard something to-day that I thought might interest you.”

“And what is it, if I may ask?”

“Oh, nothing much. But you know I have friends in Frankfurt?”

He looked up suddenly. She observed the start and the slight change of colour, and smiled.

“Well,” she said, “I have had a letter from one of those friends—a Dr Werner. You know him, perhaps?”

“Well?” he asked, impatiently.

“You may read it if you like, if you will not be angry with me. You know how interested I am in our dear Miss Arnold. I say that to explain his first sentence, for I thought it best to set Mr Brandon’s wretched slander at rest for ever, so I wrote to Dr Werner as to one in whom I had confidence. He is

a very clever physician, Dr Werner."

Arthur took the letter, though he had seldom in his life been so angry with any one as he was with the Countess de Marsay then. He opened it, and read—

"MADAME LA COMTESSE,—In answer to your letter which I have just had the honour to receive, I beg to state that M. Maurice Brandon is my intimate friend, and a man of honour; that he informed M. Corbet the elder of the supposed marriage of M. Arthur Corbet at my direct request; and that, whether M. Arthur Corbet married the lady in question or not, he certainly, to my own personal knowledge, took her from her father's house and has never given any information to her friends as to what has become of her.

"May I venture to hope, madame, that anything has come to your knowledge concerning this matter? It is most unlikely, I am aware; but for the sake of the father of the lady, and for her own sake, I am willing to indulge in any hope, however unfounded.

"Hoping that this letter may satisfy you as to the conduct of my friend M. Maurice Brandon, I have the honour to be, madame, yours most respectfully,

"MAX WERNER."

"And may I now ask you, madame," said Arthur, when he had finished reading it, and not very sorry to be able to bring a direct accusation against the Countess, "what is the meaning of your being so kind as to interfere in my private affairs?"

"Please do not be angry. I have the best of excuses. It was with the best intentions towards yourself and dear Miss Arnold. How should I know that the excellent Dr Werner had anything to do with it?—as it now seems he has." In this she was speaking the simple truth. She had written for infor-

mation only, and was much surprised at the interest taken in the affair by her correspondent.

"And do you intend to accept the word of Brandon's most intimate friend?"

"Against yours? No, indeed. But if you do not contradict him, it will be most clearly my duty to show his letter to Miss Arnold."

The idea upon which Madame de Marsay was now acting was shortly this. She had, unwittingly, allowed Werner to become aware of much more than he ought to know; and all that she, in her ignorance of his connection with Arthur, had allowed him to learn would, she doubted not, be forthwith communicated by him to Brandon. Now, as she had no notion of letting any undertaking of hers fall to the ground when she had once fairly embarked in it, so she certainly did not intend that Rose and Brandon should come together again after she had succeeded so well in separating them. With this view, and in order to rectify the blunder which she had committed, she was now setting herself to work to frighten Arthur into proposing to his cousin at once. When they were once married, she would be able to repose upon her laurels; but, until then, her triumph was insecure, and her jealous revenge, as long as it remained insecure, necessarily remained unsatisfied. It was also essential that she should suggest to Arthur a story calculated to meet at once any immediate action on the part of Werner or Brandon. But of this presently.

Arthur thought for an instant. He might have thought for many instants had he pleased, for the Countess was in no hurry.

"I do not admit anything," he said, rather confusedly.

"But do you deny what Dr Werner says? That is the point. Remember that, through my unintentional imprudence, he knows now a little more than perhaps you would wish him to know. Are you

so afraid of me? Did I not say that I would not believe his word against yours? And surely you and I together should—of course with truth on our side—be more than a match for Mr Brandon and all his friends. So you do deny it, of course?"

"Let me ask you, madame—What is all this to you?"

"Do I not prove myself your friend? And the truth is something to every one, is it not?"

"Pardon me. It seems to me that the truth of this matter cannot concern you in the least."

"Really you are not very polite—nor very grateful."

"I am sorry if I am either ungrateful or impolite. But may I ask if you have any personal reason for disliking Brandon? If you have, I can sympathise with you."

"What a question! Of course I dislike his treatment of our dear Rose and of yourself. But, if you will not be so frank with me as to contradict what Werner says in his letter——"

"What then?"

"I shall change my opinion altogether, and believe Brandon instead of you."

"I shall be sorry, but——"

"No, do not say that. You were going to say, 'I should not care.'"

"Indeed I was not. I was going to say——"

"Well, never mind. You thought it, I am sure. But perhaps I know women—may I say a little better than you do?"

"I have no doubt you do."

"And that I fancy a very little word from me, joined to Werner's letter, would make Miss Arnold believe this friend of ours to be as immaculate as an angel."

"I flatter myself that I know a little about Miss Arnold too."

"Ah, my friend! man against man, Miss Arnold will believe the one she loves best."

Arthur smiled.

"You smile, I see," the Countess continued. "You do not agree

with me as to which is the favoured lover. But she does not hate you—and she hates him; and nothing is so near to hate as love."

"Nor so far from it as contempt."

"True. And when I show this letter to Miss Arnold, we shall see which of the two she will despise the most—him or you. And yet it would all be so easy for you," she added, as if to herself.

Her confidence in herself and in the effect of the letter alarmed Arthur a little. He thought again.

"And suppose I do contradict the letter?" he asked.

"Supposing you do? Why, I shall believe you; and I should burn the letter, and write a short note to Werner instead of to Miss Arnold."

"What should you say to him?"

"You shall see." She went to a writing-table and wrote for a minute or two. "There," she said, when she had finished, "I think this will stop all further action on the part of Dr Werner for the present. He read as follows:—

"DEAR DR WERNER,—Many thanks for your letter. It has put everything straight, as you hoped. But alas! your other hope is vain. I know nothing of the lady of whom you speak, and nothing of M. Corbet or his movements. My only reason for putting the questions to you which you were so exceedingly kind as to answer so promptly, was that justice might be done to our friend M. Maurice Brandon. That justice has now been done; and so let us not mention the matter again. Am I right, my dear friend, in fancying that you are more interested in this lady than you say? If so, believe that friendship and gratitude will lead me to let you know anything of service to her or to you that I may chance to hear.

"With best wishes for your success and happiness, I am, my dear

Doctor, your grateful patient and sincere friend,

"I. M. L. DE MARSAY."

Arthur examined carefully every word. It was certainly admirably adapted to serve his own interests.

"Well?" asked the Countess; "I suppose I may ask you what is really the Doctor's interest in the matter?"

"Heaven only knows," he answered.

She sat down at the table again. "You will not tell me,?" she said. "Then excuse me a moment. I am only just going to write three words to Miss Arnold."

"Madame," he said, "I am not quite blind. I can see that you have a motive in all this."

"Of course I have," she answered.

"Will this do, then?" he asked, suddenly. "Will it suit you if I deny solemnly that I have ever been married to any woman?"

"Suit me? Suit yourself, you mean. Of course it will."

"I do deny it. It is utterly false."

"Or that you ever carried away any woman from her father's house? You need not deny this to me—Brandon's slander would of course be equally bad in either case. Only remember that, if you ever did do so, it might be very easily proved by either Brandon or Werner; and if you never did so, appearances might be strongly against you in your cousin's eyes."

"A girl that Werner was in love with chose to prefer me."

"Naturally. And you did not marry her, it seems. I hope you did not desert her? I am sure that Miss Arnold would not like to hear that."

"We all have our follies of this sort once, I suppose."

"You did desert her, then? Then I shall write to Miss Arnold."

"I never said so."

"Good. Then we will assume that you did not, and I will not

write to Miss Arnold. And where is the girl now? Is she living?" asked the Countess, with a meaning look.

"For aught I know——"

"She may be dead. Quite so. Am I right?"

"She may, indeed."

"Poor girl! To die so young!" exclaimed the Countess. "How they have slandered you, my poor friend—you, who have been so unhappy as to have lost by death one who loved you!" She spoke in a tone of mingled sentiment and mockery which was infinitely disagreeable to Arthur. "I see," she went on, "you have almost been made the victim of a conspiracy, got up by a jealous and disappointed rival." She was now getting into the full swing of her part; and when she added, "But now, surely all jealousy, all thoughts of revenge, will be buried with her whom you both so loved," there was no mockery in her tone whatever; it was real sentiment of a sort, though spoken over a grave that she had herself deliberately invented three seconds ago. After a short pause she continued, "At all events you did not marry her—and that," she said, with a smile, "seems the real point of your supposed offence. May I ask her name? You know I can easily learn it from Dr Werner."

"Bertha Reinhold."

"Bertha?" she asked, this time with a real sigh. "And had she a father?"

"The pastor of Tannenheim—a place in Thüringen."

"Ah, well. You will not marry her now, of course. But I forget—she is dead, and so there is nothing to prevent your marrying Miss Arnold. But, you see, you must not go to work so slowly."

He was silent.

"Dr Werner, you see," she went on, in a business-like tone, "thinks himself an injured man. Mr Brandon has shown himself to be an unscrupulous one. Depend

upon it, especially now that Miss Arnold is so very rich, they will do all they can to triumph over you, and you may easily find, when it is too late, that you have exercised all your financial skill, of which I have heard so much, for Brandon's benefit. Do you suppose that a man like him is so quiet all this while without a reason?" Influenced by her wonderful power of persuading herself of the truth of whatever she wished at the time to be thought true, and with real earnestness, she continued, "Maurice Brandon must not end by marrying Miss Arnold—do you understand? My letter to Dr Werner was unfortunate, for it will set him to put several things together, and he is no fool. You are free, you say, and you wish to marry your cousin. You love her, of course, and you need money. At this moment she loves you, pities you, admires you. At this moment she hates and despises Maurice Brandon. Do you not know what a woman will do out of mere pique? Cannot you guess what any woman will do when pique against one is joined to affection, pity, and admiration for another? Ask her now, therefore, to be your wife. Do not wait till the pique is over and your enemies have had time to act, and her trust in you has become less than it is. Ask her now, and at once; and I, a woman, tell you that if you do not succeed it will be your own fault, and that Maurice Brandon will have proved himself a better man than Arthur Corbet."

With this taunt, which was fully meant, she ceased suddenly. She had been gradually working herself up into one of her bursts of passion, and this may account for some slight incoherency in the words of her last speech. But there was no incoherency in her argument—at least Arthur found none. Then she walked suddenly up to the table, took the letter which she had received from Wer-

ner, and tore it up fiercely. Lastly, having carefully folded up her reply to it, she sat down again, calm and collected.

"When I see you again, it will be to congratulate you, will it not? I mean on the charming wife you have chosen."

He bowed silently, without taking her hand, and left the room without any positive determination, indeed, to act upon her suggestions, or to adopt the story which she had taught him, but certainly with a kind of prophetic consciousness that he should do so. In fact, her suggestions did but render definite and confirm him in the course which he had now been irresolutely pursuing for some time.

On his way home he thought much about the Countess and her motives. Even he, with his very limited knowledge of men and women, could not but see that she was actuated by some feeling of hostility towards Brandon or Rose or both; but, like all superficial observers, he had but one key to all the proceedings of all men and all women—he set down everything that any one ever did to the one motive of material self-interest. He did not know that, in the case of a woman who is mentally uncultivated and morally irregular, who has never in her life tried to suppress an emotion or to curb an impulse, pique and jealousy, without the least admixture of material self-interest, are more than sufficiently powerful to feed and sustain themselves for any length of time, and to lead to the most extreme results when they are once brought into action. Indeed they are then far more completely and far longer sustained, they are far more active and more powerful, than even self-interest can possibly be; for they are unconquerable by languor of body, which only gives them fuller play—or by generosity, which distorts itself into their ally; no energy is required to keep them perpetually awake, and they banish calm reason

as soon as they are born. In the intense nature of the Countess de Marsay, pique and jealousy were strong enough to last a lifetime, and as yet they had but endured for months: they were active enough to lead her to be guilty of any sin, or even of any crime, and they had as yet only led to slander and deceit. There was a large reserve of them still left on which she might draw for a long time to come, and from which she might be supplied with motives for many another scheme before they could be exhausted.

The analysis of hate is the most difficult thing in the world. It seems generally so unreasonable, so utterly unconnected with anything like self-interest, of which, indeed, it is regardless, that some critics of human nature, unable to understand the character of such a passion, have gone so far as to deny its existence as a motive of action in modern times. It has been supposed to have died a natural death with the introduction of silver forks into common use. But restraint is not death. Modern manners may be thanked for restraining it, but no mere condition of society will

ever have to be thanked for abolishing it from the world. Hate is less free as love is less free, but that is all; and it will probably exist, actively as well as passively, as long as jealousy, which, next to envy perhaps, seems to be its most ordinary source.

But Arthur Corbet was the last man in the world to suspect that any woman could be jealous of another woman about any man but himself; so that, as the Countess, by her evident wish that he should marry Rose, showed that she was not in love with him, he was completely at sea as to what she wanted. Had he, however, fancied that she was in love, not with him, but with Brandon, he would have been wrong. Any fancy of the nature of love which she might have had for her former friend existed no more. It is not by any means necessary that a woman should love in order that she may be jealous. Without any love or thought of love in the matter, Brandon's rejection of her and preference for Rose were together quite enough to cause her to hate—the word is not too strong—both Rose and him.

CHAPTER XXI.—KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

Counting by events, thoughts, and feelings, it was only a few days since Brandon and Rose had parted—although, counting by days, hours, and minutes, it was months,—that the former was walking along the Strand thinking—not of Rose, for one can scarcely be said to think actively of a fixed idea which is, consciously or unconsciously, always present—but of his own immediate future. For he was now again a poor man, although nominally still the possessor of a good fortune. Rightly or wrongly—it does not signify which—he had made up his mind that, save in order to defray the most necessary daily expenses, and for the shortest time possible,

he would not spend upon himself any of the property left him by Paul Corbet. He could not do so, after that parting from Rose. Any proud man, who is fastidious in matters that touch his honour and self-respect, will readily sympathise with him, and his feeling in the matter will be understood even by those who would in practice consider themselves justified in being less scrupulous. He had again begun to seek for work of some kind, but his attempts to find it had of late been so very erratic, that every one, in every quarter to which he had access, had come to believe that he was not in earnest in his search, and that his

necessities were rather fictitious. In truth, he was very half-hearted about it, and almost careless as to whether he succeeded or not. At last he had very nearly determined to think no more of the career that he had planned for himself, that he would throw Art down the hill after love, and that he himself would leave England altogether, and in some colony or foreign country try to rid himself wholly of his old life, and make use of what talent he had to assist his hands in gaining his bread. He was in one of those states of mind when bodily labour seems a necessity even to those who know not what it is, and when the artificial man elaborately fashioned by culture yearns after the natural state in which men live by the sweat of the brow; when to be a ploughman seems better than to be the greatest of poets or philosophers, and to be the ox he drives better even than to be the ploughman. It is easy to suppose that the body, long tyrannised over by mental work or mental anxiety, rebels, and desires to have its own turn of tyranny. He seemed to have had enough of Europe, which contained all that, to him, had hitherto made life worth living, and to long for what he hoped to find in perfection in the Western world. He was not inclined to spend his life, even now, in idle regret and disappointment; on the contrary, he wished to bury it in work—not in work of the kind which breeds dreams and fancies, but of some hard, uncongenial, prosaic kind, that would crush dreams and fancies, both good and evil, fruitful and barren alike, out of his very soul. This was what he wished for now, although, in attempting to carry out his wish, he might very likely discover, as many men have to their cost discovered, that dreams and fancies, checked outwardly, only eat inwards and produce worse things than themselves.

In this mood he walked on and on, in an absent manner, and seeing

the passers-by only in a vague and unobservant way, until, as he was near one of the streets which lead towards Covent Garden, he saw in front of him a figure that attracted his attention at once. It was that of a woman, dressed poorly and even shabbily, looking about her in a doubtful and uncertain manner; but, in spite of her dress, the graceful, undulating gait, the bend and turn of the figure, the dark eyes and the shape of the features, were all those of but one woman in the world, as he thought—of the Countess de Marsay, and of no other. And yet, on a second glance, there were differences: it was younger, thinner, more worn; but then the strange disguise might account for greater differences than these. Brandon naturally thought that, strange as the circumstances were, it must be the Countess bent upon some eccentric errand of hers; but, having no desire to intrude upon what must needs be some very private expedition—not to speak of other reasons for not wishing to meet her—he entered the nearest shop that he might observe her as she passed without attracting her attention. But in this attempt he was disappointed. By one of those coincidences which people insist upon calling strange, although nothing is so common, the lady—for such she evidently was, whether the Countess or no—on arriving at the door of the same shop, looked round for a second or two, hesitated, and then entered. She looked at Brandon, but obviously without recognising him, and then he saw that, in spite of the remarkable likeness, it was not Madame de Marsay. Going up to the counter she showed the heading of a letter to the shopman. She was evidently a foreigner, unable to make herself understood in English, who wished to be directed to some address. The man looked puzzled.

“Perhaps I can be of some use

to you, madame," Brandon said to her in French.

Hersad and tired face brightened up with a half smile that he had seen on the face of the Countess a hundred times, only this was more genuine. "A thousand thanks, monsieur," she answered in the same language, but with anything but a good accent. "I wish to find this hotel. I believe it is near here," and she showed him the address of an hotel in Covent Garden written at the top of the letter.

It was getting more and more strange, for he had seen the handwriting, which was studiously affected and peculiar, before. But he could not recollect either when or where. It was not connected in his mind with any letter—no, it had something to do with verses—with some couplet, of which the rhymes were "sea" and "tree"—"the black, despairing sea," or some such expression. At last, as he looked at it, there rose up before him the parlour of Paul Corbet. It was the writing of Arthur. So certain did he feel of this that he was guilty of the indefensible act of contriving to look at the signature as he returned the letter, and his idea was fully confirmed. And then the likeness to Madame de Marsay of which Werner had spoken in one of his letters—could this be Bertha Reinhold herself? And yet it seemed so singular that he should meet her in this way; for he, too, was one of the people who look upon coincidences as things to wonder at.

There was, however, another test open to him. "Am I wrong in thinking that madame is German? I am more at home in that language than in French, and can make my directions better understood."

"I am from Germany."

He thought for a moment how he should proceed. Then he said,

"It happens that I am myself going to call at the same hotel, which is close by—indeed, it is scarcely more than two minutes' walk from here. If madame, therefore, will

follow me exactly, it will be better than if I only give instructions."

She thanked him, and he walked before her to the hotel, considering meanwhile what ought to be his next step. He was very far from having made up his mind what to do when they reached the door, where, fortunately, it became necessary for him to act as her interpreter in inquiring after Mr Corbet.

"Mr Corbet?" they were answered; "he has not been here these three months or more. I don't think he left an address," their informant said, "but I'll inquire."

The inquiry was fruitless, however, and several letters were waiting for him in a rack in the hall, which was pointed out to Brandon.

His companion looked at the letters also, and, on seeing them, turned suddenly pale. Brandon, who was watching her closely, thought she was about to faint on the spot.

She did not faint, however, but stood where she was in an attitude of helpless despair. Brandon gave her a chair, and she sat down mechanically, and as though she did not know what she was doing. The porter and a waiter, who were standing by, looked at the two doubtfully. During a pause which he allowed for her recovery from this first blow, Brandon examined the letters again. They mostly bore a Paris postmark, and were all addressed in the same woman's hand.

Absolutely certain now that he had found Bertha Reinhold, he returned to her side, and said,

"Singularity enough, I believe that I am acquainted with Mr Corbet, and that I can find out his address for you."

She looked up suddenly, and said, "Where is he, do you say? Oh, a thousand thanks! Where shall I find him?"

"I do not know yet. But I have no doubt that I shall be able to let you know, if you will tell me where to send you word."

She, in her distress, did not notice it, but he felt that it must seem more or less suspicious for him, a stranger to her, to ask a young and beautiful girl in her position for her address, and that his professed knowledge of Arthur must have sounded like a mere excuse. So he continued :

"Do not be afraid—I will merely send you the address when I learn it. Here is my own," and he was about to give her his card, when it struck him that she had very probably heard his name from Werner, and that, if she remembered it, she would very likely take care that he should hear of her no more. What was to be done? He did not know what to say or do next; and besides, he felt rather guilty of having raised hopes in her only to disappoint them, for he did not feel at all sure that he should not write to Werner and put the whole matter into his hands instead of inquiring after Arthur as he had promised.

"I am afraid," she said, "that monsieur will think me very strange. But I am in great distress, as perhaps monsieur sees. I am but just arrived in London, where I am come to find my husband"—she hurried over the word—"of whom I have not heard for months. I am a stranger in England, and I have no address. I thank monsieur most deeply from my heart for his great kindness—and now I will go."

She rose from her seat. "If she would only faint, or anything!" thought Brandon. "The devil only knows what will happen to her if she goes about like this in London; and I have no doubt that her purse is empty. Wait one instant," he said to her; "did I not tell you that I know monsieur your husband? To prove it, I will tell you that his Christian name is Arthur; that he is about eight-and-twenty years old; that he was for some time at Frankfort, with the Messieurs Nordheimer. Surely madame may, without scruple, ac-

cept the advice and help of one who knows her husband, and who seems to have been thrown in her way for the very purpose?"

She was evidently not in a condition to take care of herself. "There seems, indeed, no help for it," she said. "Do not think I distrust you. But do not trouble yourself," she added, making another attempt to leave the place; "it is not worth while. He is dead, or else he is—"

"He is not dead, madame, I assure you," he answered, not allowing her to finish the sentence. "And you may trust me, indeed. I cannot allow you, a stranger here, and so young, to be left to yourself. You do not know the dangers you will run. So, for want of a better protector, you must take me for your knight," he added with a smile intended to reassure her. "My protection will be very real and honest, I assure you, and shall not continue a minute longer than it must."

"I am sure I can never thank you enough. I will trouble you as little as may be."

"So be it, then; I am glad you trust me. But do not thank me, pray. I am only too pleased to be able to be of service."

The porter and waiter both seemed to think that this conversation, which was carried on in German, had lasted fully long enough; and no wonder. An interview of this sort was hardly appropriate to the hall of a respectable hotel, especially as it seemed likely to be unprofitable. Brandon, however, soon rose considerably in their favour by reason of the satisfactory manner to themselves in which he ordered a cab, and they bowed him out with all the honours of their tribe.

It was not a matter of insuperable difficulty to Brandon to place his charge in a quiet lodging, in spite of the light in which landladies naturally regarded a girl like Bertha, unable to speak English,

poorly dressed, and without luggage, who was to lodge by herself, and came under the protection of one who was obviously neither her husband nor her brother, and appeared, as far as dress went, to be far above her in station. Her youth and beauty only told against her. But the magic of payments in advance is great; and Brandon's knowledge of womankind was at all events sufficient to overcome the scruples of one landlady among thousands. Some immediate loss of reputation in the eyes of her hostess Bertha had to suffer; but that, under the circumstances, was inevitable, and Brandon was, on the whole, tolerably well satisfied with the way in which he had managed matters so far. There was, however, the money difficulty still to be overcome. He had, indeed, no scruple about spending any amount of what he considered Arthur's money in relieving Bertha, but it was not easy to think of the best and most delicate manner of getting her to accept aid of this kind. The only way that occurred to him was to tell the landlady privately how utterly ignorant her lodger was of England and English ways, and to place in her hand a sum of money which he judged would prove fully sufficient for a week's expenses, even supposing that a little of it should stick to her own fingers, with instructions to supply Bertha with whatever might be required. This was all the more easily managed, as he saw that Bertha was very weak and ill, and that she was, moreover, one of those people who, as long as they are not troubled with the expense and difficulty of providing for themselves, believe that bread and beef grow out of the tablecloth.

Perhaps, however, it would be more accurate to say that it was all the more easily managed because Bertha was now incapable of thinking for herself at all. As soon as she had no longer need to lean upon

herself for support and guidance, and had found a strong arm to which she felt she might trust with safety, she allowed herself fairly to give way; to such an extent, indeed, that Brandon almost dreaded to leave her alone. The utter desolation of her look, however, as he was going, reassured him; for he read in it how entirely she relied upon him, and he knew that, as long as a woman of Bertha's character has full reliance upon any one, there is no immediate fear that she will do anything desperate. He therefore went home as soon as possible, promising to return and see her early the next morning, and wrote a long letter to Werner; which, however, he did not post, in case he might have anything to add on the morrow. And the whole of this day's adventure may be looked upon as to a great extent an era in Brandon's life and character; for it was the first occasion on which he had ever acted as knight-errant without a conscious attempt to add to his collection of studies moral and intellectual. It may be said that, under the circumstances, he could not, as a gentleman, have acted otherwise. But it was possible. Externally he might have acted as he acted now, and yet beneath his outward conduct there might have been some taint of selfishness, or, at least, of self-consciousness, against which his love for Rose Arnold, unhappy as it had proved, was a suit of spotless armour to him.

The next morning, as early as he was able, he called on Bertha according to his promise. She had risen, but was evidently still very ill, both from bodily and mental fatigue.

"I am come to learn from you," he said, "in what manner I can best serve you. You need not fear that I intend to put myself to any very extraordinary inconvenience," he added with a smile.

"I hope you will not put yourself to any more at all. The first

thing—the only thing about which I care—is to find Arthur.”

“True—but London is a very large place, even if he is in it. It may not be easy to find him out at once.”

“But you do not suspect my story?” she asked anxiously. “You do not think that I am one whom you ought not to help in finding him?”

“I have the greatest confidence in my own penetration; and I can see that you are one whom I am perfectly justified in helping. But, if you are to put confidence in me as your adviser, you must give me a little of your real confidence also. All I know at present is that you are Madame Corbet. When did you hear from your husband last?”

“I have not had a word from him for at least three months. We were at Paris, and he came to England on hearing of the death of an uncle, from whom he expected to inherit a fortune.”

“I knew his uncle. Was he gaining a living in Paris?”

“We had come to an end of our means. I myself have supported myself as well as I could—and I should have tried to do so still,” she continued, in a cold, dull tone, “had it not been that I——. But surely he must be dead. I have done him wrong in fancying anything else, for a moment.”

“Be patient, dear madame. A hundred things may have prevented your hearing from him. Above all, trust as long as you can, and be patient.” He spoke these last words rather bitterly, for he thought of himself and Rose.

“God knows that I have trusted and been patient,” she answered; and then added, quietly and sadly, “It is not for my own sake that I have sought to find him now.”

So Brandon had suspected already; but the confirmation of what he had suspected decided his course of action. Married or not, it was now Arthur, and neither Werner nor himself, who was the fit and right

person to protect her. So he went away from her, and considered how he should most easily learn where Arthur was to be found.

Rose, as he knew to his cost, had been, and probably still was, in communication with her cousin; but how could he inquire of her? At last it occurred to him that he might gain the information he wanted from Captain Arnold, and accordingly wrote to him, saying that he wished to see Mr Corbet on important business. In answer, he received the next day a cold but civil note containing the required address on the authority of Arthur himself. On its arrival, he lost no time in going to the street named, which was at the back of a square in the region of Pimlico; but, as Arthur was out, he had to content himself with leaving a message that he would call again. He then, on his way back, paid a visit to Bertha, whom he had not seen that day.

But he was unable to see her now, for she was in a high state of fever. A doctor had been sent for, and Brandon found him then in attendance upon her. The patient was delirious, he said, and she was continually talking in a language which he could not recognise—it was certainly not French, and he did not think it was German. When asked if there was any danger, he answered only that he hoped not; but when Brandon explained that he was not her husband, that he had never seen her till within the last three days, and had told something of her story, the doctor frankly admitted that it was a very dangerous case indeed, and that the crisis was yet to come.

The two were talking together in a low voice in Bertha's sitting-room, which was only divided from her bedroom by folding-doors, through which her ceaseless turnings and tossings and her never-ending stream of words were painfully audible. To Brandon, however, good linguist as he was, the language in which she spoke was as strange as

it was to the doctor; but it was mixed here and there with phrases of German and with proper names. "Father," "Mother," "Ida," recurred over and over again; "Arthur" was never mentioned at all. At last, fully and distinctly, without the possibility of mistake. Brandon heard "Ida" followed by "Ida de Marsay."

It startled him, as well it might, to hear that name uttered by one whom he had taken for the very person whom she named. He listened; but the name was heard no more. Still, there had been no doubt about it. The words had not formed part of a sentence in which one word might be taken for another; they were spoken by themselves, between two pauses. It was as though Bertha had been summoning the Countess to her—as though "Ida" had not been enough without the solemnity of the full name. He mentioned it to the doctor, who confirmed it so far as his unskilled observation of words would allow.

This strange incident, and the still stranger resemblance between the two women, afforded him matter enough for speculation on his way to his own chambers in Cliffords Inn. On arriving there he found this short note from Arthur Corbet.

"Mr A. Corbet begs to refer Mr Brandon to Mr Smith, solicitor, Grayport, who will receive any communication which Mr Brandon may have to make."

Brandon's first feeling was naturally one of anger. But there was no help for it—he must let Arthur know of Bertha's condition even if he had to make fifty useless calls. Once more he drove to — Street, and this time found Arthur at home. He did not send up his name or allow himself to be announced, but walked at once into the room in which Rose Arnold's cousin was sitting alone.

For the first time, since they had known anything of each other, these two found themselves together.

CHAPTER XXII.—TOO LATE.

They did not recognise one another at first, as was only natural, seeing that they had never met before except at an evening party some six or seven years ago.

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur, "I have no doubt I ought to know you—"

"My name is Maurice Brandon," the other answered quietly. "I am sorry to have to appear as though I were forcing myself upon you. I assure you it is no pleasure to me."

"Then why the devil——!"

"Wait a moment. I come to tell you that your wife is in London, and dangerously ill."

"Good God!" exclaimed Arthur, excitedly: but he suddenly checked himself. "My wife, do you say?"

"Fräulein Reinhold, then," an-

swered Brandon, not appreciating Arthur's emotion, which was honestly unfeigned. "But, whether she is your wife or no, she certainly is most dangerously ill. She is now in a state of delirium; and she is in a condition also in which the worst is to be feared."

Bertha in England! Here was a complication which might well mean ruin to Arthur's hopes of gaining Rose. To do him justice, however, he did not delay an instant, but went out with Brandon at once.

While in the cab, however, he had an opportunity of thinking over the position. He did not wish to be cruel, but he saw plainly that Bertha must be dropped. Had she only been satisfied to remain abroad, everything would have been so delightfully right. He

could have supplied her then with everything to make her comfortable for the rest of her days. But to follow him in this manner! It was unpardonable. Men like Arthur always have a mortal horror of being followed. And then he began to justify himself; it was he who was really ill-used, and who ought to be pitied for having his prospects spoiled because of a folly which seemed to him to have been over years ago—and then what could Bertha have to do with Brandon? Might there not be collusion between them? If she would but be good enough to die of this dangerous fever, or whatever it was! He should be terribly sorry, of course—but still it would be so much the best thing that could happen, for her as well as for him, and it would make everything so beautifully smooth.

At last they arrived at Bertha's lodging. The fever had not abated, and she was still unable to recognise any one.

Arthur went alone into Bertha's room, and remained there a minute or two. The Rose of Tannenheim was to all appearance on her death-bed. What thoughts passed through his mind as he looked upon her had better not be known; for it is at all events to his credit that his words on returning to Brandon had not been in his mind before he entered the house.

"That is not Fräulein Reinhold," he said.

Brandon looked at him with blank amazement.

"And I hope," Arthur continued, "that you are nothing more than the victim of a trick."

Maurice Brandon was by no means easily moved to active anger, but certainly his blood boiled up now. The lie and the insult together were too much for him. "What!" he began, "are you such an unutterable scoundrel——"

Arthur lost colour a little: he did not feel himself, just then, to be the bravest of men, for he was

considerably the weaker of the two, both in mind and in voice, and if it came to more than words, in muscle too: and then he had not his quarrel just.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I only meant that you must be the victim of a trick."

"Well?"

"That is all."

"I thought you said also—I hope to heaven you did not—that this lady is not Fräulein Reinhold—or Bertha Corbet."

"She is neither the one nor the other. I should have thought you had more sense than to believe anything that any woman might tell you," answered Arthur, with more boldness.

"Then you are about the most thorough scoundrel I ever had the misfortune to meet, and the most impudent too. You must know that the whole story is as well known to me as it is to yourself."

"I shall not answer you if you come to abuse. In future I shall take no notice of anything you may do or say. And now I will go at once from a place where I was a fool to come."

"Go and be damned," said Brandon. It was the only reply that occurred to him, and he certainly said it with a will.

When, however, his first angry astonishment had passed—genuine anger was almost a new sensation to him—and he was able to think calmly, his course seemed to be by no means clear. In spite of his disgust, he could not help half admiring the tactics of Arthur, which, infamous as they might be, were as politic as they were bold. The line that the latter had taken was so admirable in its way as to savour of genius, and must have been inspired by some higher power than his mere natural talent. It was founded upon a perfect dilemma, which was as simple as it was exhaustive. Bertha must either die or live. If she died, as was clearly

the most probable, everything was as safe as Arthur could wish, without any farther trouble or anxiety on his part. If, on the other hand, she happened to live, Brandon's word would now weigh nothing with Rose as against his own, and he should know how to keep Bertha quiet, who would not even know that he had denied her, unless Brandon told her so; and she, like Rose, would not believe Brandon against him. He was even safer than he thought; for Brandon was not a man who was likely, after what had passed, to attempt to communicate again with Rose under any circumstances whatever: and what his private opinion about Arthur's conduct might be, did not matter a straw to the latter in any case.

In point of fact, of course the mind of Arthur had, consciously, gone through no such process of argument. Like all really great ideas, this idea of his sprang from the imagination rather than from the reason, which only served to justify it afterwards. The course which he had taken had its origin in the instinct of self-preservation, and, when its end was gained, he regretted his conduct most deeply—in theory. Still, he was able to ferret out a hundred reasons to justify that course, of which one half tended to show that he had done what was most expedient for everybody as well as for himself, while the other half clearly proved that he had done the only thing that was possible under the circumstances. And so, it is to be hoped, he dined with a good appetite, slept soundly and quietly, and felt altogether as a man should feel who aspired to be the husband of Rose Arnold. Bertha could not surely be so selfish—she surely could not have so little consideration for the peace of mind and freedom of action of him whom she professed to love the most—as to think overmuch of so slight a fact as that she had been deserted and denied by

him in the hour of her greatest need.

It so happened, however, that Maurice Brandon took rather a different view of the matter; and if at the moment he had been fortunate enough to think of a stronger epithet than "scoundrel," he would not have thought twice before he applied it. He almost regretted that Arthur had not allowed the quarrel to go farther, and that something more than mere words had not passed between them. His pity now for Bertha became simply infinite; and, full of anger and compassion, he added a few lines to his letter before he posted it, which were not the most calculated to calm the mind of Werner. Then, once again, he sat himself down to think.

But sitting down to think invariably means sitting down to dream, as all the world knows. Still, however, it is by his dreams rather than by his thoughts that the real changes which take place in a man are recorded. The dreams of Maurice Brandon, as he sat for hours listening to the delirium of Bertha's fever, came to something like this result.

To raise himself on system above the common life of men, to willingly draw no breath save in the pure air of Art, had been the aim of his life, and it had proved itself to be unattainable. A chance visit to an obscure country town had made him an actor, in no theatrical sense, in a drama of simply human life, from the intricacies of which never, as long as he lived, should he be able to escape. He had placed his foot upon the boards, and he was unable to draw it back. Had he only had the clear-sightedness to recognise his danger at first and at once, he might have saved himself; but he, a human dwarf, had tried to fight the giant Circumstance on hostile ground, and he had naturally failed. Knowledge of men and women of the sort which he had hitherto cultivated is not power;

for life, like nature, is not to be governed or directed save by obedience to its conditions, even by genius itself. Though the most skilled player, in theory, of them all, he, more than even Arthur himself, had been the slave of every little accident and of every circumstance that had arisen from the first day of his first visit to Grayport until now: during this time, to form a course of action had meant, with him, to fail; and to form an opinion had meant to be mistaken. He had been directed throughout: he had directed nothing. It could only follow that his own actions, such as they had been, had been influenced by a false motive and founded on a wrong principle. He was the last to learn—later even than Rose, later than Madame de Marsay—that life is not a romance, is not a play, is not an artist's studio, and is not subject to their limited conditions. All this, and a great deal more, floated through that part of his brain to which dreams belong; and beneath it all lay his real and living love for Rose, the source of it all.

This, of course, is but one fragment of the conclusion of a long succession of fancies and images, of unsystematic recollections, of unconscious examinations of himself, and of shadows and reflections of undefined thoughts, which kept growing clearer and more defined as they came. Possibly, also, dreams of that uneasy sort which belongs to easy-chairs came to him also; for he had not been a good sleeper of late, and he was now utterly tired out. At last it was certain that he must have slept, for he woke with a start from a dream in which Rose and Bertha, and Werner and Arthur and himself, were all inextricably mingled—almost as much so as they were in reality—to find that the room had become dark, and that the book which he had been holding in his hands, had fallen upon the floor. But there was something strange in the room besides the darkness—there was silence.

Filled with fear, he opened the folding-doors and listened—then he lighted a candle, and looked at Bertha nearer. But it was the silence of life, not of death, for the delirium was over, and she was sleeping with the quietness of a child, forgetting, as it were, not life itself, but only its sorrows.

Once more he returned to his seat, and remained until the grey clearness of morning shone in at the window. Then, cold and stiff, with swollen eyes and throbbing temples, but with a strangely calm and peaceful heart, he let himself out, and returned slowly to Cliffords Inn.

On calling the next day, rather late, he heard that Bertha was awake and conscious. The doctor now gave it as his opinion that she would recover. Brandon did not go up to see her, however, nor did he do so for two or three days, during which time she progressed favourably. But at length, when she was able to leave her bed for an hour or two at a time, he judged that the time had come for holding some farther conversation with her.

She was not willing to speak freely at first, but the need of a confidant, which had been growing within her for so long, and the real trust which she now placed in Brandon, very soon overcame her reserve. She was the daughter, she told him, of a Lutheran pastor named Andreas Reber, who had originally come from Silesia, and had married at Vienna. Her mother, whom she scarcely remembered, had, some years after the marriage, gone away from her husband—why, Bertha either did not know or would not say—taking with her an elder daughter, Ida. Whatever the cause for her flight, however, her husband had felt it rather as a disgrace than as a sorrow; and, weakly enough, as it would seem, but characteristically, had changed his name, and had managed to obtain employment in an obscure and distant town. Of

the movements of Bertha's mother they had often heard, as, having been originally an actress, she had returned to the stage; and of the early marriage of Ida to the Count de Marsay, they had been informed by the newspapers.

Putting all these facts together, the whole history of Bertha Reinhold, or Reber, or whatever her name might be, was tolerably clear. He pressed her with no farther questions, but set out at once to seek the Countess, whose address he well knew, having first of all written once more to Werner. Certainly Maurice Brandon was living anything but his own separate and individual life just now. He seemed to hold in his hands the threads of all lives except his own.

The lady, however, who was persuaded that it was she alone who held all these threads—the would-be directress, who looked upon herself as Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos all at once—was at home, as usual. But, in spite of her confidence in herself, she was both startled and disconcerted when her servant handed her Brandon's card, and she took a longer time than usual to arrange her thoughts and her hair before receiving him.

She met him gravely and in silence, and with an assumption of dignity that did not belong to any of her ordinary rôles. It became her, however, admirably.

"Madame," said Brandon, thinking of anything but of that last interview between them at Farleigh, with which her mind was filled—"Madame, I have come to inform you of something that closely touches yourself, and which, I think, you will be glad to know." He waited for her to say something, but she only inclined her head, as if to say "Go on." "You will be angry with me at first, perhaps, but I must run the risk of that, and even of being thought uncourteous and impertinent, as I must begin by asking you a question or two.

You will not think me so when you know all."

She again bent her head without speaking.

"Then, may I ask, was your father's name Andreas Reber?"

Her dignity vanished in an instant. "Uncourteous! impertinent!" she exclaimed. "What! when I hope you are going to tell me the only thing in the whole world I care to know? Yes, certainly—Andreas Reber, of Breslau. Does he live?"

"I believe he lives."

"And that this news should come from you! I have wandered through all Europe to seek out my father and my sister, or else to look on their graves. But he lives, you say—do they both live? Surely they are not in London?"

"He is not in London—he is in Germany. But, if I am not more mistaken than I can believe possible, your sister is in London at this moment. She herself has just told me with her own lips that her name is—or was—Bertha Reber."

The Countess was silent for a moment, during which she crossed herself devoutly. "You surely cannot be about to revenge yourself on me?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Revenge? Revenge myself on one who has always done all she can to prove herself my best friend? No—I only wish to prove to you that you once judged me ill. What reason can I have for revenge?"

"It is true. You can have none. Forgive me for saying that; but your news has disturbed me. She is in London, you say? Pray do not keep me in suspense—tell me all at once."

Brandon considered for an instant. "The news will be painful," he said. "Miss Arnold—you knew her"—the Countess bowed slightly—"Miss Arnold has a cousin, one Arthur Corbet. This young man, while at Frankfort—do you follow me?—seems to have loved your sister, then living in Saxony with——"

"At Frankfort? Merciful God! When was this?"

"Within the last twelve months. I will tell as little of the story as need be—your sister will let you know the rest. But she is now recovering from an illness here in London with no friends but myself and you. By the way, it seems your father changed his name to Reinhold when he left Breslau."

Brandon, knowing as he did all her sudden and impulsive ways, expected, after what he had said, to see her start up and set out at once to find her sister. But she did no such thing. On the contrary, she sat motionless: her eyes, usually either so restless or else so completely under command, were fixed, alarmed, as if by horror, and her face was as pale as death. Brandon sprang up, but, when he moved, she spoke.

"And it is I who have brought her to this!"

"You?"

"Do not ask me how. But that I—I who have spent all the years of my freedom in striving to link myself with at least the memory of what I lost so early—I, who hoped at least to find the graves of a father and a sister, even if my dreams of finding them living should prove vain—that I, with my own hand, should have destroyed what I would have given my life to find——"

"Dear Ida," he said, returning mechanically to the old form, "you must be dreaming. How can the hand have been yours when it was that of this man Arthur Corbet?"

"The hand?—yes, that is his, perhaps."

"I cannot understand this feeling of yours. Anger against the seducer of your sister would be natural; but self-accusation in a matter with which you have had nothing whatever to do——"

"I dare not see her. But she is without means, you say, and without friends?"

"Utterly."

"My help would only be mock-

ery. Does she want money—clothes——"

"She wants nothing but the presence of a friend who is a woman."

"I will go," said the Countess, suddenly. "But she must not hate me at first. You will not repeat to her what I have said to you?"

"I certainly shall not repeat what I cannot understand, and have already forgotten."

"I never hoped that you and I should meet again—and now, I wish it less than ever. But I thank you from my heart for what you have done. You did not know—but now take me to her, and then leave both her and me. I can at least relieve you of your charge."

"I will resign her into your hands most willingly—as willingly as I have tried to render her all the service that I could."

"Then let us go at once." She hastily left the room, and was ready miraculously soon. From ——— Street they drove as fast as her pair of horses could get through the streets—she sitting beside Brandon in utter silence, while her heart beat fast, and her breath came and went with terrible force and rapidity, filled as it was with the mingled dread and longing of all her intense nature. They reached the door at last, knocked, and entered.

"Wait here," said Brandon, "while I prepare her for your arrival. She is still very weak and excitable." He left her below, and went up-stairs into the sitting-room. Not finding her there, he rang the bell, and learned from the servant that, feeling tired, Bertha had gone to lie down on her bed.

"Tell her," he said, "that I am here, and have something of consequence to say to her; but do not disturb her if she is asleep."

The servant opened the folding-doors gently. The sleep of Bertha was indeed peaceful and silent—and, this time, it was not the silence of life.

The Countess de Marsay had arrived just too late.

CHAPTER XXIII.—FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE.

Still Arthur Corbet was raking in gold profusely. The thread of his fortune was not broken yet, though it was drawn very tightly indeed, and was strained and frayed. But it was so wonderful that it should have held out for so long, that it would scarcely seem more wonderful if it should go on holding out for ever, if his visits to the share market should prove that the fable about the pot going to the well once too often is not of universal application.

There is a saying about luck in play and luck in love not going together; but in love, also, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the progress he was making. Still, his last conversation with Madame de Marsay had made him clearly perceive that matters ought to be now a little hurried on, and that it would be as well for him to take his cousin while she might be supposed to be in the humour. Resolution was not his forte; but at last, sooner than any one who knew him could have thought possible, he really did make up his mind, for once in his life, to take deliberate and decisive action.

It was not often that as much as two days passed without his calling at the Arnolds', with whom Rose was still staying; but, as soon as his mind was fairly made up, he stayed away no less a time than four whole days at once, so much had he become a martyr to the disease of indecision. This unusual length of absence, though made up of scarce a hundred hours, served to make him notice, more closely than had been his habit, the change, no less in body than in mind, that had of late taken place in his cousin. She had been long living in that state of slow fever in which the patient, without showing any decided symptoms of disease, gives out vitality and energy in profusion, but does not renew the supply. But

then Rose Arnold had plenty of vitality and energy to give out before the stock was exhausted: the real change was in her expression and manner, both of which had suddenly grown older, and served to mark outwardly the transformation of the fresh and innocent girl into the suffering woman that was taking place in her. Her trust and faith had apparently been betrayed, and though she was as pure as ever, she could be called innocent no more. But, to Arthur, whatever difference there was in her seemed only an increase of beauty: he preferred women to girls, he was fond of saying, and her affection for him easily flattered him into the belief that he himself might have had something to do with the change.

But, however this might be, he saw nothing in it to render him less confident of success. Constancy to the recollection of a disappointed hope was certainly unintelligible to one who was unable to comprehend the idea of constancy at all.

She smiled pleasantly when she saw him, and he fancied without difficulty that he could read a new meaning in her smile. "You must have been wondering what could have become of me all this while," he said.

"It is a long time," she answered. "Have you been doing anything remarkable?"

"I should certainly have been here otherwise," he replied, in as lover-like a manner as he could extemporise. "Yes, I think I have been doing something very remarkable indeed, if it turns out half as well as I expect. You know you never will listen to business or have anything explained, or I would tell you all about it."

"Don't, please. I should never understand about shares and things, or about money—except how to spend it," she added, with some-

thing very like her old laugh, which, in fact, she kept for the benefit of her cousin.

"But I must really tell you of this," he answered, warming to his favourite topic: "It is really a first-rate thing, and yet it is intensely absurd. You see," he went on, while she listened with such appearance of interest as she could contrive to assume—"you see there is a company just started called the Great Equatorial Financial Company, which is to support all sorts and kinds of undertakings all over the world, and to find the money for them. Why it's called 'Equatorial,' of course I don't know. Of course the whole thing is a ludicrous notion, just now."

"Well?"

"Well, everybody sees its absurdity just as much as I do, and so everybody is trying to get a pull at it while it lasts, in one way or another; and so it's every one's interest to keep it going just a trifle longer than he says he wants to keep it going. Now all the world's in it, great and small, and so I've found out exactly just how long the biggest men mean it to last, and taken my measures accordingly. We shall multiply our capital by ten," he added; but he did not add, "or lose it twice over," though that was the real alternative, and infinitely the more probable of the two.

Rose spoke quite within bounds when she said that she knew nothing about such matters. Before her uncle's death, her financial operations had been confined to the revision and payment of the weekly bills, and, after it, to her own personal expenses and her gifts to her poor. How money was made and kept she knew no more now than six months ago. She was certainly an ideal principal to suit the purposes of her agent, who had the most complete *carte blanche* to act as he pleased. So she accepted his prophecy with much composure, no uncertainty, and very little interest.

Suddenly, however, Arthur be-
thought himself that a conversation of this kind was not the best means for leading things up to the point at which he wished them to arrive. He therefore changed his tone, and said tenderly,—

"Rose, these money affairs were the last things about which I wanted to speak to you, though of course it is for your sake alone that I interest myself in them."

"I am afraid you trouble yourself about them too much. There is surely enough for both of us. What need is there that I should be richer than I am for either of our sakes? There is plenty for you, and I am alone in the world. We have nothing to do but help each other."

"But help each other'—we, who stand both of us alone. You are right—that is my only thought also, for I also stand alone but for you."

"But surely that need not be. Why should you always stand alone?"

"Because I care for no one but you."

She looked up in surprise. He went on,—

"I have come to-day, dearest Rose, to ask you to join your fate with mine wholly—in name as well as in fact—so that we may stand alone, not as two, but as one; to be my dearest wife instead of my dearest friend and cousin."

She neither started nor changed colour, she only looked exceedingly distressed.

"Arthur," she said, "I hope you do not mean what you say?"

"I mean it as surely as I love you."

"It only wanted this," she said, sadly, but to herself rather than to him, "to make me alone indeed."

"Have you not seen——"

"That you were my dear and only brother. Nothing more, indeed. And now am I to lose you also?"

"Do not say that. We must

not, cannot, lose each other. Believe me, I have told you my only wish. But do not hurry yourself——” He was getting provoked with his own coldness; but it is not easy to call up passion at will before those that we have known from childhood. “I have taken you by surprise, I fear. Take time, if you will. My wish is too strong, too dear to me, for me to risk the decision of a sudden answer. But, once more, why should not we two, who are all in all to each other as it is, be so in the sight of the world as well as in our own?”

Without knowing it, he had now fallen into the right line. Passion would have been wasted upon her; but, after all, why should she not devote herself to making one man happy—the one man, for whose happiness, as she falsely told herself, she now cared the most? She did not wish to be selfish in her unhappiness.

“But I cannot be your wife,” she said. “Why should not the old way last? Why should we not be brother and sister till we die?”

“Why should you not be my wife? You are free; I love you devotedly; you love me now, you say, with the love of a sister—what should prevent that love from becoming the love of a wife?”

She looked down, and, for the first time, avoided his gaze. Then, still avoiding it, but looking up, she said,—

“You must not ask me more. It cannot be, indeed.”

He became a little angry, and more than a little jealous.

“Surely,” he said, “you do not mean that you are still thinking of——”

“That is over, as you know—over as though it had never been. But——”

“But what is it, then? You do not believe those stories——”

“You would not say that, Arthur, if you knew how you distressed me. Should I now be

speaking to you if I did believe them?”

“Dearest Rose! But tell me—do you want time to think, to reflect? Only do not say No, at once. I will give you a week—a month——”

Time, indeed, was what she did want. Marriage with Arthur was not by any means an absurd idea in itself, and constancy to Brandon seemed to her to be both weak and sinful—at the best, to be unworthy of any true woman. She now had an opportunity of both conquering herself and endeavouring to make Arthur happy by the same complete and final act. Besides, she could not bear to lose her only friend. Indeed, ought she not, she thought, to sacrifice herself to him even as she thought he would, if need were, sacrifice himself for her? Only she must not deceive him.

“Would you take me for your wife,” she asked, “knowing that I can bring you, indeed, all the affection that I have for you now, but no more, and of no other kind?”

“What greater, what other kind of love could fairly be asked of you? You will bring me all if you bring me that.”

“Not all. But would you help me to conquer myself?”

“In what way?”

“Pray do not ask me to say more.”

“Dearest! The devotion to you of my whole life shall make you forget everything that you have suffered.” He was very dissatisfied, but strove not to appear so. “And now, when may I hope for an answer? In a month?”

“No; I will not make you wait as long as that. Give me but one night to collect my thoughts, and I will give you an answer to-morrow.”

He had the tact, which she fully appreciated, not to say a word more then. He left her, taking care to do so with a new respect, and an avoidance of anything like their old familiarity. She must

learn to forget now the nature of their former intimacy. On the whole, he felt that he had been successful. The encouragement which she had given him, if not flattering, was sufficient, on the old principle of "*Château qui parle, femme qui écoute.*"

And he was right. Rose, left to herself, went carefully over her position. Marriage was the last thing that her heart desired, for that was constant, and would not be subdued. But her reason told her that she ought to subdue it, or, at all events, to make the strongest possible attempt to do so. She would not allow to herself for a moment that Brandon ought to stand in the way of any one, whoever he might be, who should propose marriage to her; and if her cousin really loved her—and why should she not believe him?—he, of all men, ought least to be made to suffer for Brandon's sake. The only real difficulty which her reason could discover lay in the question whether it would be right for her to bring her husband only half a heart—whether she would not thereby be doing him the most cruel injury of all. And yet, what did this question mean, at most? She would bring him warm affection, the devotion of her whole strength and her whole life, the warmest interest in everything that related to him, not a feeling that would prevent her doing her whole duty by him without a thought of herself; and if she brought him a hundred hearts, all whole and entire, what could she do more than she could do now? After all, did not this Love of which people talk seem to be a mere fiction? Her, at least, it had led utterly astray so far as to have made her almost hate its very name. Warm but temperate affection, such as makes temperate and lasting happiness, must, she thought, be preferable to the strange sympathy that seemed to bring nothing but either passionate

joy or passionate sorrow. Long ere night came, she had made up her mind; but for hours afterwards she remained wrapped in self-conflict. Still, reason and Arthur had prevailed, and her heart had nothing now left to do but to torture her with vain regrets. She had retired to her room with the excuse of a real headache, in order that she might think out her thoughts alone; and there she would probably have remained till the next morning, had she not been summoned down-stairs to speak to a foreign lady who would not send up her name, but wished to see Miss Arnold alone on a matter, as she said, of the utmost importance.

Arthur rose the next morning, anxious indeed, but not more despondent than was usual with him in the morning. He chose noon for the hour of his call on Rose to receive her answer, because by that time he was generally able to bring himself into pretty good form, and his visit would be free from any appearance of hurry on the one hand and of carelessness on the other. As he went towards Captain Arnold's, he grew very confident indeed, and by the time he entered the house he had quite the air of a triumphant lover. He had already been into the city, and had stimulated himself with the news that the great Finance Company was bearing up excellently, exactly in the way that he had predicted.

Rose was not in the drawing-room, but he was told that she would be with him immediately. In less than five minutes she appeared, dressed as if on the point of going out of doors. He could not decide quite to his satisfaction whether it was the mourning-dress which she still wore that made her look so pale and grave, or whether it was anxious meditation on his question of the day before.

"Arthur," she said, in a very constrained manner, without giving him time to address her first, "I am just going out, but I waited

till you came. If you will come with me, I will give you your answer in half an hour from now."

"Why, Rose," he exclaimed, in real astonishment, "why can you not give it here, and now? Where are you going? Though of course I will go with you, with pleasure."

"Then come. I have a real reason for asking you, and you will thank me presently. We have to go some way, so Mrs Arnold has ordered the carriage for us. I see that it is at the door now. I would rather have had a cab, but I have something to say to you as we go."

The carriage started towards May Fair. After a few seconds' silence, Rose said—

"The meaning of this is, that I am about to give you the fullest opportunity of proving that story of your marriage to be false."

"Surely," he said, "you cannot doubt it still?"

"I do not. But I wish all doubt to be cleared up, for the sake of others. It seems that now it can be cleared up most fully; and, in fairness and justice to others, as well as to ourselves, we ought not to lose the opportunity. It is not because I doubt you—it is because I believe you that I bring you with me. I fear that we may have to pass through a difficult and painful scene—especially painful to me—but for your sake I will go through it willingly, whatever it may be. You will surely do as much for your own sake and for mine. I would tell you more now, had I not promised to be silent."

Filled with vague misgivings, Arthur sat beside her in the carriage without being able to gain from her another word, until they arrived at a house in — Street, Berkeley Square, which Arthur knew as that of the Countess de Marsay. He had already suspected his fellow-conspirator to be at the bottom of this proceeding, and this slightly reconciled him to its mysterious character, until the sight of

her house reassured him still more. Whether she was his friend or no, she was evidently working with him, for some reason of her own; so he thought that the best thing he could do, in his present state of uncertainty, was to content himself with watching circumstances and following her lead. Of course he had much rather that she would have left him and Rose to themselves on that particular morning; but it could not be helped now—he must put on a bold face, avoid committing himself in any way, and trust to luck and Madame de Marsay.

The door was opened, and they went up-stairs into the drawing-room, where they were received by the Countess herself; who, anxious and pale as Rose was looking, looked more anxious and pale than even Rose.

"You are no doubt surprised at my having wished to see Miss Arnold and yourself in this manner, Mr Corbet," she said, quietly.

Arthur bowed. Her presence had restored his confidence completely.

"I hear," she continued, "that you have made a proposal of marriage to Miss Arnold."

Arthur looked at Rose, rather with surprise. "I did not know, madame, that you were so much in my cousin's confidence. But it is so, certainly."

The Countess looked at him steadily. "Is that well, Mr Corbet," she said, "when you have a wife living?"

The sudden and unexpected question astonished him for a moment; but his last conversation with her had not gone for nothing. Now was evidently the time at which she wished him—though why at this especial time was inconceivable—to tell the story which she had then taught him. He did not by any means feel grateful to her for her zeal in his behalf, as he thought that the story might have kept very well until there was some real and

pressing occasion for it, and that she might have taken him a little more into her confidence. But whether grateful to her or not, he must be for the present obedient to her. She had made him docile enough in the course of their last interview—and he answered, firmly and readily—and why should he not, seeing that it was the simple truth?

"I have no wife living." Then, turning round to Rose, with assumed indignation, but with a glance towards the Countess to let her see that it was only assumed, he added, "Rose, I cannot thank you for bringing me to hear these old slanders repeated. But as you have thought fit to do so, I will deny them again, and once for all. I have no wife, and have never had one."

"Did you ever hear of one Mademoiselle Reber?"

Seeing that he had never heard Bertha's real name, which her sister used now accidentally, and from force of habit, Arthur was now completely bewildered. This was not in the story, and he did not know whether he was expected to say yes or no. The Countess, however, soon came to his assistance.

"Mademoiselle Reinhold, I mean—Bertha Reinhold?"

"I hope the woman is not mad," he thought to himself; "this seems to be sailing rather too near the wind. And yet perhaps it is best, when I come to think of it." He saw that truth and accuracy in immaterial details might turn out very advantageous to him by supporting material falsehood. Still, he was not clear as to how he ought to answer. He looked at the Countess for a sign either of direction or encouragement, but could find none. Rose was waiting anxiously. At last he said, in order to gain time,

"Suppose that I refuse to answer anything more? So long as my cousin believes my simple word, I am content, let the world say what they will."

"Then," said the Countess—and there was a sudden light in her black eyes that betokened danger, though her features and her voice were still calm—"then I shall say of you simply this: I shall say that you carried away from her home, and did *not* marry, but seduced and deserted, a young girl, Bertha Reinhold, who was betrothed to one of your most intimate and best friends, which friend you deliberately and cruelly betrayed—that, when this poor girl lay dying, without a friend near her save one whom you yourself had injured in the basest manner, you denied her, and left her, even then. If you please, I can say also——" She checked herself just in time, for she was working herself into one of her passions.

"Madame!" exclaimed Arthur, violently; but, recovering himself, and still unable to believe but that the Countess, good actress as he knew her to be, was his ally, and that she had intended this last speech as a hint—though certainly a very broad and strong hint—that he was to say yes, and keep to his story, he said,

"I do not understand you, madame. I have not the least objection to say that I have heard of Mademoiselle Reinhold."

He wished that he were less like one who is groping in the dark. Only one thing was plain to him now, that the Countess, for some private reason of her own which she did not intend to share with him, meant fully to throw him over unless he held firm to every word that she had as good as instructed him to say. The only course open to him was to trust to her implicitly and blindly; for, dangerous as it seemed, every other course was evidently more dangerous still. His subsequent answers were therefore given boldly and unhesitatingly, for he was fairly frightened into courage.

"And what became of her?" was the next question.

"She is dead."

"Where and when did she die?"

"She died abroad."

"And when?"

"Some months ago."

"Before you returned to England?"

"Yes."

"That is enough," said Madame de Marsay. "And now, come with me."

The three went slowly up-stairs, Rose trembling, Arthur fearing he knew not what, the Countess unnaturally stern and solemn—she could not help acting, even then. As she laid her hand upon the handle of a door, Arthur took an opportunity of whispering to her, "What is the meaning of all this?"

"You shall see," she said, and opened the door. "Yes," she added in a loud voice, "it is true that it was not Bertha Reinhold—you were right to the letter. It is true that she is dead—you were right in that also. But it was Bertha Reber—and now——"

There, upon the bed of her sister, in her coffin, lay the dead body of Bertha Reinhold—or Reber, it matters not now—which had been cold for some days. But it was not to this that her lover's eyes first turned, for by the side of the corpse stood Maurice Brandon and Max Werner. Rose had not dared to come forward, but stood just within the door.

"This was surely needless," said Brandon to the Countess, rather sternly. "I did not intend this. Why bring them here?" He was tired of her *coups de théâtre*.

"Why?" she exclaimed; "what so fitting as that the betrayer of my sister, the murderer of my father, should have to make confession by the side of her whom he has betrayed to death? I have done so—why should not he?"

Arthur's eyes turned from the dead to the living sister, and was enlightened at last—or, rather, half-enlightened, for he now natu-

rally supposed that this trap had been laid for him by the Countess from the very beginning. His rage and shame at having been so grossly deceived, led on step by step to his ruin, and then thrown down by the very hand that had guided him, were such as to prevent his saying a word, either to defend himself or to accuse others. Never self-reliant, he was lost altogether when attacked by numbers, alone, unarmed, and unprepared. The Countess did not seek to read the expression of that face of his which was always so plain to read; but Rose did, and then turned her eyes away. Either even she had no pity, or else, for the time, pity was merged in shame.

After her last outburst, Madame de Marsay paused. Then she added—and though the words were theatrical, the tone was one of an agony genuine enough to have deserved to find expression in simpler and truer form—

"It is only right that the murderer and the murderer should look on their victim together."

"Enough of this," said Brandon. "Let us go down. This is not the place for what we have to say—if indeed anything need be said." He was very angry indeed with the Countess; Rose surely might have been spared a scene like this.

Arthur's eyes were now fixed upon the corpse. At one time he was about to advance towards it, but checked himself. They then left the room, Brandon first, who bowed gravely to Rose as he passed her at the door, then Werner, then Arthur, then Rose, and last of all the Countess, who had flung herself down in a fury of passion by the bedside. If she had prepared this theatrical *denouement*, she at least fully felt her part.

On returning to the drawing-room, Arthur was the first to speak.

"I see," he exclaimed angrily, "that your conspiracy has succeeded for a time, and that my cousin disbelieves me. Well, the truth will

come out one day. I admit nothing, and I defy proof."

"Proof!" said Werner; "why—"

Arthur turned to Rose. "I will not suspect you of having to do with this," he said, "nor will I even blame you. You will repent, sooner or later. And remember, to think badly of me is not the same thing as to think well of Brandon. It does not follow that because you condemn me you must absolve him. It does not follow that he did not make himself rich at my expense, and that he did not try to make himself richer at yours. And for you," he added, turning suddenly and furiously to Brandon himself, who was standing apart, wrapped in thought—"for you, I wish you joy of your mistress—Countess, as she calls herself. She has worked well for you indeed—take care that one day she does not take it into her head to work against you.—So they were sisters, were they? So much the worse for the younger, then. That explains many things."

He certainly did not understand the art of losing with dignity. His last few words, apparently suggested by a gross brutality which was not part of his real nature, and of which he repented as soon as they had left his lips, proved too much for the restraint under which Werner had with difficulty been keeping himself. He stepped forward violently, but Brandon laid a hand on his shoulder and forcibly held him back.

"Not now, Max," he said, "not under the roof beneath which she is lying. Elsewhere, do what you please. For the present, let him go."

"Go, indeed!" exclaimed Arthur, loudly and more angrily than before; "I am much obliged to both of you for your moderation in not adding violence to the rest of your conduct. But if it will be any satisfaction to you, I am going, and at once—I will take care to let Doctor Werner know where to find me." He took out his card, threw

it on the table, and left the room and the house without another word.

All waited in dead silence until they heard the street-door close. Then Madame de Marsay spoke to Brandon.

"I have wronged you also," she said, "but I do not ask for forgiveness. I spoke truly when I said we could never be friends again. But I can at least thank you. Had it not been for you, Heaven knows what the last hours of my unhappy sister might have been. I have tried to recompense you in some measure—I pray that I may have succeeded. But you need neither thanks nor prayers from me. You will both of you be the happier without them. And so, for the last time, good-bye—and not as enemies, I trust."

He took her hand and bowed over it. He thought it best, however, to say nothing, as he did not wish to say what he thought of her real conduct in the matter—for which, even at the end, he could see but very little reason to thank her—and he did not wish to say anything insincere. And so she, also, took herself off the stage, not ineffectively. But she had not spoken quite her last words, for she whispered to Werner, as she passed him, "He will not fight—I know him; and a message will be no use. But there are ways—" she added, with a meaning look, and was gone. Werner himself silently left the room immediately afterwards, and remained for long beside what had once been the Rose of Tannenheim.

And so it came about that Maurice Brandon and Rose Arnold were once more alone together. She was trembling, pale, and overwhelmed with terror and shame; with terror for Arthur—with shame both for herself and for him. But, all trembling and ashamed as she was, the courage of her heart, which, deceived and misled as it had been from the very beginning, had itself

remained true, soon returned. She approached her discarded lover, still trembling, indeed, and with downcast eyes, but with no shadow of fear or shame in her soul, and made the last speech of hers that will be recorded here. It is to be hoped that her own sex will not condemn her as a traitor to it for saying, frankly and openly,

"Can you forgive me? I have been most wrong and most mistaken. But I know now that I have never ceased to be yours for a moment, even when I disbelieved in you most. I have tried hard to for-

get, but my heart would not let me—and it seems that my heart was in the right. I can never distrust you again."

While she was speaking, he had taken her in his arms. "No," he answered, with a grave smile, "we know the worst of each other now. We will spend the rest of our lives in trying to find out the best."

It was not a very complimentary speech—but then Maurice Brandon had been out of practice for a long time now; and, as Rose was more than satisfied, there was no need of fine words.

CHAPTER XXIV.—VOX POPULI—ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

Things do not very often repeat themselves; but among the things that do was the almost nightly meeting of Ramsden, Layton, Hammond, and Wilson, to renovate their minds by talking shop, and their bodies with the very tolerable Cognac on which the first-named of these prided himself. It is no wonder, therefore, that at the end of about a year from the date of their wager, the four found themselves again together at the same hour and in the same place as before. Had it been two, or even three years later, the case would, in all probability, have been the same.

Hammond.—"Where are any of you fellows going this summer?"

Layton.—"I've always noticed that when a man asks that, he is always either going to the Tyrol or Italy, or the North Pole—any way that he is going to crow over one."

Ramsden.—"Hammond won't be able to crow over me, then. I'm going to Margate for a whole week at least. There now!"

Layton.—"And I may get as far west as Pall Mall, and as far east as St Paul's."

Wilson.—"And I—well, I suppose the wisest thing I could do would be Boulogne, as quarter-day has left unpleasant recollections."

Hammond.—"So I suppose I am to consider myself generally sat

upon. But I will make a clean breast of it. I am going to Baden."

Layton.—"Didn't I say so?"

Hammond.—"Where's your geography? I didn't know that Baden was at the North Pole, or in Italy, or—"

Layton.—"But the principle is the same."

Hammond.—"And that's the principal thing, I suppose. Won't anybody laugh?"

Ramsden.—"Take care what you're about, Hammond. Are you a good shot?"

Hammond.—"Pretty fair. But why?"

Ramsden.—"Because you'll probably get called out at Baden, if you try to make puns—an exercise for which you are wholly unfitted. There have been three real duels there within the last month, I hear. You know poor O'Toole?"

Layton.—"What? The O'Toole, as they call him?"

Ramsden.—"That's the man. You know what a passion he has for making puns. I hear that the other day a Frenchman put a bullet through his shoulder. I have no doubt that his ruling passion had something to do with it. And his puns weren't bad."

Hammond.—"Thank you."

Ramsden.—"And then there's been another duel with an English-

man—by the way, you used to know something about the man. You, Layton, I mean."

Layton.—"What's the name?"

Ramsden.—"Corbet, I think."

Layton.—"By Jove! You don't mean Arthur Corbet? I have met him often. But he didn't make puns. I beg your pardon, though. I hope it ended comfortably."

Ramsden.—"That's a matter of opinion. But read it for yourself. It's in the *Trumpet*. In the Roving letter, you know."

Wilson.—"Oh, then Cross is doing Baden, is he? Lucky fellow."

Hammond.—"By the way, is it that Corbet who had so much to do with the Great Equatorial?"

Ramsden.—"Ah! then he would naturally be out of England."

Layton.—"What a sell that was! Not a soul in it that was not smashed to pieces, they say. And serve them right, too."

Ramsden.—"There seems to be just now an annual scatter of this sort—last year it was that Bank, what was it——?"

Layton.—"Wood and Field's. But this is far worse. But what were we talking about? Oh, duelling. All right. Where's the place?"

Ramsden.—"Here. Read it out, for Hammond's benefit."

Layton.—"I see. (*Reads.*) 'The *Lionne* of the place at present is a certain French lady, very rich and very *spirituelle*, not unknown at the Embassy in London, if I am not mistaken, some few years ago. She is named and entitled the Countess de Marsay. She'——"

Ramsden.—"You've got hold of the wrong sow, I think. I don't remember that there was a lady in the case."

Wilson.—"Sure to have been. I hold with the Caliph, who always used to ask, 'Who is she?'"

Layton.—"I'm very sorry. (*Reads.*) 'The cup given by the Grand Duke of'—somewhere or other—to be run for annually.' No, that isn't it. Ah, I've got it. (*Reads.*) 'Duelling seems to be the

order of the day here. A good deal of excitement has just been caused by an affair that ended fatally, and in which a countryman of our own was one of the principals. A young Englishman named Corbet, who has been a steady *habitué* of the green table for the last fortnight, and a steady winner, was, a day or two since, in the course of a dispute which arose at play, insulted by a young physician just arrived from Frankfort, named Werner. The provocation, I hear, was very gross, and was promptly returned, some say, by a blow; but that seems doubtful. Anyway, the German challenged our countryman, who—he chose pistols—at the first fire, although a notoriously bad shot and exceedingly nervous at the time, sent a bullet clean through the German's brain, killing him on the spot. The friends of Doctor Werner are very busy in giving a version of their own as to the cause of quarrel, but their accounts are vague; and I, for one, am not disposed to give credence to uncertain and unsupported rumours calculated to injure a young gentleman who has won golden opinions from all here. He left the place immediately after the unfortunate event, and will probably be missed as long as anyone can ever be missed at a place of which the philosophy is so essentially *carpe diem*; and not a bad kind of philosophy either, in my opinion, for a week or so in the 'spring time'—or rather summer time—'of the year'—that's all."

Wilson.—"Poor old Cross! I could spot his style anywhere. He always winds up with a moral, of which the point lies in its being utterly inappropriate. I could do it ever so much better. I wish the *Trumpet* would send me."

Ramsden.—"I daresay you do. They won't, though."

Layton.—"By Jove, fancy Corbet, if it was the same, shooting a man in a duel. He was the sort of fellow who is nobody's enemy but

his own. He was a very good fellow—or is, I should say, as he came off best.”

Hammond.—“By the way, talking of the *Trumpet*, is it true that Maurice Brandon is going to be put on it?”

Wilson.—“You don’t say so!”

Layton.—“I mustn’t reveal the secrets of the prison-house.”

Hammond.—“Of course you mustn’t—but you will.”

Layton.—“Well, then, he is. But don’t say so.”

Wilson.—“Of course not.”

Hammond.—“It’s very odd one can’t find out the rights of this marriage of his. I can’t help thinking he must have married coin, though it doesn’t look like it.”

Wilson.—“I defy you to prove it.”

Hammond.—“But he certainly is married: that we know; and that Maurice Brandon would marry without money—the very marines would turn up their noses at the notion.”

Ramsden.—“But Maurice Brandon with money coming to the *Trumpet* to get work! and Maurice Brandon with money living in furnished lodgings in Camden Town!—and Maurice Brandon with money—Pooh! ‘*Credat Judæus Apella*.’”

Layton.—“But think—Maurice Brandon without money marrying a wife without money either. Hammond’s right—that’s the test.”

Wilson.—“How long are bets to stand over?”

Ramsden.—“For ever, as far as I can see. Hammond never gives in—and my colours are nailed to the mast.”

Layton.—“I can sooner see my-

self marrying without money than Brandon.”

Wilson.—“It’s strange, I own; so strange that it *must* be true.”

Ramsden.—“But how can we know? How find out? Can any one ask him?”

Wilson.—“I never spoke more than a dozen words to him in my life.”

Layton.—“No—one can’t ask him.”

Ramsden.—“Then I’ll tell you what: let’s call the bets off, and toss up which pair of us shall stand a dinner.”

Layton.—“I’m game.”

Wilson.—“I think that’ll be best. The bet was always a stupid one. I believe I was right, though, nevertheless.”

Hammond.—“And I’m certain I am. But I’m content.”

Ramsden.—“What wonderful unanimity in thinking we should lose! But, now the bet’s off, we may all agree, without prejudice to any one’s prophetic power, of course, that Brandon is still desperately poor, and burdened with a wife as well.”

Layton.—“Poor devil! I pity Mrs Brandon. It is not the sort of position to make Brandon a very amiable husband.”

Hammond.—“It must be a wretched business. And so there’s an end of Maurice Brandon, who was to have been the prophet of High Art and of Freedom from all manner of chains and fetters, and who has come down to writing for the *Trumpet* in order to keep a wife.”

But, fortunately, success and happiness do not depend for their attainment on the opinion of Hammond or of Layton or of anybody else.

THE OLD MONK IN THE BELFRY.

HARK ! the mournful numbers rolling
Where the hooded monk is tolling,
Ever and anon his forehead
Bending o'er the hempen coil :
To and fro his shadow swinging
With the refrain he is ringing—
Ah ! the woeful refrain bringing
To an end all human toil.

Through the ivied loophole slender,
Like an aureole of splendour,
Poised amid those sounds abhorrèd,
O'er the swaying cowl of serge,
Streams the day's departing glory,
Fitful gleams, now gold, now gory,
Down the ample beard and hoary
Timing with the chiming dirge.

Sidelong to that lonely mortal,
Through the sanctuary portal,
Glimpses from the great cathedral
Steal upon his ravished sight ;
Glimmerings from the oriel painted
With angelic forms and sainted,
Seen where incense clouds have fainted
Softly in the holy light.

Twinklings from the waxen tapers
Shining through those sacred vapours,
Silvery flames that like a bede-roll
Circle the celestial place ;
Hyacinths to purple glooming,
Lilies virginally blooming,
Roses heavy with perfuming,
Clustering in ambrosial grace.

Pouring from the bells above him,
Soaring to the souls that love him,
Still the monotones of sorrow
Crown the monk's dejected head
With a nimbus of vibrations,
Like a thorn-wreath's emanations,
Earth's sublime reverberations
Mourning for her holy dead.

Though dumb grief to weeping urges
Yon' grey ringer of the dirges,
Yet his trembling hand can borrow
Solace from the belfry rope,
Drawing forth those notes of wailing
That to heaven, like prayers prevailing,
Seem to rise, not unavailing,
Sounds whose echoes breathe of hope.

Lo ! in the vast minster only—
Summoned to this labour lonely,
When the evening sun declining
Sheds a glory over all—
Toils the monk, and toiling prayeth,
Though no whispered prayer he sayeth
To the God his heart obeyeth,
Whom its life-long throbs recall.

Radiant shines the gorgeous building,
Day's departing beams are gilding,
Each minutest grace defining
In one glare divinely bright :
Loftiest trefoil, lowliest basement,
Daintiest mullion of rich casement,
Scatheless smiles through time's defacement,
Bathed in the celestial light.

Loud and clear the tongue of iron
That metallic thrills environ,
In the ancient belfry swinging,
Where the echoes ebb and flow,
Make, with mystic power abounding,
Vocal all the fane surrounding,
As with clarion peal resounding
In the sundown's golden glow.

Hid from view, the inner splendour,
Save what glimpse the porch can render
To the silent Watcher ringing
Calmly on the checkered floor—
He, as with his eyes beholding,
Sees, from memory's stores unfolding,
All the pillared pomp upholding
Groined roof fretted o'er and o'er.

Sees the arched clerest'ries pointed,
 As with heaven's own chrism anointed,
 Filled with rainbow-dyes resplendent—
 Gleamings from the bliss above:
 Sees where, down the nave, in showers,
 Scattered petals of sweet flowers
 Trailed before the host's veiled powers
 Blossom types of awe and love.

Hears, though hushed, the organ sounding
 Forth its trumpet-clang astounding,
 Dulcet treble notes attendant
 On the pedals' thunderous bass:
 Hears, in thought, the choral voices—
 Till his very soul rejoices—
 Lift the vibrant song that poises,
 Eddying round the sacred place.

Yet, alone, the bell-note pealing
 Sounds: till—hark! from graveyard stealing
 Softly through the chiming pauses
 Of the solemn dirge he rings—
Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis,
 Some far choir angelic sings—

Dying down in dim recession,
 While the sorrowing procession
 Gathers round the tomb that causes
 These lamenting words to rise;
 'Mid the vigil he is keeping,
 See you not the old monk weeping,
 Scalding drops from heart-fount leaping,
 Trembling, raining from his eyes.

(The Bell ceases.)

Ah! for whom tears so wild?
 Whisper close! Hear the truth!—
 For the child of the child
 Of the love of his youth.

C. K.

JUVENTUS MUNDI.

LET no reader be startled by a Latin heading, especially since the words are the very essence of innocence; or imagine, as he might very reasonably do, that he is invited to a discussion of Mr Gladstone's new book, or rather his compressed edition of his old book—for a book which has been in existence ten years is old even to decrepitude in these railroad days of literature, and 'Juventus Mundi' is only the author's well-known 'Studies on Homer,' writ smaller.

But we are not now going to venture much beyond the title-page. And if any of those conscientious and industrious readers who make a point of going through a book regularly from beginning to end should be inclined to think this a very superficial kind of study, let them be assured, in the first place, that there is very good reading in title-pages. To say nothing of book-sellers and bibliographers, who may be supposed to read little else, and yet are not on the whole more stupid than other people, a dip into this limited branch of literature is neither unpleasant nor un instructive, even to unprofessional eyes and minds. Much depends, of course, on the reader's faculties, and the amount of previous knowledge which he brings with him. Just as a shrewd observer will draw even from a rapid study of the human countenance an inference as to character quite as correct as others would gather from a week's companionship, so one man gets more real information from a few words on the opening page of a book than another will from half a volume. Some curious persons, indeed, have made collections of title-pages and bound them up, discarding the rest of the mutilated volumes as waste-paper—a proceeding even more reprehensible than spoiling a score of good legs of mutton to make a dish of pope's

eyes, which also has been done. But still, a knowledge of title-pages is, as Lord Malmesbury well said of a knowledge of references, "a knowledge in itself." We even knew a ripe and able scholar who spent a whole morning in reading, without any specific object in view, the backs of books in the Oxford Bodleian Library, and who declared that he found the time by no means ill employed. The liberty of choosing a title for a book is, of course, terribly abused, like all other liberties; and some writers show a cleverness on this particular point which they show in nothing else—a provoking fact, for which there is no more remedy than there is for the fact of a pretty face being so often found upon a foolish woman. There should be some penalty for such modes of obtaining credit under false pretences; for the mischief is none the less because, in both these cases, a large proportion of the reading and admiring public never find out the imposture at all.

Juventus Mundi—"The Youth of the World!" Whatever may be the value of the pages that follow, it must be conceded that whole volumes of romance are concentrated in the title. Who would not wish to have lived when the world was young? The world is very old now—that is, our world of men and women; for the world of nature, the mere material elements, seem young enough. There is perennial youth in sky, and sea, and leaf, and flower. These are all as fresh in their loveliness, so far as we can guess, as "when Adam dived and Eve span," if she did spin. But the human world has undoubtedly grown very old. The freshness and simplicity of life seem to be ideas of the past: this present life is careworn, anxious, artificial. There is a great deal of very clever paint and padding, well-practised smiles, carefully-stu-

died graces; the thing is very well made up, but it is not young. Our world is really so highly improved and developed, that it may be said to be better than new; but it is not new, and perhaps would not at all care to be thought so.

Juventus Mundi! There is a certain melancholy in the words, even as there is in recalling the days when we were young ourselves. Was there ever, indeed, a golden age when, as poets say, the gods walked among men on earth, when wrong and injustice were unknown? Was there? We cannot answer. The one brief and mysterious record which, however we interpret it, seems rather to hide than reveal the history of the infancy of the human race, does not encourage us to think so. The gates of Eden were closed against its first occupants, and never opened since. And amongst the bolder speculators, there is no agreement as to what the early world was like. Some will tell us that our first ancestor was an ape or a lemur, that we were originally cannibals, and that we have improved, like potatoes, by gradual cultivation; others go even further, and trace us back to something lower than a trilobite. If this was the youth of the world, we need at least have no regrets for it. Philosophers of a different school teach that all the higher faculties are not developments, but divine gifts bestowed at first in full completeness; that savagery, where it exists, is not our normal estate, but its debasement; nay, that even the highest present attainments of our race do not come up to its primal perfection; that, as Jeremy Taylor puts it, "an Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise." The theories of the learned are far less unanimous than the fancies of the poets. The world's youth has not only passed away, but we have no authentic picture of it remaining.

It is very hard for us to judge of

what the world was like when it was young. Even in looking back upon the days of our own youth, we are apt to throw over the retrospect a sort of Claude Lorraine colouring, which tones down the evil that was in them, and lights up the good. We remember something of the simplicity and guilelessness of our childhood—how readily we trusted others, how little we suspected; and we forget, with a very convenient forgetfulness, our little meanesses and cowardices, and the shame they brought upon us. We know that in our riper youth we were liberal and open-handed—of what was not really our own; that we had a strong contempt for what we thought mean economies; that we were joyous, easy-tempered, cheerful. We have wiped out of our book of recollection how really selfish we were, even in our good-nature; how uncharitably we contrasted our own buoyancy of spirit with the heavy shades of care and anxiety which clouded the brows of our elders; how greedily we drank in all the sunshine of life for ourselves, and cared little for those who, perhaps for our sakes, had to sit in the shadow. It is very well perhaps that it should be so; if our consciences were a too faithful record of every one of these things, memory would be almost a hell to some of us.

No—it is not easy, even for those who are inclined to deal most honestly in this self-retrospect, to get a clear idea of what we really were in our youth. And any description of us as we then appeared, drawn by any other hand, would be quite as deceptive as our own partial reminiscences. It is romantic and poetical to sit down and lament "the days that are no more," but the sentiment is morbid. It is not at all certain that we were better, and it is almost certain that we were not happier, as children than we are as men. Saul of Tarsus—whose insight into our mere human nature might have won him the laurel of

the schools if he had not been vouchsafed the crown of an apostle—knew that the man was not the worse for having “put away childish things.” The longing of youth for the privileges and pleasures of manhood is quite as rational as the regrets which the man wastes over the vanished days of his boyhood. Both are deceived in their ideal, though in different ways. The youth would learn, if he could really put on the clock of time a few years, that the cares and responsibilities of life formed a serious counterpoise to the independence he so much covets; and the man would find, if he could go back to his early days, that what glitters so brightly in the distance of memory was not all gold. This “thinking on the days that are no more” is always a tempting occupation for poetic temperaments, and we have had somewhat too much of it. Mr Tennyson utters a more literal truth, perhaps, than he intended, when he calls the tears which start to sensitive eyes under such circumstances “idle.” It was very pretty of Thomas Hood to say that in his childhood he always thought the fir-tree tops were close against the sky, and that in his manhood it was little comfort to have had this ignorance enlightened—

“To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.”

Very prettily expressed; but the man—if he be anything worth calling a man—has a grander and a better heaven in prospect than could be touched by any trees that grow; nay, and not so far out of his reach, comparatively.

Fancy portraits have been drawn of the world in its youth by various hands. There was a shepherd-life which was imagined to represent it, whose scene was in Arcadia. It seems to have been assumed that the character of the animal communicated itself to the keepers.

“Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,”

and, by parity of reasoning, who keeps innocent sheep must needs himself be innocent. But in point of fact, the Arcadian life represented not so much the innocence of the sheep as its notorious foolishness. A real shepherd is a shrewd and sensible man; but the Arcadians were always losing their sheep while they were piping about some coy Phillis or false Daphne, or sitting lazily on a bank, singing foolish songs against each other for a wager. They were only “innocent” in the sense in which the word is sometimes charitably applied to those of very weak wits. As for their morality, the less said the better. Damœtas was not above stealing Damon's kids and lambs, and Chloe and Galatœa were often no better than they should have been. When the scene of this imaginary pastoral life was transferred from the sunny skies of the real Arcadia to the climate of England, the culminating point of the absurdity was pretty well reached; and the namby-pamby love-songs which Strephon addresses to Phillis in some of our Georgian poets and dramatists, are a compound of silliness and indecency which it would be hard to match in any other literature. Love, in the days of the world's youth, could hardly have been like *that*, at all events! But it is wonderful what a strong hold this fancy of reproducing a supposed pastoral age took upon very different minds in successive generations. Witness the stately Sir Philip Sidney's elaborate romance of ‘Arcadia,’ and poor Marie Antoinette, and her gay court making-believe to be shepherds and shepherdesses in the groves of the Little Trianon. Singular evidence of the truth that “all things are double one against another,” that the profligate courtiers of Augustus should have been charmed with the pastorals of Virgil, and that the French exquisites should have been playing at Arcadia, in an age effete with luxury, while the ground was heav-

ing under them in the throes of a social revolution!

There was another golden age which never existed, but of which we have imaginary pictures which are not without their fascination. It is the age of chivalry as described in the medieval romances. There never was a time, we suppose, when live knights-errant rode up and down the lands of Europe in quest of paynim enemies and distressed damsels; when all the men were brave and all the women were fair; when, if you mounted your horse and took lance in hand to seek for adventures, you were sure soon to come to a place where four roads met, and to find there an ugly dwarf and a beautiful lady. There never was a real Sir Galahad, the stainless knight, who could say in the noble words of the Laureate—

"My good blade curves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

The chivalrous ideal was as far from having any prototype in fact as the pastoral. But, in such a youth of the world, if it ever had been, one might perhaps have wished to have lived. It would have been a hard life, no doubt, and one requiring good stamina in both man and horse, to ride on all day,

"By bridge and ford, by park and pale,"

and apparently all night too, through the "dreaming towns" whose "streets were dumb with snow," in pursuit of a mysterious adventure; but it would be better than sitting all day on a damp bank with Lubin or Colin Clout, looking after the sheep which even by the accounts of their best friends were continually going the way they should not, bringing melancholy music out of a reed pipe, and making love to a very rustic Dowsabella. There is a marvellous fascination about the actors and the scenery in that most impossible of all dramas for the stage of actual life—the

romance of chivalry. The contrast with the plain prosaic features of the present is one of its chief attractions. Its palpable unreality makes the attraction none the less. All mere utilitarian views of life are wholly ignored. There is no buying and selling, with all their servile and mercenary associations—no politics, no litigation. No wonder that the history of King Arthur and his knights has always such a charm for the British schoolboy. It seems indeed the youth of the world to him. Think of the delight of living in an age when the only competitive examination was in athletics! The work of life is fighting—always the occupation of a freeman and a gentleman—or the similitude of fighting in the tournament, and afterwards the banquet, and sweet minstrelsy, and gentle dalliance; while on the successful champion

"Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands."

We are not told that in this age of romance the earth brought forth her fruits without the need of tillage, as in the golden age of pagan poets; but for all that appears on the record it might be so. Luxurious banquets stand always furnished on the board; costly garments, fair steeds, armour of proof, are always ready at a good knight's call; and we hear nothing of those laborious processes by which such things are produced. As he rode on his way rejoicing, he was sure to find some castle-gate standing invitingly open, and it was always dinner or supper time. He might possibly have to fight the owner for his entertainment, but he was never exposed to the more ignominious ordeal of having to wrangle about the bill. He might occasionally be in danger, like modern gallants, of being entrapped into delicate relations with some of those wandering damsels, who then, as now, were spreading their snares for lovers; the fair vision to which he had pledged his vows under the

glamour of some strange enchantment might resolve itself, on more intimate acquaintance, into some "Lady Hideous"—"bearded like a goat, humped before and behind, and with both legs twisted"—who claimed fulfilment of his bargain; but there was usually some mode of escape from such entanglement without the lover's becoming the subject of a breach-of-promise case, and having all his ardent love-letters read out to an unsympathising audience with jocose comments from the Sergeant Buzfuz of the day. A good knight, indeed, was usually secured from such an issue by the fact that his powers as a scribe did not go beyond the mark of a cross and some quaint hieroglyphic which stood for his name. Brave men and fair women passed as it were a perpetual holiday in the pleasaunce of some "Castle Joyeuse"—the very names are seductive—with nothing on earth to think of except the next day's tournament. There were hardly any old men, it would seem, and no old women, if we may trust those gay chronicles; and if there was a grey beard here and there, he had acquired by virtue of his age such cunning in medicine or occult science, that he became a personage of greater importance than the most stalwart champion.

It was a brave world, as seen in the vision of the romancers—a world which certainly stands out in strong contrast with our modern age, when damsels in distress apply at once to their lawyer, and the only real contests between knights and gentlemen are carried on in the House of Commons or on the hustings, by means of a good deal of tall talk, and occasionally a little bribery. But in order to enjoy it, we must all have either been beautiful ladies or tall knights—six feet high, and stout in proportion. It would have been an uncomfortable world for some of us dyspeptic moderns, whose stock of animal

spirits is limited and irregular: and there was a "fat knight," whom we seem to remember in some of those circumstantial narratives, who was always coming to grief quite undeservedly.

We promised that we were not going to review Mr Gladstone's book; yet we cannot help noticing what we conceive to be his meaning in the title, as developed in the pages which follow. The heroic age, he thinks, was the youth of the world. Certainly the heroes of whom Homer sang were, in many of their thoughts and words and ways, very like boys—open-hearted and open-handed—by turns generous, petulant, and haughtily insolent, like Achilles; rejoicing in feats of strength and personal daring; curious of adventure, like Ulysses; given to plenteous eating, and to talk of their own personal achievements (with no little tendency to boasting on this head); and, as a rule, taking very little thought for the morrow. They have a code of honour and a scale of estimation which has all the characteristics of full-blooded youth. They hate a liar and a thief—almost as much as they do a coward; they honour most the man who can hit the hardest blow, or hurl a spear the farthest; and they listen eagerly to detailed narratives of such deeds—not the less patiently even when the narrator makes himself the hero. Next to the man who can do these things, they love and honour him who can sing a good song or tell a good story. It is a grand physical life—its moral tone, if not high, is at least not debased—it knows nothing of those refinements of vice which are the Nemesis of civilisation. Its faults, like its virtues, are those of the simple animal nature; they have neither the brutality into which it breaks out when degraded, nor the ingenuity of wickedness which it displays under cultivation. But in its intellectual aspect, how looks this heroic world?

May that at all console us for the fact which we are half-disposed to regret, that we did not live when the world was younger? Lord Bacon surely said well, that the "fulness of years" belonged of right to us moderns, not to the younger age of the world: strength and lustihood it might boast of, but life is something more than this.

One would like, if it were not impertinent, to ask Mr Gladstone himself whether he would have enjoyed being a hero—of the Homeric standard, of course, we mean? He has plainly a strong affection and sympathy, as no man with his classical tastes and reading could fail to have, with the age which he has studied so long and so carefully. It has been very pleasant to him, no doubt—as pleasant as it is for his readers—to withdraw for a while from the field of political strife, and live during the recess, as he tells us he has done, with those brave old Greeks, who knew not the Irish Church or the compound householder. But would he enjoy the rejuvenescence of the world, under all the conditions of this heroic life? He might find scope for his abilities in debate perhaps almost as readily in the public assemblies of the Homeric age as in the English Parliament—for Achilles is almost as perfect in oratory as in soldiership. Possibly, if he had been brought up in that line of life, he might have learnt to hurl a spear very creditably, if not quite so well as King Agamemnon. In the matter of personal courage, like most English gentlemen, he would look death in the face far more steadily than Hector did, and bear a wound with much more stoicism than the fair-haired Menelaus, who absolutely "shivered" with fear, as the poet tells us, when he saw the red blood spurt from the wound made by Pandarus's arrow. If he had been condemned to enter bodily that famous Wooden Horse which was lately found so useful (figura-

tively) in the House of Commons, he would have shown more pluck, it is to be hoped, than its Homeric occupants, who, chiefs and leaders though they were, had tears in their eyes and a disagreeable trembling in their knees, when they found themselves actually going to be shut up in that uncomfortable ambush. So long as the fighting was going on, there is no fear but that the most modern Englishman would do his duty—with fewer hexameter speeches, and quite as much effect. But when there was no particular fighting to do, how far would any of us—even of a much lower mental calibre than Mr Gladstone—have enjoyed this heroic existence? Off the stage of battle they were always either eating, drinking, talking, or sleeping. They doffed their armour, tucked up their sleeves (if they had any), slaughtered with their own hands fat oxen and swine, cooked them and ate them with a very primitive voracity, drank their red wine plentifully,—and then went to sleep. If this was life in the world's golden youth, it was not so very unlike that of the modern fox-hunter of the last century—except that he had the advantage of a regular butcher and a three-pronged fork. It might not be expected of all of us to play so heroic a part at meal-times as the great Ajax and old Phœnix, who ate two heavy suppers—one with Agamemnon and one with Achilles—within the space of three hours; nor need we suppose that all men, even in those happy days, had appetites like Ulysses and "the noble swineherd," who devoured the best part of a pig a-piece (apparently) for luncheon—certainly not leaving much of either animal, since a third had to be killed for their late dinner. But, with all possible allowance for exceptional appetites and poetical exaggeration, it was an age of very heavy feeding as well as of hard fighting. Modern dinners are heavy too, sometimes, and so is the conversation, as some

of us know to our cost ; but even if we survived the fat pork and the thick "fruity" wine, could we have borne to listen, before or after dinner, to the long stories of old Nestor ? Ulysses was not bad company, we dare to say, and could tell some curious stories, as credible as those of many travellers since ; but it would have been very tiresome to hear him always talking of his wife—and something more than tiresome to any one who had heard any whispers of his little affairs with Circe and Calypso. Agamemnon must have always talked more or less in what Sidney Smith called "a landed manner," like a modern many-acresquire ; Ajax was heavier than the heaviest "plunger ;" Paris as notable an instance of combined fastness and frivolity as could be found in any young Guardsman. The women are better—as they always are. Yet, though Andromache and Penelope were charming domestic characters—examples which almost reconcile us to the new ladies' colleges, which may enable our future wives to study them in the original Greek—they might have been, like many other good women, a trifle dull in society. It is no use to deny that at one of these heavy banquets we should have preferred to take Helen in to dinner. As we trifled with a goat's leg, or picked the broad chine of pork which would probably be put upon our plate—*i.e.*, into our hands—as the *bonne bouche* due to an honoured guest, we could imagine ourselves almost too well satisfied with our fair neighbour—entirely forgetting some of her antecedents. Independently of

"The star-like beauty of immortal eyes,"

she is the only person, apparently, who understood what conversation meant : who knew all the celebrities of her own country, at least by sight, and had shone in two courts, and even made a voyage up the Nile. It is very unfortunate that

so pleasant a companion should have been—like many pleasant things—slightly improper. But it is only fair to the great poet who celebrated or invented her, to remember that the charm which he has thrown over her borrows none of its attraction from that impropriety. Her one error is a fate imposed upon her by her evil genius, in which she is hardly a responsible agent.

No—except Helen—we have no desire to have lived among those mythical Greeks, grand as they were in many ways. If theirs was the youth of the world, we are well contented to have been born in its old age. It may be a mistake ; the noble simplicity of an heroic era may be better than the artificialities and complications of our own ; but our eyes cannot see it so. The pulse and water of our early ancestors may be intrinsically a purer and nobler diet than the turtle cutlets and the chablis of our own day ; but if we have to go back to that primeval fare, we shall starve. Our tastes, intellectual and physical, are too highly educated.

We are all somewhat too apt to complain of the loss of the simplicities of life, while at the same time we are eager to get our full share of its refinements. We are blowing hot and cold with the same breath. We grumble at the inevitable results of education, while we are actually going so far—some of us—as to try and compel people to be educated whether they will or no. Take the common outcry about domestic servants—about their love of finery, their constant desire for change, the increase of wages, and the decrease of attachment to their employers. There is considerable foundation in fact for such complaints. It is disagreeable, and sometimes inconvenient, to find them copying the style of dress of their superiors so exactly, that the lady's-maid, if she has a good figure, sometimes looks more of a lady than her mistress. Your

kitchen-maid is writing up her correspondence when she ought to be washing her dishes; and your footman, just when he has got used to your ways, and you have made him into an excellent servant by dint of much painstaking and forbearance, gives you notice some fine morning—having “no fault to find,” as he is generous enough to inform you, but because he thinks “he should like a change.” All this is very provoking; very unlike the good old times; very different, perhaps, from what you remember yourself in your father’s household, and a sad contrast with the grey-haired retainers of your grandfathers and grandmothers. Where are all the good old-fashioned servants gone? we ask of one another querulously. The answer is exceedingly easy, though it does not seem to occur readily under the pressure of household difficulties. They are all “gone where the good niggers go”—white or black, we may charitably suppose—and where the old masters and mistresses are gone too. If our own tastes and habits of life were the same as those of fifty years ago, we should find servants much the same as they were then. It is unreasonable to suppose that all the lower strata of society are to stand still while we move forwards; yet there is no more common mistake. We must accept, if we are wise, all the aspects of an age of progress, without expecting that they should all chime in with our own personal tastes and conveniences; content to reap the unquestionable gains, and to put up with the inevitable losses. Remember how often you have blessed Rowland Hill and the penny postage, before you break out into any desperate language because the postman has brought three letters in one morning for the cook. You are shocked to find that your nursery-maid has left a novel by accident in the baby’s perambulator; but who was it that

subscribed so liberally to the National School at Duckpuddle, and even took the chair one evening at the penny readings in that ambitious village? There were no such things, you will please to remember, in the good old times of your grandfather. But, you may make answer, you think it quite right that every man and woman in a Christian country should learn to read their Bibles—that is your notion of education for the masses. It is well understood, of course, that you confine your own literary studies entirely to the Book in question, taking a turn at the ‘Whole Duty of Man’ occasionally, by way of relaxation for lighter hours; but it would be too much to expect that all the world should follow such a meritorious example. But the novel was trash, or worse than trash—a sort of book to put very undesirable notions into the head of a servant-girl. Of course you exercise a rigid censorship yourself over the box from Mudie; tales by the author of ‘Guy Livingstone’ and ‘Cometh up as a Flower’ have long been placed in your *index expurgatorius*—and you never went to see “Formosa” at Drury Lane. But other heads of families are not so careful, and the nurse-maid, you see, had not the advantage of your advice in her reading. It is very ridiculous, indeed, that John should have come to look upon a fortnight’s holiday every year (to see his friends, forsooth!) almost as a right; and that James, after five years’ service, should talk about “wanting a change.” You enjoy your holiday—but then you are a county magistrate, and work a good deal harder than John, and get no wages. Your daughters were moped to death last year, and you feel yourself you hardly did your duty by them, because they only got that poor three weeks at Brighton instead of a run on the Continent. This revolution in the servant-world has its incon-

veniences, no doubt, but it is only part of a general revolution in the habits of society. We have brought cheap postage, cheap literature, cheap travelling, cheap ornaments, down to the doors of every cottage in a country village, and then we are astonished that those whose eyes we have opened should be no longer content to remain "bound to the soil" of their native parish, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water like their forefathers. When every letter cost a shilling, when a journey to the county town took more time and money than a return ticket to London does now, when there were few newspapers to read and few who could read them, servants were content to remain for years in the same place—mainly, perhaps, because it was troublesome to find another. The promotion to the Hall, or even to the Rectory, was in itself a glimpse of fuller life to the young rustic; of the still larger world that lay beyond he knew and heard but little, and was rather afraid. London was a mysterious and awful place; when the simple faith of rustic childhood had departed, and it seemed no longer credible that its streets were paved with gold, the wiser country-folk shook their heads when they thought of the traps and pitfalls which were spread there for the unwary. Steady-going masters and servants alike preferred to "bide at home." Those were the times in which the old coachman was handed on from father to son with the old family coach, and so remained until both fell to pieces in the service. It would be very pleasant to keep up these kindly bonds between master and servant, which linger yet in some corners of the land; but all local and personal ties must weaken as society expands, and both servant and master become citizens of the world. Our domestic ties change their places easily, and with little show of regret at the severance; but the younger

branches of our own family find the domestic ties sit quite as loosely, and no longer cling to the shadow of the old roof-tree as before.

Another fact makes it much easier for servants to get places than for masters and mistresses to get servants, and so leads to a desire for change on the part of the latter, unless they find everything to their mind. This is the growing prosperity—or at any rate the growing luxury—of the middle classes, which creates a demand for trained servants of a superior order. We hear mistresses protest against the incapacity and indifference of modern domestics, adding not unfrequently the remark, "that if things go on at this rate, in a few years it must come to their doing the work themselves." A cynical bachelor might be tempted to reply, "Madam, it is what your grandmother probably did." In the household at the Parsonage, or even at the Grange or the Hall, the mother of the family and her grown-up daughters unquestionably did a great portion of the work which is now delegated to servants—and did it (as all work is done which is undertaken by a higher class) much better. They not only discharged the administrative duties of the housekeeper, which they still in many cases retain, but the best results in the cookery and laundry business were obtained from their fair hands. There were few houses of moderate means which had not a reputation for some especial dish, on the concoction of which the hostess, far from ignoring its authorship, especially prided herself. In many families the daughters took upon themselves the general cookery in turn, week by week—an arrangement sometimes embarrassing to a courteous visitor. A man has no sentimental scruples as to the cook's feelings, when he sends away his soup barely tasted; but when he had been carefully informed that the author of some doubtful dish which he was pressed to eat was

sitting opposite him in the person of his host's pretty daughter, he had to swallow his criticisms with as few faces as he could.

We are conscious that we are here treading on delicate ground. It may be quite true that the ladies of the present period, young and old, employ their time much better, and find a far more intellectual and refined field for their abilities. This fact, if fact it be (and far be it from us here to question it), only serves as a confirmation of such argument as, in our wandering way, we have been trying to maintain. It is impossible to combine the advantages of two different phases of social life. It may be far better for a man to find in his wife one who can share in his higher interests, and cheer him in his domestic hours with her "finer fancies," than to retain her services as head cook and housekeeper. It may be a far higher life for the woman herself, better worth living in every conceivable way. But both should remember that this life of taste and refinement is very hard to combine with moderate means, without the exercise of considerable self-denial; that to disengage one's self entirely from the servile cares of life is very pleasant, but in the nature of things can only be the lot of a favoured few. The old type of servant, whose gradual disappearance we all lament, was produced under a different régime. The species was developed in the days when the mistress spent more hours in the kitchen and fewer in the library. Our domestic queens of the present era desire to throw a little more "colour" into their lives; they do not care to chain themselves down to a mere daily round of household duties. They are not to be blamed for this. But it can hardly be expected that these duties will be as well performed by mere hirelings, who have not even the interest in their work which is always given by the feeling that it is shared by their superiors. And then

the footman and the housemaid have come to want a little more colour in *their* lives too; and it makes no difference that the colour which they most affect seems a little coarse in your eyes. They want their "outing," and their "followers," and a good many other little fillips to a monotonous life, which only differ from your own aspirations as their class differs from yours. In the mere matter of eating and drinking, too—a point on which we find the tastes of the kitchen and servants'-hall growing more fastidious—there is something to be said in extenuation. The fare at their table does not approximate so closely to that provided for their masters as it did either fifty or five hundred years ago. It is better, but not better in proportion. A lady of the fourteenth or fifteenth century kept her household very much upon salt provisions; but for many months in the year any fresh meat except mutton was a rarity on her own table. Fifty years ago, most people of moderate pretensions dined early; and the dinner, whatever it might be, passed down, with little alteration, from the higher company to the lower. Later and more luxurious meals for the heads of the household have not improved the bill of fare at the kitchen dinner-hour. John will not eat cold meat—it is extremely perverse of him—but neither does his master specially affect it.

The world goes on, and we go on with it. We can no more go back to the ways of our forefathers than we can thrust our persons into the nankeen trousers of our childhood—and a pretty figure we should cut in them, supposing that we could. Some years ago there was a fancy (not yet wholly extinct) amongst enthusiastic people for trying to reintroduce into England the old monastic system; a system which unquestionably, in spite of many abuses, played a useful part in the commonwealth of earlier

times. There was much popular outcry, of course, against such a revival; but the real objection was put very calmly and reasonably by a sensible friend whom one of these young enthusiasts consulted. "You want," said he, "to be a monk of the twelfth century: that might be all very well, but it is impossible; you can only be a monk of the nineteenth century—which is a very different thing." Those who are always hankering after an ideal past, unfit themselves sadly for any real usefulness in the present. The youth of the world was good for those who lived in it, no doubt; this nineteenth century is best for us of the nineteenth century, as the twenty-ninth will be for those who are born to see it.

It is worth noticing, too, how entirely, alike in the Utopia of chivalry and in the heroic life of the Greek poets, the interest centres in mere physical strength and beauty. For these alone our sympathies are demanded. Poverty, deformity, weakness, and misery of any kind, are almost treated as faults in the medieval romances. In Homer, it is true, the poor as well as the stranger are said to be under the protection of heaven; but even this is a half-confession that man would otherwise be apt to have no patience with them. The strong man who can fight and hold his own—or, indeed, for that matter, seize other people's; the beautiful woman who is the prize of the conqueror,—these are the subject of the tale or the song. Poverty is always hideous and in rags, and disease is always loathsome. This heroic youth of the world is, like all youth, insolent in its strength and beauty, and intolerant of any weakness. Wherever we find, in this old literature, any touch of what we moderns consider the pathetic, any recognition of the sadder side of our human nature as a subject of human interest, how gladly we recognise it, and how much we make of it! Say

what we will in praise of those who wrote when the world was young, we must confess that (with the remarkable exception, as we should expect, of the Hebrew Scriptures) this suffering side of human life is brought very imperfectly before the reader. The lightest novel of our own day deals with it in a kindlier and we may almost say a more religious spirit than either the classical poet or the medieval *trouvreur*. The working man—assuredly no unimportant person now, either in fact or fiction—is entirely ignored by both these latter. The "churl" in good King Arthur's days was so entirely aware of the estimation in which he was held, and the sort of treatment he might look for, that he was fain to take to his heels "when he saw a knight;" the redresser of wrongs had no mission as concerned him. In the Homeric poems, he has to bear the blows of Ulysses, as the only argument adapted to his wretched comprehension. It may be true that the world has grown weaker, less simple, less truthful, and more self-indulgent: has it not also become more sympathising, more forbearing, more tolerant? "Sensational" effect is said to be the bane of our modern literature. But the ruder portion of an audience, in those earlier days, listened most greedily to a story in which simple bloodshed, in all its most ferocious details, formed the staple: would they have been as much moved by those scenes of domestic pathos—overstrained and disfigured by rant though they may be—which "bring down the gallery" in the theatres patronised by our town roughs, or enter more or less into the plot of the penny novelist? The feeling of a common humanity, which has spread so widely from rank to rank, finds scanty place in this earlier society. The novel of high life, the romance of adventure, the tale of passion,—all have their prototypes in the literature of past ages; but

the key-note of such stories as 'Adam Bede' or 'Mary Barton' could only have been struck under the softening influences of a purer creed and a higher intellectual cultivation.

Enthusiasts have thought that there was somewhere a secret, if it could only be discovered, for the renewal of youth—an elixir which was to give us back the freshness and vigour which years had dimmed. It has never been found for the individual; but, for the race collectively, it may be good to hope for it. It is well to believe, if not in an undeviating progress towards perfection, yet in a certain power of restoration and reproduction, such as nature shows in some of her lower organisms, in their replacing important parts of their material structures. This kind of vitality exists surely, in some degree, in civilised society. As, in the individual, features and traits of character come out in some remote descendant which were known to belong to some long-buried an-

cestor, so the better characteristics of past ages of the world, even if lost to sight for a time, may be working their way again to the surface of modern society. With all our refinements, we have in some points been going back of late to simpler habits, more straightforward ways of speech and action. We have eschewed Johnsonian English and Chesterfield's politeness. The speech of some of our young men is at least as free from superfluous polish as that of the Homeric heroes; their estimate of a man by his thews and sinews comes near to that which prevailed in the days of Arthur. They "smite the waters in order with their oars" as vigorously as the crew of Ulysses. We have almost gone back to our great-grandmothers' dress, though old women are as unknown among us as they were in the court at Camelot. Ours is still in many points a youthful age; inheriting, let us hope, together with many of the follies, something of the vigour of our forefathers.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

A WAR has for some years raged in South America, the embers of which have not yet expired, which, though comparatively little known in this country, yet possesses from many points of view great interest to the thoughtful observer.

In the eastern portion of that continent, enclosed in the angle formed by the rivers Parana and Paraguay, lies the so-called Republic of Paraguay. On the north it is bounded by the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso; on the east, across the Parana, by Brazil; to the south, also separated by the Parana, by the Argentine Confederation; and on the west, over the Paraguay, by the "Gran Chaco" or great uninhabited desert of central America.

All the southern portion of Paraguay, lying towards the angle where the two rivers unite, consists of swampy plains intersected by large lagoons, and traversed only by a few narrow passes or fords over strips of firm ground, along which the pathways, which alone traverse this region, run. It is only some way up the course of the Paraguay, towards Asuncion, the capital, that ranges of hills and firm plains commence, and afford a foothold for the inhabitants to congregate on.

This strange isolated land, surrounded by rivers and swamps, has no mode of communication with the outer world except the course of the great river Parana, and no highway for internal traffic save that of the deep stream of the Paraguay, till it joins the Parana. It possesses but one short line of railway from Asuncion towards the interior. The river, therefore, is to it what the sea, the road, and the rail are to more civilised countries.

It is inhabited by a mixed race,

the descendants of the Spaniards and the Indians. Made over soon after its discovery by the Spaniards to the Jesuits, who civilised and instructed its native tribes, it in process of time got rid first of its religious teachers, and latterly of its political rulers, and became independent when the Spanish colonies threw off the yoke. In 1813 the celebrated Dr Francia became Dictator. The guiding principle of his iron rule was complete and utter isolation. He closed the whole country by land and water from all intercourse from abroad, stopped all foreign trade, depended entirely on home manufactures for home consumption, and established the most singular and suspicious despotism of modern times. He died in 1840, and was shortly succeeded in the dictatorship by Antonio Lopez, a poor lawyer. He relaxed to a considerable extent the isolating system of Francia—opened the country to commerce, built arsenals, established steamers, and even constructed a short line of railway. In 1862 he died, and was succeeded as "President of the Republic" by his eldest son Francisco Lopez—the ruler under whom the contest we are about to investigate arose.

A very plain, simple, truthful narrative of this war has been written by Mr G. Thompson, a civil engineer who has resided for twelve years in Paraguay, and who was employed by Lopez as his chief engineer in the field, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, during the contest which he has undertaken to describe. Unpretending in his narrative, Mr Thompson has produced a small volume more replete with valuable information and sensible views than many larger works with

far higher pretensions and more ambitious aims.

The picture Mr Thompson gives of Paraguay when Francisco Lopez, the Lopez of this article, succeeded, is a very striking one.

"Probably in no country in the world has life and property been so secure as all over Paraguay during his (Antonio Lopez's) reign. Crime was almost unknown, and when committed, immediately detected and punished. The mass of the people was perhaps the happiest in existence. They had hardly to do any work to gain a livelihood. Each family had its house or hut in its own ground. They planted, in a few days, enough tobacco, maize, and mandioca for their own consumption, and the crop hardly wanted looking at till it was ready to be gathered. Having at every hut a grove of oranges, which form a considerable article of food in Paraguay, and also a few cows, they were almost throughout the year under little necessity of working. The higher classes, of course, lived more in the European way, many families being very well off and comfortable. Everybody was liable at any moment to have himself and his property pressed into the public service; but this power was not generally abused in the old man's time. As to most Paraguayans the idea of the sum of human happiness is to lie down all day on a poncho in the shade, and smoke and play the guitar, they may be considered to have been very happy, as they had little else to do. No taxes were ever levied in Paraguay, and all things were paid for from the amassed wealth in the treasury. The only revenue of Paraguay was from the yerba, or tea, a monopoly of the Government, which bought it from the manufacturers at 1s. per 25 lb., and sold it at 24s. to 32s. for the same quantity. Paraguay never had, nor has, any national debt."—P. 10-14.

But this peaceful unprogressive state by no means satisfied the new ruler of Paraguay. He desired to make his state the mistress of the Paraguay, the Parana, and the Rio de la Plata—that is, of all eastern America south of Brazil. His father, the first Lopez,

"Had fortified a bend in the river Paraguay, near its mouth, with a few

batteries, which were continually but slowly augmented; and a trench was dug on the land-side enclosing the rear of them. These batteries commanded the whole bend of the river; and Paraguay made all vessels anchor and ask permission before they could pass up the river. As this was the only practicable road which Brazil had to her province of Matto Grosso, she naturally disapproved of the stoppage of the river, and gradually accumulated large military stores in Matto Grosso, with the view, no doubt, of some day destroying Humaita, which was the name of the site where the batteries were erected. Brazil had a similarly-placed fort on the river higher up, called Coimbra, which all vessels going to Matto Grosso had to pass. This, however, had nothing to do with Paraguay, as it did not disturb her traffic. These batteries, and the boundary question, were continually producing 'misunderstandings' between the Governments, which made it evident that a war must break out some day, as neither side would surrender what it considered to be its rights. The war, however, was begun by Lopez, both against Brazil and the Argentine Confederation, and without any regular declaration of war. He went a roundabout way with the intention of declaring war in a civilised manner, but could not resist the temptation to profit by the carelessness of his opponents, and seized their (one Brazilian and two Argentine) steamers in time of peace."—P. 16, 17.

War being thus inevitable, it would be uninteresting to the European reader to trace the steps which nominally led to it. This was, mainly, the jealousy of Paraguay at the interference of Brazil in the internal affairs of the Republic of the Banda Oriental, one of the states lying at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The result was, that Brazil united with the Argentine Republic and that of the Banda Oriental in a league for the destruction of Paraguay.

Previous, however, to the formation of this league, Lopez took the initiative by attacking Brazil alone in its isolated province of Matto Grosso in the upper waters of the Paraguay. Before taking this step he had, in the course of 1864, in-

creased his army from 28,000 to 64,000 men. On the 14th December of that year, 3000 Paraguayan soldiers and two field-batteries embarked at Asuncion in a few small steamers and schooners, and proceeded up the river against Matto Grosso. The Brazilian fort of Coimbra, which guarded the river entrance to that province, was, after resisting one assault on the 28th, abandoned by its garrison on the 29th December. No further resistance was made. Corumbà, the chief commercial town of Matto Grosso, was occupied; a Brazilian war-steamer captured, very large and important supplies of war stores secured, and all the desirable parts of the country near the river occupied by the Paraguayans without fighting. The greater part of the expeditionary force then returned to Asuncion.

On the 17th April 1865, Lopez practically declared war against the Argentine Confederation by seizing two of its steamers in their own waters; and on the 1st May 1865 a secret treaty was signed between Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, and the Republic of the Banda Oriental, by which the Allies bound themselves not to lay down their arms till they had abolished the Government of Lopez, and undertook not to treat with him unless by common consent. The independence of Paraguay was guaranteed; but the fortifications of Humaita were to be destroyed, and no others allowed to be built; while *no arms or elements of war were to be left in Paraguay*, and it was to pay the whole expenses of the contest.

War to the knife was thus declared by the power holding the head-waters of the Paraguay and the Parana, along with the two republics occupying the lower waters of their united streams, against the ambitious and restless ruler of the nation which held the mid course of these great river-roads.

The army with which Lopez en-

tered on this formidable contest consisted of about 80,000 men, of whom one-third were cavalry and the rest infantry or artillery. The cavalry were in general indifferently mounted, and were armed with lance and sabre—one squadron in each regiment having flint-lock carbines. The infantry were organised in battalions of from 600 to 800 strong; of these, three were armed with old worn-out rifles, three more with percussion muskets, and the remainder with flint-lock muskets. The field-artillery consisted of 54 horsed-guns; one battery had steel-rifled 12-pounder guns, the rest mixed smooth-bores. The heavy artillery had about 126 guns, including twenty-four 8-inch and two 56-pounders; but they were nearly all in very bad order, and much honeycombed. The navy consisted of a river-flotilla of seventeen small steamers, all passenger-boats, armed with a few smooth-bore guns, except two, which were regularly-built gunboats. The land-transport was effected by the slow means of bullock-carts. Rations were scanty and bad, and an iron discipline prevailed. The men, however, made excellent soldiers, and had a high courage, with great contempt of death.

Brazil was concentrating a well-organised, disciplined force, 25,000 strong, in the Banda Oriental, and was collecting in the Rio de la Plata a flotilla of twenty well-built gunboats, mounting on an average eight guns each. Buenos Ayres was raising an army, but her navy consisted of only two old rotten passenger-steamers. Monte Video had neither artillery nor steamers, and was engaged in organising and drilling a land force of a few battalions.

Lopez thus began the contest with a great advantage: his forces were enrolled and organised—those of the Allies, with the exception of Brazil, were yet unformed. On the other hand, their resources enor-

mously exceeded his. Paraguay numbers some 1,250,000 inhabitants. But Brazil alone has a population of 8,000,000, the Argentine Republic has 1,200,000, and the Banda Oriental some 300,000. In all, 9,500,000 Allies against 1,250,000 Paraguayans. It was therefore evident that it was in the interest of Lopez to strike hard and sharp at first, and, if possible, to break up the alliance by the weight of his blows. On the other hand, it was the interest of the Allies to avoid anything like a decisive contest until they had raised and concentrated their great, but scattered and unwieldy, strength.

With this view Lopez concentrated his disposable force along the lower Parana, the southern boundary of Paraguay, and prepared to assume the offensive by crossing that river and invading the Argentine province of Corrientes, traversing which, he designed if possible to cross the Uruguay, and carry the war into the southern province of Entre Rios and the Banda Oriental; but the risk of such a course was great, for success without the command of the navigation of the great rivers forming the Rio de la Plata, was impossible. They formed the only highway and line of communication in the land; and were they to fall into the possession of the enemy, the whole army might be cut off—for its line of retreat lay over the broad and navigable waters of the Parana just above its junction with the Paraguay. Now the war flotilla of Brazil was infinitely superior to that of Paraguay, and on the result of the contest between the two the command of the great water-way would depend.

The movement was to be effected in two columns. The right column, basing on Humaita, was to cross the Parana, and move down its left bank. It numbered some 25,000 men. The left column was to cross the Parana some 200 miles higher up at Encarnacion, and, traversing

the wild country between it and the Uruguay, march down the course of the latter stream. It consisted of 12,000 men. The flotilla was to cover the flank of the right column.

This plan was faulty in the extreme. The right column could not advance with safety unless the flotilla acquired the command of the Parana, and it was much inferior to the Brazilian squadron. The left column was separated by 200 miles of impassable country from the right, and was to plunge, without communication or support, into the heart of the hostile territory. The result could not be doubtful; for, even against the most insignificant enemy, strategical sins cannot be committed with impunity.

The right column commenced its movement on the 14th April 1865. Its advanced-guard, 3000 strong, occupied on that day the city of Corrientes, the capital of the province of that name, on the Parana. By the 10th May its whole force, 25,000 strong, was concentrated nine miles further down the river; on the 20th it reached Bella Vista, and on the 3d June attained Goya, its extreme southern point. The danger of its isolated advance down the river was shown by a dash on the 25th May by ten Allied steamers up the stream at Corrientes directly in its rear. They disembarked 2000 men and took the town, driving out the Paraguayan garrison; but next day abandoned it, and re-embarked the troops. The Allied main army, some 16,000 strong, now lay in front of the Paraguayan force at Goya, but avoided anything like a general action. As the Brazilian fleet, consisting of nine well-built gunboats, carrying 59 guns, had taken up a position abreast of Corrientes, Lopez determined to attack it at once with the whole Paraguayan flotilla. On the 10th June, accordingly, eight steamers, mounting 30 guns, left Humaita, and, passing down the stream,

attacked the Brazilian squadron. After a sharp action, in which the Paraguayans displayed the greatest courage, and drove one Brazilian gunboat on shore, they were defeated, with the loss of half their vessels, mainly owing to their wretchedly inferior equipment, and the absence of grappling-irons.

This naval defeat ought to have been decisive, and caused the immediate retreat of the Paraguayan main body; but, owing to the timidity of the Allied flotilla, it did not do so. The Paraguayans indeed began to fall back on the day of the action, but halted some thirty-six miles below Corrientes, on learning that the Brazilian flotilla, instead of advancing up the Parana after its success, had gone down the river, from dread of some 22 field-guns which the Paraguayans had placed in position below it. It ran past these guns without serious loss on the 13th June. A pause now took place until the beginning of August, when the Paraguayan corps resumed its advance southwards. The field-batteries passed below the Brazilian flotilla to Bella Vista, and took post on a cliff commanding the passage. The Allied squadron then ran the batteries down stream, losing many men from the downward fire of their opponents. In the night the indefatigable field-batteries again passed the fleet, and took up ground below it, and the Allied gunboats again in haste (12th August) ran past them to Goya—this time with little loss, as they kept their men below decks. The Paraguayan column halted on the river at Bella Vista, and remained there inactive for about a month.

But meanwhile a great and fatal disaster had fallen on their left. This force, 12,000 strong, under Colonel Estigarribia, crossed the Parana at Encarnacion early in April, and marched across the wild desolate forest-land of the "Misiones" towards the Uruguay, to invade the Brazilian province of

Rio Grande. It was separated by 200 miles from the right column operating down the Parana. After a march of 200 miles, it reached the Uruguay at Borja on the 10th June. Here Estigarribia passed over 8000 men in canoes, in the face of a small Brazilian force, to the left bank, leaving 2500 men under Duarte on the right bank. Thus astride on the river, he marched down both banks towards the town of Uruguayana, which is situated on the left bank, and which he occupied without resistance on the 6th August. Estigarribia established himself, with his 8000 men, in Uruguayana, which he proceeded slightly to fortify; and Duarte halted with his 2500 at Yatai, on the opposite side of the river. Duarte was, on the 17th August, assailed by the Allies, 13,000 strong. After a gallant resistance, his post was forced, and all his men put to the sword. The Allies, who had the entire command of the stream by means of four steam-gunboats, now crossed to the other bank. They had been largely reinforced, both from Brazil and from the army hitherto opposed to the Paraguayan right, so that they at last numbered 30,000 men, with 42 guns, under the Emperor of Brazil in person. With this immense superiority of numbers, they speedily invested Estigarribia in Uruguayana, and compelled him to surrender at discretion on the 18th September.

This disaster was fatal to the offensive schemes of Lopez. From Uruguayana the Allied army moved obliquely to its left, on the point where the Parana is joined by the Paraguay, thus marching on the communications of the Paraguayan right. As soon, however, as Lopez received intelligence of the destruction of Estigarribia's force, he directed the right to evacuate Corrientes and fall back behind the Parana into Paraguay. Setting out from Cuevas, the Paraguayans retreated leisurely, sending their artillery and baggage up the river

in steamers, and sweeping all the cattle before them. The Allied flotilla followed with caution the retiring steps of the invaders. On the 31st October these last reached Paso la Patria on the Parana, just above its junction with the Paraguay. Here their whole army, and 100,000 head of cattle which they brought with them, were ferried across by two little steamers and a few lighters in the face of five Brazilian gunboats, who never fired a shot. Had these chosen they could have sealed the fate of the Paraguayans, for they had only to stop their passage until the Allied land force came up to insure their utter destruction. By the 3d November the Paraguayans had passed over their last man and their last gun, and the dangerous crisis was past. But 19,000 men alone returned out of 25,000 who had crossed over. Altogether, in both columns Lopez lost about 20,000 men in this unsuccessful invasion of the Allied territory. Large numbers of his newly-raised recruits had also died in Paraguay. Thus his regular army was seriously weakened, and he required time to recruit for the continuance of the war.

The Allies were in the same condition. When they arrived opposite Paso la Patria, they found a formidable river in their front, with a hostile force behind it; and before attempting to force the passage and invade Paraguay, they desired not only to concentrate and increase their army, but to drill and organise their masses of newly-raised and untrained recruits. These causes, operating on both sides, induced a pause in the campaign for a period of fully five months, during which the opposing forces lay nearly inactive, facing each other, on opposite sides of the river.

We will take advantage of this pause to describe the angle formed by the junction of the Paraguay and the Parana, as it was the theatre of all the important events which followed, and as without a clear com-

prehension of its features they would be unintelligible. The immediate base of the Allies operating against Paraguay was that part of the river Parana which flows from east to west along the southern edge of that country to its junction with the river Paraguay. There it sharply alters its course to south. From this point the united Parana and Paraguay rivers formed their line of communication, with their ultimate base and magazines in Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. As their treaty of alliance bound them to dismantle Humaita and overturn the Government of Lopez, their first objective point was the fortress of Humaita, their second, the capital city of Asuncion—both situated on the river Paraguay; the first closing with its batteries the ascent of the river, close to its junction with the Parana—the second, a good way up its course. The first step for the Allies, therefore, was to capture the river-fortress of Humaita, and a battery recently constructed below it at Curupaty, so as to open the navigation of the Paraguay, and permit the army to ascend its course accompanied by the fleet.

The army of Lopez occupied the angle between the rivers, basing itself on Humaita and the river communication upwards with Asuncion. To dislodge it from this angle was not easy.

“From the points of junction of the rivers Paraguay and Parana, to Curupaty one way, and for many leagues the other way, the banks of the river, for a breadth of from one to three miles, are all what is called *carrizal*—i.e., land intersected by deep lagoons and deep mud, and between the lagoons either an impassable jungle or long inter-twined grass three yards high, equally impenetrable. When the river is high, the whole *carrizal*, with very few small exceptions, is under water; and when the river is low, and the mud has had time to dry, paths may be made between the lagoons.”—P. 128.

Now these lagoons run eastwards from the Paraguay and north-westwards from the Parana, leaving, at

the points where they meet, passes or fords, along which the only road from the portion of the Parana, near where the Allies lay, to Humaita passes. Opposite the Allies was a point called Itapiru, where a landing could be effected on firm ground. Following first the river-bank for some way, and then turning sharp north, the Humaita road passes between two lagoons at Paso la Patria. This position was fortified with a good trench, stretching along some high ground from the one lagoon to the other. Here, and not on the river-bank, Lopez massed his army, now some 30,000 strong. There was another and still stronger position of the same kind in rear, which will be hereafter described. The Allies were forced to attack this position in front, because they could not turn its left, up the Parana, owing to the great distance the impassable carrizal extended in that direction, and owing to the course of the river being so broken by sandbanks and rapids as to become soon impassable for their gunboats; nor its right, up the Paraguay, from the strong batteries at Curupaty and Humaita, which commanded the stream. They were thus reduced to assail its front.

By the end of March they had concentrated 50,000 men and 100 guns on the Parana, opposite Paso la Patria; and their flotilla, consisting of eighteen steam-gunboats, carrying six or eight guns each, and four ironclads, one of which was a monitor, mounting two 150-pounder Whitworth guns—in all, carrying 125 guns—was ready to cover the passage. 150 canoes, 30 floating piers, and 30 transport steamers, capable of embarking for one trip 15,000 men, were provided to transport the troops. For some days before the passage, the flotilla bombarded Itapiru. On the 16th April the passage commenced by the Brazilian General Osorio being landed half a mile up the Paraguay

with 10,000 men. As many more Argentines were disembarked to support him. The Paraguayan advanced-guard attempted to oppose the landing, but ineffectually. Lopez abandoned Itapiru, and drew back to his intrenched lines at Paso la Patria. The Allies occupied themselves for some days in passing over their men, guns, and *materiel*. On the 19th April their flotilla came up opposite Paso la Patria and opened a heavy fire upon it. Lopez, leaving merely a garrison to hold the lines, withdrew his army behind Paso Gomez on the Humaita road, to a position some miles to the rear, beyond the reach of the missiles of the fleet. When he had settled his men there, he ordered the lines at Paso la Patria to be evacuated and burned. This was done on the morning of the 23d April, and they were immediately occupied by the Allies.

The position now taken up by Lopez was on the southern border of the firm ground forming the commencement of the plateau on which Humaita stands, behind the narrow pass or ford which connects the great lagoon, called the Estero Bellaco, flowing into the Parana, with the narrow lagoon of Piris coming up from the Paraguay, through which the Humaita road runs.

“The Estero Bellaco consists of two parallel streams of water generally about three miles apart, separated by a dense forest of the Yatai palm, which is on a height of from thirty to a hundred feet above the level of the ‘esteros.’ The Bellaco falls into the Paraguay by Laguna Piris, and into the Parana about one hundred miles to the east. The water of these ‘esteros,’ as that kind of marsh is called, is beautifully clear and good to drink, and is full of a rush which grows from five to nine feet above the level of the water. The bottom they grow on is always a very deep mud, and the water over this mud is from three to six feet deep. The ‘esteros’ are consequently impassable, excepting at the passes, which are places where the rushes have

been torn out by the roots, and sand gradually substituted for the mud at the bottom. In these passes, as in the rest of the 'esteros,' the depth of the water to be waded through is from three to six feet. By the end of April the Paraguayans were encamped on the north side of the northern Bellaco, with about 100 guns; their vanguard with 6 field-pieces on the north side of the southern Bellaco. The Allies were encamped on the heights running east and west a mile north of the Paso la Patria. Their vanguard was encamped near the southern Bellaco, only separated from the Paraguayan sentries by the breadth of the marsh. The 'esteros' formed the principal defence of the Paraguayans."—P. 134, 135.

On the 2d May Lopez sent a force of 5000 men to attack the vanguard of the Allies. Crossing the southern Bellaco at the fords, they fell upon them unawares, carried their artillery at the first rush, and utterly routed their infantry. Had they only halted here they would have secured a brilliant and important success; but, like most young troops, carried away with the excitement of victory, they pushed their advance too far, and came upon the whole Allied army hastening up to the support of its advanced-guard. Overwhelmed by superior numbers in front, and turned in flank, they were defeated with the loss of nearly half their numbers and one gun, and driven back to their old post over the fords.

The Paraguayan army now set to work to secure its position by excavating trenches along the northern edge of the northern Bellaco, on both sides of the Paso Gomez, and opposite all the other fords for some distance to the east. On the 20th of May the Allies advanced in force across the fords of the southern Bellaco, the Paraguayan advanced-guard falling back before them, and established themselves on the firm ground in front of the palm-forest which lies between the two Bellacos. The hostile armies were thus face to face on the northern

and southern banks of the north Bellaco. The Allied force consisted of about 45,000 men, with 150 guns, and occupied a front of about three miles. The army of Lopez numbered about 25,000 men, with 100 guns.

The Allies designed to attack on the 25th May, and had Lopez awaited their assault in his strong position, he would probably have inflicted upon them a severe loss and a heavy defeat. This, however, he did not do, but rashly anticipated them by attacking himself on the 24th. His army advanced in three columns. On the right, General Barrios with 8000 infantry and 1000 horse, moved along the edge of the "carrizal" till he reached a dense mass of wood and jungle close to the Laguna Piris, from whence he issued against the hostile left. In the centre, General Diaz crossed the fords with 5000 infantry and 4 guns, and advanced over the open ground to assail their centre. On the left, General Resquin with 2000 infantry and 7000 cavalry, after passing the fords in his front, endeavoured to outflank their right and sweep their rear with his horse. The battle began along the whole line about 11 o'clock. The Allies happened to be under arms for a reconnaissance, so that they were not taken unawares. On the Paraguayan right the struggle was for long doubtful. Issuing from the woods, Barrios three times drove back the Allied left to the edge of the southern Bellaco, using his cavalry with great effect against the retreating Brazilians; but three times he was in turn forced back to the woods from whence he came. In the centre Diaz had a heavy task: the instant his men quitted their lines they became exposed to the full sweep of the Allied artillery and rifles, whilst his own guns could not open, and his infantry had only flint-lock muskets. The ford by which his column passed was soon

choked with dead, and his loss when traversing the open plain was frightful. Some of his battalions fell into disorder, and he could make no impression on the Allied line before him. On the left, Resquin, with his heavy mass of cavalry issuing from the passes, and throwing himself with vigour on the Allied flank, gained at first a great success. He utterly routed the Correntino cavalry which covered their right, and threw the first line of his victorious horsemen on their artillery, capturing 20 guns. But the Argentine reserve now came into action and retook the guns with a fearful destruction of the horsemen, who fought to the last. Resquin's infantry at this moment arrived, but were hurled in vain against the solid ranks of the Argentines. He next endeavoured to sweep along their rear with his cavalry reserve, but the Argentines formed a new front in that direction and repulsed the charge. A portion of one regiment alone breaking through, rode along the whole Allied rear until it reached the woods from which Barrios had issued in the morning. The repulse of the Paraguayan attack was now complete, and by 4 o'clock their whole army had retired in disorder across the fords of the northern Bellaco within their fortified lines.

This was a most disastrous defeat for Lopez. 6000 Paraguayan dead were left on the field; 7000 severely wounded were taken into the hospitals. Their army was utterly scattered, broken, and demoralised, and had the Allies advanced the next day, they might with ease have

finished the war at a stroke. But they themselves had suffered severely. They had lost 8000 killed and wounded. They were ignorant of the completeness of their own victory, and they had acquired a perfect knowledge of the desperate courage of the Paraguayans, who invariably refused quarter, and even when wounded fought on to the death. They took 5 colours, 4 guns, and 5000 muskets. It was several days before the 12,000 Paraguayans, who alone repassed the fords, were reorganised and collected behind their lines.*

Both armies now suspended offensive operations, and busied themselves with intrenching the positions which they respectively occupied on the opposite sides of the Bellaco. The Paraguayans brought down heavy artillery from Humaita and Asuncion and mounted them on their lines. The Allies placed their rifled guns on theirs, and both parties frequently fired on each other without either suffering any serious damage. Meanwhile, sickness broke out severely in the Allied ranks, so that by the beginning of July they were reduced to 30,000 effective men, and were in urgent want of reinforcements. These, however, were close at hand. When they crossed at Paso la Patria, Baron Porto Alegre was ordered to advance from the Brazilian province of the Rio Grande to the Candelaria on the upper waters of the Parana, to pass there, and to make his way into the heart of Paraguay in rear of Lopez's army. He had 14,000 men and 50 guns, and brought with him 12,000 horses to remount the Brazilian cavalry.

* The causes of the defeat of the Paraguayans were, first, their inferior numbers—25,000 against 45,000; secondly, their faulty plan of attack, which, instead of aiming at concentrating a superior force on one point, and merely simulating an attack on the rest of their line, was designed to turn both flanks of the Allies simultaneously, and also to break their centre; and lastly, their wretchedly inferior equipment. Nearly all their guns were old smooth-bores, which being in rear could not open for fear of killing their own men, while those of their opponents were rifled and had full scope; and their infantry had nothing but ancient flint-locks to oppose to the percussion rifles of their antagonists.

On arriving on the Parana, where he was opposed by only 3000 Paraguayans with 12 guns, he changed his plan and marched down the left bank of that stream to Paso la Patria to join the main army. His leading column reached the Allied camp on the 12th July, the remainder a few days afterwards.

Lopez's army was now reinforced to 20,000 men, and he was desirous of inducing the Allies to attack him in his lines. Finding that they would not do this, he endeavoured to force them to it by undertaking approaches against their camp. On the 10th and 11th July sharp skirmishes took place between strong parties of his men, pushed over the central fords, and the Argentines, causing a loss of 400 or 500 to each side. But on the 14th a more serious enterprise was entered on. This was to run a trench through the thick wood in advance of the extreme right of the Paraguayan line, which Barrios had occupied on the battle of the 24th May, obliquely to the front so as to threaten the left of the Allies and menace their communications, which ran in rear of that flank. On the morning of the 16th the Brazilians attacked this half-finished trench, carried it, and fought for sixteen hours with the Paraguayans in the wood behind. On the 18th the Allies massed a large force on this point, and pushing through the wood, endeavoured to storm an inner intrenchment at the end of a clearing which covered, and the loss of which would have seriously compromised, Lopez's right. The struggle was desperate, and the loss on both sides severe. The Allies at one time won the work by a desperate charge, but were driven out by a counter-attack of 200 dismounted dragoons armed with their sabres. On the evening of the 18th the fighting ceased, the Paraguayans retaining the inner work, but having lost their advanced position and outer trench

in the wood. The loss on both sides was heavy. On that of the Allies, 5000 killed and wounded—on that of the Paraguayans, 2500.

After this action the Allies strengthened their works, and constructed some new batteries and redoubts covering their left and centre. The Paraguayans also continued their lines further to their own right, in rear of the wood which had been the scene of such a severe struggle, till it reached a deep and impenetrable portion of the "carrizal." Considering the position of Lopez unassailable in front, the Allies now undertook a series of operations to turn his right flank and get into his rear by seizing the battery of Curupaty, below Humaita, on the Paraguay. This work lay directly to the right rear of his position. Curupaty mounted twenty-five guns—three of them 8-inch; and as it was liable to be taken in flank by a force landed lower down the stream, a trench had been cut at a point called Cruzú, 3000 yards below it, from a lake on the left to the river on the right, so as to stop any force which might be landed in that direction. This trench was armed with thirteen guns (one an 8-inch and two 32-pounders), and garrisoned by 2500 men. A combined naval and military force was now directed against this position. The whole Brazilian flotilla, including their four ironclads, steamed up and opened a bombardment on Cruzú on the 1st of September; and on the 2d, 14,000 Brazilians from the main army, under Baron Porto Alegre, disembarked lower down the stream, and marched up to within range of the battery. The fleet all this time continued to bombard furiously; but one of the ironclads—the Rio Janeiro, of six guns—having had her 4-inch plates twice perforated by 68-pound shot, had her bottom blown in by a torpedo, and went down. Another of the steamers had her

boilers shot through, and the squadrons suffered considerably from the three heavy guns of the battery, without inflicting any serious damage on it in return. On the 3d, the bombardment still continuing, Porto Alegre stormed. His columns suffered terribly from the fire of the trench as they came up in front; but they got round its left flank by wading through four feet of water in the lake, and then rolled the defenders up from left to right. The Paraguayans left 700 dead on the field. The Brazilians had nearly 2000 killed and wounded. Had they pressed on at once they could with ease have taken Curupaty that day, and secured a position completely turning Lopez's line of defence. But they did not move beyond the captured work.

This gave the Paraguayans time to run a trench from the left flank of the battery at Curupaty, along a steep bank which stretches behind some swamps from the river-bank, to a deep lagoon called the Laguna Lopez. This trench was 2000 yards long; and as it could not be turned on either flank, and was mounted with 49 guns—13, including four 8-inch ones, playing on the river, and the remainder, including two 8-inch ones, on the land front—it was a most formidable work to attack. It was finished by the 21st September; and, strange to say, the Allies made no attempt to storm it when in process of construction.

But no sooner was it fully completed and armed than they attacked in earnest. On the morning of the 22d, their whole flotilla, including now eight Brazilian ironclads, steamed up, and closing with the battery, engaged it heavily. Two of the ironclads, running past it, anchored in its rear; but owing to the cliff (about eight or nine yards above the water) on which it was built, did little damage. At noon the land forces, who had been

reinforced by two Argentine divisions, advanced in four columns to the attack. From the moment they left their camp they were exposed to the sweep of the guns.

"When they came to close quarters, notwithstanding the gallant manner in which they advanced, the Allies were thrown into disorder by the terrible artillery fire from the Paraguayan trenches, which was crossed upon them from all sides—the enormous canisters of the 8-inch guns doing terrible execution at a distance of two or three hundred yards. Some of the Argentine commanding officers, on horseback, got quite to the edge of the trench, where they were animating their soldiers, but almost all of them were killed. The column which attacked the right had the best road, but it was subject the whole way to enfilade fire, and when near the trench had the concentrated fire from many guns upon it. The columns of the centre and left were detained a long time on the road, by the many almost impassable marshes they had to cross. The Allies sent two battalions into the Chaco" (on the other side of the river) "opposite the battery to enfilade the trenches. They kept up a good fire of musketry as soon as they got into range; but only killed or wounded a few artillerymen, as the Paraguayan infantry sat down behind the parapet till the Allies came within range of their poor old flint muskets, when they got up and opened fire. When Mitre, who was standing on the ex-Paraguayan trench at Curuzú, saw that the attack was hopeless, he ordered a retreat, immense numbers being left on the field."—P. 178-80.

In this terrible action the loss was most severe. The Allies lost nearly 9000 men killed and wounded, though they only owned to 4000. The fleet lost few men, the ironclads only having come to close action, but they had many armour-plates broken and bolts shot out. "The losses of the Paraguayans were incredibly small—only fifty-four killed and wounded, the greater number being struck by the riflemen in the Chaco." The Brazilian fleet fired 5000 shells; the Paraguayan artillery, 7000 rounds.

The Argentines, after this dreadful defeat, were re-embarked and taken back to the main army at Paso Gomez, and for ten months to come a complete paralysis came over the operations on both sides. The Allies felt themselves unable to carry the lines in their front, and had not sufficient numbers and reliance on themselves to attempt to turn them. Lopez had too few men to risk the certain loss of an attack on his part. Thus, till July 1867, both sides avoided anything like a serious action, and both armies spent the time in organising and recruiting their forces and strengthening their defensive works. The fleet alone

“Daily bombarded Curupaty for eighteen months, thinking nothing of throwing 2000 shells before breakfast, and their official reports often showed 4000 a-day. Curuzú was also armed with a battery of Whitworth's 32-pounders and 12-pounders, and a battery of Lahitte's 32-pounders, which vomited their fire continually on the devoted Curupaty. All the fire was so badly directed that hardly any damage was done. Certainly not a hundred men altogether were killed and wounded by the fire of the fleet during this time. The Brazilians had all their fuses cut to a certain length, which, as the fuses were very bad at first, did not cause the shells to burst at equal ranges. About a quarter of their shells broke in the gun at the moment it was fired, being bad castings, and also being, by Whitworth's system, subjected to a very severe strain; about a quarter did not burst at all, and the remainder exploded at all sorts of distances.”—P. 184.

The Allies strengthened their position facing north in front of the Paso Gomez with double lines of strong trenches, and threw up an earthwork as a citadel. Cholera inflicted heavy ravages on their ranks during 1867. In May of that year a great inundation flooded their camp at Curuzú, and led to the corps there being brought round to the main army. The Paraguayans likewise strengthened their lines

facing south, along the opposite side of the Bellaco, and mounted them with heavy guns, which they took much trouble to cast; and when they had finished the whole line eastwards along the Bellaco as far as a ford called the Paso Vai, they commenced a new line facing eastwards, thrown back at a right angle from the old one at that point, and extending to the fortress of Humaita, thus completely enclosing their army in an intrenched camp.

As the Allies had mounted many Whitworth 32-pounder guns and mortars along their lines, they almost daily fired on the Paraguayan camp, who replied in kind. Thus much information was practically acquired as to the different effect of rifle and smooth-bore ordnance in war, which is thus summed up by Colonel Thompson :—

“For precision and range, Whitworth's guns are splendid, but they require good gunners. When a Whitworth shell bursts in its flight, all the splinters drive ahead, making a very small angle with the original trajectory. For firing at men behind parapets, therefore, they are not so advantageous as the old smooth-bore spherical shells, which spread very much when they explode. If the rifled shells with time-fuses struck the ground before exploding, they would hardly ever burst, as the fuse became choked with earth and the fire extinguished. One great disadvantage of using rifled shot is, that at all long ranges, when they strike the ground, they ricochet so high in the air as to lose all chance of doing any damage after the first graze. The Whitworth bolts appeared to have far greater penetrating power in any hard substance, but less than a smooth-bore in a yielding substance like sand. The Brazilians hardly used percussion fuses at all. Had they done so they would have caused some execution with their continual bombardment. As it was, the Paraguayan earthworks received only slight injuries, which could be repaired in a very short time.”—P. 196. “The bombardments all round were a source of pleasure to everybody. The Allies liked the noise, and thought they were doing immense execution. The Paraguayan soldiers liked them, as

they got a mugful of Indian-corn for every shell or heap of splinters they collected. Lopez liked them, as he got large supplies of different kinds of shot and shell, and quantities of iron, which was sent to Asuncion and cast into shot."—P. 205.

In May of this year, a Brazilian column 5000 strong, which had reached the northern province of Matto Grosso, but had not attempted to retake any of the towns on the river held by the Paraguayans, invaded North Paraguay, which it believed to be destitute of defenders. But a small force, principally of cavalry, having been detached by Lopez to meet them, they were surrounded when marching in the woods, their communications cut, and their supplies captured, so that the majority perished miserably, victims to cholera and want, while the small remnant were put to the sword.

In July, General Osorio came up from Rio Grande, with a Brazilian corps 12,000 strong; and other reinforcements to a large extent having been received, the Allies prepared to enter upon that series of strategic movements which led to the expulsion of Lopez from his lines.

To understand their plan we must for a moment consider the Paraguayan position. Their intrenched camp, resting on the fortress of Humaita, formed an irregular quadrilateral. The west and north sides were bounded by the river Paraguay, which there makes a bend at right angles. The south side (some ten miles in extent, and very irregular) was formed by the series of works which ran from the battery of Curupaty, on the Paraguay, behind the lagoons of Lopez and Chichi, and the Estero Bellaco to Paso Vai on the latter estuary. The east side (about six miles long) was formed by the new line of works, which, turning backwards at a right angle from the Estero Bellaco at Paso Vai, ran

across to Humaita on the Paraguay. The land line of communication of Lopez with Asuncion his capital, lay up the left bank of the Paraguay; but as impenetrable marshes extended to a considerable distance inland from the river-side, it had to make a long detour to avoid them, so that it ran not north but north-east out of Humaita. His line of communication by water (and this was his main line) lay up the course of the Paraguay. The Allies at present occupied fortified lines opposite the southern face of the Paraguayan quadrilateral, covering their line of communication over the Parana at Paso la Patria. Experience had shown them they could not hope to force the works in their front.

Such being the position, they determined to undertake an offensive movement on the following plan:—Their army, marching to its right up the Parana, to a point beyond the southern face of the Paraguayan quadrilateral, was then to cross the Estero Bellaco, and take up, and fortify on its bank, a position in front of its east face. From this point they were gradually to extend their posts to their own right, until they first cut the road leading from Humaita to Asuncion, and finally, by a long circuit to the north of the marshes, reached the upper waters of the Paraguay, at a place called Tayi, above Humaita. So far the land army. But as experience had shown that the ironclad squadron, though unable to silence, was quite able to pass, the Paraguayan river batteries, it was determined that they were to run in succession those of Curupaty and Humaita, and, securing the command of the river above Humaita, enter into communication with the right of their army there. When the ironclads and the land forces joined on the upper waters of the Paraguay, Lopez would have lost both his lines of supply and retreat, and must either remain shut up in his

lines to starve, or cut his way out. This plan, in its general design, was not unlike that formed by Grant to dislodge Lee from his position defending Richmond. Its great danger in execution lay in the large extent of ground over which the movement to the right must extend the Allied land forces. For, as their only secure line of communication lay over the Parana at Paso la Patria, in rear of their left, they required to retain their present entrenched camp there to cover it, and yet had to prolong their posts to the Paraguay above Humaita, so as to enclose the two land fronts of the quadrilateral. On the other hand, the impenetrable nature of great part of the ground over this wide space secured them from counter-attack except at certain known points, and was therefore in their favour.

On the 22d July 1867 this series of operations began. On that day the Allied main army under the Marquis of Caxias, 30,500 strong, began its march up the course of the Parana to its right. 13,000 men under Porto Alegre were left to hold the fortified camp opposite Paso Gomez. Caxias marched a considerable way up the Parana and then crossed the Estero Bellaco at the Paso or ford of Frete, from whence he moved back along its northern shore to Tuyucúé, opposite the eastern face of the Paraguayan quadrilateral, where it was determined that their camp should be established just out of range of Lopez's guns. This point was reached on the 29th. The Allies set to work with diligence to intrench their position and to establish batteries of Whitworth guns bearing on the hostile lines. Mitre, the President of the Argentine Confederation, at this time arrived, and took the supreme command of the whole Allied force. As soon as the works of the camp were advanced, Mitre began to extend his posts to his right, and very shortly established a strong

guard at San Solano, a government farm within a league of the main road leading from Humaita to Asuncion. On the 15th August the ironclad squadron made its first upward move, running on that day, without any serious loss, past the batteries at Curupaty. Had it pushed straight on it might with ease have passed Humaita the same day, for nearly all the heavy guns there had been moved down to Curupaty. But it contented itself with taking up a position just below that fortress from whence it could fire on it. Here it remained for some months, and a line of communication was established by land across the Chaco, or desert, down the right bank of the river, with the wooden squadron below Curupaty, by which it was supplied. The Paraguayans hastened to bring their heavy guns up from Curupaty to Humaita, where they remounted them, and where they strengthened the works, to endeavour to prevent the further progress of the ironclads. Fearing that he would soon lose his land communication with Asuncion, Lopez made a path from Timbo, three miles above Humaita, through the Chaco, to Monte Lindo, 54 miles higher up the Paraguay.

As the Allies drew their supplies from Porto Alegre's camp opposite the Paso Gomez — from whence they came under convoy every second day, along the southern shore of the Estero Bellaco till they reached a ford opposite their main body—Lopez made frequent expeditions across the Bellaco to annoy and intercept their convoys, but without any very remarkable success. In one of these skirmishes

“The Brazilian cavalry, which was splendidly mounted, charged *in column* a Paraguayan regiment, whose miserable haggard horses could hardly move, and which in line awaited the attack. The Brazilians came on bravely till within 150 yards of the Paraguayans, when they made their horses canter to meet them, thus causing the Brazilians

to turn tail in a most disgraceful manner and gallop away."—P. 223.

Frequent cavalry skirmishes also took place on the Allied right towards San Solano, in front of the east face of the quadrilateral. In these, sometimes one party, sometimes the other, had the advantage. In one the Paraguayans disabled 500 Allied horsemen, losing themselves 300. In another the Brazilian cavalry, 5000 strong, drew that of the Paraguayans, not above 1000, into an ambushade, out of which they had to cut their way in a running fight of three miles, and with a loss of above 600 men.

Meanwhile the progress of the Allies round the Paraguayan left steadily continued. The outposts from their right got possession of the highroad to Asuncion, and began to feel their way round the outer side of the great marshes which lay beyond it, towards the decisive point of Tayi, on the upper Paraguay. In the course of this movement they became acquainted with an intrenched post at a place called Obella, defending the only entrance into the interior of the marshes, through which Lopez used to introduce cattle for the use of his army. On the 28th October the trench covering this point was carried by 5000 Brazilians under Mena Barreto; who, after this success, pushed on his advanced parties right round the marsh to Tayi. Being there fired upon by some Paraguayan steamers, they fell back on the main body. When Lopez heard of their appearance in this direction, he sent 400 men in steamers to throw up a redoubt at the point. But on the 2d November, before they had time to complete the work, Mena Barreto came up with his main body, and, attacking with vigour, overpowered them—established his artillery on the river-bank—sank two out of three Paraguayan steamers who attacked him—and intrenched himself in the impor-

tant point he had gained. The Brazilians threw up strong works bearing on the river, which they armed with 14 guns, and garrisoned with 6000 men; while they occupied the intermediate post of San Solano, commanding the highroad to Asuncion, with 10,000 men. The army had thus done its work, and, by extending to its right, had cut the main Paraguayan land-line of communication with the interior, and established itself solidly on the river line at Tayi, 15 miles above Humaita.

When Lopez heard of this, he endeavoured to interrupt their progress by a vigorous counter-stroke aimed at their line of communications. For this purpose he determined to attack, with his whole disposable force, the intrenched camp commanded by Porto Alegre, opposite his southern front, at the Paso Gomez. The capture of this would not only cut the Allied line of communications, but would give him possession of large magazines both of food and ammunition, and of some Whitworth guns—which he was particularly anxious to secure. He did not intend to hold the place, but merely to take and destroy it. He collected 8000 men for the purpose, and massed them, the night before, as close as possible to the enemy's lines. The whole were to cross the Bellaco by the fords of Yataity Cora at the first break of day, and rush on the Allied camp—the cavalry against the redoubts held by the Brazilians on the right, the infantry against the trenches covering the camp in front. A fatal order was issued, that when the soldiers had entered the enemy's camp they were to pick up and carry off whatever they could. At break of day on the 3d of November,

"The Paraguayans marched on in double-quick step silently, finding the enemy asleep. Just as they reached the first line of trenches two guns were fired and a few musketry-shots, but the firing immediately ceased. The infantry

swept all before it, setting fire, as it went along, to everything, burning the whole camp and blowing up many powder-magazines. The second line of trenches was taken with equal facility. After taking these the Paraguayans disbanded, as Lopez had ordered, and betook themselves to sacking, pillaging, and burning. Porto Alegre himself behaved bravely, but his army did not. He assembled some troops to defend the citadel, which was now easy, as the Paraguayans had all disbanded, and from thence poured in fire upon them, killing and wounding many. The Paraguayans sacked the whole of the camp as far as the southern Bellaco, in the rear of the citadel, drinking, and eating handfuls of sugar. At last the Brazilians and Argentines came out of the citadel and butchered many of the Paraguayans—those who could do so making off with their booty. The Paraguayan cavalry behaved much better. They arrived at the trenches of the redoubts almost without being heard, turning the garrison out in their shirts. They jumped off their horses, and, sword in hand, scaled the trenches. They stormed the three redoubts and set fire to the barracks. Heavy reinforcements of Allied horse, despatched from the camp of the main army at Tuyucué on the first alarm, came up and engaged the Paraguayan cavalry at the moment they had finished with the redoubts. The latter fought bravely, charging repeatedly through the enemy. The fighting at this point, hand to hand, lasted more than an hour, after which the Paraguayans retired, all the fighting being over by nine o'clock."—P. 231-33.

The Paraguayans captured and brought back to their own lines 14 guns of different calibres, including one Whitworth 32-pounder. They left 1200 killed and wounded on the field, and brought back as many more wounded. The Allies lost 1700 in all.

As Lopez found, after this severe check at Paso Gomez, that the Allies were not intimidated by his counter-attacks, or thereby induced to contract their position, but still continued to hold their advanced line round to Tayi, he determined to withdraw his troops into a smaller compass, and to strengthen Humaita. For this purpose he took

advantage of an inner line of heights called the Heights of Paso Pucu, which ran from the Laguna Lopez on the right to a point in the middle of the eastern face of the quadrilateral on the left. Along these Colonel Thompson planned and ran a new line of trench. It was parallel to, but a good way in rear of, the original southern face on the Bellaco, and joined the old trench at Espinello. A strong advanced redoubt was made at the angle where the old trench left the Bellaco, but the remainder of it was dismantled, and the guns (150 pieces) withdrawn—the heavy ones to Humaita, the light ones to the new Paso Pucu trench in rear, or to reinforce those along the part of the old line still retained from Espinello back to Humaita.

It may seem astonishing to the reader that Lopez was still able to remain at Humaita after the Allied army had reached Tayi on the Paraguay directly in his rear. But this was owing (1) to the supineness of their ironclad squadron, who made no attempt to run past Humaita and occupy the course of the river above the town; and (2) to the new land-line which he had opened from Timbo across the Gran Chaco up the opposite banks of the Paraguay to Monte Lindo above Tayi. To secure Timbo, a battery for 30 field-guns was constructed, and a strong garrison thrown in. This was a point of great importance, as it was only three miles above Humaita, and was the nearest landing-place to which the new road could be brought.

The ironclad flotilla assigned as a reason for their inaction that they could not run the batteries of Humaita without the aid of a number of monitors then building in Brazil. As these were not completed, armed, and sent round until February 1868, another pause of four months ensued. The ironclads amused themselves by firing at long

range at Humaita, and succeeded in sinking a chain supported on canoes which Lopez had flung across the river there. From the result of these operations it fell out that, while the force of Lopez dwindled down to some 15,000 men, that of the Allies rose before the end of January 1868, and in spite of great sickness, to 50,000 fit for action. Lopez, foreseeing that the ironclads would soon force the Humaita batteries, sent Mr Thompson to Timbo to erect a battery for heavy guns to sweep the river, and six 8-inch and eight 32-pounders were at once put in position.

On the 13th February three of the new monitors arrived from Rio Janeiro. They were twin screws, plated with 4-inch armour, with a hull standing only one foot out of the water, furnished with one revolving turret covered with 6-inch plates, and mounting a single Whitworth gun. And now the decisive battle of the war was at hand. The ironclads were to force the batteries of Humaita and Timbo, and, securing the upper waters of the Paraguay, give their hand to the land army at Tayi, and shut up Lopez in his quadrilateral. The river batteries of Humaita mounted one 150-pounder, one 130-pounder, twelve 8-inch guns, and six 32-pounders.

"On February 18, 1868, at half-past three in the morning, the ironclad squadron began to bombard furiously, so did the wooden squadron at Curuzú, and one or two gunboats went into the Laguna Piris, and bombarded thence. Tuyucué bombarded Espinello as hard as it could, and then sent several battalions to fire their rifles fast towards Espinello. These were all diversions to the passage of Humaita. The large ironclads Bahia, Barroso, and Tamandaré, each with a monitor lashed to her port side, steamed up past the batteries of Humaita. The three monitors were the Alagoas, Para, and Rio Grande. The Alagoas after passing the batteries was cast loose by her consort, and having got into a very rapid part

of the current, was carried down again some way, and had to steam back. She was out of range of the guns of Humaita by daybreak. The fire of Humaita was well sustained and true, but the balls flew in pieces on the plates of the ironclads. After passing Humaita they went straight on, and ran past the battery of Timbo to Tayi. The battery at Timbo being lower than that at Humaita, the ironclads suffered almost more from it than from Humaita. The Alagoas, Tamandaré, and Para were the most damaged, the first receiving 180 shots, and the second 120. Their damages consisted chiefly in the plates being dented and bent, and the bolts started."—P. 247.

This same day, when the ironclads were forcing the batteries, an instance occurred showing how much loss a want of topographical knowledge may cause in war. Lopez, with a view of mystifying his opponents, had constructed a redoubt at Cierva, some 3500 yards to the north of Humaita, on the edge of the great marshes, and close to the river, which he had armed with 9 guns, and garrisoned with 500 men. The position was of no use to him, but the Allies imagined that it must either, like Obella, cover an important entrance into the marshes, or at least secure the communication with another post the Paraguayans held higher up. It did neither; but, under this false impression, they attacked it with 8000 men, 2000 of whom were armed with needle-guns.

"At daybreak Caxias sent his first attack armed with needle-guns. These did not do much execution, as the Paraguayans were behind parapets, and poured into the Brazilian columns such a fire of grape and canister at close quarters, that the needle-gun men, the hope of the Brazilian army, were thrown back and completely disbanded. Another column was immediately sent forward, and that, as well as a third and a fourth, had no better luck than the first. While the fourth was retreating, a Paraguayan in the redoubt was heard to call out to his officer that the artillery ammunition was all fin-

ished. This encouraged the Brazilians to reorganise and return to the attack. While they were doing this, the Paraguayans retreated on board two steamers close at hand, who, after exchanging shots for some time with the Brazilians, went down to Humaita and discharged the troops there. The Brazilians lost 1200 killed and wounded, the Paraguayans 150 men and their nine guns. The defence was heroic, for the Brazilians came right up to the counterscarp, and many fell into the ditch."—P. 250, 251.

When the batteries at Humaita and Timbo were forced, Lopez telegraphed to Asuncion, the capital, ordering it to be evacuated by the inhabitants within twenty-four hours, the troops only to remain, and the seat of government to be removed to Luqui, a village on the railway nine miles inland. These orders were punctually obeyed. Three of the Brazilian ironclads from Tayi proceeded up the stream towards Asuncion, which they came in sight of, and into which they threw shells on the 22d February; but finding it occupied by troops, and being fired at by a wooden steamer in return, they desisted and returned to Tayi.

The state of affairs on the river was now very peculiar. The Allied wooden flotilla was all below Curupaty, the batteries of which they could neither pass nor silence. Seven ironclads held the river above Curupaty and below Humaita. From Humaita to Timbo the river remained in the power of the Paraguayans. Above Timbo and up to Tayi it was held by the six ironclads who had forced the batteries. The fleet at Tayi had no river communication with its comrades below Humaita, and had to receive all its supplies overland through the long circuit of the Allied camps.

The position of Lopez was thus to the last degree critical. Had the Brazilians left a couple of ironclads between Humaita and Timbo, he and his army would have been

surrounded in Humaita, for his new road through the Chaco ended at Timbo, and there was no landing-place between that place and Humaita. If he would withdraw his army and escape starvation, he had not, therefore, a moment to lose, for the Allies might at any instant run the batteries again, and establish some of their ironclads in the unoccupied space, which would close his only means of exit.

He prepared, then, to withdraw without a moment's delay. He had two steamers, and they were at once put in requisition to transport all the heavy and light artillery, the sick, and the stores which he intended to take with him up to Timbo. All the artillery on the lines was withdrawn to Humaita, except a few light guns left at Curupaty—one near the Paso de Gomez, and twelve on the eastern face of the quadrilateral opposite the Allied army. Before, however, finally passing over all his men, he made one more effort to recover the command of the river. He believed that if he could capture one ironclad, he could drive the Brazilians out of the stream. He trained a body of picked men to swimming and paddling in canoes. With twenty-four of these canoes, each containing twelve men, he attacked, on the night of the 1st March, the two ironclads below Humaita, who were doing duty as vanguard.

"The canoes were connected two and two by a rope twenty yards long, so that one paddling towards each side of the vessel, the rope would catch across the bows and bring them alongside. The night was very dark, and they were only seen just as they were going alongside, when they jumped on board. Several canoes missed the ironclads and were carried down by the current and taken by the ships below. The crews of the ironclads at once shut themselves up inside, and began to fire canister from their turrets at the Paraguayans on their decks. Two more ironclads came up to the rescue, and poured in

volleys of grape and canister on the men on the decks of the others, causing terrible havoc. The Paraguayans caught the commander of the division of iron-clads and some of the crew before they were able to shut themselves in, and killed them. The Paraguayans lost more than 200 men, leaving 100 corpses on the decks of the vessels. The Brazilians lost 40. They shot many of the Paraguayans in the water as they were swimming ashore."—P. 253, 254.

Lopez now transported his troops as quickly as possible over the Paraguay to Timbo. He left 3000 men and nearly 200 guns, with stores of ammunition and provisions, in Humaita. On the 3d March he crossed over to Timbo. The soldiers, encumbered with guns, stores, and sick, had a most difficult and arduous march through an uninhabited country, intersected with swamps, lagoons, and rivers, to Monte Lindo on the upper Paraguay.

The Allies attacked the Paraguayan lines before Humaita on the 21st March. With the feeble numbers left there they could not be held. They forced an entrance on the southern face at Sauce, near the Paso Gomez, but were repulsed on the eastern face at Espinello. The next day the Paraguayans abandoned the whole of their old works, including Curupaty, and, taking their guns with them, withdrew into Humaita. The same day two of the ironclads from Tayi forced the batteries at Timbo, and established themselves between that point and Humaita. This cut the communication with Lopez, and "Humaita was left alone with her commander."

With the evacuation of the Paraguayan quadrilateral around Humaita the great interest of the war, in a military point of view, ceases. Lopez had no longer a chance. His ultimate defeat was a mere matter of time, men, and money. His march through the Chaco to Monte Lindo, on the Paraguay, above the point where

the Tebicuary falls into it, was unopposed. He proceeded to cross his men over the Paraguay, and to take up a position on its left bank, behind the Tebicuary, a considerable river which falls at right angles into the main stream, and presents a strong but extended barrier against an invader coming from the south. Whilst he was strengthening himself there, the Allies were engaged in the siege of Humaita.

That fortress had been left, as already mentioned, to fight its own battle. Its garrison, 3000 strong, was inadequate to man properly the works, extending over 15,000 yards of trenches. Animal food also was insufficient, and could only be introduced in small quantities through the marshes of the Chaco. Even this slender resource soon failed. For, though the Paraguayans still held Timbo, the Allies landed a force in the Chaco, both above and below Humaita, who extended themselves across until they met, and built a redoubt upon the only strip of land between the lagoons along which a path could be found to Timbo, whilst they placed boats on the lagoons. Thus this last line of supply was closed. Lopez, anxious to reopen communications with the place, made another effort on the night of the 9th July to capture with canoes two Allied ironclads which lay at Tayi; but the enterprise failed, under circumstances exactly similar to the previous one. By the middle of July provisions had become so scarce in Humaita that it could be no longer held. Hearing this, the Allies assaulted with 12,000 men on the 15th, but were repulsed with severe loss (2000 killed and wounded). On the night of the 24th, the garrison, having exhausted their last store of provisions, silently evacuated the place, crossing the river in canoes into the Chaco on the opposite side. Carrying their canoes over the in-

tervening marshes, they launched them on a lagoon which lay between them and the road to Timbo. But the Allies were not idle. As soon as they discovered the evasion, they reinforced their troops in the Chaco to 10,000 men, and introduced 60 boats into the lagoons. A series of engagements ensued between the Paraguayans endeavouring to cross and the Allies aiming to prevent them. It ended in about 1000 of the garrison getting through, when the whole of their canoes were destroyed, and the small remnant, 1200 strong, was forced to lay down its arms.

When Lopez heard of the fall of Humaita, he fell back from his position on the Tebicuary in the direction of Asuncion to the still stronger one of Pikysyry.

“The Pikysyry is the northernmost drain of the Lake Ypoa, from which it takes its rise, in the shape of a wide ‘estero,’ which gradually lessens as it approaches the river Paraguay, and becomes a narrow running stream where it enters the woods. It falls into the Paraguay at Angostura, where it is about twenty yards wide and very deep. It is the boundary of the lowlands, which commence at the Tebicuary, and are all wet, with the exception of a few small spots. For two leagues to the south the ground is next to impassable, except on the highroad. Immediately to the north of it may be said to commence the habitable portion of Paraguay, for the first hills are seen here, and rise from this stream. The position could not be flanked without going round through the Chaco, in which case it would be taken in the rear. Angostura, which gave the concave side of a horse-shoe bend, was an admirable site for river batteries.”

And here two strong ones, 700 yards apart, were established, commanding the channel of the Paraguay; while a trench was run along the passable part of the Pikysyry. The army of Lopez behind these lines did not number above 10,000 men.

The Allied army arrived in sight of this formidable position on the

23d September. Caxias, who now commanded, was convinced that it was too strong to be forced. He resolved to turn it by its proper right. For this purpose he determined to make a road through the Chaco, across the base of the horse-shoe bend, at the apex of which Angostura stood, and crossing his men over the river below Lopez's position, to march them by this road to the same stream above that position, recross the river there, and move on his enemy's rear. By the end of November the road was finished, and the Brazilian army, 32,000 strong, ferried over and landed in the Chaco. The Argentine corps was left in front of the lines of the Pikysyry. The Brazilians marched by the new road through the bend to the river above the Paraguayan lines, where their ironclads which had run past the batteries at Angostura met them, and reconveyed them over the stream into Paraguay. When past, they commenced their march southwards against Lopez's rear. On the 6th November they encountered, at the passage of the stream of the Ytororo, a force of 5000 Paraguayans with 12 guns, the flower of Lopez's army. After a determined hand-to-hand fight for five hours, during which the bridge was taken and retaken three times, it was finally carried on a fourth assault by the Brazilians, with a loss of 6 guns and 1200 men to their opponents, while they had nearly 3000 *hors de combat*. A halt now took place, and it was not till the 11th December that the Brazilians, resuming their march southwards, again came on the Paraguayans, numbering 6000 men and 12 guns, drawn out to meet them on the banks of the Avay. Here a terrible contest, lasting for four hours, ensued. At last the passage of the river was forced, and the Paraguayans surrounded by the Brazilian cavalry. They were completely cut up, and hardly a man

escaped. Their guns were all taken.

Fortifying the Angostura batteries slightly to the rear, and throwing a garrison into them, Lopez collected the remnant of his army, not 3000 strong, on a hill called Ita Yvate, in rear of his original left. Here the hunted deer was driven to bay at last. He was attacked by Caxias on the 21st, and lost 14 guns and more than half his men, but still made good his ground. The Argentine division now rejoined Caxias, coming over the deserted lines of the Pikysry, and a series of alternate bombardments and assaults on Ita Yvate continued until the morning of the 27th, when "the Allies marched into Lopez's lines, the Argentines at the head. The few Paraguayans who were left made a desperate resistance, and fought individually against whole battalions till they were cut down. The artillery were all dismounted, and two or three guns had been still firing where they lay on the ground propped up by heaps of earth. Lopez started off alone for Cerro-Leon with one or two companions the moment he saw that the Allies were marching in."—P. 306, 307.

On the 30th December Colonel Thompson, the author of the work from which we have quoted so largely, surrendered the batteries of Angostura, on receiving certain proof that the army of Lopez was dispersed, himself a fugitive, and further defence, therefore, a mere purposeless waste of life.*

The present state and future prospects of the war are thus summed up by our author:—

"Lopez's resources at the beginning of 1869 consisted of 6000 wounded men

in hospital in the Cordillera—a low range of hills, fifty miles from Asuncion and six from the line of railway. He has about twelve small field-pieces, no muskets, and no ammunition, and five small steamers in the Riacho Manduvira. The Brazilians have purposely allowed many of their prisoners to go and join him, as they are determined not to leave a Paraguayan of any age or sex alive; and when Lopez has got together as many men as it is possible for him to collect, they will fight him again, and then again give him time to get up another poor force."—P. 316.

Such is the story of the fall of Paraguay. Few nations ever made a more gallant resistance against overwhelming odds; and in these days, when material power threatens to carry all before it by the union of wealth and skill to numbers, it is consolatory to remark the capacity of resistance inherent in a brave and determined people. The Paraguayans were a hardy but poor and isolated race. They had little wealth and miserable arms—nothing but old honeycombed smooth-bore guns and wretched flint-lock muskets. Yet with the aid of undaunted courage, strong natural positions, and a few hastily-thrown-up earthworks, they maintained a contest for nearly five years with a wealthy and powerful alliance, having well-drilled troops in large numbers, and all the appliances of modern science—Whitworth guns, rifled and breech-loading muskets, balloons to reconnoitre, and iron-clad monitors—at its command.

We have no space to enter into the personal character of Lopez. He seems to be a cruel, selfish, suspicious, and unprincipled man, of great ambition and undaunted resolution, but with something almost resembling a want of physical courage, or at

* It is right to mention that Mr Thompson's work is accompanied by some very well executed plans of the chief positions held during the war; and that it contains several profiles and plans of field-works erected by him, well deserving of the study of field engineers, as showing how much may be done by a clever officer in adapting the principles of fortification to the shifting wants of real service. This particularly applies to the plan of the left battery of Angostura.

least with an entire absence of any disposition to encounter unnecessary risk. He has evidently great and commanding talent—no man deficient in this could have sustained for so long the unequal contest which he did. Without science or instruction in war he seems to have had a good strategical eye for the choice of positions, and an invincible tenacity in holding them; but in tactics he made great and fatal mistakes. The most wonderful thing about him is the hold which he seems to have acquired over the minds of the Paraguayans; for, in spite of his atrocious cruelty, they have clung to him equally in bad fortune as in good; as much when he is, as now, a guerilla leader at the head of a scanty band, amidst the hills and forests of north Paraguay, as when he was the all-powerful Dictator, wielding the whole force of the state amidst the rivers and swamps of the south.

There is much in the narrative of

this war to arrest the attention of the soldier who is interested in the changes now being introduced into his art by modern science.

It is very remarkable—1. The ease with which the ironclads were able to run past the strongest Paraguayan batteries without sustaining any serious damage. 2. The little effect, on the other hand, which the ironclads could exercise in silencing, or even damaging, good earthen batteries. 3. The almost uselessness of putting rifled cannon and muskets into the hands of any troops but those who have been highly disciplined and trained to use them. 4. The comparatively small effect against troops *in line* of shells discharged from rifled guns as compared with those thrown from smooth-bores, though the reverse is the case when the troops are in column. And, 5. The astonishing way in which the effect of arms of precision is neutralised by, even slight, earthen parapets.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

FORFEITING PARADISE.

THE persistent assertion of Englishmen that "there is nothing like England"—that we are not only wiser, richer, and freer than all the world, but that we row, ride, box, and shoot better, build better ships, and "tub" more than the rest of mankind—is such a popular belief, that to qualify any part of it with the faintest suspicion of a doubt, would be to reduce a man's patriotism to the level of a Fenian. In fact, when not engaged in the actual work of life, we go about humming "Rule Britannia;" and though our ears are so habituated to the strains that they cease to attract attention, the newly-arrived stranger has to confess himself almost addled by the chorus, and wonderingly asks how, with this perpetual din in our ears, we ever find time to embark the Thames or disestablish a Church.

On the whole, I believe it a very sage philosophy, and that by its practice we reconcile ourselves to bear many things with a better grace than the natural tendency to grumble which exists in our temperament might otherwise incline to. It is in this way that Ministers reconcile us to that extra twopence of income-tax. You are made to believe it is such a fine thing to be a Briton, it is well worth the cost; and in the same way the parson exhorts you to weekly gratitude for your "creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life," that you would be the most brutish of mankind if you did not come to see how much of these benefits pertained to your birthplace; and that your name on the national registry was a better title to universal nobility than any inscription of a "Libro d'Oro," or any entry in a Gotha almanac.

Lord Palmerston did a great

deal to propagate this wholesome creed. His "*Civis Romanus*" theory—invented at a time of general peace, and when by free-trade institutions we were freely admitting foreigners to compete with us in our own markets—had a considerable success; and to do our travelling countrymen on the Continent justice, they were not slow to avail themselves of a pretension that declared they had exceptional rights and privileges, and that, with the '*Times*' and John Bright to back them, they'd like to see the confounded foreigner would dispute their right to carry Piccadilly through Europe.

I am not quite certain how far Englishmen generally put faith in their own pretensions, but I know that people abroad, partly because it suited their interests, partly out of indolence, accepted the theory, and John Bull was permitted to bully at railroad stations and thrash waiters, on the simple condition of paying fourfold for everything; and suffered to behave like a bull in a china shop, on the tacit understanding that he would always pay for the crockery.

A little incident which occurred some years ago at the *Bagni di Lucca*, will serve to show how thoroughly, even in high places, the *Civis Romanus* humbug had attained a success. It was in the old days, before Italian unity—in that pitiable era when Tuscany groaned under a taxation one-tenth of the present, when the prisons were shamefully destitute of prisoners, and a thoughtless, unthinking people vainly imagined that they were well fed and happy—that the reigning Prince, a tyrannical Grand Duke, who never could be taught the names of rival political partisans, was walking lei-

surely along under the shade of the lime-trees, when an Englishman threw the contents of the basin which he had been washing his hands in, out of the window, and by ill-luck, over the head and shoulders of his Imperial and Royal Highness. Horrified at seeing what he had done, he rushed down stairs and threw himself humbly at the Prince's feet, imploring pardon for his unintentional outrage. Recognising at once in his Italian his nationality, the Grand Duke, while he essayed to wipe his face, stammered out, "Go back, and say nothing about it, or Palmerston will make me pay an indemnity!"

It is a small event, if you like to call it so; but I own it is one I recur to with pride, and I trust when those memoirs of Lord Palmerston, with which the Press assure us a great diplomatist is occupied, shall see the light, that this trait may be deemed worthy of being repeated. I doubt greatly if all the injury we have done the Protestants of Ireland, or all the displays of the flying Childers at Gibraltar, will impress foreigners as powerfully as that clever fiction about British power under which we travelled and talked bad French for full thirty years; and I have often thought that it was to combat the influence of this ascendancy, and to extinguish this pretension, that the present Emperor of the French consented to abolish the passport system. Englishmen, at least, would be left without a stamped and accredited diploma of superiority, and should in future trust to assert themselves by their unlicensed ways and their irregular verbs.

Meanwhile, if we are not propagating the belief in our greatness abroad, we are evidently "grinding a good deal for home consumption." For a while, indeed, we left to Court preachers and popular orators and leading newspapers the pleasant task of dilating on British blessings. Latterly, however, our tribunals have entered the field, and if

they but continue as they have begun, they will be very dangerous rivals to their predecessors in national "blarney." Only a few months back, a Baronet, who was condemned to imprisonment for bigamy, was respited, after a brief confinement, on his promising to leave the country; and within the last few days I read of a bank clerk, who embezzled £15,000, being discharged from prosecution, on the same pledge being given that he would "go abroad." It is true the chief magistrate said that to send the case before a jury would inevitably result in a conviction, and that such a consequence might naturally be prejudicial to the prospects of a very promising young gentleman, who, as his prosecutor remarked, had displayed traits of commercial astuteness and ability in his frauds that, had they been only exercised in a legitimate direction, must have speedily made him a partner in "the house." "Under the circumstances, therefore," said the Lord Mayor—and I do like the words—they smack of Guildhall—there is a savour of turtle about the delicious vagueness,—“under the circumstances, I will consent that the prosecution be withdrawn, but he must leave the country!” No more to him of fog, east wind, and income-tax—no more to breathe the land trod by the immortal Tupper or the blatant Beales. He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who leaves England forfeits Paradise. We are often ridiculed for our Irish administration of justice; but I frankly own I sometimes prefer it to English. I remember the case of a student of Trinity College who once stood in the dock before Lord Guillemore. He was charged with a petty theft committed in a shop, and the defence was his station in life, his prepossessing appearance, and his family. The judge charged in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, this is a short issue; the prisoner at the dock is a young gentle-

man of attractive manners and irreproachable connection, who stole a pair of silk stockings,—and you will find accordingly.”

Had the Irish Chief Baron been an English Lord Mayor, he would have uttered no such cruel words. He would have commended the public spirit of the prosecutor, who naturally felt that the claims of justice were superior to the demands of private friendship; he would have shown that every step that had been taken had been inevitable—that the law recognised no distinction of condition—that commercial honour and trustfulness were the very soul of a great trading community; but as there was nothing less favourable to a young gentleman entering into life than prison discipline, or less flattering to his

personal appearance than cropping his hair, under the circumstances “he would discharge him,” under the assurance, however, of his friends, that he would leave the country.

Oh calamity most inevitable and to be avoided! What a proof have we here that our great dramatist wrote for all time! Dogberry never dies! Why pay for him at the Haymarket when you can hear him at Guildhall for nothing! I am a poor exile from the land of these enjoyments, but if I ever visit England again, I promise myself some treats of justices’ justice, of which I now but glean fragments from the newspapers, and can only show mind-pictures of the tone, look, and demeanour of the Solons who deliver them.

PERSANO.

When I read that Admiral Persano was about to publish his Memoirs, I immediately bethought me of Mrs Beecher Stowe, and felt that we had fallen on days of evil reminiscences. Since, however, I have seen the little *brochure* which forms the first instalment of the Admiral’s revelations, I hasten to make him an early *amende*, and apologise for having, even in speculation, connected him with “evil-speaking, lying, and slandering.” From the first to the last page there is not a word of calumny, not even a sneer or a sarcasm. His diary includes the events of 1860-61, during which period he held the command of the Italian squadron in Neapolitan and Venetian waters.

Many thought at the time that Admiral Persano was hardly dealt with for the unfortunate events of Lissa, and some went even so far as to affirm that Persano was punished because *La Marmora* had lost the battle of Custoza. There is little doubt that the blunders by land were at least equal to the mistakes at sea, and the conse-

quences of the former far graver than the disaster at Lissa.

I have no inclination to go back upon bygones. The Italian arms were unfortunate, without reflecting discredit, however, on Italian prowess. There was some hard fighting before Mantua, and the crew of the *Re d’Italia* cheered as they went down.

There were divided counsels amongst the generals, and there was no mutual confidence between the naval commanders, and the inevitable result ensued.

As for Lissa, it was a cavalry charge. Tegethoff’s aim was to come to the succour of Lissa; and as the Italian fleet lay in the interspace, he charged through them. Being totally inferior in number and weight of guns, he dashed prow on, to force his way, and went head foremost at the *Re d’Italia* because he believed it was the flagship. She was scarcely moving at the time, having stopped her course to permit Persano to change his flag to the iron ram the *Affundatore*; and being, besides, an ill-built ship,

she gave way at once, and, cut down from bulwark to water-line, with a yawning gulf of sixty feet wide in her flank, she heeled over and sank in thirty-four seconds with all on board her.

When the Austrians avow that the suddenness and completeness of the calamity almost stunned them as they saw it, we may imagine the horror and consternation that were felt by the Italians. From that moment, such was the shock, the battle of Lissa was decided. Nothing but long traditions of combat—nothing but glorious experiences of reverses converted into more reckless efforts for victory, and losses stimulating men to acts of superhuman daring—could have rallied the Italian fleet; and these they had not. There had been no order of battle before—little likely was it there should be one now. Uncertainty prevailed everywhere—contradictory signals followed each other in quick succession from the flag-ship. The admiral hesitated to lead, and the captains took no initiative on their side. Meanwhile the Austrians, with a spanking breeze in the poop, sailed briskly on, firing their small 24-pounders for form's sake. They saw the enemy scattered without being dispersed by them; they saw a fleet disorganised because two ships had perished; and they saw an admiral retire from a rebuff which was not a defeat,—and this was the battle of Lissa! Tegethoff's aide-de-camp was shot in the forearm, and I do not believe another officer of the flag-ship was wounded.

It was a gallant achievement of the Austrians, just as it was a gallant achievement of a cavalry force to go bang through a dense column of an enemy; but it was scarcely a naval action, and certainly not such in the sense of a Nile or a Trafalgar. Tegethoff did all that any man could have done with such a force as he wielded, but not more than was augured of him from his splendid achievement in the Baltic.

Persano went back to explain what no man can explain—a scene of confusion, misunderstanding, and blunder. The nation was not in a very forgiving mood; in fact, they had pardoned too much already, so that in such cases the last offender pays the penalty for all: he was, accordingly, heavily dealt with—dismissed the service and degraded.

As we once hanged an admiral for less, we can scarcely be severe on Italian justice. An outraged people requires a victim, and it is only after a good comfortable sacrifice that they can resume the work of daily life, and go on with their own affairs.

It was just possible, then, that when Admiral Persano took to writing his Memoirs, there might have been some intention of a "vendetta" in the revelations. He was for years the intimate companion of the King, he was high in the confidence of Cavour and D'Asseglio. In the great events of southern Italy he had played a very conspicuous and trustful part; and if such a man were disposed to speak out, in the tone that aggrieved men will occasionally speak out, there might be, it was feared, many very compromising events recorded, and more than one living reputation involved in trouble. The Admiral has not done this. He has given us what purports to be his Diary, written at a time when certainly no shadow of future misfortune darkened its pages; and, so far as one can see, he has added nothing to its records.

His purpose in the publication, he tells us, has been to display and expound that splendid policy by which Cavour, completing the work begun by D'Asseglio, effected the union of Italy. That amongst the skilful devices of statecraft he should reckon the Italian adhesion to the fortunes of the Allies in the Crimea, and attribute to Cavour what in reality originated in the able brain of an English diplomatist, is only a mistake that most of his countrymen, and nearly all

Englishmen, share in. Such is, however, the fact; and not alone the initiative of that policy, but the task of persuading La Marmora to adopt it, were owing to the ablest representative Great Britain has ever sent to the Court of Italy.

The events of the Garibaldian campaign in Sicily are so well known and so recent, that we cannot expect great interest from any recapitulation of them, nor has the Admiral much to tell us that we are not familiar with already. One point, however, he does clear up in a manner that makes farther question impossible: he shows that it was not merely after the successes of Garibaldi that Cavour associated himself with his expedition, but that he was with him from the very outset. There is, however, a beautiful ambiguity in the way the Minister feels his way at first, as it is shown by an entry in the Admiral's Journal, 9th May 1860: "I was to arrest certain volunteers who had sailed from Genoa for Sicily in two vessels belonging to the firm of Ruballino, under the command of General Garibaldi. I was to capture them if found in any port of Sardinia, and more especially in that of Maddalena, or in the Gulf of Cagliari, BUT I WAS TO LET THEM PROCEED FREELY IF I MET THEM ON THE HIGH SEAS."

Rather puzzled by his instructions, and fully aware that the expedition could not have sailed without the knowledge of the Government, Persano begged Cavour to give him more positive orders. "If you really mean me to arrest them," said he, "telegraph me the word 'Cagliari;' if the reverse, 'Malta.'" The reply of Cavour was, "The Ministry have decided for 'Cagliari.'" With native subtlety the Admiral read this as being the opinion of a Cabinet, but not the individual sentiment of Cavour, and he returned for answer, "I understand;" and therewith determined that he would not interfere

with the bold adventurer wherever he might meet him.

Though we have seen how the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons played a game somewhat after this wise in the Crimea, and that a Cabinet Minister and a naval commander so understood each other that they could devise a policy and conduct operations independently of their colleagues, yet we must admit that the palm of subtlety is with the Italians; and I greatly doubt if the Navy List could supply us with a captain who could so adroitly see the secret intentions of a Minister behind the cover of mock instructions; but also, and with a far higher range of perspicuity, detect the great master-mind of a Cabinet, and recognise at once the intelligence by which future events would inevitably be guided.

"The Cabinet declares you are to arrest the Garibaldians," writes Cavour. "'Ho capito,'" replied Persano, with a wink, and lets them proceed.

This brief incident gives the key-note to all that follows, until success has been so far assured that further concealment is no longer necessary, and Garibaldi is received on board the flag-ship with nineteen guns; and the only anxiety at Turin is to learn how far the Dictator is acting in the interests of the monarchy, or how much he may be swayed by Mazzini and his followers. Once, indeed, Persano seems to feel that decency requires some little regard, and that the disembarkment of reinforcements for Garibaldi, under the eyes, under the very guns, of the Neapolitan ships of war at Palermo, which had come there to take away the governor of the port and his staff, might place himself in what he calls "un brutto impaccio," an awkward predicament, and "be also a source of embarrassment to the war-vessels of many nations then anchored in the ports;" and he writes to Garibaldi and suggests Castellamare as more suitable than Palermo for the

disembarkment, and Garibaldi, with natural politeness, sees the force of the courteous suggestion and accedes at once.

There was one man, however, in Italy who liked not this duplicity, who foresaw many of the dangers that must come of it, and who regarded with real repugnance the reputation that Europe at large would attach to a game so treacherously played. This was Massimo d'Asseglio, and it was thus he writes to Persano, 16th July 1866 :—

“You naturally have your orders, and are bound to obey them ; but as all instructions admit of a certain margin, act where you can to preserve to our Government the decency of loyal dealing.

“The twelve thousand muskets which I have obtained by the subscription for Garibaldi, will, I fear me, fall into very different hands than those of his followers. The Government has, however, advised me to deliver them, and I have done so. They wanted demonstrations—theatrical displays, and what not—while all this time we have a Minister accredited at Naples ! I

would not consent to this, and the affair has been conducted at least with decency, but I will not say that my heart is well satisfied with all this comedy.

“We live, it is true, in exceptional times: the conduct of the Neapolitan Government is exceptional—as is that of the course of public opinion in Europe—and we too must become exceptional. Nevertheless, I would rather have had an open declaration and a frank avowal of enmity, which deceives nobody whatever, than all this artifice and roguery.

“Garibaldi had no Minister at Naples; he went ahead, and placed his neck on the issue. God bless him!—but we——

“With deceit you will succeed at a given moment, it is true ; but if you will only remember what you will have to pay for it when the time comes, that the people will trust you no more——”

Here I stop; and it is pleasant to halt when one has an honest man to ponder over, and when we have the satisfaction to feel that the words of loyalty would have been the words of wisdom also.

A LIGHT BUSINESS REQUIRING NO CAPITAL.

It might form a very curious subject for study and consideration, how many of those walks in life which we have come at last to regard as, if not actual professions, at least regular careers, have had their origin in the peculiar skill and inventiveness of an individual. There are many such growths of our present-day civilisation. Thus, the Parliamentary agent, the landscape-gardener, the modern financier, the toast-master, and, not least of all, the Continental bear-leader, who conducts tribes of unlettered British over the cities of Europe, and amuses the foreigner with more of our national oddities than he would see in a residence of ten years amongst us.

Now we owe each and all of

these to some one original intellect which struck out a bold route of its own, and showed the world where there existed a certain want in its organisation that remained to be supplied.

It may be taken for granted that fifty years hence “Promoting” or projecting will be as much a profession as medicine, and that some future Mr Toole will have a select staff of ‘prentice toast-masters learning how, with a suitable din around them, to shout above the clatter of knives and the clamour of conversation the austere command, Charge your glasses, Gentlemen ; nor can it be supposed that our grandsons will be without their Cooks. It may rather be believed that a profession so easily acquired

and so handsomely rewarded will be overrun, and that Bear-leaders will be as plenty as blackberries !

It is a remarkable fact, that though all these, and scores of others that I do not stop to enumerate, are the creations of this century, the cry of fathers on every side is the same, and no one family is without at least one member that has no instincts for trade, no head for a profession, no eye nor ear for art, and becomes the puzzle to those belonging to him, compelling them to say, What is to be done with him ? Nor are matters mended by this new demand of woman's rights, and the insistence of the ladies to be sergeants-at-law and lieutenants in the navy.

Formerly, indeed, we used to have what we called the "Colonies" as the resource of our black sheep : some unknown possessions of England, to be come at after a long voyage, were regarded as a Canaan for the hopeless cubs who would not work at home. The theory was, that utter incapacity for all honest industry in his own country was the certain guarantee for his success when out of it, and the more lounging, and lazy, and good-for-nothing he was at home, the more certain was he to display activity, energy, and ability when abroad.

A number of returned emigrants, and a vast quantity of books and articles on the life of these so-named "Colonies," have, however, gone far to dissipate the pleasant delusions that surrounded them. That charming life in the bush which we had believed to be perpetual partridge-shooting and salmon-fishing, diversified with sheep-farming and nugget-finding, turns out to be something not very remote from the life of a penal settlement, minus the security against outrage. The cheering narrative of the man who took a "first" at Balliol breaking stones for his bread ; or the "Elegant" who adorned Hyde Park carding wool for subsistence ; or the crack

whip of the four-in-hand club improving his hand over a team of four refractory bullocks—these and other tales of the same sort served to warn our adventurous youth that an inglorious life of daily dependence has fewer casualties on the Thames than a life of work on Swan River, and that even our worst duns are not so dangerous as Caffres.

The problem of the day is not, then, what to do with our gifted and capable women, but what to do with our worthless and incapable men ; and it is really to run, in their favour, an opposition to Miss Cobbe & Co., that I am minded on the present occasion.

Dick and Harry will no longer go to the Colonies for us, or if they will, they will as surely come back poorer by the cost of the voyage, and imbued with a stock ofascalities that all their home experiences could never have supplied,—your returned emigrant being as like the returned convict as a pound sterling is like a guinea. Now, what amount of gratitude will the world bestow on me if I show a number of these people a new career—a livelihood which, to use the language of advertisements, is a light and pleasant occupation, requiring neither capital nor previous training, and which always secures a competence, and often leads to both fortune and distinction ? I make no pretension, let me remark, to the rank of a discoverer. I well know that I am in possession of no secret. I have no marvellous tincture or ointment which, to be genuine, must bear my signature. I am simply about to show that what at present is practised by a few originally-minded and gifted individuals, might easily be elevated to the grade of a profession, and a very comfortable livelihood made of it. As I am a great advocate of brevity, and as I fervently believe that no long sermon was ever a good one, I will, without further delay, come to my explanation.

It is abundantly clear that all the appliances of our modern civilisation are employed to avoid friction in the machinery of life—to grease the wheels of existence—and enable us to go down this vale with as little commotion and disturbance as may be.

To this end have we railroads, newspapers, refreshment stations, telegraph wires, spring mattresses, and a strong police. To this end have we home secretaries, divisional magistrates, station-masters, cooks, and upholsterers. To this end have we that myriad of callings that minister to our daily comfort, but whose ranks are so full that further enlistment seems hopeless. What is to be done, then, when there is no want of a station-master, nor a driver, nor a stoker, a ticket-taker, nor a porter: when all is provided for the traffic of the line what can be needed more? You'll scarcely believe me when I tell you there is yet a livelihood, as it were, going a-begging, and that is the fellow that does the mischief—the man that lays a stone or a log of timber on the rails; he that lies in wait to turn a wrong point, or to induce the carriage to take a wrong siding. Mind, I don't say that he can do this with impunity on the rail; but he can, not only with impunity, but with downright profit, in the State. Your infuriated mob-leader making rendezvous to his followers at Trafalgar Square or Hyde Park; your blatant street-orator denouncing Government from the steps of a public building, and calling down vengeance on all in authority; your foul-mouthed reviler of all that decency upholds and honesty respects,—has what Yankees call a "fine time" of it just now. Obstructiveness pays better, infinitely better, than daily toil and honest labour. The troublesome fellow, trading, like the organ-grinder, on the amount of annoyance he can inflict without a positive breach of law, has in this age an admirable business. You can

plainly see that these men are above the meanness of any common calling; they know better than to be lawyers or merchants, shoemakers or glaziers; they are far too cunning for a handicraft, far too self-indulgent for toil. They see that though a man must not cut a telegraph wire, or interrupt a train, it is perfectly legal to obstruct a thoroughfare or interfere with the whole industry of a capital; and that if they do these systematically, uniformly, and with a certain rhythm of detail, they raise themselves to a position in which they can confront the governing power of the empire, and make Home Secretaries shed tears.

I know it is not fair to ask an inventor to extend his discovery; but as Beales cannot live for ever, would it be too much to ask him to take apprentices, and instruct young men regularly how to throw gravel into the machinery of the State engine—how to make the Legislature uncomfortable, and the Executive power all but impossible? So long as obstructiveness was wielded by O'Connell, one had the satisfaction of knowing that the profession called for very high gifts and great acquirements, and we had the satisfaction of feeling that, as these are not matters of every day, we might reasonably look forward to periods of lull and quietness; but now, it seems, the trade is open to very mean capacities, and that any one with an abnormal impudence, great self-assertion, and nothing to do, may become "an obstructionist." That it pays, and pays well, will not be disputed by any who has watched its professors; and it is well worth the while of those who have failed at the bar and "broken down" in the pulpit to see if there is not a "limbo" here, nearly as pleasant as the paradise they aspired to.

We used to imagine we did this sort of thing best on the west side of the Channel, and we fancied that we had certain aptitudes for the

career that might have secured us a monopoly; but we have lately seen that it thrives in the hands of men utterly ignorant and hopelessly incapable—that failure in any honest industry is almost a guarantee for success—and that a blatant tongue and an unblushing nature are all that are required. As the adver-

tisements say, “any one can learn it in a week;” and when we think of the times we live in, and what an opening will present itself with the next session, if there is not a rush for this career, the world is more apathetic, and Messrs Beales and Bradlaugh more fortunate, than I have thought them.

STUDYING THE “LAND” QUESTION.

There is a story told of a young gentleman—I need not say he is usually called in the narrative an Irish gentleman—who was seen to sleep with his head on the window-sill of his open window; and when asked the reason, replied that “he was about to enter the militia, and was preparing his constitution for the rough usage of a campaign.”

Now, whatever other judgment we may pronounce upon his practice, there can be but one opinion as to his foresight, although his mode of exercising it may have been faulty. I am by no means sure, however, that the mere fact of his recognising certain responsibilities, and making provision for them, even in this questionable shape, would not so far conciliate public opinion as to induce a large majority of people to pronounce in his favour.

The mass of mankind like to take what they fancy to be the common-sense view of a subject, and turn their backs resolutely on the absurd side, quite ignorant of the fact that it is often by the glaring inconsistency of some ludicrous situation that a consummate humbug is most easily and effectually exposed.

It is in deference to the common-sense view, then, that we see such a considerable number of English M.P.s now touring it through Ireland, all engaged—as the newspapers tell us—“in studying the land question.” The nation has been instructed to believe that with the tenure of land

in Ireland is connected the whole working of agrarian crime—that around this one difficulty are grouped all the miseries and all the murders of Ireland—that the wrongful treatment of this country by England has culminated in inflicting her with the most cruel and grinding of all proprietors of the soil—and until we interfere by legislation we must expect to see the wild justice of the people usurp the place that should be occupied by legality and order.

Though the Englishman has met the Irish estated gentleman in England, rowed with him at Henley, hunted with him at Leicestershire, sat in Committee with him in the House, and hob-nobbed with him at Greenwich, he is told that all this signifies nothing—that the specious pleasantries of his manner abroad reveal nothing of his nature at home—and that to understand him aright he must be seen with his foot upon his native heather, or rather bog,—seen as the despotic ruler of whole hordes of a semi-barbarous people, dictating the most tyrannical of contracts, and exterminating out of mere caprice.

So much for the landlords: as for the peasant, the English idea of Paddy is either derived from St Giles's or the theatre. It is the drunk and disorderly character of the police sheet, or it is “Arrah-na-Pogue!” Not that either of these present humanity in such large type as to be read very easily; and yet they are posters and wall placards compared to

the native Patlander of Clare or Donegal.

The wonderful composite of ignorance and intelligence, of blind credulity and intense distrust, of impulsive generosity and slow maturing malice, of strong affection and reckless ingratitude, of high imagination and exalted temperament united to the meanest motives,—all these bound up with a temperament essentially devotional and self-sacrificing to any extent for the benefit of his Church, make up a creature who, though only clad in frieze and shod in brogues, may well puzzle the Cockney that tries to unravel him.

Armed, however, with his admirable knowledge derived from Devon Commissions and Quarterly articles, the Englishman comes over to "study the land question." Had he stayed at home and been satisfied to pore over the difficulty by the feeble taper of his dimly-instructed intelligence, his blunders need not have been gross or egregious; but what is to become of him amidst the bewilderment of finding nothing as he had heard it was? The exterminating landlord a careful proprietor, cautiously instilling such habits of industry and thrift as he dare, and proposing as many improvements in husbandry as may not conflict with the breach of the sixth commandment. He sees the only man in Great Britain who is told that he is unfit to exercise the rights of property, and whose possession is only secured to him, so long as he can—by a series of compromises—satisfy his dependants, that of every contract between them they have the most advantageous side, and that whatever casualties may come of changeful seasons, the losses at least shall be laid at *his* door. And on the opposite side to this, he sees the shrewdest peasant of all Europe—the man who, making his rags and his outward wretchedness stand for the mark of his mental condition, has underneath that patched

coat the craft of a Churchman and the subtlety of a lawyer—a fellow who knows better to turn sympathy, especially ignorant sympathy, to his aid, than any *nisi prius* pleader; and who, having long perceived that the course of legislation has run in his favour, partly as the payment of an old debt, partly from the belief that there is something exceptional about him, has played the waiting game with fortune, and sat down with an air of patience to wait for an assistance he has not the smallest imaginable claim or right to expect; the patience being the thin lacquer that lies over a natural indolence, and that power to endure privation so long as exertion is not called for. I know what an outcry it will call forth to say Pat is lazy, but it is true nevertheless; and in every walk and condition of life, from the toiling barrister to the fellow who cuts turf in a bog, the Irishman works less than the Englishman! I put out of sight all the greater temptations that exist to stimulate labour in the more prosperous land, and the rewards of success, which bear no proportion to each other; but in the Celt there is a faculty of enjoying leisure the Saxon knows nothing of. To Paddy, idleness is not merely the relaxation after toil—it is downright fruition; and it is then that the real dash and energy of his nature seem to emerge from the slough of daily labour, and the man stands forth full of desires for amusement and recreation one would never have suspected were in him.

Before the Church, who is so thoroughly intensely Catholic as Paddy? Who so submissive, unquestioning, and obedient? There is no pretension he is not willing to concede; no demand on his credulity he is not prepared to honour. To an awe-struck belief in his priest are subordinated all the varying shades of his nature—his strong logical power, his acuteness, his sense of ridicule, his native sar-

casm, almost French in its neatness. All these, paralysed, as it were, within him, leave him the most abject and slavish son of the Church.

Before the Law, he is diametrically the opposite of all this. He is defiant, crafty, incredulous, and hypocritical. The most wily cross-examiner cannot entrap him; it is rare when his repartees do not turn the laugh on his assailant; and were he, as a witness, to be allowed to address a jury, it is hard to say how the judge could ever restore them to a frame of mind conducive to justice.

I do not speak of peculiarities of diction, and phrases derived from ways of thought and action not known out of Ireland; allusions familiar enough in the land of their birth, but unheard of beyond it; gross exaggerations never intended to be believed, but maintained with tenacity if once doubted; and last of all, an irrepressible love of misleading all inquiry, partly out of fear lest the object of the investigation might be unfavourable, and partly out of that humorous drollery that enjoys the comic situations of life, and delights in absurdity.

Now, from which of these Irishmen—and every man from Fairhead to Cape Clear has something of these in him—is the English M.P. about to inform himself on the land tenure question? What new light will he hope for from the evidence of a man whose experi-

ences never stray beyond the casualties of his own humble condition, and who will take care only to give you so many of these as may tell on the betterment of his own fortune?

You had some—not a very clear or distinct—but some sort of conception of what might be done for Ireland till you went there; but what hopeless despair must overwhelm you when you begin to read over the notes of your inquiries, and endeavour to draw even one conclusion from the evidence you had taken.

Since the memorable feat of the old lady who mounted on the chair to get a nearer view of an eclipse, I know of nothing equal in absurdity to the Englishman's visit to Ireland to study the land question.

Stay at home at Piccadilly; make yourself up in the articles on Irish resources; study Senior—the Martin Tupper of tourists—till you have his platitudes by heart; cram with Sir Robert Kane, and dash the whole with a drama by Boucicault,—and you'll come not ill prepared or unequal to an Irish debate; but, for heaven's sake, do not muddle your faculties with what you may imagine to be a personal examination—and do not be either bullied or blarneyed into the notion that a brogue and a jaunting-car can complete your education, or that for all purposes of knowledge you won't come out of Ireland worse than you went into it.

A GREAT WHIG JOURNALIST.

ON a raw morning in the first week of December 1688—a few days after King James II. had fled the kingdom which he had misgoverned, and when William of Orange, after landing at Torbay, had advanced unimpeded towards London at the head of a continually increasing army—a gallant young tradesman, doing business in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, resolved to throw in his fortune with the Revolution. Mounted on his own steed, armed with his own weapons, and full of confidence in the justice as well as in the triumph of the cause which he had at heart, he rode out to Henley-upon-Thames to meet the Prince's army. He offered his services as a common soldier, was accepted, and rode back to London with the future king. Let us describe him more particularly; for he was a man destined to play an important part in the political and literary history of his time, and to leave a great name behind him. He was in the twenty-seventh year of his age, dapper, active, and well made; and at a somewhat later period was officially described as being "of brown complexion, with dark-brown hair, having a sharp chin, a hooked nose, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." His father was a wealthy butcher, and a leading man among the Dissenters in the parish of Cripplegate, who had some years previously established his son in business as a hosier. Though the young man had a very practical and prosaic turn of mind, and might, if such had been his inclination, have succeeded in trade quite as well as his father, he was too keen a politician to devote his undivided energies to "the shop." It was not the first time that he had taken up arms against the Government. Three years previously, when the handsome, foolish, fascinating, and luckless Duke of Monmouth had stirred

up the peasants and rabble of the West of England to attempt, in the interest of Protestantism (and the Duke of Monmouth), the dethronement of the Roman Catholic sovereign, the irrepressible hosier—with the idea that every little helped, and that no man's services, however humble his position, were unimportant in the hour of danger—had left London, and joined the army of Monmouth a few days before the fatal battle of Sedgemoor. Luckily for himself, and for English literature, the ardent recruit was not at that time a man of any note or importance; and aided by his own obscurity, and a fleet horse, he found means to fly from the field of defeat, and, unlike hundreds of others not a whit more guilty, to escape the clutches of Judge Jeffrey and Colonel Kirke, both of whom acted upon the conviction that hanging, drawing, quartering, and burning alive, were but lenient punishments, not only for the participators in, but for the sympathisers with, rebellion. The name of this impulsive youth, who was too much in the habit of rushing to battle against his lawful sovereign, and risking his neck in the cause of revolution, when he ought to have been selling hose, was Daniel Foe—better known to the present age as Daniel De Foe, and author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' the most popular book in the English language.

Seldom, in any age, has a man of robust intellect appeared. Without fortune or position; born in humble rank; without much education, but such as he gave himself after he left school, and plodded along (the busy ways of life; with little to aid him in the upward struggle but a stout heart, a strong constitution, a clear and logical mind, a tenacity of purpose, and a firm faith in the opinions he held and the principles he advocated,—

he for nearly fifty years fought either with the sword or the pen, whichever at the time seemed to be the most available, for the civil and religious liberty of Great Britain. He combated alike through good and through evil repute, accepting the garland of victory if it offered itself, and making no complaint of the crown of sorrow or martyrdom, if nothing else came in his way. Though he suffered fine, imprisonment, bankruptcy, the pillory, and the scorn of men, yet, like Milton before him, he never bated one jot of heart or hope in any difficulty, however great or apparently overwhelming. In the darkest night he saw the coming morn. In the depths of agony he felt the approaching relief; and with a "pluck" which is the characteristic of his countrymen all over the world, he would "never say die," as regards himself or his cause. He was a fair fighter, and never hit below the belt, or struck a fallen adversary when he was down. In his sturdy gladiatorship, though he dealt heavy blows to the right and the left, yet when he had occasion to praise—which was but seldom—he praised with his whole heart, and with all the power of his rhetoric. Though now almost wholly known as a novelist, it was not as a writer of fiction that his influence was mainly felt by his contemporaries. His great work, or, in the slang of the nineteenth century, his "mission," was to write the political pamphlets that, in default of newspaper articles, directed public opinion at that critical period of English history. He was beyond question the ablest, as well as most active, pamphleteer of his time, and may claim the merit—if merit it be—of inventing those short and racy disquisitions upon public affairs which, under the name of "leading articles," have since overflowed our land in the daily and weekly newspapers of a thousand towns and cities. He began this course of life early and continued it late. For nearly half a century—from the age of twenty-

two to his death at seventy-one—his pen was never idle. Prior to the time when we present him to the reader as a volunteer in the army of the Prince of Orange, he had but once exhibited the bent of his mind as a political and literary disputant. The times were perilous, and the publication was anonymous. It was a pamphlet of one sheet, in quarto, and published in 1687, under the title of, 'A Letter, containing some Reflections on his Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience.' In this composition the young writer warned both the Church of England and the Dissenters, that liberty, as understood by a Roman Catholic king, was not likely to prove such liberty as was understood by Protestants, whether of an established or an unestablished Church. This pamphlet, which would certainly have brought its author into trouble if he could have been discovered, and which was privately printed without a printer's name, was the precursor of many hundreds of others, both in prose and verse, which with wondrous facility and fertility he scattered over the field of political thought during the reigns of William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George I. It has been the custom, mainly influenced by the minute, painstaking, lifelike descriptions in 'Robinson Crusoe' and the 'Journal of the Plague Year,' to represent Defoe as a consummate master of the English language. Yet he scarcely deserves such high praise. With all his merits as a writer of simple colloquial English—as plain, easy, and unadorned as the speeches of Mr Cobden or Mr Bright, and quite as telling and effective—Defoe's style was somewhat of the driest. He lacked the poetic touch, and neither in his prose nor in his verse had any of the divine afflatus which warms the blood of the reader. His verses are as poor as common-sense and a stiff manner can make them; and his prose is uniformly as plain and logical, though not so wordy, as a

lawyer's brief. He had the merits of precision and concision, and scarcely ever used a word that would not have been plain to the least educated ; but he was utterly deficient in enthusiasm, and had none of the fine frenzy which in some writers stirs the heart "as with the sound of a trumpet." His great characteristic was the singular power which he possessed of putting himself so thoroughly in the place of the fictitious personages whom he invented, as to make fiction look more like truth than the barest and most positive truth itself when narrated by an inferior pen. His 'Robinson Crusoe' and his 'Journal of the Plague of London' are in this respect unrivalled. Upon these two books his fame will always rest ; so lifelike, so minute in the smallest details, so full of inventions that no other writer would have thought of inventing, so microscopic in the little side touches and side lights, that the reader is so continually impressed with the simple naturalness of all he is told that he completely loses sight of the consummate art which has produced the result, and accepts the fiction as authentic history. It was this peculiar talent applied to political disquisition that more than anything else brought Defoe into the troubles that embittered his life. He put himself so completely into the place of others, and exercised such fine banter, and such delicate, all but imperceptible, irony, that he deceived both friend and foe—very often to his own great tribulation when his foes discovered the hoax. He cut blocks with a razor, and the razor, as was natural, got the worst of the encounter, as will be seen from the story of his life and career, which we now, by the aid of the new facts recently discovered by Mr Lee, proceed to lay as succinctly as may be before the readers of *Maga*.*

Defoe appears to have entered London with the army of the Prince of Orange, and to have been present at the debates of the Convention, which legally transferred to King William and Queen Mary the crown which the courage of the Prince had won. "It was with inexpressible joy," he records, "that I heard delivered at the bar of the House of Lords, in a message from the Commons by Mr Hampden of Buckinghamshire, that it is inconsistent with the constitution of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish prince." So ardent an admirer was he of King William, or at all events of the principles of which he and his reign were the embodiments, that every year till the close of his long life, he commemorated, either publicly in the several newspapers which he conducted, or privately in his own house among his friends and the members of his family, the anniversary of the King's landing at Torbay—viz., the 4th of November. "This day," he wrote in the fourth volume of his 'Review,' "is famous on various accounts, and every one of them dear to Britons who love their country, value the Protestant interest, or have an aversion to tyranny and oppression. On this day King William was born ; on this day he married the daughter of England ; and on this day he rescued the nation from a bondage worse than that of Egypt—a bondage of soul as well as bodily servitude—a slavery to the raging lust of a generation set on fire by pride, avarice, cruelty, and blood." Yet though, for the first six years after the accession of William and Mary, a zealous partisan of the Whig and revolutionary interest, it does not appear that Defoe devoted much of his time to the literary and political work for which he afterwards became so famous. With the exception of one pamphlet of no great

* 'Daniel Defoe, his Life and recently discovered Writings, extending from 1716 to 1729.' By William Lee. In three volumes. London, 1869.

merit, published in 1691, and entitled 'A New Discovery of an Old Intrigue,' he wrote or published nothing, but, as far as is known, devoted his chief attention to business. His business, however, was not successful. Whether his heart was entirely in public affairs—or whether he was too imprudent or too sanguine for a tradesman—or whether he scorned or neglected, as beneath his genius, the sordid affairs of the shop—or whether, as Mr Chalmers, one of his earliest biographers, says, "He spent those hours with a small society for the cultivation of polite learning which he ought to have employed in the calculations of his counting-house,"—it is certain that in the year 1692 his affairs became so inextricably involved, that he deemed it expedient to conceal himself, to avoid the horrors of a debtors' prison, which in those days was a place far more abominable than the prisons now reserved for the vilest malefactors. He had, it appears, added to his hosiery business a trade in furs with Spain and Portugal, which had also been unsuccessful. It was in allusion to this branch of his trade that his political enemies took petty pleasure in designating him as "a civet-cat merchant." As soon as his flight was known, a vindictive creditor took out a commission of bankruptcy against him, which, however, was speedily superseded by the efforts of his friends—amongst the number of whom were some of his heaviest creditors. "These gentlemen," says Mr Chalmers, "accepted a composition on his single bond. This he punctually paid by the efforts of unwearied diligence. But some of those creditors who had been thus satisfied falling afterwards into distress themselves, Defoe voluntarily paid them the whole of their claims, being then in rising circumstances from King William's favour." Two years after his insolvency, while still struggling on under the load

of debt and liability which he had incurred, and with a business which never recovered itself after the first breath of suspicion had been blown upon it, he was invited by some merchants with whom he had corresponded abroad, and some also at home, to settle at Cadiz, in Spain, with offers of good commissions in the fur trade. "But Providence," as he afterwards said in his celebrated 'Appeal to Honour and Justice,' "had other work for me to do—placed a secret aversion in my mind to quitting England upon any account—and made me refuse the best offers of the kind, to be concerned with some eminent persons at home in proposing ways and means to the Government for raising money to supply the occasions of the war then (1694) newly begun." Who those eminent persons were was not divulged by Defoe, and has not been discovered by his biographers; but the service which he rendered, probably by his pen in anonymous pamphlets, was undoubtedly such as to bring him into the favour, if not the confidence, of the Government, and to open up to him the pathways of promotion. One such pamphlet has been discovered by Mr Lee, entitled, 'The Englishman's Choice and True Interest, in the vigorous prosecution of the War against France, and serving King William and Queen Mary, and acknowledging their Right. London, 1694.' This pamphlet struck the right chord at the right time, and appears to have given such satisfaction to the Government that Defoe was rewarded with the place of accountant to the Commissioners for the Glass Duty, which he continued to hold for five years, until the abolition of the tax in 1699. About the same time, having relinquished the hosiery and fur business, he became secretary, manager, and part proprietor of a manufactory of bricks and pantiles at Tilbury in Essex, which prospered under his control, and might have led him to fortune if his busy pen and his in-

terest in politics had allowed him to devote his undivided attention to the business.

While his mind was apparently at work upon the failure of his own projects in trade, and the calamities into which they had led him, Defoe began to write the first of his books which ever reached the size of a volume, and which occupied three if not four years of his leisure. It was entitled, 'An Essay upon Projects,' and was published in March 1698. It was a "projecting age," as Defoe calls it, and almost as many schemes of all sorts were before the world as in our year of grace 1869. Defoe's projects on behalf of the public are remarkable as showing how much he was in advance of his time, and in what respects he anticipated the political economists of the nineteenth century, Mr John Stuart Mill included. Among the "projects" which he recommended were the establishment of a Royal or National Bank, with affiliated establishments in the provinces; a plan for the better construction, repair, and management of the highways of the kingdom; a proposal of insurance against fire and shipwreck; the establishment of friendly societies, with the object of inducing "numbers of people to enter into mutual compacts to help one another in case of sickness or disaster falling upon them, and to provide for widows and children that may be left destitute;" the establishing of pension offices in every county for the reception of deposits from the poor for their relief in sickness and old age; the erection of lunatic asylums for the care and maintenance of idiots, whom he calls a particular rent-charge on the great family of mankind; an improvement in the law of bankruptcy; a national academy for the study of military exercises; the registration of all seamen in the United Kingdom; and also a project for an academy for women, the study of which might prove to Mr Mill and the English and American

fair ones who think that women are as much fitted by nature to be medical practitioners and barristers as men are, that there is nothing new under the sun. Another of Defoe's projects was one for the "refinement and correction of the English language, and the suppression of profane swearing and vulgarisms," of which all that need be said is, that were such a scheme practicable, it would be quite as useful in our day as it would have been in Defoe's. It will be seen that many of Defoe's projects have only been realised within living memory; and it will be generally recognised by every reader who knows anything of the social history of his own time, that the hosier of Freeman's Court was a man of no ordinary genius, and showed lights in the seventeenth century that would not have burned feebly in the superior glare of the nineteenth.

Such books as this were Defoe's 'Pot-boilers,' and provided him with the bread which the "shop" had not afforded. But he had more ambitious and more secret work in hand. That he stood high in the confidence of King William during the last three years of the monarch's life is known from the admissions he made after the King's death, in his 'Appeal to Honour and Justice,' and from incidental allusions scattered throughout his works. But on this subject he was particularly reticent, and scarcely allowed the world to judge of the true position he held, the service he rendered, or the honoraria which he received. The occasion which more immediately brought him into contact with the King arose in the autumn of the year 1700, when there appeared what Defoe calls "a vile abhorred pamphlet in very ill verse, written by one Mr Tutchin, and called 'The Foreigners,' in which the author fell personally upon the King himself, and then upon the Dutch nation. And after having reproached his Majesty with crimes

that his worst enemies could not think of without horror, he sums up all in the odious name of a *foreigner*. This filled me with a kind of rage against the book, and gave birth to a trifle which I never could hope would have met with such general acceptance as it did. I mean 'The True-Born Englishman.' This work, which, like all Defoe's previous and most of his subsequent writings, was anonymous, and appeared without even the name of a bookseller upon the title-page, took the town by storm. It was a satire, sound in its argument, stinging in its denunciations, but somewhat harsh and rugged, if not prosaic, in its diction—for Defoe, as before observed, was no poet, and but an indifferent versifier—of which the object was to reproach such of his countrymen as declaimed against the King for his foreign birth, for their gross ingratitude to the husband of an English wife, who had preserved the liberties of Great Britain, and assured her of that high place in the councils of Europe which the Stuarts under French tutelage and patronage had done their utmost to imperil. He also showed that the boast of purely English or native blood was unfounded on the part of every one who made it, inasmuch as English blood, so called, was a mixture of Celtic, Saxon, Dane, Norman, Fleming, and Dutchman—indeed of all the races of Europe; in short, as he expressed it in verse about as good as John Bright's apostrophe to Scotland, or perhaps just a shade better than that immortal effusion:*

"A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction—

A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the universe."

The opening lines of this satire are almost the only verses of Defoe which have arrived at proverbial dignity, and are constantly quoted by writers and speakers who know nothing of their authorship:—

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation."

The quotation shares the demerit of all Defoe's irony. It hits his friends, though contrary to his intention, quite as hard as, or harder than, it hits his enemies; for, if Defoe were one thing more than another, it was a Dissenter. The Dissenters thought the allusion to "chapels" and their founder particularly unsavoury, as well they might.

The success of the satire was as instantaneous as it was enormous. As the author had taken no precaution to secure the copyright, no sooner was the original edition out of print—an honour which it achieved in a few days—than it was pirated on every hand, brought out in every variety of form and quality of paper and print, and sold in penny, twopenny, sixpenny, and shilling editions. Nine editions for the author's benefit were speedily exhausted, while twice or thrice as many spurious editions, ill printed, and sold at a penny per copy, were spread all over England and Scotland. No book previously published in England was ever so extensively purchased within a single year—a fact to which Defoe referred with mingled pride at the fact and discouragement that he profited so little by it. "The

* John Bright, being in Scotland in August 1869, was much impressed—as who is not?—with the grandeur and beauty of the mountain scenery, and burst, says our excellent contemporary the *Inverness Courier*, into poetry under the inspiration that flowed in upon him, exclaiming,—

"Land of the mount, strath, and stream!
Can this be real or a dream?"

True-Born Englishman,'” he said, in somewhat crabbed and inelegant English, is “a remarkable example by which the author, though in it he eyed no profit, had he been to enjoy the profit of his own labour had gained above £1000.” But if ‘The True-Born Englishman’ put no money directly into the author’s pocket, it procured him not only the personal acquaintance but the friendship of the King. “How this poem,” he says, “was the occasion of my being known to his Majesty, how I was afterwards raised by him, how employed, and how above my capacity of deserving rewarded, is no part of the present case, and is only mentioned here, as I take all occasions to do, for the expressing the honour I ever preserved for the immortal and glorious memory of that greatest and best of princes, whom it was my honour and advantage to call master as well as sovereign.”*

Defoe was not naturally a very demonstrative or impulsive man—except in political controversy—but his personal regard and esteem for King William must have been great and sincere to have warmed him in after-life into the expression of so much love and reverence as this passage exhibits, as well as many others that might be culled from his works. The King and his subject had many points of mental and moral resemblance. Lord Macaulay, anxious as he was to make a hero of William, establishes his claim to heroism rather upon his public than on his private character, and draws a picture of one whom it was very possible to admire, but very difficult to love. “That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect,” he says “could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humoured man. . . . Long before he reached manhood, he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under

the same show of grave tranquillity. . . . His manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Boileau and Dryden, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him; and he was glad to turn away from the stage and to talk about public affairs while Orestes was raving, or while Tartuffe was pressing Elmira’s hand. He had indeed some talent for sarcasm, and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric, quaint indeed, but vigorous and original. He did not in the least affect the character of a wit or an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child he listened with interest when high questions of alliance, finance, and war were discussed.” To this portrait might be added a companion picture of Defoe. Like his King and master, the political pamphleteer and journalist was a plain, blunt man; courageous when he thought himself in the right—as when he joined the army of Monmouth, and afterwards that of the Prince of Orange; outspoken, without poetry in his own nature, or appreciation of it in that of others; one more wholly engrossed with public affairs and grave questions of national finance and social philosophy than with the graces and amenities of life or with the cares of his own business; by no means a wit or an orator, but with a talent for sarcasm and grave irony that continually cropped out in his writings; and above all things a prudent man, who, as well as his master, knew how to keep secrets and to baffle unwarrantable curiosity. The two were so singularly alike in their natural disposition and abilities,

* ‘Appeal to Honour and Justice.’

that it seems no stretch of imagination to conceive that if fate had placed the one in the situation of the other, Defoe might as successfully as William of Orange have commanded an invading army and revolutionised Great Britain, and the Prince as successfully as Defoe have conducted Whig newspapers and written libraries of pamphlets on objects of national concern.

Though not personally acquainted with Defoe until the publication of 'The True-Born Englishman,' it is highly probable that the King's gratification at the introduction was increased by the fact that the author who had written so well on the prejudice sought to be raised against him as a foreigner, was also the author of many able pamphlets in support of his principles, his person, and his Government. Two of these pamphlets must have particularly recommended themselves to his favour, the one published at the close of the year 1697, 'Some Reflections on a Scandalous Pamphlet lately published, entitled, "An Argument showing that a Standing Army is inconsistent with a free Government, and absolutely destructive to the Constitution of the English Monarchy;"' and the second early in 1698 on the same subject, entitled, 'An Argument showing that a Standing Army with consent of Parliament is not inconsistent with a free Government.' The author of the pamphlet to which the first of Defoe's was a reply, was one John Trenchard, who had based his arguments on the well-known declaration in the Bill of Rights, that raising or keeping up a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with consent of Parliament, is against law. The argument of Defoe in both of these pamphlets—the first denunciatory of Trenchard, and the second explanatory of the whole subject—was to maintain that Parliament ought to consent to the maintenance of a standing army, even although peace

had been concluded with France, inasmuch as the affairs of Europe, and the pretensions of the exiled house of Stuart, were still, the one so unsettled, and the other so hostile to the peace and true interest of the British nation, as to make it unwise, inexpedient, and in every way improper to deprive the King and the Government of such a means of maintaining the dignity of the Crown and securing the welfare of the people against foreign intrigue as a well-trained and victorious army. It was uphill work for Defoe to advocate a cause which was at the time intensely unpopular; but the object was dear to the King's heart, and the task had probably been set him by the influential people, high in the royal confidence, who had procured for him his place in the Excise. It was the first time in his literary career that he had broken through the rule of anonymity which he had laid down for himself; and the second, though not the first, pamphlet bears the initials D. F., and the name of a recognised printer and publisher, to show that he was neither ashamed of, nor afraid of the consequences of, what he had written, but desired to prove that he was zealous and active in the service of the Government that employed him, and to whom he looked for further favour and advancement.

It is an old observation that the middle-aged and elderly men and women of every generation, as they grow older, have a tendency to disparage the morality of the day in which they live, and to think that the young men and women around them—whose vices they themselves have outgrown—are more vicious than they themselves were in the heyday of their youth. We hear the complaint in social intercourse and in our literature, as the Romans heard it; and we find constant traces of it from Shakespeare's time downwards to our own.

Defoe, who appears to have

been invariably steady and well-conducted in his youth, had scarcely reached middle age when this disposition of the old to vilify the present and belaud the past, affected him so strongly as to make him gush out into a second 'Pot-boiler,' just two days after the issue of his 'Essay on Projects.' It was written prior to that work, and appears to have been originally intended to form part of it. It was entitled, 'The Poor Man's Plea, in relation to all the Proclamations, Declarations, Acts of Parliament, &c., which have been, or shall be, made, or published, for a Reformation of Manners or Suppressing Immorality in the Nation. London, printed in the year 1698.' In this work, which speedily ran through three editions, he appealed to the nobility, gentry, justices of the peace, and clergy, to stop the flood of vice and profanity by good example—an appeal no more likely to be successful then than it would be now, if it took no more authoritative form than a book, a pamphlet, or a leading article. Defoe, however, seems to have been more than usually proud of this performance, and referred to it often in after-life with much complacency. His next work was a satirical poem, or rather an essay in verse, entitled 'The Pacifier;' the object of which was to describe an imaginary war between the men of sense and the men of wit. It is difficult to find any merit in this clumsy composition, though Mr Lee, with the true spirit of a hero-worshipper, considers it one "of Defoe's best compositions in verse." Where is either the wit or the sense of the following, which he cites as a specimen of antithetic force and point?

"Wit, like a party-flood, may overrun us,
And too much sense has oftentimes un-
done us.

Wit is a flux—a looseness of the brain,
And sense abstract has too much pride to
reign."

Assuredly if Defoe's prose had been no better than his verse, his

name would not have come down to our day among those of the magnates of literature.

Passing over some of Defoe's unimportant pamphlets published in 1700, on the then condition of Europe, we come to the year 1701, when he wrote and gave to the world, still anonymously, 'The Danger of the Protestant Religion, considered from the present prospect of a Religious War in Europe.' This work, which was dedicated to King William—very probably, as Mr Lee suggests, with the King's foreknowledge, if not permission—maintained that Protestantism in Great Britain and Holland was in danger, in consequence of the breach of faith of Louis XIV. with regard to the succession to the crown of Spain, and the comparative weakness in which Great Britain had been left by the disbanding of King William's army, as well as the growth of the Popish and Jacobite party at home. To counteract these dangers, he urged an alliance with Austria as the natural rival of France, and a defensive union of all the Protestant States of Europe. This pamphlet excited considerable attention and controversy; and what was, perhaps, more to Defoe's purpose, it pleased the King. This year was a more than usually busy one with the indefatigable penman, who had lost his appointment in the Excise by the abolition of the glass duty, and who, feeling the wants of a family growing up around him, was compelled to supplement the income derived from the Pantile Works at Tilbury by the proceeds of the literary labour in which he more particularly delighted. No less than thirteen books and pamphlets in prose and verse, including 'The True-Born Englishman,' published in 1701, attest his versatility and industry.

Three of these pamphlets were written to influence the general elections of 1701, after the King had been forced to part with his

Whig Ministry and appoint a Tory one. Defoe wrought hard to give a Whig character to the new Parliament, but with slight success. The majority elected was unmistakably Tory, while the Lords were as unmistakably Whigs. To add to the ordinary exasperation of party feeling, the untimely death of the Duke of Gloucester, the son of the Princess Anne, left for discussion the vexed question of the succession to the throne, and excited the hopes of the ardent, and, as it then appeared, conquering and unconquerable Jacobites, to a degree which had been scarcely known since the defeat of Monmouth's rebellion. In his electioneering pamphlets Defoe urged that "Parliament men should be loyal, religious, men of sense, of years, of honesty, and of morals," and of course Whigs—for he would not allow any of these attributes, years alone excepted, to the Tories and Jacobites. He was also strongly opposed to bribery and the treating of electors, and every form of electoral corruption. On the question of the Hanoverian succession he was as staunch and decided as his royal master, and was especially angry at the gross personal abuse directed against the King by the Jacobite majority in the Commons and their friends out of doors—abuse that kept pace in virulence as the prospects of their party seemed to brighten. Referring at a later period to the treatment the King received this year, Defoe remarks (in his 'Review,' vol. iv.), "I am not at all vain in saying I had the honour to know more of his Majesty than some of those who have insulted him knew of his horse; and I think if my testimony was able to add to his bright reputation, I could give such particulars of his being not a man of morals only, but of such serious piety and religion as few kings in the world, in these later ages of time, can come up to."

It has often happened in party and national history, both in Eng-

land and in America, that the worshippers of the majority, when they themselves had the good fortune to belong to it, became very dissatisfied with, disrespectful to, and incredulous of, the wisdom of the majority, when a change of public opinion placed them in the minority. This was the case with the patriotic Defoe and the Whigs generally, when the general election of 1701 turned so decidedly against them. They were indignant that a majority in the Lower House should persistently oppose the foreign policy of the King, supported as that policy was by the House of Lords, and continually petitioned and memorialised the Commons to grant his Majesty such supplies as would enable him to provide for the interests of the kingdom, and assist his allies in defence of the Protestant religion. One of these, called "the Kentish Petition," nearly led to a crisis in the affairs of the nation. It was signed by the deputy-lieutenants, justices of the peace, grand jurymen, and other influential inhabitants of the county, and presented in person to the House of Commons by five of their number. The majority were rampant in the consciousness of strength; and after an angry discussion, and a vain protest on the part of many leading Whigs in the House, the five petitioners were ordered into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. They remained in his charge for five days, when they were formally committed to prison under the Speaker's warrant, and remained in custody till the close of the session, when the Speaker's authority expired. The attack on the sacred right of petition was flagrant; and on the day following their committal, Defoe, who was now in the height of royal favour, boldly attacked the majority in its own den, by presenting in person his celebrated "Legion's Memorial," with an accompanying letter to the Speaker, in which he was "*commanded* by

200,000 Englishmen to deliver it to the House of Commons, and to inform them that it was no banter, but serious truth, and that a serious regard was expected to be paid to it." The Memorial itself was a well-reasoned plea on behalf of the right of petition—though somewhat magisterial and dictatorial—and concluded with a strong threat, which must have read in that day, as it would in ours, like an attempt at dictation and a flagrant breach of privilege: "Gentlemen," it concluded, "you have your duty laid before you, which, 'tis hoped, you will think of. If you continue to neglect it, you may expect to be treated according to the resentments of an injured nation, for Englishmen are no more to be slaves to Parliaments than to a king! Our name is Legion; and we are many." Defoe, on presenting this formidable paper in person, was doubtless encouraged by very high authority and counsel—for he was attended by sixteen gentlemen of family and position—who were prepared to rescue him from the clutches of the Sergeant-at-Arms, if ordered into custody by the Speaker. Nothing of the kind occurred, however. The boldness of the proceeding, and possibly the consciousness of the majority that they had really outraged the liberty of the subject in committing five gentlemen to prison for a legal though perhaps an intemperate appeal to Parliament—and possibly, also, the fear of carrying things too far against the King, the Lords, and a large section of the people,—combined with other considerations to induce them to receive the Memorial quietly before consigning it to the waste-paper basket, or other limbo for documents destined to be considered as dead letters. After the voting of the necessary supplies, and the prorogation of Parliament in June, the five Kentish worthies were liberated from prison, and a banquet in commemoration of the event was

given in Mercer's Hall. The place of honour at table, next to the released captives, was reserved for Daniel Defoe, who had not only had the courage to write the Memorial, but the still greater courage to present it personally, and dare the House of Commons to lay hands upon him.

Defoe, who always had a keen eye for turning an honest penny by his writings, and who was always quick at discovering and discussing subjects of popular interest, lost no time in publishing a 'History of the Kentish Petition'—a quarto pamphlet of twenty-three pages—written in his usual homely and forcible style. His next works were more important. James II. died in exile in September 1701—thirteen years after his flight from England—and the King of France, in pursuance of a promise, caused his son to be proclaimed King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, under the title of James III. of England and James VIII. of Scotland; and induced the King of Spain, the Pope, and the Duke of Savoy to follow his example. The English and Scottish Whigs were indignant at this insolence—and even some of the more moderate among the Jacobite party resented this attempt at foreign dictation. Defoe, however, instead of inflaming popular passion on the subject attempted to allay it, and to gain over to the Whig side the moderate and wavering Jacobites, whose attachment to the ex-king was rather personal than dynastic, by the publication of two pamphlets in rapid succession,—the first entitled, 'The Present State of Jacobitism considered in Two Queries; first, what measures the French King will take with respect to the Person and Title of the pretended Prince of Wales'; and second, 'What the Jacobites in England ought to do on the same account.' The second pamphlet exhibited Defoe in a new light before his countrymen. For the first time in his political career

he broke loose from party trammels, and combated alike the passions of the people and the arguments of the statesmen with whom he had formerly acted. The popular cry was for war with France, on account of the recognition of the Pretender by Louis XIV.; and Lord Somers, a statesman who stood as high as Defoe in the King's confidence, perhaps higher, had particularly distinguished himself as an advocate for war by his tract, '*Anguis in Herba* ; or, the Fatal Consequences of a Treaty with France.' Defoe took the other side, possibly, and indeed most probably, with the King's sanction ; and in order to evoke the tendencies of opinion, wrote a very temperate pamphlet which he published within a month of the French recognition of James III., which he entitled, '*Reasons against a War with France* ; or, an Argument showing that the French King's owning the Prince of Wales as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is no sufficient ground of a War.' He thought that the recognition of an empty title—though a personal affront to King William, and one that justified the withdrawal of the British Minister from France—by no means rendered necessary any ulterior or severer measures, and that England was great and strong enough to be able to treat the impertinence of the French monarch with the contempt it merited. King William was not in England at the time this pamphlet was written, but at the Hague, where a letter from Defoe might have easily reached him. Whether or not the King was cognisant of or approved of it being given to the world, it is evident that the publication effected no change in the cordial relations subsisting between Defoe and the Government, as his pen continued active on the King's behalf during the whole of the short remainder of his reign. On the King's return from the Hague, whither he had gone to form an alliance with Holland and Austria against France,

and where he had been detained longer than he originally intended by a severe attack of illness, the old Parliament was dissolved, and a new one summoned to meet on the 30th of December, in order that the nation might have the opportunity of clearly expressing its views on the great question of peace or war. Party feeling ran more than usually high ; and a "Black-List" containing the names of one hundred and sixty-seven Tories and Jacobites, who had been members of the late Parliament, was circulated all over the country as men who ought to be opposed at every election, by all who intended to save their native country from being made a province of France. Defoe objected to this list as "ungentlemanlike and unchristian ;" but, contrary to his wont, did not write a pamphlet on the subject. With the view, however, of lecturing the new Parliament, which contained a hundred and twenty of the Jacobites designated in the Black-List, he published, on the day after the opening of the session by the King in person, a pamphlet, entitled, '*Legion's New Paper* ; being a Second Memorial to the Gentlemen of the late House of Commons. With Legion's humble Address to His Majesty.' Though addressed to the old House, a body which was no longer in existence, Defoe's arguments were palpably intended to apply to the new ; as when he said of the majority of that assembly, in language rather slipshod for such a master of style,—"*Gentlemen, the greatest respect which could possibly have been shown to you by the people of England had been to have let your actions have sunk into forgetfulness, and in kindness to you, have let neither you nor your deeds have been named any more in your native country.*" While his language to Parliament was of this minatory character, that which he employed towards the King was full of loyalty and affection, not to say of obsequiousness.

The only other work of Defoe at this period of his busy life, is his celebrated pamphlet—which has often been reprinted—entitled, ‘The original power of the collective body of the People of England examined and asserted. With a double Dedication to the King and the Parliament.’ This treatise maintains its place in the library of every student of British politics. It is written with more attention to style than he usually employed, and is a valuable contribution to constitutional history.

War having been finally determined upon in the councils of the King, Defoe no longer thought it a part of his duty, or made it a part of his inclination, to oppose a policy which he could no longer thwart or modify. No one out of the King’s closet knew at the time the position in which Defoe stood towards the Government; but Defoe in his ‘Review,’ at a later period, divulged the secret that he was consulted by the King on various points relating to the impending hostilities, and drew up a scheme of operations against the Spanish West Indies, an attack upon which he considered would render the war to a large extent self-supporting. It appears, moreover, from this autobiographical statement, that the King fully approved of the plan, and that Defoe was to have an honourable, and doubtless lucrative, part in its execution. But this was not to be. The last hours of his friend and patron were approaching, and none but the King himself knew how precarious was his tenure of life. His illness at the Hague had been more severe than any one suspected, and had been concealed as much as possible for political reasons, and lest the friends of the exiled Stuarts should have been encouraged, either in France or in England, to the renewal of intrigues against the Princess Anne or the Hanoverian succession. Before the close of the year 1701, he privately informed his attached friend and

countryman, the Earl of Portland, that he found himself too weak to justify himself in the expectation that he could live another summer. A few weeks afterwards the melancholy foreboding was realised; and a fall from his horse, consequent upon the fright of the animal at a molehill on which it stumbled, accelerated a catastrophe that could not, even if this calamity had not occurred, have been long delayed. The joy of the Jacobites went forth indecently and uproariously. The ballad-writers of England and Scotland—and in those days ballads were far more potent instruments for expressing and guiding public opinion than they have ever been since, or are likely to be again—plied their scurrilous pens with great activity; and at the convivial parties of the roystering friends of the house of Stuart, it became a common toast to drink the health of “the little gentleman in black velvet”—meaning the mole which had been accessory to the King’s death.

It was a trying time for the Whig party, and to Defoe, who, next to Earl Somers, was the great Whig penman and publicist of the day, and who more than Earl Somers was the literary leader of the party. The incident was one on which turned the whole of his future fate and position. He was honoured, trusted, consulted. A powerful monarch was his friend, and after a hard struggle, not simply for position, but for daily bread for his wife and children, the vista of future prosperity and dignity seemed to open out long, wide, and brilliantly before him. The King’s death changed all, and for a period, not perhaps long in years, but long if measured by its disappointments, disgrace, and suffering, Defoe saw the reverse of the medal of prosperity, and knew more of the loathsome dungeons of Newgate than of the council-chambers of royalty.

After the King’s death, a copy of Jacobite verses, entitled ‘Willie Winkie’s Last Will and Testa-

ment,' was circulated over the country, and met with the especial favour of the bacchanalian politicians who believed in divine right, and prognosticated nothing but evil from the Revolution of 1688. Willie Winkie was one of the many nicknames by which the King was irreverently spoken of; and one of the stanzas in an otherwise contemptible production, described but too truly some of the difficulties and perils of the new reign:—

"I leave unto that poor wench, Anne,
A cap would better fit a man,
And with it all the firebrands red,
That in that cap have scorched my head."

The Queen, at her first council, declared her resolution to adhere to the policy of the late King, and to prosecute his intended war against France and Spain; but it soon became evident to the Whig party that her Majesty's sympathies were more or less with the Tories, if not with the Jacobites. The names of those eminent Whig peers, Lords Somers and Halifax, were erased from the list of Privy Councillors, and some of the most virulent opponents of William were taken into favour. Defoe looked on with ominous forebodings, both for himself and his party, but found an early opportunity of declaring, in a satire entitled 'The Mock Mourners,' how stanchly he continued to hold up the Whig colours, and how deep and sincere was his veneration for the memory of King William. As the Whig Ministry that were in office on Anne's accession were speedily dismissed, and a Tory Ministry appointed in their stead, Defoe, no longer in the secret service of the Crown, nor having the least right to expect employment of that or any other kind from the hands of his political enemies, turned his attention again to the Pantile Works at Tilbury, which he had never wholly neglected, but to which he had given but a divided allegiance. It seems probable that if he had forsworn the pen at this time, if

not wholly, at least partially, and until he had set his business affairs on a proper basis, he might have become, like his father, a prosperous citizen. But he had tasted and enjoyed the delights of authorship too long to be happy without addressing the public. He not only wrote to live, but lived to write; and showed his zeal in public affairs by a succession of poems and pamphlets so numerous, as to make the mere list of them a weariness of spirit to any one, not a hero-worshipper, who should read them. One of them, however, exercised so enormous an influence over his future destiny, as not to be passed over in any account of his life and character. The High Church party, emboldened by the Queen's favour, and by the installation of a Ministry that supported them in all their views, had become rampant, as the victory over their religious and political opponents seemed to be within their reach. Defoe was in a peculiar position with regard to the Dissenters, to which body he belonged. He had told them unwelcome truth, at unseasonable times; and they were either shy of him or hostile. On the other hand, the High Church party looked upon him as a shining light among the Dissenters, and held him in abhorrence for the power he exercised. The Dissenters themselves, as Mr Lee observes, were seized with a panic. They believed that their toleration was about to be withdrawn, and the public worship of God according to their consciences interdicted. In these circumstances, according to Mr Lee, "Defoe found that plain argument had little weight with those who, in the name of the Church, had unfurled the bloody flag and banner of defiance; and being well acquainted with what they had promulgated from the pulpit and the press, he embodied such views in suitable language for the purpose of exposing their folly. The result was published on the 1st of Decem-

ber 1702, under the title of, 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters; or, Proposals for the Establishment of the Church.'

The "suitable language," as Mr Lee calls it, proves to be most unsuitable. The pamphlet was an elaborate piece of irony—a ponderous joke—in which no joke was visible, and which deceived both parties to whom it was addressed. Defoe's object was to hold up the principles of the High Church party to the indignation of the Dissenters and of public opinion; but Defoe so quietly, and so wholly without exaggeration, expressed the thoughts and wishes that were passing in the minds of High Churchmen, that these accepted the book as a genuine exposition of the whole case, and as the duty of the party towards the Dissenters. The Dissenters themselves were equally deceived, and terribly alarmed. They could not see the jest, or the sneer, in passages where the anonymous writer coolly recommended that precedent set by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, as a means of getting "rid of Dissent and Dissenters."

The whole work was so exactly the tone of many High Church pulpits, and of many High Church pamphleteers, that the Dissenters especially may be excused for seeing no joke in it, and of not suspecting a friend in an anonymous writer who behaved and argued so uncommonly like a foe. The mystification of both parties was complete; and one very High Churchman, a fellow of one of the colleges of Cambridge, wrote to a bookseller who had provided him a copy to say, "I received yours, and with it the pamphlet which makes so much noise, called 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' for which I thank you. I join with that author in all he says, and have such a value for the book, that, next to the Bible, and the Sacred Comments, I take it for the most valuable piece I have. I pray God put it into her Majesty's

heart to put what is there proposed into execution."

Defoe, though a discreet man, and one that knew how to keep a secret, inadvertently allowed it to be known, when the work was in the full avalanche of notoriety, that it proceeded from his pen. Some of the more sagacious critics had discovered the hoax, and designated, directly and indirectly, the perpetrator; and those who had most enthusiastically praised the work, such as the good man at Cambridge, were loudest in the expression of their indignation when the full extent of their own gullibility was made known to them. The Dissenters were slower than the Church party in opening their eyes to the truth; but as soon as it was made manifest beyond the possibility of doubt or mistake that their friend Defoe was really and truly its author, and that he had meant well for his party, they forgave the joke, even although they retained the opinion that it was a clumsy, and might have been a mischievous, one. Defoe afterward said in print that the pamphlet "cut the throat of the High Church party;" but it is probable that, had he foreseen the tempest he was to evoke, and the powerful enemies he was to make by this unlucky production, he would have written what he had to write in another style and character. Defoe's enemies, too, were not wholly political. He was the censor of manners as well as of measures, and had, just prior to the publication of 'The Shortest Way,' issued a rhymed satire of sixty-four quarto pages, entitled, 'Reformation of Manners,' with the motto, *Væ vobis, hypocrite*, in which he declaimed against the vices and follies of the age, and pointed out to public reprobation, though not by name, several persons in high position, as guilty of offences against the moral laws. All the persons who thought themselves pointed at in this satire joined with the High Church and Jacobite party in en-

mity to Defoe, and raised such a storm both in the press and the pulpit, and threatened such dire vengeance, legal and penal, against him, that he became alarmed, and sought safety in flight and concealment. The Government, in which the Whig element was but slightly represented, were urged to institute a State prosecution against him for wilful and malicious libel; and the 'London Gazette' of the 10th of January 1703, contained a description of his person, and offered a reward of fifty pounds for his apprehension. Nearly seven weeks afterwards, while he was still in hiding, 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters' was brought under the notice of the House of Commons, declared to be a traitorous libel, and ordered to be burnt on the following day by the common hangman in New Palace Yard. The printer and publisher had been previously taken into custody, and committed to Newgate to abide their trial.

But even in concealment, despair, and danger, Defoe could not allow his pen to remain idle, and he found means, not only to write, but to publish, 'A brief Explanation of a late Pamphlet entitled "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters."' In this composition, in which he retracted nothing, but aimed another and a harder blow against the High Church, for affirming in grim earnest what he had only said in jest, he added his humble hope, "that he should find no harder treatment for plain English without design, than those gentlemen for their plain design in duller and darker English." But the arrest of the printer and publisher somewhat cooled Defoe's ardour of attack; and acting under the advice of injudicious friends, who thought that if found guilty his punishment would be merely nominal, he resolved, to use his own words, "to throw himself upon the favour of Government rather than that others should be ruined by his mistake." He surrendered accordingly, was com-

mitted to Newgate, was indicted at the Old Bailey at the end of February, and ordered for trial in the July ensuing.

It was Defoe's original intention to plead a justification of 'The Shortest Way' by proving, from extracts diligently culled from the sermons, speeches, and writings of prominent and influential members of the High Church party, that he had only said what his prosecutors had said before him. But he had not been long in prison before he was prevailed upon to withdraw the plea of justification, lest it should again irritate the party of his opponents, and draw upon himself, in the inevitable certainty of his conviction, a heavier punishment than might otherwise be inflicted, and to throw himself upon the mercy of the Queen. Having adopted this course as the wisest open to him, he was absolved, during the twenty weeks that he lay in Newgate awaiting his trial, from the necessity of preparing an elaborate defence; and went to work as coolly and systematically with his indefatigable pen as if he had been quietly at home with his family. He must have been allowed some privileges of retirement in prison; for it is scarcely possible to believe he could have laboured in public, and amid the scenes of filthy degradation which were the common incidents of prison-life in those days. Prose and verse (perhaps it might, to use the late Douglas Jerrold's joke, be called prose and *worse*) flowed from his busy brain and hand with marvellous rapidity. The first fruit of his industry was a pamphlet of twenty-six pages—'King William's Affection for the Church of England'—which he published before he had been a month in prison, and which went through four editions in nineteen days. Its object was to please the High Church party by showing that King William was their friend. His next production—with the object of removing

some of the ill-feeling created by his real or supposed personalities in 'The Reformation of Manners'—was a satire upon himself, called 'More Reformation,' in which he described his unhappy plight, and sketched his own character and circumstances—

"Or wouldst thou now describe a modern tool,
To wit, to parties and himself a fool,
Embroidered with State to do himself no good,
And by his friends themselves misunderstood?
Misconstrued first in every word he said,
By these *unpitied* and by those *unpaid*,
All men would say the picture was thine own,
No gazette marks were half so quickly shown."

These, and another pamphlet of less note and interest, were insufficient to occupy that active intellect; and he found time to prepare for publication, with a view to divert into his own pocket the profit which others were making from spurious and unauthorised editions, 'A True Collection of the Writings of the Author of the True-Born Englishman, Corrected by Himself.' This volume, the first of a series, contained twenty-two tracts, pamphlets, and poems (inclusive of 'The Shortest Way,' which, although burned by the hangman, he was determined to keep alive), and extended to four hundred and sixty-seven pages. It was successful enough to call for a second edition, and to justify the publication of a second volume, which he set himself to prepare immediately.

His trial took place on the day appointed, before Sir Simon Harcourt, a judge who bore rather heavily upon his offence in summing up his case to the jury. Defoe, as agreed, had pleaded guilty, and thrown himself upon the mercy of the Queen and the Court. But there was no mercy shown. On the contrary, the sentence was so severe as to impress the public out of doors with the idea that it was vindictive and unjust. He

was ordered to pay a fine of two hundred marks to the Queen, to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and to find securities for his good behaviour during seven years. This was hard; but the brave spirit of Defoe was undaunted: and as his first appearance in the pillory, opposite the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, was not to take place until the expiry of twenty days after the passing of his sentence, he employed the interval in composing and publishing a satirical Hymn to the Pillory, and a conciliatory pamphlet called 'The Shortest Way to Peace and Union,' in which he endeavoured to reconcile the Dissenters to the existence of an Established Church, as best not only for Dissent but for Christianity. Both of these works appeared on the morning of his public exhibition in the place of shame, and were largely sold among a highly-respectable crowd which gathered to witness the spectacle, and to protect Defoe from the outrage and insult that was commonly the fate of the ordinary malefactors exposed to this disgraceful penance. It was a fine summer day, the markets were full of flowers and fruits; and Defoe, on arriving at the scene of his punishment, saw that the pillory was decorated with roses, lilies, and evergreen leaves, and heard the shouts of sympathy—not of triumph—that made him the hero and not the victim of a popular outburst. Woe would have betided the coward who at that moment had hurled cabbage or rotten egg at the head of the vindicator of public opinion, or thrown anything but flowers at his feet. His friends—for by this time his brave Hymn to the Pillory, and his dauntless bearing in the evil day that had come upon him, had brought round many of the waverers of his own side, and converted the lukewarm and indifferent into active zealots in his cause—drank bumpers to his health and happiness,

expressed their desire to see the judge and jury and all his persecutors in the pillory after him ; and when his half-hour had elapsed, presented him with refreshments, and jostled round for the honour of shaking his hand. Similar demonstrations of public favour occurred on the second day, when he was exposed in another pillory opposite the Conduit in Cheapside—and on the third, when he underwent the same penance on the Westminster side of Temple Bar ; and all the time the Hymn to the Pillory sold rapidly among the multitude, and put many welcome guineas into the pocket of the author.

Defoe was reconsigned to prison until the Queen's pleasure could be known, where he languished for many months with scarcely a gleam of hope to relieve the dark monotony of his doom. To add to his misfortunes, the pantile business, as might naturally have been expected, deprived alike of the master-mind and the master-hand, fell into difficulties, and had finally to be closed, with a loss to Defoe of £3500. Ruin seemed to stare him in the face from every side. But he bent to the wind, too stubborn to break before it ; and feeling no accusation from the inner monitor, and perhaps proud in the consciousness that he was a sufferer in a rightful cause—and that in his case too, though in another sense, the blood of a martyr might become the seed of a Church—he bore with fortitude the fate which he could not avert, and softened its hardship by literary labour. It was in these woeful and depressing circumstances that his love of work, one of his main characteristics, came to the rescue of his heart. He wrote no fewer than sixteen pamphlets in about half as many months on the current topics of the day, always on the Whig side, and always paying homage, whenever he could do so, to the memory of his friend King William. And what is perhaps the most marvellous proof of his

indomitable spirit and indefatigable energy, he commenced the publication of his afterwards celebrated 'Review'—an original weekly journal and commentary upon the public events of the time, political and social. This was the undoubted predecessor, if not the model, of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' of Steele and Addison, that shed such mild effulgence of literary light upon an after-period of the reign of Queen Anne. To commence the publication of such a work in prison, and to write unaided by any other pen the whole of the articles contained in it, was, to say the least, the sign of no common spirit. To have published it only once a-week would have been, under the circumstances, a Herculean task for any other man ; but it was so little to Defoe, that after carrying it on successfully for eight weeks as a weekly paper he converted it into a bi-weekly—and after his release from Newgate, into a tri-weekly.

It was long, however, before he recovered his liberty, and long before a friend arose in his adversity sufficiently sympathetic with his principles and sufficiently powerful to restore him to the full usefulness yet in store for him. He had a wife and six children dependent upon him, and it was thought that out of consideration for them he might be induced to make terms with his political enemies. It is related by Oldmixon, an opponent of Defoe, that the Earl of Nottingham sent to him in prison and offered him the mercy of the Government, and a sum of money besides, if he would discover who employed him to write 'The Shortest Way.' As the tract was his own work, written at no instigation but that of his own goodwill and pleasure, he had nobody to inform against, even had the bribe offered been acceptable ; though it would appear from a letter subsequently written to Lord Halifax, that the true instigator of the pamphlet was King William. Defoe, however, says, he "scorned

to come out of Newgate at the price of betraying a dead master, or discovering those things which nobody would have been the worse for." But better days were at hand for the doughty penman. In the month of April 1704, after he had been nearly nine months in Newgate, writing, scribbling, versifying, commenting, book-making, newspaper-editing, under a cloud of difficulties, physical, moral, and pecuniary, a great man became interested in his fate. Defoe tells the story himself without mentioning the great man's name. "While I lay," he says, "friendless and distressed in the prison of Newgate, my family ruined and myself without hope of deliverance, a message was brought to me from a person of honour, who till that time I never had the least acquaintance with, or knowledge of, other than by fame, or by sight, as we know men of quality by seeing them on public occasions. . . . The message was by word of mouth, 'Pray ask that gentleman what I can do for him.'" Defoe's answer was, "Lord, that I may receive my sight"—meaning his liberty. The name of this providentially-discovered friend was Harley—afterwards the celebrated Earl of Oxford. Harley's influence at the time was not commensurate with his good wishes; and it was not until nine more months had elapsed, and another host of tracts and pamphlets had made their appearance from the solitudes of Newgate, to amuse or instruct the voracious town, that this powerful intercessor, who had never forgotten the poor author in prison, was enabled to procure his release. The Queen's compassion was excited. She inquired particularly into the circumstances and family of Defoe, and sent, by the hands of the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, a considerable sum to his wife for the relief of her immediate necessities,—and the money not alone to pay the fine imposed upon him by the Court, but for the ex-

pense of his discharge from prison. Long afterwards, when Queen Anne was in her grave, and his benefactor Harley a prisoner in the Tower, with the threat of an impeachment hanging over his head, Defoe, in his 'Appeal to Honour and Justice,' narrated these circumstances, and spoke in the highest terms of his undying gratitude to the Queen, "who had fetched him out of a dungeon and given his family relief,"—and to his noble and first benefactor, to whom he was linked in evil fortune as well as in good "by an indelible bond of gratitude."

To restore his health, enfeebled by a year and a half's confinement, Defoe, on his liberation, retired for a short time with his family to Bury St Edmunds, from whence he conducted and wrote his 'Review' twice a-week; and published pamphlets and poems with the profusion of a hail-storm. One of the most popular was a Hymn in celebration of the victories of the Duke of Marlborough in the war against France, which the Government was conducting with vigour and success, to the great satisfaction of the British people. Space would fail us if we ran through the list of these ephemera that served their time and purpose, and are now as forgotten as leading articles a week old in any of our daily newspapers, metropolitan or provincial. They all bore the impress of Defoe's strong convictions when they were political, and they were all of the true catchpenny type when they treated of the minor circumstances of the day, and now possess little or no interest, except to the antiquary and to the student of social history and manners. The only one that requires any particular notice is his satire, 'Jure Divino,' in twelve books, in which he lays down the Whig and Anti-Jacobite doctrines that the only real title of a king to his throne is the consent of his people; and that all the tyrants who ever oppressed humanity, from the fabulous ages of

the heathen gods down to the most recent time, and in all countries of the world, pleaded divine right to govern as the justification of all that they might do in governing, however unpalatable it might prove to the governed. Like all Defoe's attempts at poetry, it is stiff, cumbersome, and prosaic, and would have been better both in style and argument, and more adapted to its purpose of a political tract, if it had been written in as simple and effective prose as his 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters.' It ran through several editions, however, in a short space of time, and was pirated on every hand by obscure and unscrupulous printers and publishers, to the great disgust of the author.

We now arrive at the most memorable period of Defoe's career, and once again find him in the position in which he stood with reference to King William—the trusted but secret servant of the Crown and Government, and employed, *sub rosa*, on missions of the greatest importance and delicacy. The new turn in his fortunes came opportunely. The collapse of his brick and pantile concern, and the liabilities he had thereby incurred, sat heavy on his soul; and his creditors, some of them hounded on by his political opponents, harassed him with law proceedings, and with exorbitant and sometimes utterly unfounded demands. But he bore up bravely, and never tried to hide his misfortunes from himself by refusing to look at them. His friend Harley knew alike his merits and his sufferings, and the useful work that might be got out of him if properly remunerated and encouraged. Having surrendered to the Commissioners under the Insolvent Debtors Act, been subjected to a severe and almost penal examination, and come through the ordeal without a stain upon his personal character, Defoe was free to enter upon a new course of life, and the great influence of Harley opened it out before him. The Commissioners appointed by

the Queen, with the consent of Parliament, to concert measures for the legislative union of England and Scotland—an object dear to King William and to the Whigs—met in Whitehall on the 16th of April 1706, and on the 4th May Defoe published, probably at Harley's instigation, though the fact does not appear, 'An Essay at removing National Prejudices against a Union with Scotland. Part I., London.' In twenty-four days afterwards Part II. of the same Essay made its appearance. Harley was one of the Commissioners, and the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, the messenger of the Queen's bounty to Defoe, was another. Both of these eminent personages, whether they did or did not inspire the treatise, were gratified by the aid it afforded to the cause, and resolved to make the author still further useful to it by despatching him on a secret mission to Edinburgh, to keep up the spirit of the Scottish Whigs, and to reconcile the Tories and the Jacobites, if that were possible, to a change that had become inevitable, and was destined to be irrevocable. Defoe, before his departure, had the honour of a personal introduction to Queen Anne, and kissed hands on his appointment.

It would seem to have been part of the arrangement that Defoe was to attend to his own business, to conduct his 'Review' as usual, to write such tracts as he pleased to make money by, and in every way to discountenance the suspicion, which might have grown into a belief, that he was employed in the public service. The Scottish Parliament was to meet on the 3d of October, and it was desirable, if not necessary, that Defoe should take up his residence in Edinburgh preparatory to that event. He made his way, therefore, to Scotland by land as rapidly as possible, writing for his 'Review' as he went along at every town at which he stopped for the night, and arrived in Edinburgh in time to reprint, and largely circulate in that city, his 'Essay at re-

moving National Prejudices.' Public opinion was greatly excited, and all but the Scottish Whigs and Covenanters were furious at the idea of union, and against the Scottish Lords who had lent themselves to its consummation. The English Jacobites had nothing to say against the Act of Union; but it was not only the Jacobitism of Scotland that revolted against and loathed it, but all the pride and national spirit of a gallant, sensitive, and romantic people, with an ancient and illustrious history, different from, and often antagonistic to, that of the people with whom the union was to be consummated. Even to this day, and long after the fusion of commercial and all other interests has made but one people of the English and the Scottish, and rendered all idea of the repeal of the Union as antiquated and unreal as would be that of the restoration of the Heptarchy, the national feeling, which the Union so rudely shocked and crushed, still subsists in the popular heart of Scotland, and may be evoked in harmless lightnings by any cunning magician of the pen or the tongue who chooses to elicit the beautiful phosphorescent light that clings round the memory of a bygone passion. It requires no potency of imagination to recall the mingled rage of the Highlands and Lowlands, and more especially of the Highlands, when the Union was first debated, and the mingled rage and sorrow with which they watched its progress from a proposal to a fact. The grievance was not sentimental only. It was firmly believed that union with England was but another name for ruin; and that Flodden itself, so filled with mournful memories in every Scottish heart, was a day of glory and rejoicing as compared with the day of union. The accusation against many prominent Scotsmen who had become converts to the policy of union, that they had sold their country for English gold, was loudly made and commonly believed, and found vent

in such indignant songs and ballads as the 'Parcel of Rogues,' afterwards retouched by Burns with a power and pith that showed the feeling was far from extinct even in his comparatively remote period:—

"What force or guile could not subdue
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane,
Such a parcel of rogues in the nation."

It was in the midst of a popular excitement such as these lines express that Defoe arrived quietly in Scotland, and proceeded unobtrusively to work at the task he had in hand—the reconciliation of Scotland to the bitter, but, as it turned out, healthful pill it had to swallow. He not only reprinted and widely disseminated in Scotland Parts I. and II. of his 'Essay on removing National Prejudices,' but composed and published, before the close of the year, Parts III. and IV. of the same work; and as if this were not sufficient evidence of his industry and zeal in the cause, wrote, printed, and published in Edinburgh, before the close of the year, a poem of sixty pages, which bore the title of 'Caledonia: A Poem in Honour of Scotland and the Scots Nation; in Three Parts. Edinburgh: printed by the heirs and successors of Andrew Anderson, printer to the Queen's most excellent Majesty.' A second edition of this work appeared in London five weeks afterwards. The first edition was dedicated to the Duke of Queensberry, her Majesty's High Commissioner for the Union, and, for the first time in Defoe's literary career, was signed with the writer's name in full. The preface, of far more historical and literary value than the poem itself, expressed the writer's "sorrow to see so much differing about uniting; and more so, to see such uniting about differing;" and though he disclaimed the idea that the "Union" was concerned in the poem, he was surprised to see, what he obscurely hinted the Union would remedy, "a

nation poor, wherein improvement was neglected, although the land, the sea, the climate, and the people were all adapted for plenty, riches, and fruitfulness." When the treaty of Union was beyond doubt, Defoe, with characteristic veneration for his beloved King William, wrote: "One significant omen of the future good success of this treaty, and which, I must own, very much encouraged me with the idea that it must go on, was, that it was voted on the most remarkable day for public deliverance that ever happened in this island"—viz., the 4th of November, the anniversary of the birthday of the Prince of Orange, of his marriage, and of his landing at Torbay. Defoe subsequently in his 'Review,' after he had left Scotland, more than once expressed his pride in having had a part, however humble, in so glorious a work.

Having gathered together all necessary materials for the 'History of the Union,' which he afterwards wrote, Defoe left Scotland temporarily, after a residence of sixteen months in Edinburgh, to wind up the affairs of the Brick and Pantile Works in London, and otherwise put his house in order. A new crisis in his fortunes awaited him. His great friend Harley had been ousted from the Government by intrigues, manoeuvres, and Parliamentary and other influences too well known to the readers of English history to need recapitulation; and Defoe, as he thought, found himself without a patron and supporter. But the case was not so. Let him tell the story in his own words:—

"When upon that fatal breach the Secretary of State (Harley) was dismissed from the service, I looked upon myself as lost, it being a general rule in such cases, when a great officer falls, that they who came in by its interest fell with him. And resolving never to abandon the fortunes of the man to whom I owed so much of my own, I quitted the usual applications I had made to my Lord Treasurer [Godolphin]. But my generous benefactor [Harley], when he understood it, frankly told me

that I should on no account do so; for, said he, in the most engaging terms, 'the Lord Treasurer will employ you in nothing but what is for the public service, and agreeable to your own sentiments of things. And besides, it is the Queen you are serving, who has been very good to you. Pray apply yourself as you used to do. I shall not take it ill from you in the least.'"

Defoe was a man of the world. He knew his friend. He knew his own wants and position, and knew that, after such a generous absolution from any ultra-loyalty to a fallen benefactor, it was certainly his interest, and perhaps his duty, to look to Lord Godolphin as his future patron. He called upon his lordship accordingly, and was graciously received. He reiterated what he had said to Harley about the fall of great persons, and that it was usual for the *protégés* of such persons to fall with them, and that he could not but fear that his interest with his lordship was lessened on that account. "Not at all, Mr Defoe," replied Godolphin, with a faith in human nature not very common among statesmen of ripe experience; "I always think a man honest till I find to the contrary." In consequence of this reception, and of the goodwill of Lord Godolphin, Defoe was, for the second time, introduced to the Queen; and as he afterwards told the world, "obtained the continuance of an appointment which her Majesty had been pleased to bestow in consideration of a former special service, in which he had run as much risk of his life as a grenadier upon a counterscarp." The Queen herself intimated to Defoe "that she had such satisfaction in his services" (his mission to Scotland) "that she had appointed him for another affair, which was something *nice*, and that my Lord Treasurer would tell me the rest." This "*nice*" affair, he was informed on the following day by Lord Godolphin, involved his immediate return to Edinburgh; and three days only having been allowed him to make his preparations,

he set out accordingly. - What was the exact nature of his mission neither he nor Godolphin ever divulged. Defoe carefully concealed it both at that time and afterwards in his 'Honour and Justice,' when he was in the humour to make confessions. "Neither my business, nor the manner of discharging it," he said, "is material to this tract, nor will it ever form any part of my character that I reveal what should be concealed; and yet my errand was such as was far from being unfit for a sovereign to direct, or an honest man to perform." It is not, however, very difficult, in studying the history of the time, especially in Scotland, where Defoe established himself, to discover what the nature of his secret mission must have been. He had predisposed, or aided in predisposing, public opinion in favour of the Union with England; and as the Pretender had many friends in Scotland, and the King of France, with the view of making a diversion in his favour, in the war then raging between the two nations, had resolved to invade Scotland, it was obviously the duty imposed upon him as a Whig publicist by profession, to write down the Jacobites in that country, where they were at that time most dangerous. In March 1708, a French fleet under the command of Admiral Fourbin appeared off the Firth of Forth; but, finding a hostile force ready to receive him, the Admiral did not attempt a landing, but sailed northward, to discover a more favourable point of attack. But—as on previous occasions of attempted invasion—the elements seemed to fight in favour of Great Britain. The French fleet was driven out to sea by a violent storm, and ultimately had to return to Dunkirk, after a month's delay, and severe loss of ships and men. Defoe, on the first report of the intended invasion, recommended in his 'Review,' which he still wrote in Edinburgh and printed in London, the offer of a handsome reward for the capture of the Pretender,

dead or alive. He also advocated the policy of arresting forty or fifty of the chiefs of the Highland clans and other known Jacobites, expressing his conviction that if this were done the Pretender would find but cold welcome if he came to the north of Britain. Mr Lee is of opinion that Defoe's business in Edinburgh was not only to write in support of the Government, but to find out suspected persons, to ascertain the extent of disloyalty, to warn those who might be in danger, to encourage a feeling of patriotism and duty to the Government, to endeavour to prevent a rebellion, and to clear those who might be innocent,—a very large and important mission, proving not only the faith that the Government of that day had in the power of the pen, but the high opinion it had of his abilities as an administrator and a diplomatist.

Varied with occasional visits to London, on public and private business, Defoe's residence in Edinburgh extended to nearly three years, during which time he often seriously thought of taking up his permanent abode in that city. His pen never stopped; his 'Review,' appeared thrice a-week in London, as regularly as if he had been always present at the printer's office. He never had any contributors, but wrote everything in it himself, and found time to compose—we might almost say, in view of their multiplicity, to manufacture—the usual complement of pamphlets, tracts, and poems, sometimes with and sometimes without his name on the title-page. As if all this were not enough, and more than enough, to occupy him, he accepted, in February 1711, from the Corporation of Edinburgh, in whose gift the office was, the editorship of the 'Edinburgh Courant,' in the room of one Adam Boag or Booge, deceased; a fact which goes to prove that, however distasteful Defoe's writings in Scotland may have been to the Jacobites, they had been grateful to the Whig Corporation of Auld

Reekie, and possibly to other towns and cities.

The Ministerial complications that ever and anon occurred during the reign of Queen Anne need no further mention in this place than is required by their relation to the personal history of Defoe. The restoration of Harley to power in the Coalition Ministry of 1711, seems to have induced him, somewhat suddenly, to leave Edinburgh, and resign the editorship of the 'Courant' after a less than three months' probation, to attach himself exclusively to his first great friend after King William. He did not approve of the composition of the Ministry, but he resolved to stick to Harley, even though Harley veered, or seemed to veer, round from Whiggism to Toryism. There was something, after all, of the Vicar of Bray about Defoe, and the sweets of secret service were not, by him who had so often enjoyed them, to be lightly relinquished. He waited upon Lord Godolphin the day he was displaced, and humbly asked his lordship's direction what course he should take: "His lordship's answer was," says Defoe, "that he had the same good will to assist me, but not the same power; that I was the Queen's servant, and that all he had done for me was by her Majesty's special and particular direction, and that whoever should succeed him, it was not material to me. He supposed I should be employed in nothing relating to the present differences. My business was to wait till I saw things settled, and then apply myself to the Ministers of State to receive her Majesty's commands." This advice suited Defoe exactly; and like the Vicar of Bray he might have sung, with a slight variation of the old song—

"And this is law I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever chief shall reign,
I'll take the public pay, sir."

Defoe by this time had got over most, if not all, of his pantile troubles.

He was, it is true, the best-abused man of his day by the political enemies which no man can fail to make who takes a side on the great questions that excite men's passions in times of political and national ferment. But in other respects Fortune seemed to be using him well. He wrought hard and was well rewarded; lived in a large house in the suburbs of London, that stood in a pleasure-garden of four acres; kept a carriage; and dispensed generous hospitality. The jealousy of less successful authors pursued him, but for the most part he bore their attacks with cool equanimity, and seldom condescended to reply. But during the last two years of the reign of Queen Anne, the failure of the secret-service money, which he had been accustomed to receive, threw him more exclusively into the pamphleteering and bookmaking business than he might have approved had any other course of life been open to him. The time also was approaching when, in consequence of the recent imposition of a stamp-duty on newspapers, he made up his mind to discontinue the publication of the 'Review,' which had been a labour of love to him for many years. He concluded the eighth and final volume of that work on the 29th of July 1712, and in his preface gave a touching retrospect of the design and whole conduct of the publication, which he declared that he established for no other purpose than "the support of truth and liberty;" that he had made enemies by speaking the truth, and had not gained the friends he expected.

"I know too much of the world," he continued, with a despondency not usual with him, "to expect good in it, and have learned to value it too little to be concerned at the evil. I have gone through a life of wonders, and am the subject of a vast variety of providences; I have been fed more by miracle than Elijah when the ravens were his purveyors. I some time ago summed up the scenes of my life in this distich—

“No man has tasted differing fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.”

“In the school of affliction I have learnt more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit; in prison I have learnt to know that liberty does not consist in open doors, and the free ingress and regress of locomotion. I have seen the rough side of the world as well as the smooth; and in less than half a year tasted the difference between the closet of a king and the dungeon of Newgate. I have suffered deeply for cleaving to principles, of which integrity I have lived to say, none but those I suffered for ever reproached me with it. The immediate causes of my suffering have been the being betrayed by those I have trusted, and scorning to betray those who trusted me.”

These were brave words, notwithstanding the chord of darkness that predominated in the harmony. But he could not say farewell to his ‘Review’ so easily as he imagined; and in less than a fortnight he commenced the publication of a new series with the old title, which he continued twice and afterwards thrice a-week for a hundred and six numbers, when the ‘Review’ was finally suffered to die—with no other epitaph over it than the two words with which he concluded the last number, “Exit ‘Review.’”

We now approach the two last years of the reign of Queen Anne, during which period Defoe, though the ‘Review’ had been allowed to perish, continued in the full flush of literary activity upon all the subjects that came uppermost,—the claims of the Pretender—the question at issue between the Church and the Dissenters—peace with France—taxation—the extension of commerce, &c. Only one of the long series deserves notice, as showing that his old habit of grave irony was too deeply rooted in his nature to prevent him from discovering when he ran the risk of converting friends into foes. A pamphlet entitled, ‘What if the Queen should die?’ brought him face to face with the law, because, in at-

tempting to defend the Queen’s rule, and to prove how extremely important her life was to the peace and prosperity of the nation, he had uttered in irony such dubious expressions as to alarm the Whigs. The Jacobites saw plainly enough that this pamphlet was written by an enemy, and were angry accordingly. Some foolish Whigs, personally opposed to Defoe, conceived that it could not be written by a friend. The result was a prosecution. People in those days were remarkably thin-skinned and suspicious, and Defoe had to find security for £800 to meet the charge of disloyalty to a sovereign whose benefit and favour he had enjoyed, and whom he was about the last person in the world to think of injuring or defaming. It is not given to every one to jest with wisdom or discretion, as Defoe had, in his own person, had the painful experience of the pillory and a prison to prove. And like other men of delicate and cultivated intellects, he never made sufficient allowance for public unwisdom—let us call it stupidity—as one of the elements with which those who have to govern the world have especially to deal. The Anglo-Saxon mind readily appreciates broad humour and coarse jocosity, but gentle banter and refined irony are for the few, not for the many. This is the case at all times, but more especially at times when men’s passions are excited, and great principles are in conflict. Defoe speedily discovered his mistake, and as he could find no friends among the contending factions, he appealed to the highest quarter for the justice which there seemed no other chance of his obtaining. He afterwards wrote of this second unlucky pamphlet that, “so far from favouring the cause of the Pretender,” as the unwise Whigs alleged, “he could not have better served the Hanoverian succession, if the Elector had given him a thousand pounds to write it.” Under these circumstances, and believing that

Harley would see the true drift and meaning of the pamphlet, he petitioned the Queen and Privy Council to look into the work. The influence of Harley was exercised in his behalf; the Queen herself read the passages complained of, and declared that "she saw nothing but private pique in the prosecution." Further proceedings were ultimately stayed; and Defoe, learning a lesson from his narrow escape, wrote no more political tracts which could leave any doubt, even in the dullest of Anglo-Saxon minds, as to the true meaning of the writer.

He had been so long accustomed to unburthen his mind in newspapers that the discontinuance of his 'Review' left him without that frequency of appeal to the public which habit had made part of his nature. The treaty of Utrecht had been signed; peace was restored between England, Holland, France, and Spain; and men's thoughts in England were extending from foreign to domestic politics, and especially to questions of trade. Even at that early period—ten years before Adam Smith, the great apostle of free-trade, was born—Defoe was a free-trader; and with the influence and support of his friend Harley, now Earl of Oxford, he aided in establishing a journal called 'Mercator.' The first number appeared on the 26th of May 1713, and its objects were defined to be,—“Considerations on the state of British trade, particularly as respects Holland, France, and the Dutch Barrier—the trade to and from France—the trade to Portugal, Spain, and the West Indies—and the fisheries of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia,—with other matters and advantages accruing to Great Britain by the treaty of peace and commerce lately concluded at Utrecht.” The Ministry supplied the editor with all the official documents and statistics necessary to give the paper an official character; and the publication was continued three times a-week for a hundred and eighty-one num-

bers, when it dropped for want of public encouragement. Possibly the event was hastened by the withdrawal of Lord Oxford's support, as, a week after its discontinuance, that statesman was compelled to leave the Ministry, and had, no doubt, given Defoe previous intimation of the approaching fact, and his consequent inability to be of further service to the journal. Defoe's connection with this newspaper was somewhat mysterious. He wrote for it, but declared that he was neither its proprietor nor its editor, and that he had never received any payment or reward for his contributions.

The fall of the Earl of Oxford, and shortly afterwards the death of the Queen, mark the commencement of a third era in the life of this conspicuous journalist. He had wielded his pen for the house of Hanover before it succeeded to the throne, and he resolved to continue to wield it in the same behalf and interest, with the object not alone of self-advancement, but of continuing, if possible, in something like the same secret relations with the new Court which he had held with its two immediate predecessors. His well-known hand appeared in the 'Flying Post,' in a letter, written in London, but dated from Hanover, just before the King left that city to take possession of the throne. In this letter the writer, who pretended he had resided twelve years at the Court of the Elector of Hanover, said:—

“You ask me to give you my thoughts of his Majesty, and tell me that the people of England long to know something of the king that is to govern them. . . . In a few words, then, his person is comely and grave; his countenance has majesty and sweetness so mixt, that nothing can be better suited to the throne of a king. He speaks readily rather than fluently, apt and proper, without long premeditation, or affectation of being quick. His temper is goodness itself; inexpressibly obliging, to the last degree courteous and kind, yet not lowered beneath the dignity of his birth. He is steady in coun-

cil, sedate in resolving, vigorous in executing, brave and gallant in the field, wise and politic in the camp, enterprising in the matter of action, and yet of so calm a courage, that he who dares do anything which is unfit to do can never be in danger of precipitating him into what is impracticable to be done. In short, if it may be said of any man in Europe, it may be said of his Majesty, that he is born for council, and fitted to command the world."

This was flattery with a vengeance, though, as Defoe had never seen the charming object of such remarkable enthusiasm, it is possible he may have done no more in his eulogy than translate and embellish, *more suo*, a genuine letter from a Hanoverian. A very different picture of George I. was drawn by the Jacobites about this time, and sung at their convivial gatherings in Scotland:—

"Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king
But a wee, wee German lairdie!
And when we gaed to bring him hame,
He was delvin' in his kail-yairdie!
Shoughing kail and laying leeks,
But the hose, and but the breeks;
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie!"

It is difficult at this time of day to account for all the jealousies and enmities of which Defoe was the object. "No sooner," he says, "was the Queen dead, and the King, as right required, proclaimed, but the rage of men increased upon me to that degree, that the threats and insults I received were such as I am not able to express." One reason, perhaps, was his long and intimate connection with the Earl of Oxford, which brought all the enemies of the fallen statesman upon his head. "If," continued Defoe, in a tone of evident pain, that gives but a poor idea of the honour or pleasures of journalism in that tempestuous time,—

"If I offered to say a word in favour of the present settlement, it was called fawning. On the other hand, though I have meddled neither one way nor another, nor written one book since the Queen's death, yet a great many things are called by my name, and I hear every day the reproaches which the answerers of those

books cast, as well upon the subject as the author. I have not seen or spoken to my Lord of Oxford but once since the King's landing, nor received the least message, writing, or order from his lordship, or other way corresponded with him, yet he bears the reproach of my writing in his defence, and I the rage of men for doing it. I cannot say it is no affliction to me to be thus used, though my being entirely clear of the facts is a true support to me. I am unconcerned at the rage and clamour of party men, but I cannot be unconcerned to hear men, who I think are good men and Christians, prepossessed and mistaken about me."

It would appear, from this passage and many others, that Defoe was at last weary of journalism—its dangers, its provocations, its enmities, and its small results in comfort and satisfaction or profit—and had finally resolved to abandon politics as a profession, and betake himself wholly to fiction and polite literature as a means of earning honourable bread for his family. In fact his pen appeared to lie idle as regards public affairs, after the first few months of the new reign, though to be as active as ever in the less harassing and more genial tasks of fancy and imagination. Up to the year 1864, when an unexpected discovery was made in the State Paper Office, this was the opinion of all Defoe's biographers. It was considered that from 1714-15 to 1731, when he died, he produced nothing but works in general literature, such as 'Robinson Crusoe' and the 'History of the Plague in London,' which are all or nearly all of his writings that have come down to posterity, or are likely to be favourably remembered in future times. That this was an error will immediately appear. To cite all Defoe's contributions to the general literature of his country during these sixteen years, until death compelled him to lay down that facile and exuberant pen, would be to make a catalogue of dead books that have no longer an interest for anybody, and the very titles of some of which, though no offence to decency in his own day,

would be an indecency and a solecism in ours. Those who know the sub-titles of 'Roxana,' 'Moll Flanders,' and 'Colonel Jack,' will understand what we mean, and we need make no further allusion to the subject. Suffice it to say that the booksellers of London never had a readier and more indefatigable hand in their employ than Daniel Defoe, and that no subject appeared to be too small for that singular and far-reaching intellect, and that no amount of work, however stupendous, seemed to be too great for that unconquerable and abounding industry.

We now come to the discovery of 1864, which proves that amid all this severe and it might be thought engrossing literary labour, Defoe was taken into the secret service of George I., as he had been into that of Queen Anne and William III., and performed a duty to the State, unsuspected alike by his contemporary friends and enemies—a duty which he undertook for hire, and in pursuance of which, if he did not prove false to his own conscience, he certainly proved guilty of gross duplicity and treachery, to persons whose bread he ate, whose money he took, and in whose service he pretended to be. In the year named, a rummager among the archives of England preserved in the State Paper Office, happened to stumble upon six undoubtedly genuine letters of Defoe, addressed to Mr Charles de la Fay, of the Secretary of State's office, which show but too clearly that, under the auspices of the Earl of Sunderland and others, Defoe was once more in the secret service of the Crown, and that he, the stickler above all others for the liberty of the press, exercised the all but irresponsible office of "Censor of the Press,"—an office unknown to the law and the Constitution, and the existence of which, public or private, was wholly unsuspected, except by himself and the persons who employed him. Of these six letters it is not necessary to quote more than the second, which contains the whole pith of

the matter; and exhibits Defoe as still a contributor to the public press, but connected with Tory newspapers in an underhand way; so that, while pretending towards the proprietors of such journals to be a Tory, if not a Jacobite, he was in reality converting such journals, as far as he durst without fear of detection, into tools for the dissemination of principles diametrically opposed to those which, if he received Tory money, it was his duty to advocate. We quote the letter *in extenso* :—

"SIR,—Though I doubt not but you have acquainted my Lord Stanhope with what humble Sense of his Lordship's Goodness I received the Account you were pleased to give me, *that my little Services are accepted*, and that his Lordship is satisfied to go on upon the Foot of former Capitulations, &c., yet I confess, Sir, I have been anxious on many Accounts with respect as well to the Service itself as my own Safety, lest my Lord may think himself ill-served by me, even when I may have best performed my Duty. I thought it, therefore, not only a Debt to myself, but a Duty to his Lordship, that I should give his Lordship a short Account, as clear as I can, how far my former Instructions empowered me to act, and, in a word, what this little Piece of secret Service is, for which I am so much a Subject of his Lordship's present Favour and Bounty. It was in the Ministry of my Lord Townshend, when my Lord Chief Justice Parker, to whom I stand obliged for the Favour, was pleased so far to state my Case, that notwithstanding the misrepresentations under which I had suffered, and notwithstanding some mistakes which I was the first to acknowledge, I was so happy as to be believed in the Professions I made of a sincere Attachment to the Interest of the present Government, and, speaking with all possible Humility, I hope I have not dishonoured my Lord Parker's Recommendation.

"In considering, after this, which Way I might be rendered most useful to the Government; *it was proposed by my Lord Townshend that I should still appear as if I were, as before, under the displeasure of the Government, and separated from the Whigs*, and that I might be more serviceable in a kind of Disguise, than if I appeared openly; and upon this Foot a weekly Paper, which I was at first directed to write, in oppo-

sition to a scandalous Paper called the *Shift Shifted*, was laid aside, and the first Thing I engaged in, was a monthly Book called *Mercurius Politicus*, of which presently. In the interval of this, Dyer, the News-Letter-writer, having been dead, and Dormer his successor, being unable by his Troubles to carry on that Work; I had an offer of a share in the Property, as well as in the Management of that Work.

"I immediately acquainted my Lord Townshend of it, who, by Mr Buckley, let me know it would be a very acceptable Piece of Service; for that 'Letter' was really very prejudicial to the Public, and the most difficult to come at in a judicial Way in Case of Offence given. My Lord was pleased to add, by Mr Buckley, that he would consider my Service in that Case, as he afterwards did.

"Upon this I engaged in it; and that so far, that though the Property was not wholly my own, yet the Conduct and Government of the Style and News was so entirely in me, that I ventured to assure his Lordship the Sting of that mischievous Paper should be entirely taken out, though it was granted that the Style should continue Tory, as it was, that the Party might be amused, and not set up another, which would have destroyed the Design: And this Part I therefore take entirely on myself still.

"This went on for a Year, before my Lord Townshend went out of Office; and his Lordship, in consideration of this Service, made me the Appointment which Mr Buckley knows of, with promise of a further Allowance as Service presented.

"My Lord Sunderland, to whose Goodness I had many Years ago been obliged, when I was in a secret Commission sent to Scotland, was pleased to approve and continue this Service, and the Appointment annexed; and with his Lordship's Approbation, I introduced myself, in the Disguise of a Translator of the Foreign News, to be so far concerned in this weekly Paper of *Mist's*, as to be able to keep it within the Circle of a secret Management, also prevent the mischievous Part of it; and yet neither *Mist*, or any of those concerned with him, have the least Guess or Suspicion by whose direction I do it.

"But here it becomes necessary to acquaint my Lord (as I hinted to you, Sir), that this Paper, called the Journal, is not in myself in Property, as the other;—only in Management; with this

express difference, that if anything happens to be put in without my Knowledge, which may give Offence, or if anything slips my Observation which may be ill taken, his Lordship shall be sure always to know whether he has a Servant to reprove, or a Stranger to correct.

"Upon the whole, however, this is the Consequence, that by this Management the Weekly Journal and Dormer's Letter, as also the *Mercurius Politicus*, which is in the same Nature of Management as the Journal, will be always kept (Mistakes excepted) to pass as Tory Papers, and yet be disabled and enervated, so as to do no Mischief, or give any Offence to the Government.

"I beg leave to observe, Sir, one Thing more to his Lordship in my own behalf, and without which, indeed, I may, one Time or other, run the risk of fatal Misconstructions. *I am, Sir, for this Service, posted among Papists, Jacobites, and enraged high Tories,—a Generation who, I profess, my very Soul Abhors; I am obliged to hear traitorous Expressions and outrageous Words against his Majesty's Person and Government, and his most faithful Servants, and smile at it all, as if I approved it; I am obliged to take all the Scandalous, and, indeed, villainous Papers that come, and keep them by me as if I would gather Materials from them to put them into the News; nay, I often venture to let things pass which are a little Shocking, that I may not render myself suspected.* Thus I bow in the House of Rimmon, and must humbly recommend myself to his Lordship's Protection, or I may be undone the sooner, by how much the more faithfully I execute the Commands I am under. I forbear to enlarge. I beg you, Sir, to represent these Circumstances to his Lordship, in behalf of a faithful Servant, that shall always endeavour to approve his Fidelity by Actions rather than Words. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"DE FOE.

"NEWINGTON, April 26, 1718.

"P.S.—I send you here one of the Letters stopt at the Press, as I mentioned to you; as to the Manuscript of Sultan Galga, another villainous Paper; I sent the Copy to my Lord Sunderland. If the Original be of any Service, it is ready at your first Orders."

This was indeed a base service for an honourable and self-respecting man; and it seemed so improbable that the brave and conscientious Defoe should have lent himself to

be a spy and to do such dirty and treacherous work, that the first impression upon the mind of every reader who owes him a debt of gratitude for *Robinson Crusoe* was, that the letters to Mr De la Fay were not genuine. Upon this point, however, there seems to be no real room for doubt; though, when we think of the clever forgeries relative to Newton and Galileo that have lately been palmed off upon M. Philarete Charles and the French Government, and the author of which has just been discovered and confessed his guilt, the out-and-out admirers of Defoe might be excused for entertaining something like the faint shadow of a hope that the documents may prove to be spurious. Guided, however, by the clue thus afforded, Mr Lee, who sees no speck in the noonday brightness of Defoe's fame, set to work among the old newspapers preserved in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, and elsewhere, alluded to in this letter, and has collected articles and papers, which, on internal evidence, he assigns to Defoe, and which make up two goodly volumes of near upon a thousand pages. We cannot say that many of them, supposing them to be by Defoe, are of much intrinsic value, except to the future historian who shall complete the work of Macaulay, and give the world a history of the reigns of Queen Anne and the first three Georges. Granting the letters to be genuine—as, after all, we are afraid we must—and granting also the facts which flow from them,—that Defoe, while pouring out volume after volume between the years 1715 and 1731—volumes upon every variety of subject; histories of ‘Cartouche,’ ‘Jack Shepherd,’ and ‘Rob Roy;’ treatises upon morals and manners; accounts of ghosts and apparitions; visions of the angelic world; plans for the improvement of London and Edinburgh, and for the prevention of street-robberies; schemes of banking and finance;

‘The Family Instructor,’ ‘Dickory Crooke, or the Dumb Philosopher,’ ‘The Political History of the Devil,’ ‘The Complete English Tradesman,’ ‘The Complete English Gentleman,’ and scores of other books and pamphlets too numerous to specify,—found time to conduct not only one, but several newspapers, and to deceive their proprietors as to his politics,—our previous wonder at his versatility is increased, and would amount to admiration if it were not for the speck on his moral character, which the hitherto unknown part of his labours betrays.

The closing years of this busy and useful life point an old but ever new moral—a moral always applicable to all men in every station and of every age, that no one even with the best of motives must consent to do evil. Evil is none the less evil because its perpetrator may think that good is to come of it. Crime and punishment fly on the same arrow—or to use an Australian metaphor, on the same boom-erang—and crime comes back with unerring certainty in the shape of punishment to the heart whence the evil thing proceeded. The sunny youth and fruitful maturity of Defoe were succeeded by a cloudy if not dark old age, and the great bright intellect suffered painful eclipse. Nathaniel Mist, one of the proprietors of the Tory journals whom he had deceived, discovered the true part that Defoe had played in his office, and persecuted him with relentless vengeance. In the year 1729, when Defoe was a feeble and broken man in his sixty-ninth year, a personal assault which had to be repelled by the sword was made upon him in the streets, by one whom he calls “a wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy;” and who could have been no other than Mist. Defoe's mind seems to have been affected by illness, and by the persecutions of which that assault was the climax; and dreading further violence to his person, he resolved to conceal himself from Mist, and

all the other foes who perhaps only existed in his excited imagination. He had provided for his daughters, married and unmarried, and for his wife; but dreading no one knows what—perhaps the law of libel, from which he had severely suffered once before, and had wellnigh suffered a second time—he made over his remaining property to his son, and fled. Perhaps he fled when there was no one to pursue him. None can now tell. But he left his family who loved him, and wandered about in the neighbourhood of London—friendless, forlorn, despairing; and with an idea in his mind, that appears to have been utterly unfounded, that the son whom he had trusted had appropriated to his own use the money intended for his mother; and that he had basely and unnaturally left her to perish.

These facts are all displayed in a melancholy letter from the unhappy fugitive to his son-in-law, Mr Baker.

“It would be a great comfort to me,” he writes, under date of August 12, 1730, “about two miles from Greenwich, in Kent,” “if I could have your agreeable visits with safety, and could see both you and my dear Sophia” (his daughter), “could it be without giving her the grief of seeing her father in *tenebris*, and under the load of insupportable sorrow. I am sorry I must open my grief so far as to tell her it is not the blow which I received from a wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy” (supposed to be Nathaniel Mist), “that has broken in upon my spirit, which, as she well knows, has carried me through greater disasters than these. But it has been the injustice, unkindness, and, I must say, the inhuman dealing of my own son, which has both ruined my family and broken my heart. . . . I depended upon him, I trusted him, I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, but suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and crave, as it were an alms, what he is bound under hand and seal, besides the most sacred pro-

mises, to supply them with—himself at the same time living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity. I can say no more. My heart is full . . . and . . . I am weak, having had some fits from a fever that has left me low. . . . I have not seen son or daughter, wife or child, for many weeks, and know not which way to see them. They dare not come by water; and by land there is no coach; and I know not what to do.”

These accusations against his son appear to have been merely the aberrations of a mind thrown off its balance by sickness, by sorrow, and by overwork of brain, none the less tragic, however, on that account, or to be spoken of without deep sympathy and commiseration. The unhappy wanderer never returned to the wife and children whom he loved—and who, on their part, were not able to discover his whereabouts—but roamed from place to place for no less than eight months in poverty, distress, concealment, and abasement, and died at last in a lodging in Moorfields, with none to close his eyes but a mercenary landlady, to whom he was indebted for his board and lodging.

Thus lived and thus died the great Daniel Defoe;—so great, that he might have been considered good, had it not been for the personal treachery towards his political opponents, which he attempted to palliate in the letters to Mr De la Fay. Let us, however, cast no stone at his memory. The world knows his sin; but no one in his own day knew—or knows in ours—his temptations or his sufferings. All that can be pleaded in extenuation of his divergence from the right line is, that he valued his party above his own honour, and thought he was doing the State true service. And if he sinned he suffered,—as all must, high or low, who go wrong; but most of all those who are most richly endowed with the highest gifts of genius.

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS.

It is far from a pleasant thought that at the present stage of literary progress, when England perhaps contains a greater number of writers than at any previous time, the art of criticism should almost have died out of our insular world. There are no doubt abundance of reviews, but the observer needs to be only a very little behind the scenes to know what amount of dependence may be placed on the verdict of the Press, even in its higher vehicles. The extraordinary test of merit which consists in possessing the personal acquaintance of a newspaper writer—though no doubt, like every other arbitrary test, it sometimes secures a just verdict—is one on which, as anybody must see, no reliance can be placed. A man may be full of genius, and yet unknown to any editor; his work may be overflowing with power and inspiration, and yet he may be utterly unacquainted with anybody connected with the Press. No doubt, if his work is of the first class, he will eventually force himself into notice, but it will be side by side with ephemeral volumes which would never have been heard of but for the kindly aid of a friend on the staff of some leading journal. In this fantastic lottery of nominal criticism, it happens continually that writers most thoroughly well known and appreciated never receive at the hands of any qualified workman the examination which is their due, or the praise which can be fitly bestowed only by a mind accustomed to trace the progress of literary excellence, and acquainted with its essential elements. The works of the distinguished novelist, for instance, whom we are about to discuss, have, we believe, been less commented on by the critics of the day than those, for example, of Mr Edmund Yates, and much less than those of Miss Braddon or Onida,

or others of like calibre. And yet it would take half a hundred ordinary novelists to make up a shadow of the power, the wonderful swing of life and energy, the human insight and splendid graphic force of the author of the 'Cloister and the Hearth.' We do not, of course, intend to infer that it is want of acquaintance with the journalist craft which has lessened the meed of literary applause in the case of such a writer as Mr Reade, but only that this mean motive has crowded hosts of inferior writers to the front, where they had no right to be, and left to real genius but a place among the ignoble crowd.

With that crowd, however, we have nothing to do here. It is bad for themselves, bad for the public, and bad for the literary reputation of England, that they should be suffered to start into fictitious notice by the weakness or favouritism of so-called critics. But we do not forget that we ourselves have been stigmatised as a critic on two pounds a-week—a respectable, virtuous, and modest rate of remuneration which it is difficult to suppose could affect injuriously the character of the work produced; but that by the way—by a defender of the sensational writer; and in natural dread of an opponent so discriminating and so delicate, we hold our hand lest worse should befall us. Crowds of books, of a character so utterly fictitious that one feels a certain difficulty in allowing them the name of book at all, which are printed by some enterprising publisher on the ground of being no worse than certain others; which are foisted into the hands of booksellers by the mere business connection of the publisher; which are held for one tremulous moment above water by the notice of some acquaintance or acquaintance's acquaintance on the Press; and in consequence of that and the ad-

vertisements are included in the list for Mudie of ignorant readers, or sent by Mudie to replace the books written for which are "out"—pour into such circulation as is possible to them every day. A pitiful fate for the venerable and so much vaunted Press. Imagine that Caxton should have taken all that trouble, not to speak of those that went before him—all to procure the intrusion into so-called literature of 'True Love,' of the 'Girls of Feversham,' and a hundred others we could name! Sometimes, it is true, some reviewer stands forward desperate, and "makes an example" probably of one of the most harmless of the kind. But yet the manufacture goes on, and enough, it is to be supposed, must be made by it to clear paper and print at least; but the result is to bring the very name of literature into discredit; to disgust the true workman with his own craft, and to render the English novel ridiculous. Perhaps it is a just Nemesis which is about to overtake us in the shape of universal contempt and disgust, a more than ordinarily painful form. But if it is so, the silence of genuine criticism, the murmurs of false commendation, the curious nepotism of the Press, will be the most to blame.

We return to a more agreeable subject when we cast our eyes upon the trim volumes which prove Mr Reade to have attained the elysium of a popular edition. They stand before us, a little library of fiction, sound, wholesome, and vigorous, with many faults and many beauties, the real utterance of a real human being; full of the heartiest human sentiments, noble indignation, noble pity, daring sufficient to carry the lamp of imagination into very dark corners indeed, and to flash its revelation upon actual deeds of darkness, with all the imperious will of genius, and that true insight which only sympathy can give. Mr Reade has been called coarse; he has been accused of seeking the means of moving his readers outside the

lawful limits of art; of casting probability to the winds, and riding wildly over all the laws of circumstance. And we cannot say for him that one of these censures is untrue; he is now and then coarse, as in 'Griffith Gaunt'—not that he intends it, but that, having chosen to build his story upon a certain course of incidents, it was necessary for him to note certain events not generally chronicled; and he does so in plain, brief language, without thought of delicacy or the reverse. This may be coarse, but it is not nasty; nor is there any suggestion of nastiness in the sudden and curt record. And he has been accused of dragging in facts and controverted questions, and holding up systems which have many supporters, and against which the world has not decided, in a blaze of splendid reprobation, settling the matter on his own responsibility. And there is no doubt that, in respect to the highly-wrought and exciting narrative of the chaplain's interference with the tyrannies in the jail, which occurs in 'Never too late to mend;' and the equally startling panorama of private madhouses exhibited in 'Hard Cash,' this accusation is perfectly true. But then the struggle of Mr Eden is that of a Christian Bayard, which cannot but touch the heart of every reader; and the struggles of Alfred Hardie are those of a real man in horribly real and possible circumstances. Nor can we vindicate Mr Reade from the charge of improbabilities as wild as Dumas, and (can we say more?) as fascinating and attractive. The island in 'Foul Play' is an impossible island. Its astounding collection of useful and ornamental articles; the way in which necessities and conveniences of every description present themselves, as in a kind of idealised Palais Royal, is by times simply laughable. Yet who can lay down the wonderful, absurd, high-toned, childish story? Thus we do not defend him from his accusers; we have our own accusations to make,

of a nature that seem to us more serious. But Mr Reade's faults are so lost in the brilliancy of his power, in the mingled force and softness of his sympathy, in the noble ideal he so often sets before us, and the fine, keen sense of excellence which shines through everything he does, that we have not the heart to reproach him with them.

There is, perhaps, no writer of equal eminence who has so clearly shown the character and principles of his genius from the very beginning of his career. 'Peg Woffington,' his earliest work, is at once an epitome and adumbration of all he has done. Mr Reade's *repertoire* is limited. He has one brilliant, splendid woman, full of noble instincts, of passion and generosity, and pride and humbleness, who is his delight, and whom he cannot too often reproduce; and he has another simple, tender, wise, feminine creature who is the rival, the conqueror, the defender, the only being who fully comprehends the first; and between these two he has a fancy for placing a very weak, sometimes contemptible, man. This is but a small circle, yet it is wide enough to give occasion for many exquisite contrasts and telling scenes. Such a limitation is no doubt a weakness in point of art; but we doubt much whether it is not an additional charm to the ordinary reader, who arrives but slowly at a perception of character, and requires to have it impressed upon him by many repetitions. The favourite conceptions of our novelist—his Mrs Woffington, his Christie Johnstone, his Kate, are all more or less repetitions, with changes of costume and accessories, of one idea. It is the very ideal of womankind, according to what Mr Mill would call the imperfect and depraved conditions which are all that has been permitted it since the beginning of the world; a being full of power, and brilliancy, and daring, and intuitive perception—full, indeed, of what we can describe

only as genius, in distinction from the more manageable and practical talents of ordinary life—ready to jump at the truth, however concealed; but, at the same time, not above the deceptions of society, or those benevolent tricks which a fertile imagination suggests for the management and wellbeing of others; a creature equal to any emergency, rising with high, nervous valour to any danger; able to brace herself for every necessary exertion, and to do whatsoever may be demanded with sufficient energy from her hands. Something of Rosalind, something of Imogen, is in this fine conception—yet it is original, and has never been set forth in the same fulness by any other. That Mr Dickens never dreamed of such a being, nor even the broader intelligence of Thackeray, nor the more courtly and more diversified genius of Lord Lytton, it is unnecessary to say. Mr Reade has made this woman; he has clothed her, not in weakness, as has been the wont of romancists, but in beautiful power and strength, the fulness of health and vigour, bodily and mental. He has set her forth not as a passive, but an active being, able to do almost anything she puts her hand to, and encumbered by no miserable timidity or self-consciousness, though white and splendid with natural modesty. Whatever she touches takes a certain grace; her comings and her goings impress themselves on all minds; she is the centre of the picture wherever she appears. And then how fine is the discrimination between what this noble creature can do and what she cannot. She can labour with a man's energy and boldness; she can take fortune at the tide; she can save lives and win hearts. But she cannot sway some one weak selfish soul about her, cannot make it noble like herself, or take away from it the faithful affections of which it is unworthy. Everything else she can do, but this she cannot. Her faithfulness is proof against

her own clear sight and discrimination. Such is Peg Woffington, the actress; such is Christie Johnstone, the fishwoman; and such is Kate Gaunt. Each is perfectly true to her surroundings and to her age. There is, so to speak, no resemblance between them; their costume is varied with all the skill of consummate art; they think as becomes their different stations and periods, without the slightest confusion of identity;—and yet they are one. Perhaps—such a thing is possible—had the author concentrated his powers on one production of his favourite character, something more effective still might have been the result. But we should be very reluctant to be put to it which of the trio we would part with. Not Christie, the pride of Newhaven; and not the brave, sweet, gay, infinitely gifted actress. If one were to be sacrificed, Kate, we think, would have the least hold on our hearts. And yet how noble is Kate in her virtues and her errors, her boldness, her fears, her miserable mistakes, and suffering! The woman walks through the book, with her grand stature and stately grace, winning us, enchanting us, offending us, like a real creature. The reader feels disposed to pause, and warn, and remonstrate, and bid her look well what she is about. Harm will come of it! we call out to her unconsciously; and she knows it—half hears us—yet is swept on. What a woman! If there were many like her, how poor would all Mr Mill's pleas for equality sound! (as, heaven knows, without that, they sound poor enough!) Equal! to the good-natured lout by her side, whom she condescends to love? One might as well speak of equality between the lion and the ass, or between the pole-star and a smoky lantern. This is the thing of all others which Mr Reade has done best; and we know not one of his contemporaries, and few of his predecessors, who have given such an idea to the world.

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To return, however, to Peg Woffington, the first presentation of this ideal to the world. It is now a good many years since the book was published—and it was only a novel, and people forget. It is the story of a little episode in the life of the celebrated actress. We are not aware how much of historical fact Mr Reade may have put into his sketch of her. If she was in actual life the sweet, and lofty, and simple, and gifted creature she is in the book, no wonder the author fell in love with the ghost of her, and laid it up for after use; but Peg Woffington to us is Mr Reade's creation, and we have no desire to interfere with that by any reference to fact. This episode is the enthusiastic devotion to her of a certain Mr Vane, a squire from the country, with tastes more delicate than most of the squires of his time—a poetical temperament and a weak mind. He goes to the play in inadvertence to amuse himself, and falls fatally, overwhelmingly in love with the beautiful actress. It is unnecessary to trace the story through all its details—how he became introduced to her, how the acquaintance grew, and how Peg, finding the sentimentalist of a mould very different from her many would-be lovers, got at last to believe in him altogether, to love him, trust him, and look forward to an honourable union with him. It takes some time to accomplish this, and just as she has made up her mind to accept him wholly, there arrives suddenly a meek, sweet, blue-eyed creature from the country—who is his wife. This Mabel Vane is the other of Mr Reade's favourite female characters. She becomes Mercy in 'Griffith Gaunt,' and there is something very like her shadowing out in the Jael of his current story. She has no gifts like her rival, her very beauty is of a lower tone; it is her freshness, her sweetness, her likeness to the flowers and fields, her innocence and tenderness, that make her lovely. She is very

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young, very guileless, thinks herself very ignorant, and adores and looks up to her husband as the perfection of manhood. In short, she is a simple English girl, with all the natural qualities which are identified with that name, and no more that is apparent to the eye; yet this child has a secret deep profound wisdom in her which the careless bystanders never dream of, a wisdom that springs out of love and noble courtesy and consideration for others. She comes up to town a little Queen Eleanor, to find her husband at the feet of a nobler Rosamond. Mr Thackeray might have permitted her to dispense with the poison, but she would have turned her rival to the door with all those delicate outrages of words which people say a jealous woman is such a mistress of. Mr Reade is not so great an artist as Mr Thackeray, but he knows better: no such superficial treatment of his subject contents him. He treats the two, not technically as injured wife and rival, but as two human creatures whom he has himself taken pains to make out of dust more delicate than the common clay. And instead of poison and daggers, the old vulgar necessity, he makes them see each other, understand each other, know, being creatures of one species, what each has been meaning in her heart. The scene has its faults, no doubt, and there is a touch of extravagance in it, an extravagance the result of his power and mastery over his materials, which is one of Mr Reade's standing defects. Let us premise that Mrs Woffington, by way of confounding the critics who were coming to inspect a portrait of herself, painted by poor Triplet—an unfortunate playwright, poor painter, and unsuccessful self-styled man of genius—has forced him to take the unfinished canvas out of the frame, and place her own living countenance in it instead, with a ludicrous result of criticism, one au-

thority finding the picture wanting in softness, and “rather tea-board like;” another, that the shadows are badly managed; another, that it is a pretty face, but not like Peg Woffington. When the discomfited party have gone away, after discovering their error, the broken-hearted actress betrays to Triplet the passion with which she is brimming over.

“‘Madam,’ he cries, ‘see what these fine gentlemen are! What business had he, with a wife at home, to come and fall in love with you? I do it for ever in my plays—I am obliged—they would be so dull else—but in real life to do it is abominable.’

“‘You forget, sir,’ said Mrs Woffington, without moving, ‘that I am an actress—a plaything for the impertinence of puppies and the treachery of hypocrites. Fool! to think there was an honest man in the world, and that he had shone upon me!’

“‘With these words she turned, and Triplet was shocked to see the change in her face. She was pale, and her black lowering brows were gloomy and terrible. She walked like a tigress to and fro, and Triplet dared not speak to her; indeed, she seemed but half-conscious of his presence. He went for nobody with her. How little we know the people we eat and go to church and flirt with! Triplet had imagined this actress an incarnation of gaiety, a sportive being, the daughter of smiles, the birth of mirth; needed but a look at her now to see that her heart was a volcano, her bosom a boiling gulf of fiery lava. She walked like some wild creature; she flung her hands up to heaven with a passionate despair, before which the feeble spirit of her companion shrank and cowered, and, with quivering lips and blazing eyes, she burst forth into a torrent of passionate bitterness. . . .

“‘My dear benefactress,’ said Triplet, ‘they are not worthy of you.’

“‘I thought this man was not all dross; from the first I never felt his passion an insult. Oh Triplet! I could have loved this man, really loved him—and I longed so to be good—oh God! oh God!’

“‘Thank heaven you don’t love him,’ cried Triplet, hastily—‘thank God for that!’

“‘Love him? love a man who comes to me with a silly second-hand affection from his insipid baby-face, and offers

me half, or two-thirds, or a third of his worthless heart? I hate him! and her! and all the world!"

"That is what I call a very proper feeling," said poor Triplet, with a weak attempt to console her. "Then break with him at once, and all will be well."

"Break with him? Are you mad? No! since he plays with the tools of my trade, I shall fool him worse than he has me. I will feed his passion full, tempt him, torture him, play with him as the angler plays a fish on his hook. And when his very life depends on me, then by degrees he shall see me cool and cool, and freeze into bitter diversion. Then he shall rue the hour he fought with the devil against my soul, and played false with a brain and heart like mine!"

The outraged woman is still fully possessed by this frantic mood, when suddenly the injured wife is found to be ascending the stair with that strange bias towards one spot which the personages in a novel so often show when the moment is come for an *eclaircissement*. Mrs Woffington, in spite of Triplet's agonised remonstrances, places herself again in the picture-frame, and in this attitude listens to Mabel's story of her simple misery, and her determination to make an appeal to the actress who has stolen her husband's heart from her. "I am not learned, but I can read faces," the poor young creature says. "I always could, and so could my aunt Deborah before me. Did not my heart warm to her among them all? There *is* a heart at the bottom of all her acting, and that heart is good and noble." Then her eye catches the supposed picture, and, her passion mastering her, she turns from Triplet to what she imagines the portrait of her rival, "stretching her clasped hands towards it, while sobs and words seemed to break direct from her bursting heart."

"Oh yes! you are beautiful, you are gifted, and the eyes of thousands wait upon your every word and look. What wonder that he, ardent, refined, and

genial, should lay his heart at your feet? And I have nothing but my love to make him love me. I cannot take him from you. Oh, be generous to the weak! oh, give him back to me! What is one heart more to you? You are so rich, and I am so poor, that without his love I have nothing, and can do nothing but sit me down and cry till my heart breaks. Give him back to me, beautiful, terrible woman! for, with all your gifts, you cannot love him as his poor Mabel does; and I will love you longer perhaps than men can love. I will kiss your feet, and Heaven above will bless you: and I will bless you and pray for you to my dying day. Ah! it is alive! I am frightened!" She ran to Triplet and seized his arm. "No!" cried she, quivering close to him; "I'm not frightened, for it was for me she—— Oh, Mrs Woffington!" and hiding her face on Mr Triplet's shoulder, she blushed, and wept, and trembled.

"What was it had betrayed Mrs Woffington? A tear!"

"During the whole of this interview (which had taken a turn so unlooked for by the listener) she might have said with Beatrice, 'What fire is in mine ears?' and what self-reproach and chill misgiving in her heart too. She had passed through a hundred emotions, as the young innocent wife told her sad and simple story. But anxious now above all things to escape without being recognised—for she had long repented of having listened at all, or placed herself in her present position—she fiercely mastered her countenance; but though she ruled her features she could not rule her heart. And when the young wife, instead of inveighing against her, came to her as a suppliant, with faith in her goodness, and sobbed to her for pity, a big tear rolled down her cheek, and proved her something more than a picture or an actress.

"Mrs Vane, as we have related, screamed and ran to Triplet.

"Mrs Woffington came instantly from her frame, and stood before them in a despairing attitude, with one hand upon her brow. For a single moment her impulse was to fly from the apartment, so ashamed was she of having listened, and of meeting her rival in this way; but she conquered this feeling, and as soon as she saw Mrs Vane, too, had recovered some composure, she said to Triplet, in a low but firm voice,

"Leave us, sir. No living creature must hear what I say to this lady!

"Triplet remonstrated, but Mrs Vane said, faintly,

" 'Oh yes, good Mr Triplet, I would rather you left me.'

"Triplet, full of misgivings, was obliged to retire.

" 'Be composed, ladies,' said he, piteously. 'Neither of you could help it;' and so he entered his inner room, where he sat and listened nervously, for he could not shake off all apprehension of a personal encounter."

The personal encounter, however, of which poor Triplet, emblem of the conventional and vulgar imagination, has so much fear, becomes such a contest of generous and elevated feeling as perhaps only Mr Reade, of all living poets, could have imagined; and nothing can be finer than the conflict in the mind of the young wife as to her right to accept the supreme sacrifice offered to her. For the issue, however, we must refer the young reader, who does not yet know the book, to a volume which will charm him in proportion to his greater or less perception of the generosities of the soul.

Christie Johnstone is Mr Reade's second *avatar* of his favourite woman. She is very different from Peg Woffington. She is a Newhaven fisher-lass of the present day, idealised no doubt, but not etherealised—a vigorous, capable, powerful, splendid creature—genuine fishwife, real woman. Her tenderness is not more real than her sagacity and power for business, her enterprise and daring, her fine Newhaven eye for a bargain, and lavish Scotch soul behind to bestow the proceeds. When she sends out her little secret expedition to Inchkeith, taking instant advantage of her brother's discovery of "the herrin"—when she rushes out to sea to save the drowning man, whom she does not know to be her miserable lover—when she meets in sharp conflict of words a rival fishwife, Christie is as real as daylight. Probably Newhaven has never seen a fisher-maiden like her, but there is

no reason why Newhaven should not possess twenty, so entirely is she free of any artificial sign of superiority. She is superior by being better, cleverer, more prompt and ready, more thoughtful and elevated in mind, than her neighbours. And then she is a great reader, like many another Scotch lass. Books are real things to her; she takes them into her soul and reproduces them in stories such as some of us have heard in our nurseries or by the glimmer of the gathered fire, when our favourite Marget or Jenny could be laid hold upon to tell them. We know no instance in which the quaint changes that come over an immortal tale, when translated into vigorous peasant-language, and treated with the desperate realism common to a class which possesses imagination without being aware of it, have been set forth more graphically. Mr George Macdonald does it more philosophically, perhaps more delicately, in one of the early scenes of his wonderful novel 'David Elginbrod'; but Mr Macdonald is always theological, always Broad Church, and Mr Reade is under no limit of the schools.

While Christie is entertaining her friends in this way at a marriage-picnicking on the island of Inchkeith, a certain Lord Ipsden, whom his physician has sent to Newhaven to make acquaintance with the lower classes and do one charitable act every day as a cure for hypochondria, comes in; and having just left an aristocratic picnic party, at which a young lady has declined to sing because she has not her book, satirically suggests that the song which Christie demands as payment for her tale may not be forthcoming for the same reason. To which Christie answers—

" 'Our minds are no saxpenny sieves to let music and metre through and leave us none the wiser or better. Dinna gang into low vulgar company, or you're a lost laddy.'

"*Ipsden*. — 'Vulgar again! everybody has a different sense for that word, I think. What is vulgar?'

"*Christie*. — 'Vulgar folk sit in a chair ae, twa, whiles three hours, eatin', and abune a' drinkin', as still as hoegs, or gruntin' puir everyday clashes, gossip, rubbish; when ye are aside them you might as well be aside a cuddy; they canna gie ye a sang, they canna tell ye a story, they canna think ye a thought to save their useless lives,—that's vulgar folk.'"

This fine creature loves a poor artist, a miserable being whom the reader declines to believe could ever become a great painter, or be worth a moment's thought from *Christie Johnstone*; who is ordered by his mother, a stern old woman full of common-sense, to give up his love, and does so in a half-hearted way natural to him; and tries to get drowned, and is saved by the dauntless fisher-maiden—an incident which is finely told. But here lies Mr Reade's great error. We all know the conventional jargon about the weakness which is allied to imaginative genius, the unreal depressions and excitements, the emotional strength and feebleness which distinguish the poetic temperament. In Mr Reade's ear privately we don't believe a word of it—and neither does he. And he insults his heroine and his public by foisting upon both of us this heartless ninny as a man. It is curious that while everybody remarks the imperfections of the men sketched in the books of female writers, nobody thinks of remarking the same fact when it appears in the writings of men. Women no doubt by times have drawn very impossible heroes, but which of them has ever made us a vacillating fool like this Charles Gatty, hysterical, mawkish, and contemptible, and asked us to accept him as a fit mate for a heroic woman? or a base and false and heartless deceiver like Vane; or a poor good-natured sot like Griffith Gaunt, though he is not with-

out gleams of redeeming manliness and honour in his earlier development? These men set by the side of such women look very much as if Mr Reade had a theory of his own on the great subject of women's rights, and was cunningly impressing upon the public mind in a covert way the doctrine of their unspeakable superiority in heart and brain, and strength of every kind. We do not suppose he really means to prove this, or indeed any other theory; but still the contrast is too strong, and impairs the picture. Christie in real life would have been ashamed of the man she had chosen, notwithstanding the difference in rank, and the force of the Newhaven tradition that it is the woman who protects the man; and the postscriptal happiness of the two Gaunts after the husband has been covered with contempt and shame, strikes the reasonable reader with a sense of downright offence. Love is, we fully believe it, all but indestructible; and a woman may still love and shield and stand by, and, in a manner, protect the being she is bound to, notwithstanding that he has procured for himself everybody's else reprobation and contempt, and did she allow herself a moment to think of that, could not possibly escape her own. But that she should consent to be *happy* with him after his baseness, his folly, his treachery have been fully proved, that is more difficult to believe, and requires a woman of a harder, less susceptible nature than is Mr Reade's beautiful and stately Dame. But a new novel, at least, deserves a new paragraph, and this tribute to its individuality is not difficult to give.

'Griffith Gaunt' does not in point of chronology come after the two early novels which we have just discussed. The author's noblest romance—a book which will no doubt take its place among the immortals, and live beyond the

limits of the nineteenth century—'The Cloister and the Hearth,' was produced between; and so were the 'family of Dodd' and the romances connected therewith. As a matter of private partiality, we are not sure that we do not prefer Lucy Fountain and her daughter Julia Dodd to all the rest of Mr Reade's female characters—but that by the way. All these maturer and more delicate productions of his genius come between 'Christie Johnstone' and 'Griffith Gaunt;' but there is a natural grouping which is above chronology. Nothing can be more charming than the opening of this story. Kate Peyton, daughter of an extravagant Cumberland squire with an entailed estate, and nothing to give her, is set before us, to start with, as follows:—

"Miss Catherine Peyton was a young lady of ancient family in Cumberland, and the most striking but least popular beauty in the county. She was very tall and straight, and carried herself a little too imperiously; yet she would sometimes relax, and all but dissolve that haughty figure, and hang sweetly drooping over her favourites. Then the contrast was delicious, and the woman fascinating. Her hair was golden and glossy; her eyes a lovely grey; and she had a way of turning them on slowly and full, so that their victim could not fail to observe two things—1st, That they were grand and beautiful orbs; 2d, That they were thoughtfully overlooking him instead of looking at him."

This lady—proud as Lucifer, yet tender as a dove—ininitely more clever, more elevated, more educated, than the young huntsman-cousin who adores her, and has been for two or three years, according to the pretty phraseology of the time, her "servant," comes, after a series of incidents, to marry Griffith; her immediate stimulus to this step being the fact that his and her kinsman, who had promised to leave his estates to Gaunt, left them to Kate instead; whereupon her fine generosity comes in

to give an excuse to love. The early chapters, which precede the marriage, are by much the finest in the book; but they are not the story, and we leave them to charm the reader by their own attractions without comment of ours. Gaunt wins her—by no virtue of his, be it understood—from his rival, George Neville, a very much finer gentleman, and better match. Kate is a Catholic, while her husband is a Protestant, and this is the "little rift within the lute." Then comes a time when the dame's confessor, a man of common-sense and homely excellence, is replaced by an Italian, a certain Brother Leonard. But let no good Protestant prick up his ears, hoping for a sacerdotal villain. Leonard is a mystic, a poet, a man of noble eloquence and heightened imagination. Kate's face in church, rapt, celestial, and sympathetic, gradually impresses itself upon his imagination. She becomes his audience, the only one of his humble congregation who understands him; and gradually, without knowing it, the priest learns to love his beautiful penitent. That there might have been a suspicion of danger to his heroine from the contrast between this man of genius and her flushed and bored squire, whose primitive quality of good-nature has indeed stood the test of years, but who has nothing but that and his love to match all the gifts his high-spirited wife has brought him, Mr Reade does not allow; but Griffith becomes wildly jealous, forbids the priest his house, threatens him with a ducking, and concludes her—the proud, delicate, sensitive, pure creature, at once too proud and too innocent for any thought of evil—guilty, without the slightest evidence. They part in high wrath, and he, with all the forlorn desolation of a man without any mental resources of his own, or much character, to fall back upon, has the inevitable brain-fever, and is nursed back to life and comfort in a little

public-house in Lancashire by Mercy Vint, the daughter of the innkeeper. The aimless despair, the determination to escape from that despair, and, so far as he can, from the pain that makes him miserable, the shallow mind which can think of no way of mending matters, but must follow the best with the worst, is admirably described. The poor wretch is like a ship without a rudder—he has been leaning on a stronger character all these years; leaning even while suspecting and opposing it; and now all his life is suddenly warped into confusion. What can he do to escape from himself, to elude his thoughts and his sufferings and his own identity? Rash, foolish, desperate, he flies, as we have said, at the worst. He throws off his name, his life, and his past with that foolish credulity so characteristic of the weak, as if the past could ever be obliterated, or one man have two lives—settles down to be the keeper of a roadside inn in his turn, and—marries Mercy Vint.

Books about bigamy are not generally works of high art. But in this case the despairing struggle of the weak soul is so powerfully drawn, that it is with that sense of a tragic fate drawing in the human puppets within its net, which is one of the most powerful instruments of art, that we look at the serious tragic picture. He is so weak, the desperate, brave, foolish, strong fellow. By times he will burst out crying, by times sit dumb with the sword in his heart. He cannot bear it. It is the great and the strong who can bear; to the weak and foolish endurance is intolerable. He must be rid of it somehow. And there he stands, all confused, the pilot of his life gone, and all his faith in human-kind gone with her. Whereupon he does what is the instinct of the feeble. He plunges into a new life head foremost, shutting his eyes that he may

not see. In powerful hands such a picture becomes more pitiful, more touching, than the story of a nobler struggle; for weakness, when it comes to the tragic point, has something piteous in its blind chaos and confusion, like the death-struggle of a dumb creature, to whom the final darkness comes in fright and gloom, with no meaning in it. After this ill-omened marriage there is such an interval of peace as would be natural after a man had made such a plunge, and left all behind him—until fortune goes against the "Pack horse," and Griffith sets out dolefully and reluctantly to demand a certain sum of money, which is his, from his wife, whom he still believes to have sinned against him. The effect of his appearance, the steps she takes instantly to prove to him her perfect innocence, the conviction which he cannot resist, and the final reconciliation which follows, fill the unhappy man with mingled rapture and misery; for after all, as such men call loving, it is Kate he loves. It is needless to follow him through all the mazes of his miserable tale; he goes away with his money, but returns again to his dame to find his secret told, and leaves the house finally under such circumstances that she is arrested, put in prison, and tried on the charge of having murdered him. He is sought for far and near, but is not to be found. Even the news that his wife is in danger of her life on his account does not rouse him from the lethargy of drink and despair in which he is discovered, when Mercy Vint, his other wife, finds him out at last. It is she who comes at the last moment, with her child in her arms, to save her rival; and that rival, after the first violent natural impulse of wrath and jealous hatred, is overcome by the transparent soul of the injured woman, understands her, acknowledges her purity and blamelessness, and recog-

nises that she alone, the most hardly tried of all, is the one who suffers without any fault of hers. The situation is at once the reversal and the counterpart of the scene between Peg Woffington and Mrs Vane which we have already quoted. The two women on either side are identical ; the subject of argument is in some degree the same. Few writers could venture thus daringly to repeat themselves ; and yet we cannot blame Mr Reade for repeating himself. The conjunction is one of the strangest and most painful interest. Guilt has linked them together, yet are they as spotless a pair as ever stood side by side ; women too pure to make a thought of evil possible — suffering heavily, cruelly, yet learning no hardness from their sufferings. Nor have either of them a thought of revenge towards the poor creature who is the husband of both. To Mercy, the calmer, softer, more submissive nature, it has been possible to put him out of her heart. Kate, more passionate, cannot ; his supposed death, his disappearance, the long suspense and terror, have roused in her all the tenderness of her youth.

The man after this should have perished somewhere out of sight as everybody must see, or he should have disappeared into some nameless grave, the only grace he could do them after all that had happened. But Mr Reade has been led away either by a natural benevolent desire to make his children happy, of which he shows various signs, not always wise, or by the clamours of the public against a book with a bad ending. He is a fond father of his literary progeny, and doting parents are not noted for judgment. When Kate, who has had to defend herself from the charge of murdering him, returns home, her husband turns up too after a while, very penitent, and headachy, and miserable, and after various scenes,

which are very artificial, a perfect reconciliation ensues, with babies galore, and the other orthodox evidences of conjugal beatitude. Nor is this all, for Mercy Vint, the dove-eyed, has to be made conventionally happy too. And to this end Mr Reade makes the proud Sir George Neville, who has been Kate's chivalrous and respectful "servant" for ever so many years, fall in love with the publican's daughter, and bring her, as Lady Neville, to the immediate neighbourhood of the man with whom she has been so fatally connected. "The Gaunts and the Nevilles did not meet in society," we are told, but the two wives kept up a tender correspondence ; and the two couples were model couples, and the horrible episode in their history which had muddled them altogether so strangely came to look like a hideous dream.

Now there can be no doubt that this conclusion is the ruin of the book. The horror has been piled so high, the tragic strength and devotion of the two female characters, the tragic weakness, vacillation, and misery of the wretched man, have been set before us so forcibly, that we are quite unprepared for sugar and rose-water at the end. Mr Reade's paternal affection has deceived him, and made him forget those fine instincts of the poet which are strong in him by nature. It is very nice to be happy, no doubt, and very sweet to be able to make one's children happy at no more serious expense than a little ink. But then if one's children are thereby stultified and deprived of their *raison d'être* ? The reader even, while with natural human relief he congratulates himself on having escaped the catastrophe which he felt to be inevitable, yet turns disgusted and contemptuous from the humdrum, comfortable couples whom he leaves at the end. What ! forget it all so calmly, when the spectator, a hundred years off,

cannot forget it? Fall back upon felicity and crowds of babies after all we have had to go through for them and with them? This will never do, we cry. Let Griffith make an end of himself, and we shall be sorry for the poor wretch; but return to the country where such shame has been poured upon him, where his honour, his character, and even the privacy in which a dishonoured man may shroud himself, have all been rent away from him—where every particular of his shame is known, and the pitiful figure he cuts between the two women is fully apparent to every eye! What would the Cumberland gentlemen say to him at the cover-side, we should like to know? What place would be his at Quarter Sessions, at all the solemnities of the gentry? And yet Mr Reade tells us that he was very happy, riches having fallen upon him unexpectedly during his eclipse, and made his Kate very happy, and reared a numerous offspring, and was a credit to his country! We are very ready to take for gospel anything within reason that such a writer tells us; but here we make our stand. It is not a case in which people can be happy ever after. They have no right to be happy. Kate Gaunt, with all her pride, her delicacy, and high spirit, must have died with shame to look at the man happy who had left her to undergo a prison and trial, while he lay besotted, not stirring to help her; not for her own sake—for a woman does not count her own suffering—but for the unspeakable baseness it showed in him. It is a mistake on Mr Reade's part to make the man so despicable and to make his shame so public, just as it is a mistake to make Vane such a weak villain, and Gatty so poor a creature. Here is the fine distinction in a woman's character which so few men can fathom. He is not wrong in affirming that a woman can preserve her love and faithful-

ness in spite of everything; but that this faithfulness and love are so irrevocably connected with an ideal that her nature compels her to piece up the broken idol again and set it on its old pedestal, and resume exactly the same kind of worship which she rendered before it had fallen. This is to make Love, the most clear-sighted, the most long-suffering, the most exquisite and sad of all spirits, into a simple fool. There is a sweetness, no doubt, in the changed and chastened feeling with which a wife consoles, supports, and still loves the man who has sinned too deeply to be endured by any but herself; but she does not under such circumstances fall to worshipping him over again as if her eyes had never been opened. This is false to nature, and altogether a mistake in art. Wherefore let us adjure Mr Reade another time, by our admiration for his genius, to have the axe and block ready, and send us such a fellow quick out of the world; after which event his widow or widows may weep for him as much as they please, and sing elegies and reconstruct him into perfection. For the dead such a thing may be possible—but not for the living.

And though the objection is of much less importance, may we be permitted to say that we cannot see so clearly as Mr Reade does the certainty of Mercy Vint, the publican's daughter, making so satisfactory a Lady Neville, or Christie, the Newhaven lass, much as we love her, being *par excellence* the wife for a painter? Painters have married beautiful peasants before now, with not the highest success; and we greatly doubt whether Charles Gatty, a born snob, would have been reconciled to the visitations of his wife's brother, the mate of a merchant-ship, who hailed the house when he approached with a roar which brought all the row to their windows, by mere artistic appreciation of Flucker as

a model of manly beauty. The real Gatty would have been horribly wounded in his gentility by those irruptions of the sea-monster. It is in nature to suppose him tolerant of Christie's own Scotch and fishwife habits; but even had he himself been a gentleman, so great a piece of magnanimity could scarcely have been expected from him; and as he was a snob, the fact is simply impossible.

There is, however, another mate of a merchant-ship awaiting us in Mr Reade's little world of living creatures, for whose relationship no prince need have blushed—David Dodd, beautiful, tender, simple, right-minded soul, as chivalrous as Don Quixote, as guileless as a child, fine seaman, impassioned lover. One's heart warms to the man so broadly, simply, forcibly drawn, who is no fool and no piece of perfection, but one of the finest human creatures who has ever set foot in a book, and that is saying a good deal. The fun in him, the unconscious poetry, the benign mildness and charity, the simple unaffected courage and strength, are not to be surpassed—unless it is by the utter unconsciousness of the man that there is anything in him that is admirable or unusual. Mr Reade makes him grow into the maturity of middle age before our eyes, mellowing the young seaman into the experienced commander with a skill which commands our highest plaudits. We do not know what our novelist had been doing after 'Christie Johnstone.' Was it not then that the book sometimes called 'White Lies,' and sometimes 'The Double Marriage,' excited a temporary row in the literary world, certain skilful critics having found (an utterly futile and meaningless accusation) the plot of the work to be borrowed from a French romance? Our memory is hazy on the subject, yet we have a faint notion that such was the case, and that the public gaped, as is

its wont, over the supposed discovery, and that perhaps the author was a little thrown into discredit on the subject. Whether it is only our imagination which suggests that there was here a gap in his labours, and that perhaps a certain discouragement had stolen over him, we cannot tell. But we remember well how, ten years ago, in a bitter wintry night in Southern Italy, by the light of a flaring unshadowed Roman lamp, we opened a slim volume in the Tauchnitz library which bore the not attractive title of 'Love me Little, Love me Long.' What did it mean? one asked one's self languidly, dully, not caring much about the matter; but it was the season when the Angelus sounds early, and all the narrow Italian streets wrap themselves in gloom, and the lamp flares in many a cunning draught, and the lonely stranger shrinks ever nearer to the wood fire that chirrups and crackles on the hearth. And lo! the volume, listlessly opened, brought suddenly into the foreign room, with its one tenant sorely in lack of genial company—Lucy Fountain and David Dodd! Whether the circumstances of the introduction added something to the intrinsic excellence of the book, we can scarcely say. It is not a book which it is usual to distinguish as Mr Reade's masterpiece; but of all the little library before us, it is the one to which we personally turn with the warmest partiality. There is so little in it that we can wish out of it—so little redundancy, so much originality—such truth and naturalness, such charming ease and undemonstrative power. It is not a great work like the 'Cloister and the Hearth,' for instance, which we reserve to the last. It is a little idyl, a homely poem. Only one of the two most deeply concerned is even impassioned; there are few sensational events,—none indeed except the voyage, which we shall quote anon; but yet the story attracts us

like music. Lucy herself is like the "melody that's sweetly played in tune." She is not brilliant, splendid, commanding, like Mr Reade's first favourite. The grand charm about her is that she is a perfect lady—courtesy is almost her passion. She is like Sir Lancelot, unable by natural constitution to be discourteous to any. "Oh, ask me anything but that," she cries, with tears in her eyes and a real anguish, when she is required to quench a lover by an act of rudeness. It is not in her nature. And the very fact that this sweet grace of courtesy is almost the ruling power in her nature, gives to her character sundry complications which do not belong to the primitive woman. Her politeness can be cold as well as sweet; and it drives her to a hundred little contrivances which are very ingenious and very amusing, but sometimes tortuous enough. Lucy is the object of a double conspiracy on the part of her uncle and aunt (on opposite sides of the house, and who hate each other like poison). They have both a suitor for her, and both exact from her a promise that she will not marry anybody her uncle, anybody her aunt, recommends. Miss Fountain gives the required pledge most sweetly, having no wish to marry anybody at the moment; but she does not confide to either of the plotters that she has promised on both sides. Her suitor on one hand is one of the proudest and most long-descended of squires, to wit, Mr Reginald Talboys, a gentleman of stainless blood and large possessions. Lucy cannot be uncivil to him; but having divined the moment at which he is to make his proposal, she cruelly plunges a hair-pin into her pony, makes him execute all kinds of capers, sets off the steed of her unfortunate lover, and sweetly smiles in her sleeve at his despair. She is sweet to everybody, taking every

one's feelings into consideration, smoothing down matters everywhere, sparing no pains on her own part, excusing, petting, putting pretty glosses upon all the doubtful proceedings of her relatives. Thus she glides about the story in maiden meditation fancy free, softly eluding a lover at every corner, very happy in her freedom and her youth, and the affection of her friends. She is so sweetly in tune among all the jars of the surrounding figures, that she soothes the reader and the writer, as well as the other personages in her little drama. There is something in the idea of this soft, tender, passionless feminine creature which has always had a wonderful power. Passion is grander, but it is, in its way, always a descent from that pedestal on which chivalry has placed the abstract woman—a creature above passion, spotless as the snow, almost insensible, affectionate, serene, and sweet, with none of the thrills and throbs of feeling which belong to the senses rather than the heart. Lucy has no senses at all, so to speak. She is all white—a beautiful gracious spirit. This answers charmingly when it is only beings like Talboys and Hardie whom she has to encounter, excellent, manageable, unadventurous men of the world. They too are courteous, but not like Lucy—they are polite. What is a sweet spring of natural feeling in her, is in them the outer lacker exacted by conventionalism and the world. She can elude them, defeat them, glide out of their grasp with a serenity unmoved; but the matter becomes quite another matter when she is confronted by David Dodd, a natural and impassioned man—then comes the real tug of war.

David is Mr Reade's *preux chevalier*. As there is little excellence on the stage without a little extravagance, so Mr Reade's picturesque and dramatic genius is never quite free from a *soupeçon* of exaggera-

tion. David just escapes being the Admirable Crichton which Robert Penfold is in 'Foul Play.' He cannot quite do everything, be it art, or trade, or philosophy, or handicraft, like that all-accomplished being; but he can do a great many things: he can talk as none of the artificial men about him can, when he has been set going in the right groove; he can play the fiddle (thank heaven! David does not call it the violin) so as to conjure a heart into a stone; he can sail his ship against any seaman that ever rolled upon salt water; he can teach mathematics; he can puzzle out confused points in genealogy; and he can love—how he can love! not as the conventional men do, no more than reason, but as men do in the poets, to such a verge of folly as to break his heart and cover all his sky with glooms, and make his life a burden to him. Before this wonderful real passion Lucy Fountain trembles. She is so far artificial, or rather conventional, herself; so used to exert herself for other people's pleasure, and throw herself into their feelings without any stronger motive than that which nature and instinct supply, that the sudden devouring love in which she is caught fills her with consternation and wonder. She cannot offend him, or elude him, or glide, supple and graceful, out of the hold he takes upon her imagination; and yet he is abject to her, without a thought of being worthy of her, worshipping with an utter self-renunciation which goes to the very heart. It is a new being with whom she is thus brought in contact. The words which other men speak he means. He is all primitive nature, ardour, and fire; and the woman who is so serenely superior to all the rest, quakes before the sailor's homely passion. For he is not in her condition of life, nor capable of being a fit match for Lucy—a position which always

has its charms, and which Mr Reade evidently delights in. At last there comes a day in which Talboys, the long-descended, by consent of her uncle, arranges to take Lucy in his yacht for a sail, with the private understanding that the proposal which she has so often eluded should be then made. Lucy sees the trick, but, strong in her own powers of evasion, consents. A gale comes on, and the result is as follows. It must be premised that before this she has, with an emotion and sympathy which she finds it difficult to account for, even to herself, rejected poor David's love, and dismissed him, though very gently and tenderly, as such a gentlewoman would.

"In the midst of this agitation and terror, suddenly the boat was hailed: they all looked up, and there was the lateen coming tearing down on them under all her canvas, both her broad sails spread out to the full, one on each side; she seemed all monstrous wing. The lugger being now nearly head to wind, she came flying down on her weather-bow as if to run past her, then, lowering her foresail, made a broad sweep and brought up suddenly between the lugger and the wind. As her foresail fell, a sailor bounded over it on to the fore-castle, and stood there with one foot on the gunwale, active as Mercury, eye glowing, and a rope in his hand.

"'Stand by to lower your mast,' roared this sailor in a voice of thunder to the boatman of the lugger. . . .

"The old man never said a word till the work was done, then he remarked, 'That was clever of you.'

"The new-comer took no notice whatever. 'Reef that sail, Jack,' he cried, 'it will be in the lady's face by-and-by; and heave your bailer in here, their boat is full of water.'

"'Not so full as it would if you hadn't brought up alongside,' said the old boatman.

"'Do you want to frighten the lady?' replied the sailor, in his driest and least courtier-like way.

"'I am not frightened, Mr Dodd,' said Lucy. 'I was, but I am not now.'

"'Come and help me get the water

out of her, Jack. Stay; Miss Fountain had better step into the dry boat meantime. Now, Jack, look alive; lash her alongside aft.'

"This done, the two sailors, one standing on the lugger's gunwale, one on the schooner's, handed Miss Fountain into the schooner, and gave her the cushions out of the lugger to sit upon. They then went to work with a will and bailed half a ton of water out. When she was dry, David jumped back into his own boat. 'Now, Miss Fountain, your boat is dry, but the sea is getting up, and I think, if I were you, I would stay where you are.'

" 'I mean to,' said the lady, calmly. 'Mr Talboys, *would* you mind coming into this boat? we shall be safer here, it—it is larger.'

"The gentleman thus addressed was embarrassed between two mortifications, one on each side of him. If he came into David's boat he would be second fiddle, he who had gone out of port first fiddle. If he stuck to the lugger, Lucy would go off with Dodd, and he would look like a fool coming ashore without her. He hesitated.

"David got impatient. 'Come, sir,' he cried, 'don't you hear the lady invite you? and every moment is precious.' And he held out his hand to him.

" 'This is nice. The boat does not upset or tumble as it did; it only curtsies and plunges. I like it.'

" 'The sea has not got up yet, Miss,' said Jack.

" 'Hasn't it? the waves seem very large.'

" 'Lord love you! wait till we have had four or five hours more of this.'

" 'Belay your jaw, Jack.'

" 'Ay, ay, sir.'

" 'Why so, Mr Dodd?' objected Lucy, gently. 'I am not so weak as you think me. Do not keep the truth from me. I share the danger; let me share the sense of danger too. You shall not blush for me.'

" 'Danger? there is not a grain of it, unless we make danger by inattention—and babbling.'

" 'You will not do that?' said Lucy.

" 'Equivocal missed fire.'

" 'Not while you are on board,' replied David, simply.

" Lucy felt inclined to give him her hand; she had it out half way; but he had lately asked her to marry him, so she drew it back, and her eyes rested on the bottom of the boat.

"The wind rose higher. The masts bent so that each sail had every possible reef taken in. Her canvas thus reduced, she scudded as fast as before, such was now the fury of the gale. The sea rose so that the boat seemed to mount with each wave as high as the second story of a house, and go down again to the cellar at every plunge. Talboys, prostrated by sea-sickness in the forehold, lay curled, but motionless, like a crooked log, and almost as indifferent to life or death. Lucy, pale, but firm, put no more questions that she felt would not be answered; but scanned David Dodd's face furtively but closely. The result was encouraging to her. His cheek was not pale, as she felt her own; on the contrary, it was slightly flushed, his eye bright and watchful, but lion-like. He gave a word or two of command to Jack every now and then, very sharply, but without the slightest shade of agitation, and Jack's 'Ay, ay,' came back as sharply, but cheerfully.

"The principal feature she discerned in both sailors was a very attentive business-like manner. The romantic air with which heroes face danger in story was entirely absent; and so, being convinced by his yarns that David *was* a hero, she inferred that their situation could not be dangerous, but, as David himself had inferred, merely one in which watchfulness was requisite.

"The sun went down red and angry. The night came on dark and howling. No moon. A murky sky like a black belying curtain above; and huge ebony waves, that in the appalling blackness seemed all crested with devouring fire, hemmed in the tossing boat, and growled and snarled and raged above, below, and around her.

"Then, in that awful hour, Lucy Fountain felt her littleness, and the littleness of man. She cowered and trembled.

"The sailors, rough but tender nurses, wrapped shawls round her, one above the other, 'to make her snug for the night,' they said. They seemed to be mocking her. Snug? Who could hope to outlive such a fearful night? and what did it matter whether she was drowned in one shawl or a dozen?

"David being amidstips, bailing the boat out, and Jack at the helm, she took the opportunity, and got very close to the latter, and said in his ear, 'Mr Jack, we are in danger.'

" 'Not exactly in danger, Miss; but of course we must mind our eye. But

I have often been where I have had to mind my eye, and hope to be again.'

"'Mr Jack,' said Lucy, shivering, 'what is our danger? tell me the nature of it, then I shall not be so cowardly; will the boat break?'

"'Lord bless you, no.'

"'Will it upset?'

"'No fear of that.'

"'Will not the sea swallow us?'

"'No, Miss. How can the sea swallow us? She rides like a cork, and there is the skipper bailing her out to make her lighter still. No, I'll tell you, Miss; all we have got to mind is two things; we must not let her broach-to, and we must not get pooped.'

"'But *why* mustn't we?'

"'Why? because we *mustn't*.'

"'But I mean what would be the consequence of—broaching-to?'

"'Jack opened his eyes in astonishment. 'Why, the sea would run over her quarter, and swamp her.'

"'Oh!! And if we get pooped.'

"'We shall go to Davy Jones like a bullet.'

"'Who is Davy Jones?'

"'The old one, you know—down below. Leastways, you won't go there, Miss—you will go aloft, and perhaps the skipper; but Davy will have me; so I won't give him a chance if I can help it.'

"'Lucy cried.

"'Then David nudged Jack, and waked him. 'Speak low now, Jack!'

"'What is it, sir?'

"'Land ahead.'

"'Jack looked out, and there was a mountain of jet rising out of the sea, and, to a landsman's eye, within a stone's throw of them.

"'Is it the French coast, sir? I must have been asleep.'

"'French coast? no, Channel Island—smallest of the lot.'

"'Better give it a wide berth, sir. We shall go smash like a tea-cup if we run on to one of them rocky islands.'

"'Why, Jack,' said David, reproachfully, 'am I the man to run upon a lee-shore, and such a night as this?'

"'Not likely: you will keep her head for Cherbourg, or St Malo, sir; it is our only chance.'

"'It is not our only chance, not our best. We have been running a little ahead of this gale, Jack; there is worse in store for us; the sea is rolling mountains high on the French coast this morning, I know. We are like enough to be

pooped before we get there, or swamped on some harbour-bar at last.'

"'Well, sir, we must take our chance.'

"'Take our chance? what! with heads on our shoulders, and an angel on board that heaven has given us charge of! No! I shan't take my chance. I shall try all I know, and hang on to life by my eyelids. Listen to me, "Knowledge is gold;" a little of it goes a long way. I don't know much myself, but I do know the soundings of the British Channel. I have made them my study. On the south side of this rocky point there is forty fathom water close to the shore, and good anchorage-ground.'

"'Then I wish we could jump over the thundering island, and drop on to the leeside of it; but as we can't, what's the use?'

"'We may be able to round the point.'

"'There will be an awful sea running off that point, sir.'

"'Of course there will. I mean to try for all that.'

"'So be it, sir; that is what I like to hear. I do hate palaver. Let one give his orders, and the rest obey them. We are not above half a mile from it now.'

"'You had better wake the landsman. We must have a third hand for this.'

"'No,' said a woman's voice, sweet, but clear and unwavering. 'I shall be the third hand.'

"'Curse it,' cried David, 'she has heard us!'

"'Every word. And I have no confidence in Mr Talboys; and, believe me, I am more to be trusted than he is. See, my cowardice is all worn out. Do but trust me, and you shall find I want neither courage nor intelligence.'

"'David eyed her keenly, and full in the face. She met his glance calmly, with her fine nostrils slightly expanding, and her compressed lips curving proudly.

"'It is all right, Jack. It is not a flash in the pan. She is as steady as a rock;' he then addressed her rapidly and business-like, but with deference. 'You will stand by the helm on this side, and the moment I run forward, you will take the helm and hold it in this position. That will require all your strength. Come, try it—well done.'

"'How the sea struggles with me! But I am strong, you see,' cried Lucy, her brow flushed with the battle.

"'Very good! you *are* strong, and,

what is better, resolute. Now, observe me, this is port, this is starboard, and this is amidships.' . . .

"'Jack, she is on fire; she gives me double heart.'

"'So she does me. She makes it a pleasure.'

"They were now near enough the point to judge what they had to do; and the appearance of the sea was truly terrible; the waves were all broken, and a surge of devouring fire seemed to rage and roar round the point and oppose an impassable barrier between them and the inky port beyond, where safety lay under the lee of the high rocks.

"'I don't like it,' said David. 'It looks to me like going through a strip of hell-fire.'

"'But it is narrow,' said Lucy.

"'That is our chance; and the tide is coming in. We will try it. She will drench us, but I don't *much* think she will swamp us. Are you ready, all hands?'

"'Oh! please wait a minute, till I do up my hair!'

"'Take a minute! but no more.'

"'There, it is done: Mr Dodd, one word; if all should fail, and death be inevitable, tell me so,—just before we perish, and I shall have something to say to you.—Now, I am ready.'

"'Jump forward, Jack.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Stand by to jibe the foresail.'

"'Ay, ay, sir!'

"'See our sweeps are clear.'

"'Ay.'

"David now handled the main-sheet, and at the same time looked earnestly at Lucy, who met his eye with a look of eager attention. . . .

"'Starboard the helm, starboard yet—now meet her,—so,' and, as she rounded to, Jack and he kept hauling the sheets aft, and the boat, her course and trim altered, darted among the breakers like a brave man attacking danger. After the first plunge she went up and down like a pick-axe, coming down almost where she went up; but she held her course, with the waves roaring round her like a pack of hell-hounds.

"More than half the terrible strip was passed.

"'Starboard yet!' cried David; and she held towards the high mainland, under whose lee was calm and safety. Alas! at this moment a snorter of a sea broke under her broadside, and hove her to leeward like a cork, and a tide

eddy catching her under the counter, she came to more than two points, and her canvas, thus emptied, shook enough to tear the masts out of her by the board. 'Port your helm, PORT! PORT!' roared David, in a voice like the roar of a wounded lion, and in his anxiety he bounded to the helm himself; but Lucy obeyed orders at half a word, and David, seeing this, sprang forward to help Jack flatten in the fore-sheet. The boat, which all through had answered the helm beautifully, fell off the moment Lucy ported the helm, and thus they escaped the impending and terrible danger of her making stern-way. 'Helm amidships!' and all drew again: the black water was in sight. But will they ever reach it? she tosses like a cork. Bang! a breaker caught her bows, and drenched David and Jack to the very bone. She quivered like an aspen leaf, but held on.

"'Starboard one point!' cried David, sitting down, and lifting an oar out from the boat; but just as Lucy, in obeying the order, leaned a little over the lee gunwale with the tiller, a breaker broke like a shell upon the boat's broadside abaft, stove in her upper plank, and filled her with water: some flew and slapped Lucy in the face like an open hand. She screamed, but clung to the gunwale, and griped the helm: her arm seemed iron, and her heart was steel. While she clung thus to her work, blinded by the spray and expecting death, she heard oars splash into the water, and mellow stentorian voices burst out singing.

"In amazement she turned, squeezed the brine out of her eyes, and looked all round: and, lo! the boat was in a trifling bobble of a sea, and close astern was the surge of fire raging, and growling, and blazing in vain; and the two sailors were pulling the boat with superhuman strength and inspiration into a monster mill-pool that now lay right ahead, black as ink and smooth as oil—singing loudly as they rowed:—

"'Cheerily oh, oh! (pull) cheerily oh, oh! (pull);
To port we go oh (pull), to port we go (pull).'

"FLARE!! a great flaming eye opened on them in the centre of the universal blackness.

"'Look! look!' cried Lucy, 'a fire in the mountain.'

"It was the lantern of a French sloop anchored close to the shore."

This feat costs David his ship

and his hopes and his rank in the Company's service, that branch of the naval hierarchy which unfortunately exists no longer. He pursues his vessel through the Channel, but fails to catch her; and goes home heartbroken, not only with his love lost, but with his prospects overthrown. When this comes to the ears of the woman to whom his career has been sacrificed, she is wild with distress and eagerness to mend the matter, and finally procures for him the appointment as captain to a splendid Indiaman newly built, and the pride of the service. David has been compliant up to this period to every wish she has ever expressed; but here comes a point at which he will no longer be compliant,—and Lucy, thrilling to her very finger-points with wonder and dismay, sees the man turn upon her for the first time, and take to his arms. No!—no boon from her except herself. With her—ah! yes, the ship which will enable him to provide for her—everything she wills; but without her, nothing. Never was woman more posed. It brings her to a sudden stop in her harmonious career. She is arrested in spite of herself—brought to consider the matter—compelled with puzzled eyes to look this true passion in the face, and make out what it means. What! resist her imperial will—he who has been her slave?—throw away life and fortune and everything that men care for? for—what! a punctilio, a whim, a fit of madness! Then her soft heart begins to melt. She has been, to tell the truth, a little contemptuous of, and very indifferent to, “the gentlemen”—as perhaps only maidens much beloved and considerably persecuted are likely to be. They bored her, and unsettled a life with which she was quite contented, and made all her friends into conspirators. But here was something utterly new, which affected her quite otherwise than as a bore. It needs not to be said that David

wins the day; and the bride, won half in her own despite and still wondering over it, even while she marries him, loves—little, as she thinks, but loves long—and becomes the tenderest wife, the most charming mother, with whom it is our lot to be acquainted. For after the book is closed and done, and nothing seems to remain but regret for its brevity, some years after Mr Reade draws up the curtain quite suddenly, without a word of preface, and brings us back to Captain Dodd and his beautiful wife.

The book which reintroduces us to the pair we left in the first glow of bridal happiness is entitled ‘Hard Cash,’ and it is a book which has been mightily canvassed, and of which it remains an open question whether the ground it goes over is ground permitted or not to fiction. We do not see, for our own part, any particular reason why fiction should be tethered to one field more than another. She has a right to every spot on which men struggle and suffer, with the one only proviso that her powers are equal to it—and no man can complain of Mr Reade that he has failed to vindicate his capability of treating one of the most painful subjects within the ken of man. The Hard Cash of the work is David Dodd's cash, fourteen thousand pounds, which, in those twenty years that have passed since we saw him, he has amassed for his children. He is twenty years older, when we see him, every day of it. He is all mellow experience, benignity, the softened widened soul of natural charity which it requires years to develop. That is the only change which has come over him. We are not competent to judge of Mr Reade's seaman-ship; but taking it merely as a question of art, and as a story written to interest and excite the reader, David's homeward voyage, with his money on board, the Jonah of which at last he gets a superstitious horror, is worth a shipload of ordinary sea novels. But a tragic eclipse

awaits our noble sailor. He deposits his money in Hardie's bank, just then on the verge of failure—hears of its danger the moment he has left the place—rushes back to redeem it, and falls down in a fit, from which he recovers only with the loss of his sanity. Hardie is the villain of the book, and he is an unsatisfactory villain,—and so is his clerk Noah Skinner, a creature who looks as if he had been stolen out of a careless bit of one of Mr Dickens's books, and who complicates the final clearing up with a half-ludicrous horror. But in the mean time Lucy awaits us—Lucy, whom, according to Mr Reade, we have not seen for twenty years. She is older, too, like her husband; but we cannot quite say that she has mellowed and broadened like our dear genial David. She is a more exquisite lady than ever; but we are not sure that those lovely manners which are her distinction have not stiffened just a little in the wear and tear of life. She is a being of exquisite taste, externally and internally; but she is a little out of her sphere—and one feels involuntarily that the hospitalities of Fountain Abbey were more in accordance with her than are the tea-parties of Barkington, and that the sensation of living in an inferior class has had a certain influence upon her character which her creator himself does not quite realise. She has had to keep off the advances of the vulgar, one can see, and stand on the defensive in her maturer years—a situation which would have been incredible to Lucy Fountain. And she has become absorbed in her family, as most women do; and turns only a silvery edge, like an eclipsed moon, to the world, keeping her light and warmth and cordial influence for the home within. But she has a daughter who has all the youth and all the sweetness of Lucy Fountain—with certain fresh impetuous characteristics of her own, which come from neither pa-

rent. Julia is an enthusiast—kept in order by her mother's exquisite breeding, but not like her mother—a creature quick to love, and full of delicate passion, if we may use the words. She has one brother—Edward—a slow, wise, valorous, mighty young hero, to whom, as they all admit, the brains of the family have not fallen. At one of the Henley boat-races, which is admirably described, the impetuous Julia makes half acquaintance with, and whole conquest of, Alfred Hardie, the son of the banker, her mother's old suitor, the stealer of her father's money; and a pretty love-story, full of the usual difficulties, ensues. As it happens, this young man is the only one of the whole party who knows that David Dodd has deposited his money in the bank; and from this fact arise numberless complications. On the eve of his marriage with Julia Dodd he suddenly disappears, his father having managed to get him inveigled into a madhouse; and there, for we forget how long, the young man fights, schemes, argues, pleads, and pleads in vain, for liberation. He makes every frantic effort a man in his position would be supposed to make—is desperate at first, and treated accordingly; then is politic, and submits outwardly, while still throwing his whole *soul* into the struggle to be free. His agony when he finds himself thus immured—the almost madness of despair which seizes him—then his recovery into a certain desperate calm, the gradual clearing from his eyes of that first mist of passion and anguish—his struggles, which he carries on through every kind of discouragement, are very finely told. The determined stretch of effort necessary in such a terrible position, possesses always the highest dramatic interest; and the alternation of violent emotions which sweep over the prisoner—his endless and consuming disappointments, the dogged way in which he raises his head after

every new overthrow, and tries again—make the story of the mad-house not only supportable, but full of a breathless interest; and why Mr Reade should not throw the light of his lamp on those dark places by the way, when he fulfils the highest purposes of his art in the first place by setting before us a real living creature in supreme and passionate conflict with all the powers of evil, we cannot tell. He may have done partial injustice by such an assault, but even that we do not know; and he tells us on the contrary that he has helped to relieve some despairing souls from a limbo worse than that of any poet's imagination.

The objectionable point in respect of art is perhaps Alfred's extraordinary promptitude, resolution, and variety of resource. He is represented to us as being only one-and-twenty, and a most hot-headed and impetuous youth; but yet he is as full of expedients, as untiring in the use of one after another as each fails, as is the wonderful convict-clergyman on the desert island. This is a mistake; but it is neutralised by the fact that after all it is to an accident that Alfred owes his escape. His plans are continually foiled; he is thrown back and back into despair; and it is by a *coup de théâtre* that he gets his liberty at last. Chance or fate, shall we say, or let us speak simply and call it Mr Reade's will, who has the best right to order matters, has thrown him into the company of David Dodd in his gentle madness, and they are both saved, a fire having broken out in the house, by Edward Dodd, who, in the failure of all other means of occupation, has taken service in the fire-brigade. There are few more powerful bits of writing than the description of the escape, which is seen by Mrs Dodd among the crowd—the flames revealing to her at the same moment the fact that it is her mad husband who is in mortal peril in the blazing

house, and that it is her son who is risking his life to save him. Nothing can be better than Edward's calm matter-of-fact daring. He saunters away with his hands in his pockets while the women with tears and ecstasy read the narrative of his doings. "I am thinking the 'Tiser is pitching it rather strong," says the young giant. For him there are no celestial rewards, no recompense of love—the object of his affection is slaughtered almost before his eyes by a maniac who has been driven wild by the banker's fraud, and Edward has to make his way through the world without any of the delights or agonies of passion. He is the popular muscular hero in a more true development than that of Mr Kingsley, and entirely different from the fictitious being invented by the author of 'Guy Livingstone.' Edward is the Christopher of older and more living story; and in the emotion and excitement of the tale, his mighty passiveness, his slower intelligence, the air of tranquillity about him, give repose to the picture. Nor can we praise too highly the picture of family union which Mr Reade, almost alone among novelists of his class, ventures to indulge in. The mother was once his own heroine, so that he can afford to recollect that all mothers have been heroines in their day, and that it is not indispensable that they should become objects of derision as soon as their children are grown up. Mrs Dodd is not the butt and clog of her family, or their unreasonable tyrant, but their natural head and closest friend; and the mingled submission and resistance of the high-spirited Julia, her devotion at once to her mother and her lover, the natural sense of the necessity of obedience, which is the obedience of love, though it forbids love, could not be better rendered. It is true that she is never quite hopeless of winning over at last the mother, who is as tender as she is firm and stately; but an inferior

workman would have made the daughter bitter, would have made her struggle fiercely, and take to questioning why her happiness should be sacrificed. Julia Dodd has six times the spirit of the recalcitrant young ladies of modern fiction; but she goes into no unpleasant speculations. She sees the reason on the other side of the question, and is ready to break her heart and submit if needs must. Fortunately, as it turns out, the necessity is averted. And even Alfred Hardie does not hate his mother-in-law, *chose étrange!* unparalleled in any novel. To be sure Mrs Dodd is herself a charming and accomplished woman, perfect in all other relationships; but then so are a great many mothers-in-law—though the ogress, the enemy of all good, the Old Campaigner, has come to be in fiction the traditional representative of the class.

And now, having said so much good, it is time to relieve our mind of the ill which awaits expression. Alfred Hardie's amazing promptitude, self-possession, and infinite variety of resource, so unlike what would no doubt have been the frenzy of a young man of his years, we have already remarked upon. And we object totally to the creation of Mrs Archbald, an unmeaning and most unpleasant figure in the gloomy panorama of the madhouse; and to the insanity of Dr Wycherley, which we do not believe a word of. These two defects throw a sort of theatrical light upon a picture which otherwise has a gloomy truthfulness of detail about it, against which the imagination strives in vain. Then the story of David Dodd's madness is from beginning to end very unsatisfactory. It was necessary for the story, but that is a poor motive for a writer of Mr Reade's resources, and beyond that we cannot see any reason for it; for why should such a wholesome, temperate, unexaggerated, sweet-natured soul go mad all in

a moment, with no physical cause whatever to account for it? And if we object to his madness, still more do we object to his recovery. It is one of the *coups de théâtre* in which Mr Reade seems to take a boyish pleasure. After everything is over, when we have fairly made up our mind that the worst has happened, he lies in wait for us with his favourite trick. And there are occasions when it is allowable enough to make use of such fantastic means, just as there are persons to whom they are not inappropriate. But to make David Dodd the subject of such an experiment—to explode the crackers, and light up the coloured fires round our noble sailor in the depth of his misfortune—that is a thing we cannot endure. He had no right to go mad at all; but if he did go mad, he had at least a right to a dignified resurrection worthy of him. Our firm opinion, however, is, that he was not the man to go mad. Such men, Mr Reade very well knows, do not break down just at the very moment when their utmost strength is required. The weakling does, but not the truly strong. We feel that David is badly used from the moment he leaves the deck of the *Agra*. And he has not deserved such treatment at his maker's hands.

Hardie, too, is, as we have said, a very unsatisfactory villain. His monomania at the end is very unlike the first sketch of the man's character, and so is his vile amour, carried on apparently under the same roof which sheltered his young daughter, the only creature, it is said, whom he truly loved. His intense self-command and tenacity in some matters, as in that of his son's detention in the madhouse, and his absolute weakness in others, is too great a strain upon our belief. That such a man might be driven by over-excitement and exhaustion of brain into the delusions of a disordered imagination, is no doubt possible enough; but that he should

have taken to begging all at once in his strange insanity, and that he should have accepted his son's assistance without the least lingering of resentment against him, is next to incredible. Such a thing might happen in fact; but fiction is bound as fact is not. To tell the truth, everything that is absurd and unlikely may, and does, happen in everyday life; and it is our own habit, when we meet with an incident in romance which is beyond measure improbable, to conclude at once that it is drawn from an actual model. But still we must add that this is not good practice; that fiction is bound by harder laws than fact is, and must consider *vraisemblance* as well as absolute truth.

We do not quite understand by what curious trick of memory we have been beguiled into utter forgetfulness of one of the most popular of Mr Reade's novels—that indeed which we believe won him his spurs so far as the general mass of the public are concerned, altogether eclipsing the more delicate glories of his first studies in art. 'Never too Late to Mend' is a book which is full of all his characteristic faults, and has few of his equally characteristic excellences. The only part of this work indeed which belongs to the higher class of his writings, is the struggle in the jail between Mr Eden, the chaplain, and the governor, which is an extravagant, and perhaps impossible, struggle, yet is full of high dramatic power and wonderful interest, and brings out, with great distinctness, Mr Reade's faculty of creating a living being possessed of the highest heroic qualities and making a flesh-and-blood man of him. Mr Eden's presence lights up the book. It is full of improbabilities in plot and incident. The winding-up is ridiculously theatrical and melodramatic. The villain is very like a villain belonging to the Surrey Theatre; and the avenging Jew, who is the Providence of the work, is one of the most curious compositions known to art. But all around the

jail chaplain there spreads a living light. The rest of the brilliant, wild, matter-of-fact rigmarole (for all those opposite qualities belong to it), is interesting, no doubt. It would be difficult for Mr Reade to write anything that was not interesting. But the meaning of the book lies in Mr Eden, and he is the only creation in it. It has the materials of vulgar success, and such a success it accomplished; but we doubt whether Mr Reade's real partisans would not be willing, so far as his true fame is concerned, to let this popular work slip out of being. It is no more to be compared to the two modest little volumes that preceded it, or to those that came after, than 'St Ronan's Well' is to 'Guy Mannering.'

Very different is the character of the 'Cloister and the Hearth.' It is, as everybody knows, a historical novel; and historical novels, as everybody knows, are generally heavy work to both reader and writer. They are like historical pictures, studies of costume, modern models clad in garments two or three hundred years old, and talking modern ideas archaically in antique and rusty language—or rather in language supposed to be antique. But Mr Reade's historical study is alive. Whether the adventures through which Gerard comes to the exquisite sadness of the conclusion were possible in their multifariousness we will not undertake to say; for our author's fault, if fault it can be called, is always a little too much movement and activity. His imagination is so rich and full, and his invention so unbounded, that, like a medieval painter, he enriches every inch of his canvas with its own special story. Indeed the book altogether reminds us of a picture by that same Hans Memling who figures for a moment in the story. The 'Cloister and the Hearth,' like the masterpiece of the old Fleming, has one lovely, almost abstract ideal group—not indeed the divine child and mother—a human mother and child; but the background behind and

around is full of an infinite variety of scenes, the life of a man in that masterful and violent age, drawn with the quaintest realism—and the life of a woman beset by a woman's trials and difficulties, which are less changeable. On every little slope of the landscape there comes an independent picture. There are paths innumerable leading up and down to Rome, to the sea, to the hills, by walls of towns and walls of convents, across the silent fields and bewildering woods, and by the brink of great rivers. And in every village and cabaret, and boat and road, human creatures with all their natural defects and excellences are swarming. "They have served their turn," says the story-teller, "if they have persuaded the reader that Gerard travelled from Holland to Rome through human beings, and not through a population of dolls." And this end has been most fully served. The terrible hostilities of Germany, where no supper is prepared till it is seen whether there are guests enough to eat it, and where neither vermin nor dirt are spared us; the dangers of the way—bears, robbers hung in a row *pour encourager les autres*, gentlemen whose retainers plunder the inoffensive travellers, generals flashing across the country with their men-at-arms and picking up a reluctant soldier wherever they can find him—are poured upon us with melodramatic abundance. And then there are the convents, where Mr Reade cannot but linger, finding here and there those tranquil beautiful souls which are the glory of monastic life, and in whom the vulgar find it so hard to believe; and there is Rome, with still a whiff of classic times about it—and it was the moment when the new type and printing-press were beginning to work, and when new processes and ideas were starting into life, and the great pillars of the earth were faintly beginning to tremble and heave under the embrace of the giant. Mr Reade, as we have said, cannot but be somewhat theatrical.

His genius is so dramatic that its weakness falls on the side of catastrophes and situations. To a sober imagination it may seem that no single mortal man ever passed through such eventful chances as Gerard did, and that his good and evil fortune are too curiously blent and compounded for probability. The author, it is evident, has not thought much about probability. He goes on, as life does, at a pace which leaves little time for the selection of incidents. Let us add, that were the pace less violent, and the incidents less crowded, it is quite possible that the story might be more effective. But this is simple speculation. And what reader is there who could form one of the party in the house of Elias, where Margaret reads her lover's letter, without catching his breath as the narrative goes on, and feeling his heart beat and the water steal to the corners of his eyes, like the rest of the auditors? To such a natural testimony there is no response.

In this, however, as in Mr Reade's other novels, we have to reproach him with the bad management of his villany. It is poorly done—it is unsuccessful—the villains are contemptible; and if the reader halts and grows tired in the course of the long tale, it is when Ghysbrecht and Cornelis and Sybrand are on the stage, plotting drearily against the happiness of the others. Their motive is not sufficient for so much rascality, and themselves are poor creatures, not worth a second glance. Another weakness which is visible in almost all his works recurs here also. Doctors are great bunglers, let us allow, and medicine a science which goes very much in the dark, making a series of fortunate or unfortunate guesses; but why the profession should be made to stand up on a stool of repentance in the middle of the sixteenth century, and receive a hearty blow as of a sledge-hammer, in no way enforced by the story or the necessities of its course, we are quite unable to

guess. It may be very wrong to bleed a patient, but of all people in the world to find that out surely a Burgundian cross-bowman was the least likely. And Margaret, with all the aids of her father's science, could scarcely have shown herself so much before her time in medical skill and knowledge and power of healing as our author declares her to have been. Such an onslaught may be simply whimsical in a modern tale, just as the sketch of the revolutionary Dr Sampson, though too much resembling a study from the life, is quite legitimate and appropriate in a contemporary novel; but to carry back the war for three hundred years is absurd, and gives a certain air of fanaticism and monomania to the author's principles. It is a mistake in art as well as in chronology, and shows with what bonds of iron Mr Reade's opinions and prejudices bind him.

There is one other special criticism besides, which refers exclusively to the 'Cloister and the Hearth.' The wonderful variety and animation of the scenes in the background become almost a defect when considered in their relation to the unity of the tale. They are all so full of life and character that the reader is tempted to forget their entirely subsidiary rank, and to linger upon them for their own merits. Instead of giving all his attention, as he ought, to the task of tracing Gerard through one group after another, his eye is caught by the tall figure of Fra Colonna, by the pale Manon at the inn, by the painter Pietro in his garret; and for a moment the greater identity of the hero is almost lost in the wealth and fulness of the accessories. This is a fault which few men are likely to fall into; for few possess the almost unbounded wealth from which Mr Reade draws at a moment's notice the population of a village or of a city. It is hard even to call that a defect which is but a demonstration of unusual strength; but yet it impairs the unity of the story, and has the tendency to break

it up into a succession of scenes instead of one consistent tale.

But when all is said, what are such objections in face of the lovely purity and tenderness of Margaret, the heroic yet gentle virtue and nobility of her lover? These two loving creatures are not sinless—the woman is full of the impatience, the sudden impulses, the movements, not always wise or right, which somehow associate themselves with sensitive nerves and an imaginative temperament. The man falls into errors and mistakes like other men; but in this age, which has given up all standards of ideal excellence, Mr Reade teaches us a forcible lesson by their means. It is no indifferent commonplace figure which stands in the middle of his picture, carefully toned down, as is the wont of contemporary art, to the level of the crowd; but, on the contrary, beings such as elevate our thoughts to a higher point—human creatures with more strength, more grace, more sweetness, than is common to men. Gerard's errors and stumbles and mistakes, the sins of his despair, his sudden prostration and downfall, his fits of fiery passion, keep him entirely free of the mawkish perfection of sentimentalism; but he is still more completely removed from the sway of the commonplace. As with Gerard so is it with the greater part of Mr Reade's heroes, except in the cases where he transfers the ideal position to women. Whether it be man or woman who stands in the first place, there is no book of his without one character at least nobly conceived, and acting upon principles and motives higher than those of selfishness or worldly wisdom. By this particular, as much as by the vivid characteristics of his genius, he separates himself entirely from the crowd. We can scarcely explain how it is that a second time we feel disposed to bring in a comparison between his works and those of Mr George MacDonald, who is as unlike him as summer is to winter, whose ideal is utterly

different, and yet who is so far open to the comparison, that he too clings to the ideal, and is no votary of realism. We may return to the works of the gentler moralist on another occasion; but in the mean time it is our business to proclaim the fact that Mr Reade—who attempts no moralities, who has been reproached with coarseness, who is often theatrical, and almost always extravagant—who calls one of his books a matter-of-fact romance, and is constantly thrusting himself into the discussion of actual and existing evils in a manner considered by the critics as quite incompatible with fiction—is nevertheless a workman who keeps the ideal constantly in sight. Whatever his books may be lacking in, they never fail in the persistent testimony that there is something in the world beyond the mere commonplace virtues; that high generousities and charities are, after all, more interesting to humanity than records, however exact, of bores and dunces; and that it is possible to be real flesh and blood, and yet show God's image. These are ideas which have been generally repudiated by the present generation. It was Mr Thackeray, who, impatient of the vague ideal of virtue which had long held a conventional sway over the realm of novel-writing, abolished the respectable type of hero—the Edward Waverley, the Harry Morton of romance—and introduced the unheroic model, the man undistinguished by any special ideal or attempt at excellence; and his example has been fatally followed, as we all know too well. A hundred novels without a hero, and a hundred to that, filled with the most ordinary of figures, have swept across our horizon since his day, each of them more commonplace than the other. But Mr Reade, while taking from the theory of realism all that is best in it, has never been carried away by this common stream. With all his rapidity and sweep of movement, and all his vivid power of observation and detail, he has

always preserved the ideal in his mind. He sets before us men and women whom it is no shame to admire, who are not occupied solely by the aimless loves and labours of mediocrity, but who are able to mould their own fortunes, to stand fast before the assaults and bear the hardships of life, and who are actuated by motives and meanings beyond the mean level of the ordinary. His eyes are always aglow with that perennial worship of excellence which comes natural to genius. That the living creatures he thus presents before us are clothed in admirable flesh and blood, as undeniable as those set forth by any disciple of realism, is at the same time self-evident; and no one can deny that in this case the ideal soul is a grace the more, and worthy the higher praise. For ourselves, we are disposed to go further. Even had the execution been less worthy, the higher aim is infinitely more accordant with all the canons and all the necessities of art.

It will be seen that we have left entirely aside Mr Reade's last completed work. We are not sure that 'Foul Play' is much more capable of criticism than the delicious little work called 'Chikken Hazard,' which, as a kind of gloss or commentary upon it, appeared simultaneously in the pages of 'Punch.' Yet even in this strange production, which surpasses all the rest in extravagance, and falls infinitely short of them in reality, there is yet the high natural grace of a conception perfectly noble, an attempt at the portrayal of a man above all selfishness, full of delicacy, generosity, purity, and honour. Robert Penfold is not one of Mr Reade's successes. His information is too universal, his powers too boundless. The combination of Bayard and Crusoe is too difficult even for our novelist's brilliant faculty—and there are traces of imagination run wild, both in the scenes in the island and in those not less astounding

chapters which narrate Helen's efforts to clear the character of her lover. The book is to a great extent a mistake, and is not worthy either of its author's reputation or his power. But yet there is a soul even in this unsuccessful effort, which goes a world beyond many a work more secure of fame.

There is, no doubt, a certain connection between this warm adherence to ideal beauty and virtue, and the vehement whole-hearted way in which our author throws himself into his performances. Mr Reade is no philosophical maker, calmly projecting his creatures into existence, to take their own way and follow their own impulses; he does not watch them with good-humoured cynicism as some writers do, calmly explaining their ways and their motives, and deriving a certain amusement from their blunders. On the contrary, he is the warm and tender and impassioned partisan of his children. He weeps with them, and rejoices with them, and suffers in their sufferings. He admires them with an ingenuous frankness which is beyond artifice. Real or not to us, they are real to him. Their magnanimity and generosity which are his favourite virtues, their breadth of understanding which is his favourite talent, move him, not as if he had made them with his own hands, but as they would do did he meet them in the world. He is happy that there is such a being as Francis Eden living among men. He admires our dear David as heartily, as simply, and with as little sense of anything inappropriate in the admiration, as we do ourselves. He is his own audience, enjoying the drama as genially and truly as if he had nothing to do with the *troupe*. This is an exhibition of nature which at once charms and conciliates and disarms the critic;

and if he will but concede to us that the human mind in general is not able to bear such an epitome of instructiveness as Robert Penfold—that doctors, if not more, are at least scarcely less than men—and a few other details of the same trifling description, what can we do less than say that few men living have enriched the world with so many charming people, have given us a theory of life and its necessities so persistently generous and elevated, have thrilled us with more noble indignation, or melted us to softer sympathy? Fiction, as Mr Reade pursues it, all deficiencies and errors apart, is poetry in the true sense of the word. It is more voluminous, more familiar, enters more minutely into the details of life, but nothing mean, or paltry, or frivolous is in the art, which never contents itself with vulgar reproduction, but always aims at a lofty soul under the garments of individual existence. A man with so rich an imagination, and resources so abundant, should leave us something better still to illustrate our age. And for this purpose, if he will listen to a friendly word of counsel, it is not stimulation that he requires, but restraint—not excitement, but self-denial. We know that he has floods of men and incidents ready at his call to fill every available corner of every study he can make; but it would be well that he should deny himself—should leave a horizon of repose against which the loftier figures could stand out and have their full effect. There are few writers to whom such advice is necessary. It is almost the only counsel which a sympathetic critic feels bound to offer, with respect and admiration, to the author of ‘*Christie Johnstone*,’ of the *Dodds* and their story, and of the ‘*Cloister and the Hearth*.’

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EARL'S DENE.—PART I.

FIRST PART—IN FRANCE.

Containing the events of One Night.

I.

THERE is no better rule, in spite of the disregard that is usually paid to it, than that every book, of whatever kind it may be, should begin with a sentence or two to explain its motive, so that the intending reader may not be cheated into wasting his time, supposing the motive to be obviously worthless, in having to find out the worthlessness of it for himself; and not only so, but that the author himself may be kept from straying out of the straight road without good and sufficient reason. In accordance, then, with this most excellent principle, let it be clearly understood that the motive of this story is, so far as it professes to have any motive at all, the Power of Circumstance—that demon of demons which, whether for good or ill, the will of man may, indeed, call into life, but can seldom control and never wholly exorcise—and the way in which it entered into conflict with the wills, impulses, and

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characters of certain men and women who lived not very many years since, and of whom at least one or two were born not too long ago to be living still.

Before setting out, however, it is necessary, by way of introduction, to give some account of an occurrence that is rather of an exceptional kind in point of detail; and it is only right to say this before narrating it, in order to take the opportunity of warning the reader against thinking that the remainder of his journey will lead him among exceptional characters or exceptional scenes. Of the characters upon whose thoughts, feelings, and actions the plot of this story depends, there is not one that may not, in one form or another, fall within the range of a very limited experience. All will be seen striving to attain very much the same object, and, considering their dissimilarities of nature, in very much the same way: nor will the

object or the way be of an essentially uncommon kind. Not one of the *dramatis personæ* will be found altogether bad or good, strong or weak : not one will have any pre-eminent claim to the title of hero or heroine, even in the technical sense of the words. Certainly not one will prove to be perfectly consistent—who, indeed, out of the world of fiction, ever does?—so that even the best will be best only by comparison, and the worst will not be without excuse. If, therefore, the intending reader is unable to interest himself in men and women as they are or may be in the face of many faults and many weaknesses—if he demands exciting events and abnormal psychology—he must not complain that he has not been fairly warned when he finds himself disappointed ; and, once more, he must not take what he finds in the introduction for an example of what he will find in the story itself.

It was, then, in the month of Nivose in the year 1 of Liberty, and in the territory of the French Republic, that a certain circumstance took place which may fairly be taken as the beginning of an important chapter in the history of Earl's Dene, which itself belongs to a later time, and, as the title of it denotes, to another and nearer land.

Those who are versed in the revolutionary calendar will remember that, in the month and year just named, what is called the Reign of Terror was at its height. Eighty persons a-day were being guillotined at Paris ; sixty were every day being shot, drowned, or guillotined at Lyons ; sixty at Bordeaux ; sixty at Marseilles ; two hundred at Nantes ; two hundred at Toulon. The King and Queen had already been followed up the steps of the scaffold by the best and by the worst of their judges. Massacre was running riot in La Vendée, while the fields and forests of the Vosges, of the Jura, and of the Gironde were swarming with miserable fugitives of all ranks and of

all political creeds ; for it was no longer nobles and royalists alone who had special need to fear. In a word, it was just then that it seemed as though, throughout the whole land of France, there was no spot in which even a child might live in safety for a single day.

And yet here was at least one such spot. It was the village of Saint-Félix-des-Rochers, in the department of Doubs.

Saint - Félix - des - Rochers was small, obscure, not populous, and out of any beaten track. Yet it was not its obscurity that rendered it secure, for at that time seclusion by no means meant security. It was not its politics, even though Saint Félix, like the greater part of the district in which it lay, was republican to the backbone : for the guillotine had come to be even fonder of republican than of royalist necks. It was not that its inhabitants were so few : for it is among a crowd of strangers that safety is found, rather than among a small circle of friends and neighbours. The real reasons were that there was not just then an able-bodied man in the place save the Curé, who would not willingly have harmed a fly, and whom the women still worshipped, in spite of his never having, like their husbands and brothers, changed his opinions with the times ; and that, at least in the winter time, no one in his senses ever dreamed of ever visiting the place except under compulsion ; while no stranger ever had business that could possibly compel him to visit it at any season of the year. Nature had covered it with a friendly mantle of cold and snow, that had made the approaches to it difficult and dangerous. So much for the general causes of its security. But why this sanctuary of nature had been abandoned by the quiet race of herdsmen and wood-carvers, who had the best right to its protection, requires some explanation.

The lord of Saint Félix, while

places still had lords, had been the Marquis de Croisville, or Créville, as he was called by his vassals, to whom, however, he was little more than a myth, or a mere abstraction, of which his intendant was the not very agreeable embodiment. Before the year 1788, all that the present generation of the Saint-Féliens had known of the present bearer of the title was, that he was a young man of about thirty years old, that he was much about the court, and that he had married a wife who was a stranger to the country. The Curé knew a little more, however. About a year before the meeting of the States-General, the good father had, for the first and only time in his life, paid a visit to Paris; and he naturally made some inquiries as to what kind of person was the Marquis de Croisville. What he heard was not likely to please a parish priest of the old school. He heard the lord of Saint Félix spoken of as a *bel esprit*, as no little of a *roué*, and, altogether, as a man of the time—as a “philosopher,” and as an enthusiast about the rights of man. But when, after much hesitation, he summoned up courage to call upon one whom his principles and his respect for the lord of the soil caused him to fear, he was no less charmed than surprised. He obtained an interview in order to request certain indulgences for his poor and struggling flock; and not only was he himself treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness, but he was enabled to carry back to Saint Félix, together with a most glowing account of its master, such a harvest of material benefits, that love and reverence for the name of De Croisville became at once an active principle of faith in the place. The fact was, that it suited the Marquis just then, as a man of the time and professed philosopher, to show an unusual amount of generosity to a set of people about whom, in reality, he did not care a straw, although they did happen to be his

own. Consideration for the people was, though a little late in the day, in fashion at court just then, and no doubt his acts of munificence to his poor villagers somehow or other came to the ears of the King or Queen. But of course the Curé and his flock were able to look no farther than the deed itself.

Henceforth the existence of the Marquis seemed to be much more of an actual fact to his people. They began to take an interest in everything that concerned him, and eagerly opened their ears to catch up every floating rumour with which his name chanced to be mingled. Nor was their feeling towards him of the nature of that gratitude which has been defined as a lively sense of favours to come; it partook of that, doubtless: but when those who have all their lives been obliged to look for favours to God alone find that they are not forgotten by man after all, their feeling to their first human benefactor is something far more than one of ordinary gratitude. And rumours did come even to Saint Félix sometimes. To what part of France, indeed, did they not come, during those next two years? First they heard of the Marquis as one of the most zealous defenders of the rights of the people even against his own order; and then all Saint Félix became Girondist to a man, with the solitary exception of the Curé, who still held by the old paths; and as he was as much beloved by his flock as a good and simple-hearted priest can be, the sympathies of the place came to be made up of a curious blending of republican ideas with the most childlike religious faith. The Curé must be right, and the Seigneur could not be wrong; and so the parish made a compromise with itself. This, however illogical, was not difficult, for, in truth, the Girondism of the place was as much a matter of the heart, and as little a matter of the head, as its Catholicism. Then, not long afterwards, when the day of Mirabeau

was over, the peasants heard of their lord as a friend of Vergniaud, and as one who had, of his own accord, thrown off the last vestiges of his rank; then they became almost Jacobin, but, nevertheless, they never gave up speaking of him as "the Marquis." Next they heard of him as voting for the death of the King; and still, though a shudder thrilled through the place, and though the Curé was bold enough openly to speak out his abhorrence of the murder of the son of Saint Louis, no one was a whit the less loyal to the name of the Marquis de Croisville. After that they heard of him no more, until one day sudden tidings reached them that he was not far from Pontarlier, in arms for the Gironde. The next day, not a man who could fight, save the Curé, was left in Saint Félix.

Though the place has been spoken of as a village, it in reality consisted, not of houses and cottages more or less closely packed together, but of some half-dozen outlying *châlets*, of which the church was the centre rather metaphorically than in fact. There was a *château* also, but it was in ruins, and had not been inhabited except by bats and owls since the days of Charles *le hardi*. It was in one of these *châlets*, which bore the not very appropriate name of Pré-aux-Fleurs, that father Laurent was sitting one night in this month of Nivose, in company with the old wife and with a young woman, one of her daughters. Of the appearance of the two latter, nothing need be said: let it suffice that they were hard-working peasants in appearance as well as in fact. Of the priest may be said almost as little. He was an elderly, healthy-looking man, with a red weather-beaten face, of which the expression was that which belongs to a heart at peace with itself and all the world. That he could keep such an expression in those terrible days was in itself sufficient to vouch for the exceptional security of Saint-Félix-

des-Rochers. The room in which these three were sitting was large, and, though barely and roughly furnished, was rendered not uncomfortable by the presence of a blazing wood-fire, before which a large dog was basking in that delightful state of agony in which his kind revels when the fire is too hot and the night is too cold.

"No, you cannot think of getting home to-night, father," said the old woman, who had gone to the window that she might look out into the still, cold air.

"You must not think of it, father," echoed the younger.

The priest drew closer over the fragrant wood-fire.

"But Dame Margot will be uneasy," he said, in the tone of one who thinks it his duty to protest against doing what he fully means to do.

"Dame Margot will never expect you," replied the old woman. "There will be a snow-fall, and the wind is rising."

"In that case I suppose I must run the risk of giving Dame Margot a fright, then. Better that, perhaps, than to run the risk of giving her cause for it. I wish I could feel sure that your Pierre had as good quarters as these."

"And Monsieur le Marquis."

"And Monsieur le Marquis. Ah! these are terrible days—terrible days, aunt Cathon. The world is gone mad, I fear."

"Ah! my father, you and I remember different times indeed."

"To have killed the King himself! No wonder God punishes this land. And I cannot help fearing, aunt Cathon, that we too shall have to suffer for that sin of our Seigneur."

"Doubtless, my father, He will protect His own."

"No doubt, aunt Cathon. We must put our trust in Him. How is the night now?"

"The snow is beginning. It is quite dark."

"Then I must stay, I suppose."

"Indeed you must, my father. The road will be lost."

"I wish I could send word to Dame Margot, though."

"But if she guesses where you are?"

"Well, I daresay she will. *Dieu!* now I think of it, this was the very day in the year I first saw the Seigneur, just five years since. How times have changed!"

"You are fortunate, my father, to have seen Monsieur le Marquis with your own eyes."

"No," continued the priest, as if speaking to himself—"no, I cannot think how a man like him should have been mixed up with such a sin—so noble, so generous as he seemed. I cannot think he could have had a disloyal heart."

"Surely not, my father."

"And his young wife, too, poor girl! I trust she has come to no harm."

"She should have come to Saint Félix, my father."

"Ay!—but I saw her too; and she did not look to be one who would fly to the hills while men remained in the field."

"Who knows? perhaps they will both come among us."

"Yes; we are safe from the bloodhounds here, thank God!"

"I will pray our blessed patron to put it into their hearts."

"I fear it is too late, aunt Cathon. And then I fear, too, for our own people."

"They will be faithful to Monsieur le Marquis, my father."

"Ah! it is not that, aunt Cathon. I feel like a shepherd whose flock has blindly run to give battle to a herd of wolves."

"God will protect His own."

"If they were truly on His side—yes! If they were gone to fight for Him!"

"But when they have gone to fight for Monsieur le Marquis, my father?"

"There is a higher loyalty, aunt Cathon."

"What! than to fight for Mon-

sieur le Marquis, who has been so good to us all?"

"Alas! I fear they know not what they do. When wolves fight with wolves it is no time for the sheep to leave their fold."

"But Monsieur le Marquis!" replied aunt Cathon. The words seemed to express her whole idea of right and loyalty. The Curé sighed, and was silent. He was not quite sure of his ground, and he felt that his last metaphor would not quite hold water.

"It is snowing fast," said the girl, after a pause. She had relieved her mother at the window.

"Truly our hills are a fortress to us," said the priest. "Who knows? perhaps at this moment our people are thanking God for this snow."

"Ah! snow or not, trust my Pierre for knowing his way among the hills."

"Yes indeed!" said her daughter, proudly.

"May it be so," said the priest. "At least I may pray for their safety, if for nothing more."

"And of Monsieur le Marquis."

"Ah! aunt Cathon, it is fearfully hard to know what to think in these days. But doubtless, as you say, God will protect His own."

As aunt Cathon took all that her priest said for gospel, she was a good deal puzzled by the subtle distinction between fighting for the right and fighting for Monsieur le Marquis, which, according to what he had said, it seemed to be her duty to draw. Nor was the Curé himself by any means clear upon the matter. He could not deny to himself the principle of loyalty to the Seigneur. It would have been all plain enough had he felt sure that the Seigneur was on the right side; but the conflict of allegiance puzzled him terribly.

And now, having thus made the acquaintance of one who will play an important, though apparently obscure, part in this history—for its real importance is not dimin-

ished by the fact that the name of the Curé of Saint Félix will henceforth occur barely more than once again—it is time to leave the warm room and its fragrant blaze, and to

turn out into the night, in order to become acquainted with certain persons whose parts, if not more really important, will be far less obscure.

II.

During this conversation, and after it, a springless cart, drawn by a couple of rough-looking mules, was slowly travelling along a road which is remotely connected with the highway between Besançon and Lons-le-Saulnier.

The weather in that region of high hills, of which the loftiest point is Mount Jura, and on that night of January—or rather of Nivose, for the old two-faced god was far too unreasonable a being to be recognised by those who had worshipped the very goddess of Reason in person—was bitterly cold: too cold, indeed, for the heavy snow-clouds, from which large flakes were descending slowly, to come down bodily. If they had, the road would have been rendered simply impassable. The cart, which was of the rudest sort, was only dragged on by the mules with the greatest difficulty—a difficulty which was certainly not diminished by the fact that the direction in which it was going lay up hill. The mules themselves were led by a peasant of the country, more rough-looking even than they, who walked by their side, and occupied himself by talking to them from time to time in some unknown tongue, and looking about him at the thick grey clouds that hung everywhere around. Whatever might have been his appearance under ordinary circumstances, at present he certainly looked unpleasantly formidable. He carried a long knife without a sheath stuck through a sash which might or might not once have been of the orthodox tricolor; in spite of the cold his feet were bare; his clothes were ragged, and of no par-

ticular description, so much had they lost all pretence to form; and, instead of a cap, he wore a linen bandage wrapped tightly over his forehead and completely covering one eye. Had the scene been in the Pyrenees instead of the Jura, he would have been taken for a *contrabandista* bearing off his cargo of salt or tobacco from a hard-won battle with the *douane*. What the cart really contained could only be guessed at by an occasional movement among the cloaks and wrappings with which it seemed filled, and by an occasional moan of pain, as if some woman lay there whom the cold and the jolting of the clumsy conveyance caused to suffer terribly.

The scenery of the Jura on the western side, though often beautiful, seldom affords anything like the grandeur that belongs to its eastern face; but winter aggrandises all things, and now this pass which the travellers were ascending had become not only grand but even terrible. In summer, no doubt, like a hundred other passes of the kind that run along the border of the Franche Comté, it led between hills covered from base to summit with green turf and waving woods, of which the monotony was only occasionally broken by some sudden mass of dark grey rock, beneath which the river leapt and sparkled like a mere silver thread. But in the depth of winter the whole scene is transformed, so that instead of being green and grey the hills were now white with limitless snow and black with leafless trees; while under the massive sky the river no longer leaped and sparkled, but, fed by countless torrents, gloomily

rushed along with a dull ceaseless roar. He would be a bold man, even though well versed in the country, who should seek to guide himself or another through the hopeless sameness of those round, dome-shaped hills, undistinguished from one another by any of the sharp and varied outlines that among the Alps make every peak a landmark. Only one summit in the whole landscape stood for a sign, which, unlike the rest, was high enough to stand bald and bare out of the forest; and this in the darkness only looked like a vast cupola of cloud. The road itself, besides those caused by the snow, was not without other and more serious dangers—for it hung high above the river; and although the descent could not properly be called precipitous, still it was quite far and steep enough to make a fall fatal, in one way or another.

The travellers proceeded for a long time without a word, unless one could call words the sounds addressed to the mules by their guide. At last, however, a man's voice cried out from the cart,—

"Pierre!"

"Monseigneur?" answered the leader of the mules, turning his head.

"Do not call me 'Monseigneur'! How far are we from Les Vacheries?"

"Six miles," and he stirred up the mules, who had taken advantage of this slight conversation to slacken their pace.

And now the hills grew darker, and the sky seemed to descend lower and lower until the great dome that lay to southward was completely absorbed in the mass of clouds. As for the course of the river, it had grown as black as if it were that of Styx or Acheron.

"Pierre!" again called out the voice from the cart.

"Monseigneur?"

"How often am I to tell you not to call me 'Monseigneur'? How long will it be before we reach Les Vacheries?"

The guide shrugged his shoulders; but the gesture, though significant, was not seen by Monseigneur, who repeated his question.

"In less than three hours—if we get there to-night at all."

"But we *must* get there to-night."

"As Monseigneur pleases." And again, after a long look at the sky behind him, he urged on the mules, who, considering the circumstances, certainly did their best. Probably they, too, wished to pass the night at Les Vacheries.

The flakes of snow, which had hitherto been fluttering through the air languidly and undecidedly, now began to increase both in size, in number, and in speed. They seemed to have been seized with a sudden purpose.

"Pierre!"

"Monseigneur?"

"Stop this horrible jolting. I am afraid Madame is very ill."

The mules were brought to, with what would have been a jerk had it not been for the slipperiness of the road, which nearly brought the leader to the ground, sure-footed as he was.

"Tell me, Pierre—when shall we really get to Les Vacheries? Are we certain to get there?"

The other no longer answered "as Monseigneur pleases." "If it please God," he said instead.

"Cannot we get on faster, at any rate?"

"Impossible, Monsieur le Marquis."

After some little difficulty, the heap of cloaks and straw was partially thrust aside, and a man emerged from the cart and stood by the side of Pierre. His costume was but little, if at all, better than that of his guide; but, even so, the distinction of his appearance was in keeping with what his voice had promised. He was as obviously a gentleman as Pierre was a peasant.

"Pierre," he said, in a low voice, "unless we can find help, Madame

will die. The cold, the fatigue, are too much for her strength, and she is in terrible pain, besides. You know this country—is there no house, no chalet, nearer than Les Vacheries? No cottage——”

“None that Madame could reach. Les Vacheries is the nearest, by the road.”

A cry came from the cart—the Marquis ran to its side. “Good God!” he exclaimed, “my wife is actually dying. Let us push on, for heaven’s sake! I will walk by the cart; and push on faster, in heaven’s name.”

But this was by no means so easy. The snow, which had till now impeded their feet only, was now so thick as almost to blind the eyes both of mules and of men. The Marquis carefully arranged the cloaks and straw, and then stood still in despair. Pierre said something to the animals, which seemed, for a moment, to encourage them to greater exertion. They almost plunged forward; but, in a moment, came to a stand, their feet and ears thrown forward, and their bodies strained back and trembling. A low, wild moaning was heard, far more terrible in its sound than that of the swollen river.

“What is that, Pierre?” asked the Marquis, instinctively laying his hand on the pistols that he carried in his belt.

“That? That is the wolves, Monsieur le Marquis.”

He shuddered. It was not many days since the wolves of the Gironde had saved Pétion from the guillotine: nor were those of the Jura, he thought, likely to be less merciful.

“Are they likely to attack us, Pierre?”

“I hope not, Monseigneur.” But his tone was not hopeful.

“Will not those accursed beasts stir?”

“They must stir, Monseigneur, unless we make up our minds to wait till we have the snow for a blanket.”

“Then push on once more.”

Again the mules were urged into action—this time by means of something considerably stronger than mere words. But, when they once stirred, it was not their fault that the progress which they succeeded in making was so slow; for they would willingly have galloped now, if it had only been possible. As it was, however, the travellers had to creep along, the snow beating into their eyes, the cold numbing their limbs, and the howling of the wild beasts filling their ears with its wail of terror. But still, however slowly, they did make real progress. If the snow did not become so thick as to stop their passage altogether—if the wolves did not surround them—if their strength did not fail—if they did not perish with cold—they might reasonably expect to arrive at their destination in time to find shelter before it was too late. It is true that the chances were in favour of at least one of these things happening, but none of them might happen—and that was some comfort.

Suddenly, however, the mules stopped once more; and this time neither blows nor words would make them move. The Marquis struck and threatened them; Pierre coaxed them; but they were deaf alike to threats and to flatteries, and callous to blows. At last, leaving them to themselves, and sheltering his eyes, or rather his one eye, from the snow with his hands, the latter went a few steps forward and looked carefully before him. Then, starting suddenly back, and seizing the bridle, he forced the mules backwards with all his force.

“Monsieur le Marquis,” he said, “the will of God be done! We cannot reach Les Vacheries.”

“Not reach Les Vacheries?”

“Listen to that, Monseigneur.”

The Marquis listened. “I hear the river,” he said.

“It is not the river that you hear, Monseigneur. The river does not sound like that.”

And, in truth, the sharp, loud roar that seemed to thunder through their ears had but little in common with the dull rush of the river.

"What is it, then?"

"I know it well—it is the torrent of La Rochette."

"Are we not on the road, then? Have you lost your way?"

"We are on what *was* the road, Monseigneur."

III.

The situation of the travellers had now become more than critical. It was exceedingly perilous. The road having been swept away by the swollen mountain torrent, there seemed nothing to be done but to attempt to spend the night as they were. And how was it possible so to spend it with any reasonable chance of seeing the morning?

Both the nobleman and the peasant remained in silence for a while. At last the latter said,—

"Monsieur le Marquis——"

"Well?"

"There is on the other side of this torrent a small chalet, high up among the hills—on the side of that hill that you can just see from here. It is called Pré-aux-Fleurs."

"Yes—and there is also a chalet some miles beyond called Les Vacheries! It seems to me, since they are both on the other side of the torrent, that one is as near as the other."

"I was thinking, Monsieur le Marquis——"

"Well?"

"I believe I could reach it, Monseigneur."

"Indeed! So be it then. Save yourself. Better three perish than four."

"But, Monsieur le Marquis, if I can reach it, I can return. I know the people there, and I might get help. I should certainly find food."

"No, Pierre; you would only perish in the torrent."

"I think not, Monseigneur. I have crossed La Rochette at this point for a less matter, before I was married."

A sudden thought seemed to strike the Marquis.

"You say you could go and return?" he said. "Tell me—how should you reach Pré-aux-Fleurs?"

The other led him to the edge, soft, white, and treacherous, of the descent to the river, over which the torrent was rushing headlong. Then he guided him a few steps forward, till the Marquis felt the foam upon his face.

"Monseigneur will stand here," said Pierre, "and press his foot against this stump, which is firm. There he will hold a cord that I shall take from the cart. By this cord I can slip down to that slab of rock just below us, and which the spray has washed clear of snow."

"But you will still be on this side the torrent?"

"True, Monseigneur. But just where we stand the water falls down sheer to the river."

"I do not see how that can mend matters."

"Monseigneur will see. That slab of rock which I pointed out to Monseigneur projects sideways across the fall. Once upon it, I have simply to drop from its edge and the fall is cleared."

"I see."

"It is not very far—the rope will be long enough for all. I shall land upon an easy slope, and shall then have nothing to do but to go up straight to Pré-aux-Fleurs."

"You know the way?"

"*Crenom!* I should think so!"

"I will call out, and Monseigneur will make a noose in the cord and fasten it over the stump."

"I see. In descending, the cord will be only of use to guide you and prevent your slipping?"

"That is all, Monseigneur."

"And otherwise there is no danger?"

"It is not even difficult, Monseigneur, for one who has done it before, and knows what to do."

"And how long shall you be gone?"

"If all is well, Monseigneur will hear me call out in two hours."

"Two hours! *Mon Dieu!*"

"But, Monseigneur——"

"Listen, Pierre. It is only too clear that in less than two hours Madame will in all probability be beyond the reach of aid. You know how ill she is—and you hear that horrible howling, that comes every moment nearer. I, too, cannot count upon two hours of life. But, if you are right in what you say, you may yet save the child."

He did not wait for an answer, but went at once to the side of the cart and raised the coverings with which it was filled. Pierre stood irresolute; and no wonder—for he guessed what the Marquis intended, and he was not eager for a responsibility that would add so much to the difficulty of the expedition that he had undertaken.

Under the heap of cloaks, upon some straw, lay a woman almost young enough to be called a girl, and, in spite of the wretchedness of her condition, still handsome, and even more than handsome. The form of her features was of that large and noble order that is superior to physical pain however severe, and argued a strength of nature that must have struggled long before it could have been thus subdued. And now it was subdued, even to the point of unconsciousness. In only two ways did she show any signs of life; in the heavy and almost audible rise and fall of her bosom, and in the instinctive energy with which she pressed to it a young child of apparently not many weeks old, which seemed as little likely to last out the night as its mother.

After gazing upon the two for an

instant, "It must be done," said the Marquis to himself, decisively. "Take the rope, Pierre."

So saying, he, not without the exertion of some force, parted the child from what appeared to be the dying embrace of its mother. Then he spread a cloak upon the snow, laid the child upon it, and tied the corners firmly together crosswise: and then, having once more rearranged the coverings over the woman, he made his companion, who did not venture to object to the proceeding, pass his head and right arm through the spaces formed by the manner in which the corners of the cloak were tied, so that the living burden, falling behind him, was supported by his left shoulder, and left his arms free.

Pierre then, grasping the rope in both hands, in the manner which he had explained, descended slowly backwards to the narrow platform formed by the projecting piece of rock. The descent in itself was not more than moderately difficult; the only danger lay in the possibility of his feet suddenly slipping upon the snowy incline, and of the Marquis having to let go his hold of the rope. Neither accident, however, happened: and he presently stood in safety upon the rock which, as he had said, projected across the course down which the torrent was rushing in a sheer and unbroken fall. It is true that this natural ledge did not afford him much standing room, and the height between it and the bed of the river was enough to turn any ordinary head giddy; but Pierre was mountaineer enough to be free from that weakness at least, and to be able to prepare coolly and deliberately for the downward spring that was to land him beyond the torrent.

Had he been without the encumbrance at his back, the matter, though not without risk, would have been simple enough, for the distance he had to drop was not extreme. As it was, however, the danger and difficulty of the attempt

were multiplied by ten at least. Nevertheless the attempt must be made now: nor, indeed, did he think of giving it up. Calling out to the Marquis to let out the rope to its fullest extent, he wound a part of it two or three times round his wrists, and then grasping it about a couple of feet from the end, made the leap, and fell safely upon the bed of new-fallen snow below him.

But a shudder passed through him when he rose and found himself free from the weight that had caused the whole of his danger. The corners of the bundle, necessarily ill secured, in spite of the care of the Marquis, had come unfastened by the slight shock of the leap. But his fear was for a moment only, though it almost came back upon him when he saw how few inches lay between the child and the watercourse—so few, indeed, that to recover it was by far the greatest risk that he had had to run.

But he did recover it, and, thanks to the soft bed on which it had fallen, he found it uninjured by the accident. Then he released his wrists from the rope, the end of which he fastened to a bush—shouted out to announce his safety and that of his charge—and then struck into a sort of path that crossed the road and led, by a long but easy ascent, to the hills.

On and on he went, while the cold wind whistled about his ears, carrying upon its breath many strange and distant sounds. But he felt no fear of imaginary dangers. A man into whose composition entered a single grain of fancy would have seen and heard all manner of terrible things, when alone on a winter's night among the hills. But Pierre was on well-known ground, and he had not a grain of fancy about him. He realised that he was cold, and that he was hungry, but nothing more; and he measured the condition, both mental and bodily, of those whom he

had left by his own. He would not have minded spending the whole night out of doors as long as he had something to eat and drink; and as he doubted not the hospitality of Pré-aux-Fleurs, he doubted nothing. He even sang, not to scare away ghosts, but out of the genuine courage, or rather fearlessness, of his heart; for a heart can scarcely be called courageous that has no sense of fear. Nevertheless, in spite of all this rough carelessness, the Marquise herself could have found no want of tenderness in the way in which he carried her child.

Still, even to him, it was a welcome sight when he saw across an open space the flickering light in the window of Pré-aux-Fleurs. He stepped out faster, and in a few minutes more was knocking loudly upon the door with his fist.

The first sound he heard was the whining and scratching of the dog, as if it was striving to reach him through the door; then,—

"Who is there?" cried out a sharp but timid voice from within.

"It is I, aunt Cathon."

"*Mon Dieu!* It is Pierre!" and the door opened. Without another word he entered the room, the dog leaping about him in a state of frantic delight, and aunt Cathon following in one of fear and anxiety.

"Ah, he is wounded!" she exclaimed, when he was fairly within the glow of the fire. The young woman started, gave a slight cry, and threw her arms round him, without observing the child.

"Is all over?" asked the priest, anxiously.

"And Monsieur le Marquis?" asked aunt Cathon in the same breath.

"Monseigneur is on the other side of the torrent of La Rochette. It has broken through the road. Madame is with him. This is their child—down, Loup!—take the child, Susanne—and there they'll have to stay till to-morrow."

His words seemed to turn those

who heard them into stone. Now, indeed, the end of all things must have come.

"You must get them something, aunt Cathon," said Pierre, without giving them time to collect themselves. "I must go back to them at once."

Without a word the old woman ran off to find the best of what she had. The Curé approached the child, at which Susanne was gazing with awe.

"Poor child!" he said. "And you crossed the torrent with this? Is it possible?"

Pierre nodded.

The priest looked at it more closely. Then he exclaimed,—

"But it is dying! Take it, Susanne—take it in your arms. But I fear it is too late."

In truth, the infant seemed to have but little appearance of life. The young woman took it, and sat down with it in her lap before the fire; but the warmth had no effect. Then she stooped over it and raised it to her breast; but it still remained motionless. After all, it was almost a miracle that it had survived so long, for it seemed to be but weak and delicate by nature.

The Curé watched her vain efforts to revive it in silence. At last,—*"I wonder whether it is baptised,"* he said, half to himself, half to Pierre.

The latter shook his head doubtfully.

"I doubt," the Curé went on, in the same half-questioning tone, "if Monsieur le Marquis thought much of the blessed sacraments."

"I'm sure he didn't," said Pierre, decidedly.

"And Madame la Marquise?"

"I have heard say she is a heretic."

The Curé crossed himself. "Poor little one! and I more than fear it has scarce an hour to live. And Monsieur le Marquis and Madame—they too, perhaps, will not live through the night. As to the child, my duty is clear. But—

could I reach Monseigneur, think you, Pierre?"

"Impossible, my father."

"But you will do it?"

"It will be as much as I can do."

"Are you sure I could not?"

"What! across the torrent?"

"You swear to me that it would be quite impossible?"

"I swear, Monsieur le Curé, that, if you tried, you would most surely find yourself in the river."

The priest did not look like one who was made to be an active martyr, although he would have suffered passively as bravely as any one. "If it is impossible, it is impossible," he sighed. "But at least the innocent child shall live, if not in this world, yet in the next. What is its name, Pierre?"

"I never heard it."

"And I do not know that of Monsieur le Marquis. Never mind—I will take it on myself, then." So saying, he dipped his finger into a basin of water, and, making on the child's forehead the sign of the cross, said,—

"Felix, si non es baptizatus, ego baptizo te in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Amen." The name is of good omen, and is that of our blessed patron. Yes: I have done what is right, even though the Seigneur may blame me. I thank the *Seigneur des Seigneurs* for having kept me here this night!

Just then aunt Cathon returned, bearing a basket which, from its size, proved that she had thought rather of the necessities of Monsieur le Marquis than of the arms of Pierre. But the strength of the latter was fully equal to the occasion.

"I shall return, aunt Cathon," he said, "as soon as it is light. We shall have to contrive some way of bringing Monseigneur and Madame to Pré-aux-Fleurs. You had better send to Les Vacheries in the morning for help." He stooped over and kissed the cheek of Susanne, who was weeping silently

over the child, and then once more stepped out into the night, follow-

ed by Loup, who seemed to prefer his master even to the fire.

IV.

So much, at present, for the brave mountaineer and his helpless charge. It is time to return to the more important persons who were waiting for their chance of safety.

The Marquis, on hearing Pierre's parting shout, satisfied himself that the lady was as well protected from the cold night as circumstances would allow, gave a look to the mules, and then wearily seated himself by the roadside to wait in patience until the promised two hours should have dragged themselves away. Meanwhile the snow had ceased; the cry of the wolves had died away in the distance, and all was still, save for the roar of the water, which, however, like all continuous sounds, seemed to mingle with the silence rather than to destroy it. Little by little the grey mist cleared away, and brought into sight the winter moon that, small and pale, threw a wild light upon the snow and upon the wet crag that overhung the torrent. Nature seemed to have sunk into repose again: and it was difficult for one who was utterly fatigued both in mind and body not to sympathise with her repose. Besides, cold is in itself a soporific; and the Marquis had scarcely slept for many nights and days.

Moonlight upon the snow! The very words are full of magic meaning; and the thing is magic itself. Transformation is the very secret of its influence. It does away with form and proportion; it reverses distances, making the near seem far and the far near; it sheds upon all it touches colours, lights and shadows unknown to reality; it rarefies air into mist, and all less substantial things into air. Nor are its changes confined to the material world alone. Our true lives become unreal, and our most

passing fancies usurp the place of what is true. Vague and unfounded apprehensions, and still more vague and unfounded hopes, of which not one can be expressed in any tangible form, take the place of foresight and of memory. Not only so, but they cause us to fear where we have every reason to hope, and to be careless where we ought to fear. This is so even on a summer night; and winter and solitude together intensify the mysteries of the moonlight a hundred-fold.

Thus the watcher in the snow could not be said to think while he waited. He dreamed; and the treacherous cold that wrapped him round caused his dreams more and more to resemble the dreams of actual sleep.

At last, indeed, he was no longer a watcher among the hills of the Jura. He was a wanderer in fairy-land, and in that most delusive region of the whole world of dreams in which the actors take the shapes of those whom we know in the real world.

Young in reality, he grew, as is almost invariably the case in dreams, much younger. The snowy ground on which he sat changed to a rich carpet; the hills covered with the outskirts of the grey forest approached one another until they formed the four walls of a room, hung with warmly-coloured pictures; the sky became a ceiling painted with gods and goddesses; the light of the pale moon brightened into the brilliancy of lamps; the rush of the torrent turned into a no less continuous flow of conversation, and the silent trees into a crowd that laughed and talked the language, not of trees, but of men and women of the world. It was as though some genii had trans-

ported him backwards over space and time into the midst of some Parisian *salon* of which the poor lady who seemed to be dying near him became once more the noblest ornament; for she, too, was touched by the same magic wand.

He was still near her—so near, indeed, that he felt the touch of her breath and of her hair. But he felt a cold weight at his heart that prevented him from uttering a word; and he knew that her heart was weighed down by the same heaviness. Presently, without regard to the company round them, by whom they were as little regarded, he took her by the hand, the warmth of which he felt with most undream-like distinctness, and proceeded to lead her through endless passages and up and down countless stairs, some light and some dark, some crowded and some deserted, until they reached a room, which was empty, gloomy, and cold. Here, still holding her by the hand, he again made an attempt to speak; but he could only think of absurd and meaningless words; and even these he could not pronounce. And yet she seemed to understand them; for she said, in her own voice, and looking full into his face with her own eyes,—

“And why should I? Have I not made up my mind?”

“*Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus*—” Somehow he seemed to be growing younger still; and the room was surely that in which he had tried to construe Virgil twenty years since. He almost wondered that he had not recognised it before.

“Only let us go home,” she said.

“Dearest Anne! Yes—the vacation will begin to-morrow. And you will come too?”

His whole life seemed to depend upon her not fading away just then. He put his left arm round her to detain her, still with his right hand holding hers, and she was just about to answer, when the shout as of an angry mob filled his ears.

Suddenly he let go her hand. He started, and for an instant looked heavily about him, and then tried to stretch his limbs, which were numbed with cold.

“Can I have been dreaming?” he said to himself. “A strange place to go to sleep in! But surely that sound I heard was no dream.”

He listened; but all was still. But in another moment he heard below him the strong voice of Pierre, so pitched as to pierce through the roar of the water.

“Ah! it is Pierre returned — thank God!” and he called out in his turn.

And now to draw in and fix the rope. But, to his dismay, he found that the dream-genii had been treacherous indeed. The warm hand that he had dropped so suddenly when startled by the voice of Pierre, had in truth been nothing less than the very cord upon which in all probability depended the life of her who had filled his dreams. He sought for it carefully; but it was only too clear that the end of it which he ought to have guarded had slipped over the verge of the road.

“Pierre!” he shouted, at the extreme pitch of his voice.

“Draw the rope, Monsieur!”

“It has fallen over. What is to be done?”

“*Sacre nom de Dieu!*”

“What is to be done?”

“I have this end of it. Monsieur must come down to the rock. Perhaps I can throw it to him there.”

This was easier said than done. The Marquis had not the sure feet of Pierre; and even the latter could not have descended in perfect safety without some guidance.

It must be done, however. Carefully noting the position of the slab of wet rock with his eye, he lost no time in sliding, as gently and as slowly as he could, down the face of the hill until his feet were stopped by the stone. Then, kneeling down,

he saw Pierre standing just below him. His position was anything but pleasant ; for the single glance that he ventured to cast down the front of the hill made him turn almost giddy, and the water that thundered under his feet made the ledge on which he was supported shake and tremble, while his face was dashed by its foam.

"Is the child safe?" he asked at once, and anxiously.

"Quite safe, Monsieur le Marquis. I have drawn up the cord, and will throw one end to you there. But do not move, except to catch it."

After a few unsuccessful attempts it was caught.

"And now?" asked the Marquis.

"Monseigneur will find it difficult to climb back without help. I must get on to the rock. It is very unlucky that Monseigneur let go the rope."

"And how will you get on to it? And there is barely room for two."

Pierre considered for a moment. "It was very unlucky," he repeated. "Would Monseigneur perhaps try to climb back? It would be the best way, if he could manage it."

"I will try."

"Monseigneur must be careful. He had better keep his eyes on the stump, and never look downwards."

"And then?"

"Monseigneur will fasten the noose to the stump. I can climb up then."

Fastening the cord round his

body, that it might not slip out of his hands again, the Marquis de Croisville attempted, with his numbed limbs and reeling sight, to breast the steep bank of snow. But the attempt was hopeless, and he had to give it up in despair.

"Pierre," he called out, "I cannot climb three steps."

The other was silent for a while. Then he said,—

"Then let Monseigneur make all the room he can."

The Marquis crouched down against the snow-bank. Pierre, putting his whole strength into the spring, leaped upwards ; and, by an effort of immense activity, succeeded in reaching with his hands the rough edge of the stone, to which he proceeded to draw up his body. It was a perilous position ; but, for so good a mountaineer, apparently far from desperate.

Only apparently, however. It was too true that the stone was only made for one, though not in the sense intended by the Marquis. The frosts and thaws of a thousand winters had done their work upon it ; and though it had room, it had not strength for two.

With a thundering sound, and with one wild cry, the rock and the two victims of a dream fell together headlong down the steep, straight course of the torrent. There is no need to trace the fall of that confused mass of broken rock and shattered limbs ; for it would be absurd to suppose that any creature could make that descent and remain for a single instant alive.

V.

Whatever comes with the night, no matter how real and vivid it may be, is always of the nature of a dream ; while, on the other hand, the most dim and dreamlike of mornings always brings with it a sensation of reality. Not only is this the case with man, but with nature also : and now, when morn-

ing came, the hills seemed literally to wake, even although the light of the moon had been brighter and more distinct than that of the winter day-break. Dull as daylight may be, it is at all events preferable to the excitements of night-mare. The very torrent, as it foamed over the road, and reflected

the red globe of the sun, seemed to have forgotten the mischief that it had brought about; for the departure of the night had deprived it of at least half its grandeur and nearly all its terror.

Nevertheless the fact remained, that the number of strong men in the world was less by two—not that that can be considered much, perhaps, when every day strong men as well as weak were being forced out of the world by hundreds. As to the Marquise, it may seem incredible, or almost incredible, that she should have survived the cold, the weariness, and the pain in which she lay. But experience proves that it is by no means incredible. There are some constitutions that may seem to be utterly broken and yet remain proof against death—that cannot die, in fact, except from old age. And it is just among delicate women that this intense vital force is generally most strongly developed. In narratives of shipwreck and famine we invariably find that it is tenderly-nurtured women who prove most superior to hardship. Whether it is that delicacy and strength of organisation are identical; whether it is that women who habitually expend little muscular exertion acquire thereby a larger reserve fund of passive strength; or whether it is that their frames are by nature better adapted for mere endurance than those of men,—the fact that seemingly weak women do often live through what would almost to a certainty kill the strongest man, cannot be doubted: and it is a strong illustration of any one of these theories that, during the past night, the Marquise de Croisville did not die.

About sunrise her trance changed into a natural sleep, which, had it come upon her during the cold of night, must have inevitably caused her death in spite of her possessing any amount of vital force. After an hour or two she woke, and managed

partially to raise herself from her bed of cloaks and straw.

She found herself alone, in a white waste of silence: for to the sound of the water her ears had accustomed themselves unconsciously. It was long before she could collect her thoughts; long, even, before she felt about her for her child; longer still before she could realise the fact that it was gone from her.

But she did realise it at last: and then the rush of returning consciousness brought with it a new strength that was almost unnatural. She rose almost completely: she strove to call out her husband's name. But in spite of what might almost be called the madness of her fearful anxiety, she could only fall back once more, and her attempt to speak only ended in a cry of anguish. She stretched out her arms to grasp the air; then she listened with an intentness that would have caught the faintest and most distant sound had there been any distant sound to hear: and then God knows into what a state of utter terror, of utter desolation, of utter helplessness, she fell—unable to move, unable to think, unable even to moan. That madness itself did not come to her relief is almost a miracle. Perhaps it was the weakness of her body that saved her: it must certainly have been to a great extent the strength of her mind. What she felt cannot be called mental anguish, for she was without any conscious impression of anything. The mere fact that she still lived was all that she knew; and that was more than enough. No anguish, however bitter, was needed to add to the intense bitterness of each moment of mere life.

How long she lay in this condition cannot be told. To her it seemed as though she lingered through centuries; but then many centuries of life may be contained in a single moment of time. It could not have been really long, or

there would have been some attempt at communication from Pré-aux-Fleurs. At last, however, her strained ears did catch a sound. It was that of two voices approaching along the road towards her, and on the same side of the torrent.

"Are you sure we are on the road, Jules?" asked one.

"'Sure' is a strong word. I'm never sure of anything. *Diable!* how cold I am!"

"Cold? I swear to you that if we do not reach somewhere in half an hour you will have to leave me on the road. My feet are ice."

"Take some brandy. Who can tell where he is among these cursed hills? But this was said to lead to Saint Félix."

"Saint *Ignis fatuus*, I should think. What a noise of water!"

"Only the river, I suppose. What a night we have passed! I only hope that there may turn out to be a hell after all."

"Why so?"

"Because we shall have had our turn, and some people will be pretty sure to have theirs."

"They say the worst parts of hell are its cold corners."

"I should think so. I would be put on a spit with pleasure just now."

"And I would eat you with pleasure before you were half done. But, talking of hell, what in the devil's name have we here?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "A woman! poor wretch! She has escaped *la sainte mère*, any way." This, it may be supposed, was his euphemism for the guillotine.

"But she may be alive."

"Impossible. But, praise be to Death! he has sent us a cart and a pair of mules. We will send the corpse rolling down the hill and take possession. My faith! Carrier would have sent the *citoyenne* down alive."

"But, Jules, had we not better see—"

"See nothing, my friend; that is the wisest way."

The other, who had gone a few steps in advance, made a sudden exclamation, which brought his companion to his side.

They looked at the torrent and then at each other in blank despair. At last said he who had been called Jules, and who had proposed to deal so summarily with the Marquise,—

"Then there is an end of us, *mon ami*;" and he smiled in a way that made him by no means pleasant to look on. Indeed, in other respects the two companions were sufficiently unattractive; and yet they were even still more pitiable. Their accent and their language were good, and were not even provincial; but they were barely covered with wet and filthy rags, their faces were grimed with dirt and black stubble, and they seemed as though brandy had been meat and drink to them for days. They also were doubtless victims of the time.

"An end of the road, you mean," answered the other, whose fainting energy seemed to be revived by the extremity of their situation. "Here is this cart, as you say. It is clear that the *citoyenne* is in much the same boat as we are—and," he added, going to the side of the cart, "not unlike an aristocrat. Poor girl!"—and he looked at her again—"she has not long to live, I should say. Hand the brandy. See, she opens her eyes. Are they not fine ones too?"

"What are you saying about fine eyes?"

"Oh, I was thinking that we might drive a better bargain than if we threw away our goods—that's all."

"You speak in riddles."

"Not at all. Look here, Jules. Let us ride back the way we came. When we reach the three roads, let us take that which leads to Besançon—that is all. No one knows us there, and no one will care to ask us questions if we bring so fair a postulant to the altar of the *sainte mère*. And if they choose to trim

our beads as well—why, I don't see that we shall lose much. We shall never get alive out of these accursed hills."

The poor Marquise at last found her voice. "Take me where you please," she said, feebly; "I am ready."

"Hm! a foreigner! Are you alone, *citoyenne*?"

She considered what she should reply. Suppose that her husband and her child had left her to seek aid and shelter? Suppose that in fact they had found it? It would never do to run the risk of letting these men, plainly rendered desperate by danger and misery, know anything about them. Besides, what did it matter how she died? In any case she expected to die in a few hours at most; and her reason told her that to insure their safety it would be fully worth her while to forfeit her chance of having a last but useless interview with them. But just as she was on the point of saying "Quite alone," a large dog scrambled over the side of the road, bearing in his mouth a handkerchief of fine cambric.

One of the two men showed it to her, while the dog tried to draw the other to the edge of the water-course. She saw that it was her husband's; and when he who had followed the dog said, "Ah, it is plain that the *citoyenne* is alone if her friends tried to break their necks by getting round here," it was clear enough to her what the fate of her husband and of her child must have been.

"What is your name, *citoyenne*?" asked Jules, who held the handkerchief.

"The Marquise de Croisville."

The two men exchanged meaning looks. "You are not French?"

"I am English."

"*Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?*" Well, there is no help for it. Turn the mules round, if their knees are not as stiff as mine. There, *citoyenne*, we'll make you as comfortable as we can. Who knows? Perhaps we are all going to visit *la mère guillotine* together. Well, death is but death after all; and whether it comes by the knife or the cold, what matter? Courage, *citoyenne*! Who knows what may happen?" And with a sort of reckless gaiety he began to sing,—

"*'Ca ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrates à la lanterne!'*"

"Hush!" said the other, who, though he had proposed the scheme, was less brutal in manner.

"Not I," replied Jules, dragging round the mules with a will, and with no sparing of blows; "we must learn to be good Montagnards—curse them! One must try to live, after all. And if we have to die with the *citoyenne*, we will give them in their teeth the good old Marseillaise."

A sudden light came into the pale face of the Marquise. Tears for the first time flooded her eyes, and, after one glance at the torrent which now lay behind her, she looked up to heaven.

"I am justly punished," she murmured to herself in English. Then, once more in French, she said in a strong full voice that seemed to tell of conquest over self, "And if I have to die, with you or without you, my last word shall be *Vive le Roi!*"

But it was a last effort, and she fell back exhausted. The two men shrugged their shoulders at one another, and the cart once more went on in silence.

THE JEWISH REFORMATION AND THE TALMUD.

THE unswerving fidelity with which the Jews have clung, through every change of age and fortune, to "the tradition of the elders" (Matt. xv. 2), has hitherto proved the most stubborn obstacle to their reception of the Christian faith. What, therefore, shall be said when the loyalty of centuries is at last growing cold and feeble? What omen is to be drawn from the fact that Rabbis of credit are rejecting the most venerable usages of their race in the presence of approving congregations? What, in a word, is to be thought of the multitudes of devout and enlightened Israelites who with one consent are denying the authority of the Fathers, and are appealing to the Bible as the only rule of life and doctrine? This was the key-note of the great Protestant Reformation, and it is somewhat startling to hear it sounded amongst a people, the stern conservatism of whose traditions has always been supposed to be far removed beyond the reach of change, and who have regarded the controversies of eighteen hundred years with indifference or disdain.

For a Jew to gainsay the authority of his Talmud is only second in enormity, perhaps, to the rejection of the Tridentine decrees by a Roman Catholic. A wonderful revolution must have taken place in religious thought and feeling, before such a departure from orthodoxy could occur without insuring the prompt and vigorous correction of the offender. In the case of the Israelite its magnitude will be best appreciated by reflecting for a moment upon the time-honoured claims which the Talmud makes upon his obedience.

Dating from the Captivity—stretching backward from Babylon along an unbroken chain of living witnesses up to Sinai itself, and reaching forward through a thousand years of laborious interpretation—this mysterious book, rich with the accumulated wisdom of centuries, presents itself to the Jew as the unwritten Law received from the mouth of God, and delivered by Moses to the elders of the people.* It is composed of two distinct elements, called respectively the Mishna and Gemara. In the time of our Lord it had not yet been committed to writing, but it was the scrupulous and fantastic adherence to this traditionary code that brought down upon the Scribes and Pharisees the withering rebuke of "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" (Matt. xv. 9); and again, "Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition" (Mark vii. 9). If any vindication of this censure were needed, it is to be found in the Talmudical injunction (Horoyes, p. 2), "If a man does anything in opposition to the Law by the order of the Rabbis, he is not to be blamed." About the year 200 A.D. this hereditary deposit of oral teaching was drawn up into a code under the name of Mishna, and was thenceforward appealed to as an authority superior even to the Law of Moses. Lest this statement should be thought to be an exaggeration, it is well to quote the book itself in illustration of its lofty claims. "The covenant," it says (Gittin, p. 60), "which God made with the Israelites, is only for the purpose of their carrying out the Oral Law."† And

* This is the account which the Talmud gives of its own origin in Beroches, p. 4.

† This statement is supposed to derive support from Exodus xxxiv. 27, "Write thou these words; for after the tenor of these words I have made a covenant,"

again (Iroven, p. 21), one is cautioned to be more careful about the Rabbinical teachings than about those of the Bible.

But the taste for interpreting and developing did not rest here. No sooner was the Mishna put forth than it became in turn the groundwork of fresh commentaries. And thus the Gemara sprang into life. The materials for this supplemental work having been carefully collated and sifted towards the end of the fifth century, it was added to the Mishna; and both together, under the name of Talmud, became to the Jew "the magic circle within which the national mind patiently laboured for ages in performing the bidding of the ancient and mighty enchanters who drew the sacred line beyond which it might not venture to pass."* Poetical as this description may sound, it will not be found to overpass the truth, when it is remembered that the teaching of the Talmud has for long centuries been inseparably bound up with the life of the Jewish people; and that as there is nothing too great, so there is nothing too small to receive the due amount of legislative forethought in its exhaustless pages. A bare recital of the table of contents would in itself be enough to fill a volume, and would be found to travel through every conceivable relation of civil, religious, and domestic life. It is a book to which a Jew may turn in any emergency—always provided that he has learning enough at his command to master the composite language in which its wisdom is enshrined—with the assurance that he will be leaning on an unfailing guide. The variety and minuteness of its precepts will leave nothing for private judgment or imagination to supply. All is arranged for him by an authority that, falling something short of the plenary in-

spiration of Holy Writ, has nevertheless been regarded by devout Israelites of all ages as invested with the direct approval of the Almighty Himself. He has nothing to do but to listen, and he will be directed as to the hour at which he should rise in the morning, the way to wash and dress, the time for devotion and food, the method of cutting bread, grace before and after meat, what prayers are proper to be said before eating various kinds of fruit, what is to be done in case he has swallowed a mouthful without first saying grace, ablutions before and after meals, and the spirit in which he should carry on his daily business. And then, passing on to the crown of all Jewish observances—the sanctification of the Sabbath—he will be specially cautioned as to what kind of work a Gentile may be permitted to do for him on that day, how to conduct business on it if he happens to be in partnership with a Gentile, what he is to do with letters brought to him on it by a Gentile, how he is to spend it on board ship, how food is to be provided for it, at what hour on Friday evening the Sabbath begins, the time of lighting candles, how to sanctify the day over a cup of wine, and what sort of wine is proper to be used, the exact number of meals to be eaten and of prayers to be said on it, what may be spoken or carried, and how to avoid all possible profanation of the day. His Feasts and Fasts, as might be expected, are each in turn surrounded by enactments of such microscopic minuteness as to bar the occurrence of eventualities that have not been thought of and provided for. The smallest ceremonies are fenced and re-fenced with a jealousy that has foreseen all attempts at evasion; and the Israelite finds himself in-

&c., where the Hebrew expression is, "Upon the mouth of these words," referring, as the Rabbis say, to the Oral Law.

* Milman, 'Hist. of Jews.'

volved in a network of legislative definition that checks the first quickening of private and independent judgment. His alms-giving also will be found to partake of the general rigidity of the rest of his daily life. He will see that he is compelled to be liberal whether he likes it or not, and, should force be necessary, men may lawfully rob him of his goods for a charitable end. How much he shall give, and how he shall give it, are carefully defined; and while it is not permitted to him to accept alms from a Gentile in public, he may receive money in private without scruple or scandal. His very dress is matter for legislation; and he will find that conformity to Gentile attire is strictly forbidden, while he may neither cut his hair nor build his house after any but an Israelitish pattern. Neither may he look into a mirror for more than a moment, lest he should be seduced into thoughts of vanity; and for the same reason he must not use dyes or pull out even a straggling grey hair. Then as to his food, besides the things forbidden in Scripture he will be confronted with a formidable list of prohibited articles of consumption, together with an almost interminable catalogue of ceremonies to be observed, even in the case of clean animals and fowls, before they can be safely presented on his table. The qualifications of the person who kills them are carefully enumerated, as also the kind of knife that is to be used, the way in which the blood is to be covered on the ground, together with a complete description of the process of searching the lungs, liver, heart, and intestines. Next he will be instructed as to the rules to be observed in salting and soaking butcher's meat preparatory to cooking. Milk and eggs have their own separate enactments, special care being taken that neither should come from unclean animals or fowls, and in the case of the latter that there should not

be the smallest appearance of blood in the yolk, and that if laid on the Sabbath or a holiday it should not be eaten till the day after. Then, again, his bread must not have been baked by a Gentile; and his wine is held to be defiled by a Gentile so much as touching the cask or bottle, if it is not sealed. As to the disposal of his money, he will find himself bound down by an inflexible law against all practices that may ever so remotely lead up to usury. Even when money has been lent to a Gentile, he will be counselled as to extreme moderation in the rate of interest, and will be warned that the forbidden usury includes even flattering speeches, or the performance of a light task in order hereafter to obtain assistance for himself in a heavier one. Lucky and unlucky days for the transaction of business are noted; and he will be cautioned against commencing anything fresh on Monday or Wednesday, while he must on no account think of marrying during the last quarter of the moon. In the event of any dispute he will be strictly prohibited from having recourse to Gentile courts for judgment, and will be referred to the three men in every congregation who are deputed to settle all quarrels. He will see himself written down as "wicked" if he perversely dares to violate the precept. Vows of all imaginable kinds come in for a share of attention, and cases in which they are allowable or forbidden—as also what is to be done in the case of rash or injurious promises—are carefully defined. Matrimony has its special ordinances, and the inquiring Israelite will be told that he ought to take a wife at the age of thirteen years, and that after eighteen years the Almighty laments over his condition every day. He will also learn that he has not fulfilled the first commandment, "Be fruitful and multiply," unless he has at least a son and daughter; and that if his

wife dies, he must marry again, even in extreme old age. So important is this injunction declared to be, that, to find money to carry it out, he is permitted even to sell the scroll of the Law, which may be parted with for no other purpose, even though it were to provide bread for himself when starving. In the selection of a wife he is forbidden to marry a woman whose husband has died childless, and who has not gone through the ceremony of "taking off the shoe," as also one who is of questionable character, or who has ever remained alone in a room with a Gentile man, the imputation being that she must of necessity have been defiled. Then he will receive full and specific directions as to the terms of the marriage-contract, and will learn that the amount of dowry to be given to his intended wife is fixed at two hundred *zooz*, which is equal to £5 of English money; and so strict is this preliminary condition of wedlock held to be, that he is bound to sell even the coat he wears to fulfil it. The ring also will be found to have its own enactments. It must be of pure gold, without any stone in it, and must be bought out of the bridegroom's own money, and be shown to the ministers of the synagogue for their approval. Divorce, though permitted, is fenced around with scrupulous minuteness. The writing must be on parchment, and must include the names of the man and woman desiring to be put asunder, of the town, of the river (if any), of the day and month, and of the year. If a single letter should be incorrect—as, for example, if of the two Hebrew *k's* the wrong one should unluckily be used—if the parchment is not of the prescribed size and shape, or if there are more or less than twelve lines on it, the divorce will be irregular. When this has been drawn up under the sanction of three learned Rabbis, and has been attested by two qualified witnesses of unblemished character,

a ceremonial is appointed for the husband, in accordance with which he must deliver it to the woman, who has to place it in her bosom with a specified movement of the hands and arms. The slightest variation in any of these particulars will render the divorce null and void. Then, passing on from weddings to funerals, our Israelite will find himself obliged to follow every dead body that is carried out to burial among his people, the least allowable distance for accompanying the corpse being four yards; and he is cautioned to be very sober in his demeanour, and not to talk in the presence of the departed about anything that does not strictly concern the funeral. If he be a descendant of Aaron (a Cohen), he will be surrounded with special safeguards for avoiding contamination with the dead, and will be warned against so much as entering the gates of a cemetery where Jews are buried. Rending his garments on the death of a blood relation is enforced by the example of King David (2 Sam. xiii. 31), and it is defined that the rent must consist of a narrow slit of the length of the thumb. For a father or mother it must be cut on the left side, so as to be near the heart, and all the body garments must be slit in the same manner, down to the shirt. For more distant relations the outer garments only need be rent, and the slit will be on the right side; but in all cases the operation must be performed standing, according to the same example of the holy king, of whom it is written that "he arose and tare his garments." Visiting the sick is strictly enjoined upon all classes, special times being prescribed for the due discharge of the duty. Thus, for example, the visit must not be paid during the first three hours of the day, because the sickness is not then so severe, and the visitor may not think it necessary to pray for the sufferer; nor yet during the last three hours of the day, for then the sickness is

heavy upon him, and the presence of a stranger may be burdensome. It is further laid down for our Israelite's guidance, that the visit is altogether incomplete unless prayer is said, and the petition must be made to include all the sick among his people throughout the world. As to tithes, he will be told that they apply only to the land of Canaan, and the surrounding countries where the chosen people used to dwell, and that their obligation has entirely passed away. Nevertheless, he will be encouraged to set aside a tenth part of his earnings for distribution among the poor. Dreams have their own peculiar ordinances, and he will be warned to fast, even on the Sabbath itself, if he shall have been unfortunate enough to dream (1) that the scroll of the synagogue was being burnt, or (2) that he was taking part in the concluding prayer appointed for the day of atonement, or (3) that his teeth were dropping out, or the ceiling of his room was falling upon him. He will, further, find full and explicit directions about giving and receiving of presents, about articles lost or found, and as to what things he must cause to be "cried," special care being observed in all cases that no reward, direct or indirect, is accepted for restoring anything to its owner. The treatment of his servants, and some stringent prohibitions against trafficking, in ever so remote a manner, with stolen goods, or lending himself to the designs of spies and informers, will bring to a conclusion the onerous summary of his duty.

Such is a shadowy outline of some of the subjects that are dealt with in this wondrous book, as by an authority that no orthodox Israelite can venture to question or disregard. Although the Talmud steadily ignores the existence of

Christianity,* its silence has not availed to save it from the doom of heresy. It has been proscribed and burnt a hundred times and more, but this was by its enemies. It has survived to be denied by its friends. This is, in reality, what is now being done by the reformers among the Jews. They have raised the standard of revolt against immemorial tradition, and, using as their rallying-cry, "Ye shall not add unto the Word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it" (Deut. iv. 2), they absolutely reject the Talmud as an authoritative guide. They do not consider that its requirements and prohibitions are binding upon any man's conscience; and as to expansions or "fences" of the law (as they are technically termed), they hold themselves free to accept as much or as little as they please.

It will be time enough further on to inquire whether the disregard of tradition on the part of the Reformers is merely a covering which thinly veils rationalistic speculations, or whether it is to be hailed as pointing to a genuine revival of religious thought. Meanwhile, it ought to be stated, as a strong point in their favour, that though the force of the Talmud has been invariably acknowledged, it has never been formally accepted by either a general or special council of the nation. In this respect, therefore, a reforming Jew stands at an immense advantage over a protesting Roman Catholic, that he is not flying in the teeth of the decrees of his Church.

In proceeding to examine into the leading characteristics of the modern Reformation movement, it is necessary to bear in mind that, since the revival of letters, infidelity of one type or another has largely prevailed among educated Jews. From Maimonides down to

* A notice is usually prefixed to each volume, setting forth that certain epithets which are applied to the nations of Canaan are not to be understood as referring to Christians.

Spinoza there has always existed a small, but compact, school of rationalists, whose aim has been to make the interpretation of the Law subservient to the investigations of later science. Their efforts, however, have not been allowed to pass without protest, and at this day there are in Poland and Galicia bodies of Jews called Khasidim ("Saints"), who hold that any one who studies the writings of Maimonides and his followers must inevitably be tending towards infidelity.

Without attempting to trace the course of sceptical feeling through centuries of secret influence, it is enough to say that Mendelsohn, who lived about eighty years ago, is claimed as the father of the modern line of thought, and that reforming principles found their way from Germany to England some thirty years since. The seed seems to have fallen into congenial soil, for the body of Reformers soon arrived at proportions which emboldened them to separate from the Orthodox, and to build synagogues where they worship according to an amended ritual of their own. Hardly a congregation can now be found that does not number amongst its many followers of the new doctrine—generally, it is said, the most enlightened and richest members of the community. So rapid, indeed, is the progress of the movement, that some of the strictest adherents of ancient usage are constrained to admit that the entire conversion of British Jews to reforming principles is an eventuality that cannot be very long delayed. A change of the most searching and comprehensive character, which threatens to influence some sixty or seventy thousand of our fellow-subjects in this country alone, on matters which are immemorially bound up with their distinctive faith, must surely claim an interest

far beyond the limits of Israelitish thought and feeling.

In order, therefore, to gain some idea of the force and direction of the reforming movement, it will be well, in the first place, to watch its effect upon public worship. Here, of course, we are likely to see it at its best, and, at the same time, run the least risk—as it owns no written law of its own—of being misled by the passions or caprices of professors.

THE REFORMERS, AS THEY ARE SEEN WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE SYNAGOGUE, seem to have spared no pains to sever their form of worship from that of the Orthodox by broad and strongly-drawn lines of demarcation. Identity is not only damaged but destroyed. Thus, for example—

1. They have changed the hours of public service, which have always been most reverentially observed. The Rabbinical Code prescribes certain prayers to be said not later than 8 A.M. in summer, and 9 A.M. in winter. Without discarding these from their worship, the Reformers use them at what hour they please.

2. The Orthodox prayer-book contains certain prayers, called *Piyutim*,* which are appointed to be used on holidays, and occasionally on Sabbaths. They are of comparatively modern origin:—that is to say, the most ancient of them may be some 700 or 800 years old. The Reformers have not only swept them away, as being without authority, but ridicule their stricter brethren for clinging to their use.

3. Words of Chaldee are mingled with Hebrew in some prayers of the Orthodox. All these are carefully eliminated by the Reformers, ostensibly on the ground of their not belonging to the sacred language, but really—it is to be presumed—because they are not understood by the congregation. It is well known

* In the case of the Hebrew terms which occur in this article, the Oxford mode of writing has been followed.

that the Reformers would be inclined to use English in their public worship, were it not for the sake of foreign Jews, who are perpetually coming over, and to whom it would be as unintelligible as Chaldee itself.

4. The Reformers not only transpose prayers, but they curtail them in points which are distinctly ordered by the Talmud, and alter the form of expression. This is notably done in the case of one of the most important of all, the Adon 'Olam, which is held to have been fixed by Ezra and the men of the Great Synagogue. The Reformers insert two verses, descriptive of the attributes of God—a practice which is severely censured by the Talmud, as speaking too much about the holy name, and using flattering words.

5. Since the disuse of sacrifices, consequent upon the destruction of the temple and the fading away of the Aaronic priesthood, the Talmud orders as a substitute that the passages of scripture relating to the particular kind of sacrifice in hand, should be publicly read in the congregation. Thus, for example, instead of the Burnt Offering, the chapter relating to it is read as a lesson. The Reformers omit the chapters; but say a short prayer, which is also used by the Orthodox. The significance of the omission will be better understood when it is borne in mind that devout Israelites keep up the remembrance of this and many other rites, which can no longer be fulfilled to the letter by the dispersion, in order that they may thoroughly comprehend their duty when their Messiah comes to lead them back to their own land.

6. To the prayer of "the eighteen blessings" (*She-monah 'Esreh*) fixed by Ezra, and the men of the Great Synagogue, another has been added by succeeding Rabbis—viz., a denunciation against slanderers. The Orthodox are very strict about its use, but the Reformers, consis-

tently enough with their anti-Rabbinical feeling, have struck it out of the prayer-book.

7. Very important prayers (called *Wehu Rakhum*) are appointed to be said on Mondays and Thursdays in every week, whereas the Reformers use them only on the ten penitential days—i.e., from New Year to the Day of Atonement, and even then they are not said in full.

8. Every day in his life the orthodox Jew is bound to recite Psalms 145 to 150 inclusive, while Psalm 145 must be said thrice a-day. The Rabbis teach that whoever does this with regularity insures for himself the happiness of the future world. This practice is altogether disregarded by the Reformers.

9. Two prayers for the Rabbis and students of the law, dead and living, which have been used every Sabbath in every country in the world since the prayer-book was fixed, are rejected by the Reformers on the ground that they are written in Talmudical language, and not in pure Hebrew, and also because they do not deem it necessary to pray publicly for the Rabbis in the synagogues. They respect their own ministers, and honour them individually to a greater extent, perhaps, even than the Orthodox; but they acknowledge as little feeling of veneration for the sages of bygone generations as they do for living teachers that do not belong to their own school.

10. A prayer for the martyrs, that God would give rest to their souls and avenge their blood, is also omitted by the Reformers. But it ought to be said that in Germany this prayer is disused by *all* Jews, except on the Sabbath before the anniversary of the Destruction of Jerusalem (the 9th of Ab), the Sabbath before Pentecost, and the last day of every holiday, when prayer is offered for the departed, on which occasions it is read. In common with the Orthodox, the Reformers pray for the dead, though the form of words is entirely different. In

treating of prayers for the departed, it may not be out of place to mention that, before the conclusion of "the eighteen blessings," every Jew is bound to say a prayer by way of preparation for his own death. It is held that immediately after his funeral the angel of silence knocks at his grave with the exclamation, "Wicked one, what is thy name?" This is the first step towards punishment. If the deceased is able to repeat a verse of blessing out of the Bible which begins and ends with the first and last letter of his name, he has answered satisfactorily, and has escaped present peril. This is the verse which he recites constantly during life, so as to be sure to remember it when wanted.

11. The Orthodox, before reading the "Hallelujahs" on New Moon and festivals, use the introductory words, "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who commanded us to read the Hallelujah." To this preface they attach the greatest importance, believing that whatever the Rabbis have delivered is, as it were, inspired by God; but the Reformers omit it on the ground that the precept is not Biblical, and that therefore it is an irreverent use of God's name. These "Hallelujahs," which are always read completely on festivals, are not read completely on the six latter days of the Passover holiday, because the first of these is the anniversary of Pharaoh's destruction in the sea, and the Rabbis hold that if they were used it would look like triumphing over fallen enemies. The Reformers are troubled with no such scruple, and read them all through the Passover.

12. Every Sabbath the Orthodox call up eight men from the congregation to read the law on their behalf. The first man summoned is a descendant of Aaron (a Cohen),

who, though ever so poor and illiterate, takes precedence of the richest and most learned man in the congregation. Next comes one of the tribe of Levi, and then the most highly-esteemed man in the synagogue, which in England invariably means the wealthiest, but on the Continent the most learned. As they are called up they leave their place, and, having reverently kissed the scroll, they stand while a certain portion is read to them by the minister. This is done because they are in many cases unable to read, and, even supposing that they are able to do so, it prevents ignorant people being put to shame. The theory is that they are receiving the law on the part of the congregation, as of old their forefathers received it from the hand of Moses. This is a very solemn and impressive part of the service.* Among the Reformers, the warden takes the roll from the ark and hands it to the minister, who reads the portion for the day without calling up any of the congregation. Then, again, when the roll is brought out they recite the Ten Commandments, which the Orthodox do not, and they read the portion in monotone instead of singing it to a tune, which the Orthodox uphold as an inheritance from Moses.

13. The Pentateuch is divided into fifty-one or fifty-six portions, according to the number of Sabbaths in the Jewish year, within which period the whole of it must be read through. This practice is supposed to rest on the authority of Ezra, and is therefore regarded by the Orthodox with the profoundest veneration. When the whole is completed—and the portions are so arranged as to finish with the last day of the Feast of Tabernacle—a day is added to what would be called, in Christian language, the

* Some of the rules about "calling up" are curious. Thus, for example, no man is to be summoned to hear a chapter that might cause him offence—i.e., an adulterer must not hear passages relating to his sin, a thief about stealing, and so on.

Octave of the Festival, called Simkhath Torah ("Rejoicing of the Law"), and is intended to be expressive of feelings of congratulation at having been spared to hear it all. Upon this occasion all the scrolls which the synagogue may possess are taken out of the ark, and men are called up, each of whom carries a copy in his arms seven times round the pulpit or reading-desk in which the ministers stand, singing as they go, and, in Continental countries, dancing as well. The "Rejoicing of the Law" is entirely disregarded by the Reformers—though they read the Pentateuch through in the same period as the Orthodox—and their shops are somewhat ostentatiously kept open, while their stricter brethren are observing it as a close holiday.

14. The Reformers attach the highest importance to sermons and lectures, which until lately had fallen into general disuse among the Orthodox, who receive little or no public instruction that can fairly deserve the name. A better feeling, however, seems to be springing up amongst them, and occasional sermons are now delivered in most congregations.

15. Among the synagogue services may be reckoned the anniversary of a father and mother's death, which orthodox Jews keep up with much solemnity. If it should happen that there is no public service on that day, they are careful to provide that at least ten men shall be collected to form a congregation, and prayer is then said for the departed. This is seldom omitted by even the laxest and most irregular; but the Reformers repudiate the practice.

As to feasts, the custom of Orthodox and Reformers seems to be at one in respect to days and observances, with this exception—the Orthodox keep a second day at the beginning and end of Passover,

Pentecost, New Year, and Tabernacle, because in pre-Talmudic times there was a difficulty in deciding which the exact day should be, according to the moon. This was partly caused by the Samaritans, for * "while the Jews were in the habit of communicating the exact time of the Easter moon to those of the Babylonian captivity, by fires kindled first on the Mount of Olives, which were then taken up from mountain-top to mountain-top—a line of fiery telegraphs which reached at length along the mountain ridge of Auranitis to the banks of the Euphrates—the Samaritans would give the signal on the day preceding the right one, so as to perplex and mislead." It was customary, therefore, to observe two days for the avoidance of a mistake, and the Talmud recommends that "the custom of our ancestors should remain," even though the day is accurately known. This double observance the Reformers entirely repudiate, and from the serious obstruction that it causes to business, most, even amongst the Orthodox, would not be sorry to see it swept away.

Amongst the Passover observances it is specially ordered, and on this point the Orthodox are very scrupulous, that every Jew should keep a set of saucepans, crockery, and tableware that are to be used only during the eight days of the feast. To poor people this involves a heavy outlay; but it is patiently borne for the sake of immemorial usage and a strict compliance with the requirements of the celebration. The Reformers have no such custom, and use their ordinary vessels without scruple. In Exodus xii. 19, it is said, "*Seven days* shall there be no leaven found in your houses;" but, true to their instincts of "fencing," the Rabbis have added two days more—viz., the one which is appointed to be observed on account of the moon, and the day before

* Trench on Parables, p. 312.

the feast, beginning at 9 A.M., when *all* bread, whether leavened or not, is forbidden till the Pass-over cakes are eaten at night. This is, of course, rejected by the Reformers, who would naturally see in it nothing but a vexatious addition to the written word. The expression "*found in your houses*" has furnished ground for laws that would fill a volume, and the Rabbis have fairly exhausted their ingenuity in the construction of all conceivable interpretations that the words can be forced to bear. But great as is the anxiety shown by British Jews in the purgation of leaven from their houses, their foreign brethren completely outdo them in zeal for the observance of the commandment. One example will suffice. A man who deals in anything that partakes of the nature of leaven—as bread, spirits, beer, and so on—is bound to sell his entire stock to a Christian before the commencement of the feast. This injunction has long been a dead letter in England—if indeed it was ever carried out in its integrity—but most Continental Jews recognise the precept, though a convenient method has been devised, which enables them at once to satisfy their conscience and save their goods. The expedient is so thoroughly characteristic of the subtleties to which Rabbinical casuistry occasionally allows itself to descend, that the process is worth recording. A spirit merchant, let us say, has goods to the value of a certain sum on his premises. The first thing to be done, in anticipation of the Passover, is to draw up an accurate inventory of his stock, which must not only include every article, but must also set out its value. This being completed, the merchant calls in a poor Christian from the street, and causes a contract to be drawn up according to the form prescribed by the Rabbis, in which it is covenanted that he lets him the premises and sells him the entire stock-in-trade, valued at

such-and-such a sum, for so much money. The Christian, it is needless to say, is not provided with the cash, nor is it intended on either side that he should become a *bonâ fide* purchaser. The point to be aimed at is that the goods should not stand in the merchant's name during the feast. So he gives a small piece of money to the pretended purchaser, which is immediately returned to him, and a clause is inserted in the contract to the effect that the florin or thaler is a pledge of the intention of the Christian to complete the bargain; and meanwhile it is agreed that the stock shall stand in the buyer's name, although of course he is not to be permitted to move it until he has brought the purchase-money in full. To such pitiful shifts as these are Israelites driven by the requirements of their Rabbis!

The Day of Atonement is an exception to the rule of duplication, and appears never to have had more than a single celebration. The Talmud supports the practice on the ground that increase in duration would be a burden, on account of the severity of the fast and the rigour of penitential exercises. The Reformers have cut down the service of the evening before this day to about a fifth part, and the same may be said of the morning service of the day itself. Then, again, in the old established service, when the point is reached where it is said, "When the priests who stood in the court of the temple heard the majestic and awful name of the Lord, as pronounced by the High Priest, they bent the knee and prostrated themselves, and they exclaimed," &c., all the congregation, including women and children, drop first upon their knees, and then fall at full length upon the ground. This occurs three times during the service, but the Reformers entirely omit this very expressive ceremony.

The most solemn and imposing

of all the synagogue services takes place on the evening before the Day of Atonement, when the function known as Col Nidre ("all the vows") is performed. The Rabbis hold that the full benefit of the Day of Atonement is only experienced by those who have been released from all the vows which they may have omitted to fulfil during the year, and to insure the discharge being properly made, a service has been established for the purpose. The Col Nidre is repeated three times, and so important do the Orthodox believe it to be, that everybody comes to the service, and Jews who seldom enter a synagogue upon other occasions, are sure to be seen in their places to join in this solemn prayer. The Reformers entirely omit it from their devotions. Another important exercise which is performed on the Day of Atonement only, is the public confession of sins. The Rabbis have established a prayer for this purpose, which contains an enumeration of all sorts of sins, arranged (1) in *single* alphabetical order, and (2) in *double* alphabetical order. At the mention of each sin the congregation strike their breasts. This is repeated ten times, at the rate of a hundred blows a time, so that an orthodox Jew will have struck his breast a thousand times in the course of the service. This is altogether done away with by the Reformers, who neither specify the sins nor beat the breast, but content themselves with a very general reference to their transgressions.

The service for New Year's Day is cut down by the Reformers to about a quarter of its original length, and the part that remains is largely interpolated with prayers of their own composition. The number of times prescribed by the Rabbis for the trumpets to be blown on this festival, in compliance with Leviticus xxiii. 23, is seventy-two; whereas the Reformers content themselves with six. Then again the Talmud is exceedingly minute

in its directions as to the way in which the trumpets are to be blown. For example, the trumpet must be sounded so many times for Tek'iah, so many times for Teru'ah, and so many times for Shebarim, each of which has its own separate significance, and its own peculiar note, like the bugle-calls of a regiment. The Reformers do not sound the Shebarim, and they have so greatly reduced the other blasts as to make only six in all. Neither do they prostrate themselves upon the ground like the Orthodox.

Then, again, on New Year's Day, the Orthodox go in a body to the sea-shore, or to the brink of some convenient water, and say, "He will turn again, He will have compassion on us, He will subdue our iniquities, and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea" (Micah vii. 19), together with some suitable prayers. The observance of this ceremony often exposes them to great ridicule, and is entirely neglected by the Reformers. Even the orthodox Jewish newspaper is in favour of abolishing it.

On the anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem, meat and wine are both forbidden for nine days previously, but the Reformers disregard the injunction. Many even of the Orthodox are becoming very lax in this observance.

Circumcision is performed by the Reformers on the eighth day, though the service is a compilation of their own.

Amongst religious duties at home, the Orthodox hold that grace *after* meals—which is supposed to be of greater importance than the invocation of a blessing *before* food—not only rests upon Biblical authority, but they are exceedingly scrupulous in using the very form of words prescribed by the Talmud. To this they attach the greatest weight, and a man who habitually neglects his prayers, will be careful not to omit his grace. While retaining the practice, the Reformers have cut down the words to about a fourth

of their original dimensions, and the same may be said of the night prayers which are appointed to be used on retiring to rest. Before returning thanks for food, it is customary in some Jewish families to remove the knives from the table. This is done as a piece of traditional usage, and no further explanation could in most cases be obtained, beyond the remembrance that their fathers did it before them. The real reason for this observance is, that the Israelitish grace after meat includes a prayer for the restoration of Jerusalem, and so bitter is the thought of departed glories, that the Talmud enjoins the removal of all instruments with which suicide might be committed in a moment of mental agony. The Reformers would take up an ordinance like this and ridicule it as a sample of Rabbinical handiwork. And not without some show of reason, as it would seem; for whatever aspirations a Jew may cherish of a corporal return to his own land, he manages to bear his banishment with tolerable equanimity. However strictly he may be enjoined to check his laughter when the remembrance of the city of David rises uppermost in his mind, it must be confessed that neither its past nor future glory is any serious hindrance to his establishing himself in ease and plenty amongst the people with whom he may chance to dwell.

Abbreviation, then, it will be seen, is one of the leading characteristics of the Reformers' devotions, while in the composition of entirely new prayers they have brought themselves under the full force of the Talmudical censure, that "he who dissents from the ways of the congregation, and those who throw aside the yoke of the commandments from the neck" (meaning the Rabbinical traditions) "*are not included among Israel.*" For such an one it is directed that there should be no week of mourning solemnly observed, but that, on

the contrary, when he dies, it is the duty of the faithful to eat, drink, and rejoice. In the presence of these and similar direful threats it may comfort the heart of Reformers to know that the Talmud is, in reality, more merciful towards their backslidings than it would have them believe, for in another place (Megilla, p. 13) it is distinctly affirmed, that "as long as a man acknowledges the one God, he is entitled to the name of Jew."

And here it will be necessary to advert to another, and—to the general reader it may be—a more interesting branch of the subject, in illustration of the points where reforming principles diverge from orthodoxy.

The ancient Rabbis not only *interpreted* the law, but in their anxiety for its scrupulous observance, surrounded it with "fences" of bewildering minuteness, which, in process of time, came to be regarded with the same amount of veneration as is paid to the inspired writings themselves. It would not be going too far to assert that in a number of instances the original precept has been altogether lost in the maze of fence-work with which it has been surrounded. Most of these "fences" constitute what are, in reality, fresh laws, though they profess to be merely such supplementary and exegetical injunctions as have been rendered necessary for the better keeping of the old precepts. The authority of the "fences" will be better understood from the words of the Talmud itself, which affirms (Megilla, p. 19) that "God showed to Moses all the words, all the laws, all the commentaries, which the sages throughout the whole world, and through all time, would establish"—meaning, of course, that He approved of them. The "fences" enter so largely into the spirit of a Jew's religion, that an attempt to break them down is almost equivalent to destroying some of the most cherished characteristics of his race.

It is repeatedly said in the Talmud that if a man deliberately breaks even the smallest "fence," his portion is that the serpent should bite him. In one place (Kedushen, p. 40), the public violation of a Rabbinical precept is called profaning God's name; so that, if a man cannot help breaking an injunction, he is ordered to go to some place where he is not known, and disguise himself so that he cannot be recognised as an Israelite.

But the wonderful transition through which the Jewish mind is now passing will be more easily understood by the consideration of a few examples.

In Exodus xxiii. 19 occurs the prohibition, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." See also Deut. xiv. 21. According to the Talmud the "kid" represents *all* kinds of flesh, and "his mother's milk" represents *all* milk; while the expression to "seethe" stands not only for boiling or roasting, but for eating or gaining any benefit from it. Out of this interpretation arises the "fence" that it is unlawful to eat any kind of meat and butter or milk together. And not only so, but an orthodox Jew is bound to wait six hours in Germany, and three in England, between the two (if the meat has been first partaken of), to allow for thorough digestion. If, however, butter or milk has come first, an interval of a few minutes will suffice.* The whole of this is repudiated by the Reformers, except the bare Biblical precept, and they would go so far as to cook even a kid in milk, provided it did not come from its own mother.

Next, as to the precept in Numbers xv. 21, "Of the first of your dough ye shall give unto the Lord an heave-offering in your generations," the Rabbis have "fenced" it by enacting that not less than a twenty-fourth part of the dough

must be given by a private individual, while a baker must offer a forty-eighth part. Whether these quantities are actually observed it would be hard to say; but what is done is this—a lump is torn from the dough when the bread is made at home, or broken from the loaf if it is bought at the baker's, and thrown into the fire. The Orthodox are very strict in doing this every Friday and holiday-eve, and the women make the offering (*khalah*); but the Reformers ignore the observance, on the ground that it belonged only to the land of Canaan. This is all the more remarkable, on their own principles, since it is said, Ezek. xlv. 30, "Ye shall also give unto the priest the first of your dough, that he may cause the blessing to rest in thine house;" but the Reformer would probably justify his omission of this plainly-ordered duty on the ground that there are now no priests to whom the offering can be made.

From Exod. xvi. 23, where it is said, "To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord: bake that which ye will bake to-day, and seethe that ye will seethe, and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning," the Talmud concludes that cooking is not allowable on the Sabbath. But the Reformers altogether deny this, and perform their cooking as usual. Many, however, of the Orthodox are gradually coming round to the same practice, and even among the strictest of their party tea is made and drunk on the Sabbath, though most of their Continental brethren would indignantly repudiate the practice as an unworthy walking after the steps of the Gentiles. Many even of the Orthodox go so far as to allow a Christian servant to *warm* meat for them on the Sabbath that has been already cooked! Then, again, by way of further "fencing" the

* Even different *vessels* must be used for meat and butter—*e.g.*, saucepans, plates, knives, &c.

sanctity of the day, the Talmud forbids a stick to be carried on it, because the act seems to be *creating* a support—another leg as it were—or an umbrella to be opened, because it would be like erecting a tent to guard against sun or rain. How far these last two precepts are observed amongst the Orthodox in England it would not be easy to determine; but the Reformers are unanimous in treating them with a contemptuous disregard.

As to the wine which is used on the Sabbath—a strict Jew would consider himself defiled by partaking of any which had been touched by a Christian, though, in a curious freak of inconsistency, he is ready to drink beer or spirits without scruple. The wine for public service, and for use in the families of the Orthodox, is made by boiling down raisins and straining off the juice. The Reformers laugh, of course, at all this, as also at the Rabbinical prohibition which forbids the pulling out of a fly from any vessel into which he should have had the misfortune to fall.

All kind of business is not only unlawful on the Sabbath, but the most remote approach to any worldly occupation is included in the prohibition. By way of closing the smallest loophole of escape against a nation who have ever shown themselves specially apt for trade, the Rabbis forbid them even to touch money, notes, bills of exchange, bonds, or any kind of security on the Sabbath. In a matter like this, which affects some of the deepest instincts of their nature, there is, as might be supposed, a considerable variation of sentiment, even amongst those of the stricter sort, and the prohibition would seem to be of local application. Thus, for example, in certain towns of Poland there are Jews who would sooner lay down their lives than touch money, or anything that represents its value, on the Sabbath, while in others no such scruple exists. In England great laxity

prevails in cases where no public scandal is caused, and the growing disregard of Rabbinical ordinances is tending to foster a taste for handling money on the sly.

The disappearance of other time-honoured “fences” marks the advance of the modern Reformation. Combing the hair is forbidden, lest a hair should be torn out and work be done. And so is winding up a watch, and paring the nails, and walking fast, and bathing, as well as a number of other things, which many even of the Orthodox, encouraged by the example of the Reformers, are learning to disregard. Riding and driving on the Sabbath have always been held to be allowable, provided that the beast is the property of a Gentile, from the fact that the prohibition only extends to “*thy cattle*”—to that, namely, which actually belongs to an Israelite. As a matter of practice, however, a Jew of the stricter sort will not ride or drive on the Sabbath, out of deference to the Rabbinical precept which forbids the indulgence, on the ground that it may possibly become necessary to cut a stick to beat the animal, in which case the sanctity of the day will have been violated. A Reformer would hardly be likely to feel a scruple about riding or driving on the Sabbath, even when the carriage and horses were his own. Another point on which the Reformers differ widely from the Orthodox in their treatment of the Sabbath, lies in their disregard of the Talmudical precept which forbids a Jew to walk more than 2000 yards from the limits of his town or city, though he is permitted to walk in the streets as much as he pleases—always provided that his pace is slow. This would, of course, hinder all kinds of Sabbath travelling, whether by coach or railway. So strict, indeed, is the prohibition that an Israelite would not be allowed to violate it, even in the case of a parent's sickness. Shipboard is an exception, supposing

that he has eaten his Friday night's meal in the vessel. Reformers not only travel on the Sabbath, but go pleasure excursions, and attend places of amusement. They are to be seen in theatres on Friday night; and so prevalent has the custom become, that many of the Orthodox are giving way.

The prohibition against eating blood, founded on Levit. xvii. 14—"Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh; for the life of all flesh is the blood thereof: whosoever eateth it shall be cut off"—would be recognised by Orthodox and Reformers alike, though the latter disregard the injunctions by which the precept has been fenced. Thus, for example, when the meat has been killed according to the prescribed form, and cut up for use, the purchaser is bound to soak it for half an hour in water, after which he must allow it to lie for an hour in salt. If the operation of salting is performed at night, one candle is not enough, but two at least must be used, to insure a proper light. All this is done lest any trace of blood should remain; but the precautions are rejected by the Reformers, who cook their meat without any preliminary purification, as soon as it is bought, and make no scruple even of partaking of the hind-quarter, which is always held to be unclean, on account of the sinew in Jacob's thigh which shrank—Gen. xxxii. 32.*

Mourning for the dead is another matter in which reforming practice differs widely from traditional usage. From Amos viii. 10, where it is said, "I will turn your feasts into mourning," it is contended by the Rabbis that as a feast lasts for seven days, so also must the period of mourning. So when a blood relation dies, the mourners sit upon the ground, without shoes on their feet, and entirely abstain from busi-

ness, pleasure, and even washing. They are not allowed to shake hands, to offer a greeting, or to kiss a child. Their sole permitted occupation is to read the book of Lamentations, or Job, and certain chapters in the prophet Jeremiah. But inasmuch as one of the feasts—Pentecost—is observed for a single day only, it is ordered that mourning should not extend beyond that period in a case where the death of a blood relation has been heard of after the lapse of thirty days. The Reformers reject the week of mourning, and, consequently, expose themselves to the denunciation of the Talmud, which pronounces all who fail to observe it "infidels."

Not that the severest of the Orthodox (as has been seen) are by any means free from censure in the matter of Rabbinical observances. Without going the length of Reformers in their rejection of Talmudical laws and "fences," they practically allow themselves a very wide licence in determining the limits within which their obedience may lie. In other words, they do on a small scale, and to suit their own convenience, what the Reformers do on a large scale, and in pursuance of a fixed principle. While clinging with a somewhat ostentatious reverence to such precepts as they deem to be of paramount importance, they allow others which rest on precisely the same authority to fall into disuse. Thus, then, while professing enormous veneration for the precepts of the Talmud as the hereditary and enduring interpreter of God's will, they, in reality, are becoming a law to themselves, and show that they set up their own opinion above all teaching.

And here it may not be amiss to point out some leading particulars in which the Orthodox have, equally with the Reformers, betrayed the

* The same may be said about veins, which the Talmud orders to be cut out with great care. The Reformers, in company with three-fourths of the Orthodox, are indifferent about the matter.

traditions of their Church. This is all the more remarkable, because it will be found that some of the neglected precepts rest on Biblical authority, backed up by the almost exhaustless interpretation of the sages. Thus, for example, it is distinctly ordered in Levit. xix. 19, "Neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woollen come upon thee." Nothing can be plainer than the prohibition; and yet the same Jew who would as soon lay down his life as eat pork, allows his cloth coat to be lined with cotton-stuff and sewn with thread. Ignorance ought not to be pleaded, for the Rabbis seem to have exhausted their ingenuity in the enormous additions which they have made to the prohibition. So relentless are they in anything approaching to sinful compliance, that they forbid an Israelite even to sit or lie on such mixtures; and they counsel that if one Jew meets another in the street wearing the unlawful compound, he should publicly strip it from his back.

Then, again, as to the redemption of the first-born, it is curious to note how a Biblical ordinance is rapidly fading out of sight. Resting on Exod. xiii. 15, and other passages, it appeals to the Israelite with all the force of a divine command. And yet it is neglected equally by the Reformers and the Orthodox, multitudes of whom allow their children to grow up in ignorance of the precept. What is required of them is as follows:—Thirty days after the birth of her first son, a woman who is not a daughter of Aaron (a Cohen) or Levi, and whose husband does not belong to this family or tribe, must bring it to a descendant of Aaron, who need not be a Rabbi, but may for the purposes of this ministration be a marine-store keeper or general dealer, and the father says, "This is the first son to its mother,

and the Law says that it belongs to the priest, or else it must be redeemed." The Cohen then asks, "Will you give me this child, which really belongs to me, or will you redeem it with the 30 shekels commanded in the Law?" The father replies that he elects to redeem it, and immediately tells down the money—14s. 9d. according to our currency. The Cohen then blesses the child, and some prayers follow. This rite is celebrated with great ceremony by the few who remember its observance. It should be added that if the father neglects to redeem the child, he is bound to redeem himself when he grows up; and if he fails in his duty, the Rabbis of the town must perform it for him.

The study of the Law, and the copying the scroll of the Law, fare no better than this last injunction. Most English Jews are so ignorant of the principles of Hebrew, that they would find it a very difficult and uncongenial task to read their Scriptures in the original tongue. The consequence is, that anything like a careful study of them is entirely neglected, and cases could be cited even of Rabbis, presiding over important congregations, who have not read the prophets in ever so cursory a manner. The knowledge of the sacred writings is chiefly picked up from the services of the synagogue, and is often not only fragmentary but exceedingly inaccurate. Thus it comes to pass that numbers of Jews who occupy a decent station in the world, have little more than a vague and hazy knowledge of the immortality of the soul, and of future rewards and punishments. The whole of their religion may be said to consist of a few observances to which they devote themselves with superstitious punctuality; and then, for the rest, as no child of Abraham can, on Jewish principles, be finally lost,*

* It is the Jewish belief that Abraham watches by the gate of hell to examine all who may enter in, so that it may be seen whether they bear in their persons

why should they disquiet their minds about doctrines which they have neither the learning nor the intelligence to understand? All this would of course be remedied if their Scriptures were properly studied. But they are not; although the wisest men of their nation have prescribed not only that every man should teach them to his son, but that it should be his aim to have pupils as well, who are to be taught free of charge. The beauty of this injunction is somewhat marred, it is true, by the provision that if pupils come to a teacher's house he may take payment, not for the lesson, but for the use of the room and furniture; and that if the teacher goes to the house of the pupils, he may make a demand for loss of time and shoe-leather. Still, in spite of unworthy subtleties like this, the grand work of studying the Law is solemnly insisted on; and by way of enforcing the duty, the Rabbis affirm that a house in which study does not go on by night as well as by day will be burnt down; and that a man who gives up study on account of riches, will end by giving it up on account of poverty.

Copying out the scroll of the Law is founded on Deut. xxxi. 19, from whence it is maintained that every Jew is bound to write out the Pentateuch with his own hand. Hardly any one ever does this, and it is said that amongst English Jews there is only one living man who has accomplished the task. Nevertheless, the command is very strictly enforced by the Rabbis, and there are multitudinous laws relating to every stage of the operation. The materials out of which the parchment and ink are to be made, the width of the piece, the space between the lines and also between page and page, and the way in which the sheets are to be stitched together, are all carefully noted, as is also the manner in

which the roll must be lifted up and laid down, and the frame of mind in which the copyist must work, if he desires to be credited with the full merit of his labour. No man is exempt from this duty, even if his father shall have bequeathed him a copy; but Jews of all classes regard its omission with much composure.

Nothing, again, can be plainer than the Biblical ordinance, Deut. xxiii. 19, "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother: usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury," and yet it would be difficult to mention any command that is more systematically broken by Israelites. The word "usury," it ought to be mentioned, does not merely represent what is technically known amongst ourselves by the term, but includes every kind of return, whether extortionate or not.* The Jew is forbidden to accept anything in requital of a favour, and the obliged person ought not even to say "thank you." The act of kindness must be performed with clean hands, and with no expectation of some future reward. Nay, further, gratuitous lending to the needy is, by the spirit of a Jew's religion, not only set before him as a counsel, but urged home upon him as a duty. So remote indeed must all feeling of self-interest be kept from the transaction, that the wisest Rabbis warn him not to press for repayment, nor so much as to show himself before the debtor, lest he should be put to shame. Lending is declared to be a higher duty even than giving, and offering good advice is held to be the same as lending money. All this, and much more to the same effect, is laid upon the Jew by the most venerable authorities of his race; and yet Orthodox as well as Reformers seem to be agreed in

the mark of the covenant which God made with him, in which case he turns them back.

* See above, p. 535.

treating its observance as obsolete. Eagerness for gain exhibited time out of mind by Israelites has given point to taunting proverbs in more than one European nation, but they have invariably found shelter under the authority of Scripture—"unto a *stranger* thou mayest lend upon usury" (Deut. xxiii. 20), where the Hebrew runs "*thou shalt*"—turning the permission into a positive command. Christians would have been all the more ready to acknowledge the soundness of the plea if they had shown proper alacrity in observing the other half of the precept,—"*thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother.*" Interest, however, is not only taken one from the other, but often under circumstances which make it nothing short of cruelty and oppression. Downright shame may hinder them from measuring out among themselves the same excess of rapacity which they mete to Christians, though veneration for Scripture is not strong enough to check the temptation of turning a brother's necessities to their own profit.

But conformity to the habits of the nations amongst whom they dwell, though it is forbidden by Scripture and denounced by the Rabbis, is perhaps, after all, the most curious exemplification of the manner in which Jews of all shades of opinion have departed from the usages of their race. Except in countries like Morocco, where a distinctive dress is ordered by law, Israelites of both sexes show a remarkable eagerness for falling in with the newest fashion. They share the amusements, the follies, and, it is to be feared, the sins, of those with whom they mingle. Save in a few restrictions about food and the observance of the Sabbath and holy days, it would be hard to determine how a Jew of unimpeachable orthodoxy differs from the Gentile population whom, on his own principles, he is bound to avoid and abhor.

If there is one point more than any other on which the heart of a Jew has ever thrilled with pride, it is in the remembrance that his nation is "a people of inheritance" (Deut. iv. 20), "a peculiar treasure" (Exod. xix. 5), "a special people" (Deut. vii. 6); and that God had "chosen them to be a *peculiar people unto Himself* above all the nations that are upon the earth" (Deut. xiv. 2). The hours of Israel's deepest darkness have been cheered by the thought that God has still separated them for His own glory, and that it was a visible token of their adoption that they neither mingled among the heathen nor learned their works (Ps. cvi. 35). What, therefore, is to be said of the astonishing rapidity with which they are now sliding into Gentile customs? And this, be it observed, is not merely in trivial points of conventional usage, but in matters which lie at the very root of their national existence. This will be better seen by a few examples taken from daily life.

1. As to *names*.—Immemorial custom, founded on Talmudical precept, compels every Jewish child to bear a Bible name, or one, at all events, which is of pure Hebrew origin. This is on no account to be paraphrased into the language of the country—as, for instance, Johanan must not be converted into John, but must be the actual Hebrew appellation. And yet Henry, Charles, Isidore, Maurice, Ernest, Albert, William, and a host of other Christian names, are now becoming so common as almost to form the rule. Even when a Bible name is given, the English equivalent is sure to be adopted. Apart from the remarkable tendency towards Christian usage, there is this serious drawback to the modern system, that when a man is "called up" in the synagogue to assist at the reading of the Law, he must be summoned by a Hebrew name, which, of course, he cannot truthfully answer to. In the case of

women also, the venerated names of Sarah, Esther, Leah, Rachel, and so on, are rapidly falling into disuse before the more favourite Kate, Eliza, Fanny, Frances, Mary, and the rest.

2. As to *language*.—Until about fifty years ago all the Jews throughout the world spoke a language which was known as Jewish-German; but they have long since learnt to adopt the tongue of the nation among whom they live. Hebrew is, in reality, a dead language; and the Jewish-German, which some of the elder generation may still be able to understand, they are ashamed to speak. Even in the synagogue the sermons are entirely in the vernacular. This is all the more astonishing when it is remembered that to have uttered a single Christian word within the sacred walls would, a few years ago, have been held to be an abomination. Now English and nothing but English is used in all except the fixed forms of prayer. Even Rabbis of distinction use the vernacular in correspondence with each other and their officials, and a short Hebrew salutation is the only peculiarity that marks off their letters from those of ordinary men. The synagogue account-books are also kept in English, and business meetings of the congregation are not only called by the name of vestry, but are conducted on the plan of similar gatherings in the Christian Church; and the conventional phraseology about “resolutions,” “amendments,” and so on, is faithfully copied. The “Parnes” of the synagogue has, under the influence of the new system, developed into a “warden,” and the synagogue itself is decorated with huge tables of benefactors inscribed with English characters; while loyalty occasionally assumes

the somewhat ostentatious form of setting the walls ablaze with six-inch golden letters, exhorting the congregation to “pray for the Queen and the Royal Family.”*

3. As to *shaving*.—Besides the Biblical precepts against cutting or trimming the beard, the Talmud affirms that a man who shaves is guilty of violating *five* prohibitions, not to mention that he has also broken the command against putting on a woman’s garment by making himself appear like one. Even in these days, when Christians have long since agreed that hair is the natural ornament and covering of man’s face, it is curious to notice how many Jews persist in shaving the chin. Nor is the practice by any means confined to the careless and unreflecting; for men are to be seen in the synagogue, and amongst them learned Rabbis, who are closely clipped and trimmed. If a man without a beard is held by the Talmud to be no better than a woman, the words of the prophet (Isa. iii. 12) would seem to come home to shaven ministers with a *literal* force that is hard for them to evade, “As for my people, *women rule over them.*”

4. As to *education*.—There are no places of instruction set apart for Hebrew children except a few free schools for the poorer sort. The consequence is, that they all go to Christian schools, where even the sons of Rabbis are to be seen mingling freely with pupils whose very presence at such a time ought, on their own principles, to be pollution. Some kind of agreement is usually made that Jewish children are not to take part in the prayers or religious instruction; but this feeble precaution soon falls into neglect, and it is common enough to find them present both at one and the other, though nom-

* The Rabbis are very particular in ordering that prayers should be said in the synagogue every Sabbath for the ruler of the country, and the congregation show their respect by rising while it is being read. The senior Rabbi always officiates at this part of the service.

inally sharing in neither. Considering the stress that is laid by the Talmud upon the careful training of youth, the importance of this deflection from ancient custom can hardly be exaggerated, as testifying to the indifference with which even the Orthodox are learning to regard their own traditions. And no less significant, surely, is the almost entire absence of *religious* education provided for children at their own homes, under the superintendence of the local Rabbi. In some instances through parsimony, and in many more from sheer apathy, it amounts to little more than just enough instruction in Hebrew to enable them to join in the public prayers; and even this is imparted so imperfectly and carelessly that the child learns his lesson in a listless and mechanical way, and feels no kind of interest in extending the contracted limits of his knowledge.

5. As to *marriage*.—The Talmud is exceedingly precise in its directions about matrimony, and speaks with great severity of all who enter upon that holy state for mercenary motives. It scruples not to declare that the children of such ill-omened unions are sure to turn out amiss. Nay, further, what a man receives with his wife, by way of portion, is pronounced not to be honest money, in the strictest and severest sense. What the practice of modern Jews may be in the selection of a wife it is superfluous to inquire; but it is enough to know that there is hardly any point upon which their authoritative teachers are more dogmatically precise than in forbidding all consideration of pecuniary gain to enter into matrimonial calculations. A man is allowed to marry into any family of Israelites he pleases, whatever their social rank or standing may be; but he is exhorted to use all diligence to mate with the daughter of a learned man. Should such a one, unhappily, be out of reach, he must next turn his mind

towards the family of some one who is renowned for his good deeds. Failing this, he must betake himself to the warden of a synagogue, and so on till he reaches the damsel who teaches in an infant-school. Should he be an unlearned man, however, he must in no case aspire to the hand of a daughter of Aaron (a Cohen); and, where it is possible to satisfy other conditions, he is counselled to take his sister's daughter to wife. All this is as completely ignored by modern Jews as if it had never been written; and it is only charitable to believe that in this, as in many other matters, they are lamentably ignorant of the requirements of their religion. The same may be said about the law which compels a husband to give his wife two good meals a-day, including bread and wine, and which raises the number to three on the Sabbath, with the addition of fish and meat, besides a trifling sum of money for increased expenses of the house. The stipulation about diet, in spite of modern laxity, is very strictly laid down; and when a husband chances to be so poor as to be unable to carry it out, it is the duty of the Rabbis of the town to compel him to divorce his wife. But as in the preliminaries of marriage the Jews are gradually departing from the traditions of their race, so are they copying Christian usage by the introduction of bridesmaids at the ceremony itself. Properly speaking, the bride should be brought into the synagogue between two married women—(her own and the bridegroom's mother)—but this time-honoured custom is rapidly being superseded by a string of youthful bridesmaids. Then, again, as the wedding-day is regarded by the Rabbis in the light of a day of atonement for the newly-married pair, it was always customary in olden times to observe it as a strict fast, until a cup of wine was partaken of in the course of the ceremony, which was invariably performed in

the evening; but early weddings are now quite as common among Jews as among Christians. Cutting off a bride's hair furnishes the ground for another example of declension from ancient tradition. Though this disfiguring operation is still performed among Continental Jews with inexorable rigour, it has almost entirely passed out of use in England, and married women who were accustomed to wear wigs abroad, invariably allow their own hair to grow again as soon as they reach our shores. This is all the more remarkable, as direct Biblical authority is claimed for the precept.

6. As to *funeral ceremonies*.—Here again the custom of the country is most scrupulously followed. Hearse but not feathers, mutes and mourning-coaches, have gradually become the indispensable accessories of Israelitish burial rites. The corpse of even the most orthodox Jew is deliberately placed in the same hearse where a Christian body has lain before it, just as if there were no such a thing in the world as pollution, and as if the undertaker and his men were recognised officials in the Rabbinical code. People too are now invited to funerals out of private friendship, instead of being expected to attend in discharge of a religious obligation. Headstones, erected at the graves, are fashioned after the conventional type of the country, while the inscriptions are Hebrew, liberally interspersed with English.* The burial-ground is called the "House of Life," in reference to the souls which are supposed to be hovering over the graves; but it may be questioned whether one of the old Rabbis might not be tempted by the sight of Gentile innovations to call it the "House of Death."

7. As to *trades and professions*.—Many occupations are now followed

by Jews which were never practised in the olden time—as, for example, the business of carpenter, blacksmith, painter, and several others, which, though not positively forbidden, are not held to be legitimate employments. No particular trades seem to be directly encouraged by the Talmud, though a strong feeling evidently exists in favour of agriculture. It certainly is no small sign of the declension from ancient usage, that farming in its various branches seems to be the one form of occupation upon which Jews have agreed to turn their backs. Among the *professions*, that of lawyers is strictly forbidden, inasmuch as Jews are not allowed under any circumstances to have recourse to Gentile courts.

8. As to *the acquisition of land*.—The spirit of a Jew's religion calls upon him to sit lightly towards worldly things, and to believe that his Messiah may at any moment appear, to lead him back in triumph to the city of David, which is supposed to be the ceaseless object of his most ardent longings. The last thing that he ought to desire, on his own principles, is, that this glorious advent should find him firmly established as a territorial proprietor among people who have no share in his nation's promises, and whose very presence upon the soil is an abomination. The possession, therefore, of splendid estates in the place of exile, would seem to be a tacit surrender of his dearest hopes. And this, no doubt, is the secret of that marvellous indifference about their own land, which has long been stealing over the Israelitish mind. Time was when devout Jews desired to lay their bones within sight of Jerusalem; but if the feeling survives in modern breasts, it lives more as a superstition than as the offspring of a loving veneration. Railways

* In most Continental countries the use of a single letter from any Gentile alphabet would be abomination.

and steamers make the pilgrimage easy enough for any one who is moderately earnest about the matter; but, talk as Jews may of the blessedness of being buried in the sacred soil of Judea, the slowness with which they set their faces towards Zion is the plainest possible proof that their hearts do not follow their words.

9. As to *fringes*.—The divine command is, "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue" (Num. xv. 38). These were "the borders of their garments" which the Scribes and Pharisees of our Lord's day loved so ostentatiously to "enlarge" (Matt. xxiii. 5). An opposite error prevails at the present time, and the divinely-ordered "fringes" have altogether passed out of sight. It is not from any feeling that their importance is at an end, but from a desire not to attract attention to their distinctive ceremonials, that they are universally worn by modern Jews under the waistcoat or shirt; though, at the same time, in some foreign countries, as in Poland, it would be esteemed as one of the most heinous sins to conceal the venerated badge of nationality. An enemy might, possibly, say that, having agreed to abandon so much of what rests on divine authority, they are consistent in removing out of sight that which was designed to cause them to "remember all the commandments of the Lord" (Num. xv. 39).

The same may be said of the practice of writing the Law upon the posts of their doors in compliance with Deut. vi. 9. In all cases the writing occupies a very small space—so small, indeed, as not to be noticed by a stranger who may chance to enter; but a fashion is beginning to prevail to fit it into

a small case, which, in turn, is let into the moulding of the door-post, and which would baffle all but the closest scrutiny.

A great deal more might be said about the readiness with which Jews mingle with Christians in Parliament, on the bench, at clubs, on the turf, and at all kinds of festive gatherings. And what excuse shall be pleaded for such startling innovations? What would one of the stern old Talmudists say, if he could look down upon Israelitish backslidings that are allowed to pass without rebuke? There is as little compulsion to adopt Gentile habits as there is to embrace the Christian creed. A Jew, if he were so minded, might keep himself perfectly aloof from the slightest taint of Gentile association, without anybody troubling himself to inquire the reason. Never was there a period in this country's history when a man could enjoy so large a share of toleration as now for any peculiarity of manner, dress, or religion, that he may see fit to indulge. Why, then, should the Jew have seized the moment for discarding some of the most venerable characteristics of his race? Whatever answer may be given to this question, it is sufficiently clear that the growing laxity about traditionary usage has paved the way for the reforming movement. When the entire Hebrew population of the country have long been learning to live in a contemptuous disregard of the precepts of the Rabbis, it requires but a small mental effort to persuade themselves that those precepts have no force. And this is the point at which the Reformers have now arrived. The Talmud is nothing more to them than any other venerable book. They utterly repudiate it as a rule of life, and thousands of the Orthodox, who feel the inconsistency of standing out for observances which they have not the heart to keep, are preparing to follow their example. The lapse of a few gene-

rations will probably see the Oral Law transferred to the regions of archæology, and no longer appealed to, even by the Orthodox, as the all-directing guide of Israel. Whether the Jews will be ultimate gainers by their sudden and wholesale rejection of Talmudical teaching, is a point that will be decided according to the bias of the inquirer's mind. Most sensible people will think that Dean Alford has struck the right line about tradition, when, speaking of the value of Christian antiquity, he says :*

"The interpretations of the ancient Fathers deserve all respect short of absolute adoption, *because they were* their interpretations. We must always, in such cases, strike a balance. In living near to the time when the speaking voice yet lingered in the Church, they had an advantage over us; in living far down in the unfolding of God's purposes, we have an advantage over them. They may possibly have heard things which we have never heard; we have certainly seen things which they never saw. In each case we are bound to inquire which of these two is likely to preponderate."

This is just as applicable to the Jewish Talmud as it is to the patristic writings, with this addition, that while the Fathers of the Church have never been supposed to speak with any higher authority than the force of their individual learning and piety, the Talmud has all along been recognised as, in some sort, the Voice of God. When and how have the Reformers discovered that this lofty claim is unfounded? And what assurance is there that the same process may not one day be applied to the written Word? The patrons of the movement may endeavour to allay public apprehension by affirming that, having swept away the rubbish which has been accumulating for ages round God's revelation, they leave the sacred deposit in all its untarnished gran-

deur. So far, no doubt, they seem to have caught the true Protestant spirit, and will therefore find supporters beyond the limits of their own exclusive communion. But then there will always be the risk, and that no light one, that men who have hurriedly cast aside that which their nation has for countless generations been taught to receive as the unwritten law of God, may, in process of time, take the further and by no means difficult step of impugning the authority of the written Word. At the present moment (speaking of English Reformers alone) they would probably shudder at the thought, and would affirm that their line of action is the truest possible safeguard against infidel speculations. There would be less difficulty in accepting this account of their position, if it were certain that their freedom of action were in no sense the offspring of the neo-philosophical spirit which is so greatly troubling the Teuton mind. If it is to be understood that the rejection of the Talmud is to be followed by an acceptance of the tenets of German Deism, there will be small reason to congratulate them on the exchange.

There is all the more need to sound a note of caution, inasmuch as signs are not wanting to show that the reforming movement has by no means reached its culminating point. Rapid as its past advance has been, it is ominous of still greater change to hear that in New York and Berlin there are congregations who uncover their heads when they read their prayers—that the distinction between the sexes is so far broken down that men and women mingle freely together upon certain occasions in the synagogues—that the Law is often read with the head uncovered,—that organs are becoming a usual accompaniment of divine service—that families of credit breakfast

* Prol. 2 Thess. § v. 29.

without scruple upon bacon and ham,—and that, in a word, some other of the few remaining restrictions with which the Reformers allow themselves to be fettered are not only relaxed but derided.

But does it follow because Reformers are heading a vigorous movement towards Gentile usage that they are any more receptive of the Christian faith? It would be hard to say: but probably not. They themselves would be the first to hurl back the imputation with scorn. An immense deal, of course, is gained when Rabbinical obstructions to a spirit of fair inquiry are swept away. It is something to know that a Jew may now read his Scriptures, without at the same time feeling bound to accept a mass of interpretation which, in reality, obscures their meaning. But is it cer-

tain that he *will* read them with a newly-kindled eagerness, and that he will set himself seriously to master their inner meaning? To some extent a taste for critical investigation will be encouraged by the mere fact that the door has been opened for freedom of thought and action; but unless Jews agree to lay aside the unreasoning apathy which has been quite as serious a hindrance to their conversion as the teaching of the Talmud itself, it is difficult to imagine that any great good will come of their liberty. Still it is quite possible—and here their Christian fellow-subjects will find their surest comfort—that the rejection of cumbersome tradition may leave the Israelitish mind a blank, upon which purer and nobler doctrines may hereafter be written.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

DR CUMMING AND THE COUNCIL.

THERE is a story told of the first Liberator—one ought to be particular, for the dynasty is supposed to be continued in the person of the present Premier—which is not unworthy of being recorded. The great Daniel, when taking a sauntering ride in the neighbourhood of his house at Caherciveen, had occasion to ask an urchin to open a gate for him. The little fellow complied with much alacrity, and looked up with such an honest pleasure at rendering the slight service, that O'Connell, by way of saying something—anything—asked, "What's your name, boy?" "Daniel O'Connell, sir," replied he, stoutly. "And who's your father?" demanded the astonished Liberator. "Daniel O'Connell, sir." O'Connell muttered a word or two below his breath, and then added aloud, "When I see you again I'll give you sixpence."

Riding briskly on, he soon forgot the incident, and fell to thinking of much graver matters, when, after some miles of way, he found his path obstructed by some fallen timber, which a boy was stoutly endeavouring to remove. On looking more closely he discovered it to be the same he had met in the morning. "What!" cried he, "how do you come to be here now?" "You said, sir, the next time you seen me you'd give me sixpence," said the little fellow, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Here it is," said Daniel; "you *are* my son—the devil a doubt of it!" I am not sure I should have remembered this story if I had not been reminded of it by the correspondence between the Pope and Dr Cumming, though I have to own that all resemblance between the incidents breaks down in the catastrophe. Like the urchin on the

gate, Dr Cumming, with the same hazy notion of how the paternity is to be established, persists in assuring the Holy Father that he is his son; and like O'Connell, the Pope, not anticipating any ill consequences from the acknowledgment, nods him an easy recognition, and rides on. Cumming, charmed with what he construes to himself to be a favourable reception, and thinking doubtless to what good purpose he could turn such a valuable relationship, albeit not perfectly legitimate, takes a short cut across the fields, and comes up with his Holiness again—but this time grown more confident, it is to say, how he'd like to have a little talk with the Holy Father on the subject of the family property.

It is here that the Pope behaves less generously than the Liberator. Instead of recognising in the bump-tious urchin traits of unblushing impudence and roguery; instead of seeing how inevitably all that craft and subtlety point to an identity of origin,—he is only indignant at the persistent impertinence, and tells him to be off—that he knows nothing of him at all, and that it never occurred to him to let him inside his house, or permit him to claim kith or kindred with him.

There is no doubt his Holiness might have been more gracious; he was expecting a large party, and the presence of a poor relation the more or less would not have marred the festivity; and it would have been a fine thing for the out-at-elbows connection to be able to go about snob-fashion talking of that evening I spent at the Vatican, with what Pius said to me, and what I observed to Antonelli,—all the more comfortably that he need never dread a contradiction. Perhaps the

Pope saw this; perhaps it was the very peril he desired to avoid.

That the intruder could have seriously disturbed the harmony of the company could scarcely have been feared; the overwhelming majority against him could have given him scant chance of such success; nor is it to be presumed that he is so possessed of the gift of tongues that, were he even tolerated, he could express himself in any language, ancient or modern, which would be intelligible to the assembly.

What he wanted was in reality pretty much what Alpine clubbists seem to aspire to, to say he was "there," and to make such capital out of that fact as it was capable of.

Any one at all conversant with the Continent must have met from time to time certain zealous, but not remarkably sagacious, clergymen of the Established Church on their way to Rome, under the impression that they had a special mission to expose the errors of Romanism and convert the Pope. The formula which expressed this mission was, "Going to beard the lion in his den."

I cannot say how often I have heard this courageous determination from very pale-faced, nervous young parsons, whose hectic cheeks alternately flushed and paled as they uttered the menace. It was possible to question the good sense of this proceeding, but no one could doubt of its sincerity.

Giving them every credit for intention and capacity, it is still somewhat absurd to suppose that the dogmas of Romanism must be assailed at Rome. Surely we need not go to Japan to discuss the Happy Despatch, or take lodgings at Cork to revise the duty on butter!

The supposed bearding of the lion, then, is of all heroic achievements one of the safest, and not a whit more hazardous than the visit of a very frisky lamb to the king of beasts in the Zoo—well knowing

that he is enclosed within the stout bars of a strong cage, and thinking of nothing less than the bleatings of his noisy challenger. Nothing short of enormous vanity—a clerical error very often—could make any man imagine that the small arm of his controversial ability could avail anything against that massive old fortress of craft and subtlety which it has taken ages to build and to strengthen. Certainly no layman—no man occupied in the hard work of life, conversant with the ways, the thoughts, and the passions, of his fellow-men—could have fallen into such a palpable blunder. Nor is it very easy to imagine greater discomfort that could befall these men than to be taken at their word, and find themselves confronted with the most trained scholars of controversy, the most acute and practised dialecticians, the world possessors.

The practice, however, had in a great measure fallen into disuse. Whether it was that the parsons found a number of other pleasant things to do at Rome, or that the lion didn't know, when he was tickled by straws poked through his cage, that he was being "bearded," I cannot say; but so it was, for some years back, there has been little done in the way of "bearding."

Dr Cumming has, however, shown us that the spirit survives, and declares he is ready for this bold enterprise. It is true he has read of Savonarola, and he prepares his friends to hear very gloomy news of him. Lest he should have the misfortune to be burned before he was heard—to grace a pile before he had adorned a platform—he prudently asks, "Does the Pope expect me?" and Dr Manning assures him that his Holiness never so much as heard of him: in fact, strange as it may seem, the great Doctor has reversed the adage, and has to learn "that it is only in his own country he is a prophet."

So far as I can ascertain, there

is a large number of people who would hesitate before intrusting the advocacy of the Reformed Church to Dr Cumming. They have tolerably strong convictions of the truth of their creed at this moment, and they would be proportionately unwilling to shake the grounds of their belief by any weakness in its defence.

There was some years ago a trial for murder in Ireland, where the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case, and directed the jury to a verdict of not guilty. A well-known lawyer, who desired, however, to do something for the fee he had received for the defence, claimed the privilege of addressing the Court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr B.," said the judge; "but, *to prevent accidents*, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

Now I should be glad to "prevent accidents" here, and I am quite as well pleased that the Doctor is not to be heard for the defence. When one thinks of all the trouble and explanation it costs him to make foreigners understand that the knickerbockered youths of slouching gait and volunteer awkwardness are not "Coldstreams" nor "Fusileers," it is a relief not to be obliged to state that "Dr Cumming from Scotland," as the Pope calls him, is neither a Bishop of St David's nor a Dean of Westminster.

It is not impossible, however, that the Pope may read our newspapers, and may have seen what interruption to public business, and what ridicule upon the administration of law, was lately thrown by the importunate insistence of an old lady to plead her own case before the highest tribunal of the land. With the dread of such a scene at the Vatican as we have lately witnessed at Westminster, and with the consciousness that in confuting or suppressing such an advocate there is no victory, his Holiness may well be reluctant to incur the amount of

shame such an exhibition is sure to evoke.

O'Connell was so proud of the boy's acuteness, that he was charmed to acknowledge the paternity. Not so the Pope; perhaps, indeed, craft and knavery were qualities that he regarded as a mere drug, and that in importing such to Rome the poor Doctor was but bringing coals to Newcastle; and perhaps, too, the Protestant craft was such very Brummagem subtlety, that his Holiness, who knew the real metal, could afford to despise it: at all events, he declines to receive Dr Cumming except he come on his knees as a penitent, prepared "to cast away all preconceived and adverse opinions, and to lay aside all desire of disputation." Now this is surely a hard condition. The Doctor knows what an *éclat* it would give him—what power and what prestige he might derive from the mere fact that he had been to Rome—how triumphantly he could relate on his return what he had or what he would have said—how he had routed that learned conclave—"fluttered those Volsicians" of cardinals; and all this, while, of our own bishops—the regulars of the Church—not one had offered himself for the crusade. What a triumph would it have been, then, to that Garibaldi of Theology, that he had gone alone and unaided, armed with such rusty old weapons as he could find, and engaged the ancient enemy of his faith, at the very gates of his own stronghold!

The Doctor is modest, certainly; he hears of a great concert, and he merely asks leave to come and play a little solo on the bagpipe, of his own composing; he does not pretend it will suit the general character of the music; nor does he affect to say that it will harmonise with any part of the performance. It's only a little Scotch air, he says, but there are people so fond of it down in Aberdeenshire, they might, perhaps, like to hear it at Rome. The

Pope, however, wants the oratorio to go off well, and he dreads discords; and if this strange performer with his wind-bag gets in, heaven knows what disturbance may follow!

"You acknowledged I was your son a few days ago," cries Cumming, reproachfully.

"I don't know that I did," replies the Pope; "but as I have a very

large illegitimate family, it's not impossible you may belong to them. At all events, I don't desire your company when I am entertaining my respectable relations. Except you bind yourself to say nothing about the connection, and hold your tongue, I decline to receive you." O'Connell was more generous, and it only cost him sixpence!

THE CLAIMS OF THE FENIANS.

If it be true that the Fenian agitation has caused the disendowment of the Irish Church—if the menaces of future Fenianism are sufficient to decide a Government to deal with the "landed" property of Ireland in a spirit which some regard as little short of confiscation, the question becomes a very serious one,—“By what right do we detain in prison certain men whose chief agency has been to retain certain other men in the seat of power, and subject to the privations of imprisonment those who are what in France would be called, the ‘inspiration of a Cabinet’?”

It is true these gentlemen were “Liberals and something more.” They included in their policy some measures which even the most advanced of our Ministers regard as possibly perilous, and certainly premature. We may come to a forcible separation of Ireland from England yet. We have seen things fully as unlooked-for accomplished within a few years back. If the plea of pacifying Ireland should be still paraded as a policy, there is no reason why it should not include Irish independence, as well as some other things we have lately conceded. O'Donovan Rossa may, after all, be only a little before his time; and, with a Celt's characteristic impatience, he may be showing us the port we must anchor in while the voyage is little more than entered on.

It was a very inopportune speech of the Great Duke when, with ref-

erence to the Catholic agitation of Ireland, he declared that he would rather concede emancipation than risk a civil war. Now there was not at the moment the most remote risk of a civil war. The agitation led by O'Connell was of all movements the farthest from one that would resort to physical force. His boast was to drive a coach-and-six through any Act of Parliament that could be devised. To inaugurate a system of legal turbulence and disorder was his great policy; to detach a pinion here and loosen a screw here, so that the machinery would not work; and then to say to those in charge of the mechanism, Until you make certain concessions to me, not a wheel shall revolve, not a piston move. I know exactly where the defect is, and I know the remedy. Make terms with *me*, therefore, or be prepared to stand idle. Nor was his pretension extravagant; for, with the power of the priests at his back, he could keep his word to the letter, and make Ireland all, or all but, ungovernable.

Nothing, however, was farther from civil war than this, or than the *portée* of all his teachings. It was a game of Brag, in which the player never looked so confident as when he held a worthless card, and yet he managed to what the Yankees call “bluff” his adversary, and actually frightened the bravest man in England into submission to him. If the evil had ended there, it might be borne; but unhappily it has

formed a precedent for men who have not the Great Duke's courage to shelter themselves under the Great Duke's timidity ; and these men now tell us Ireland is in a condition in which there is no other policy than concession ; and as England is the thing Irishmen detest the most, let us sacrifice all those Irishmen who adhere to a British connection, and let us abandon all those interests which have grown up under British rule, and let us hope that, when we have undone everything that we had once imagined must have bound the two countries together, Irishmen will be satisfied with anarchy and lawlessness at home, and not seek to extend these blessings to us,—and that by this wise legislation we may be able to call ourselves "Pacificators."

The barrel of gunpowder that did (*not*) explode at Clerkenwell, blew up the Irish Church ! There is no denying it. The base and contemptible panic this outrageous attempt spread over the length and breadth of England, the ignoble fear you felt at peril because it was at your own door—though you could read of Irish murders in your 'Times' every morning with a bland equanimity—so unmannered you, that you crouched in abject submission to the feet of the first man who assured you he knew how to conjure the danger, and you shouted with enthusiasm for him who discovered how to "pacify Ireland."

Just as you could peruse with a tranquil mind the narrative of the yellow fever at Jamaica, and only awake to a real terror of the fell disease when a quarantine-flag floated over a ship in the Mersey, so you never realised Irish outrage till it came within the sound of Bow Bells. I must say, if Paddy built very highly on what he witnessed of your terror, it is not to be wondered at : a more pitiable spectacle of abject helpless fear was never presented by a people unquestionably brave. Every accent

of your public speakers trembled with apprehension—every note of your newspapers vibrated with dread ; and if one was to credit what he heard around him, it was to believe that the whole great framework of your Constitution, and the very organisation of your society, were actually at the—no, not the mercy—but at the disposal of a half-dozen reckless wretches, who, having made a trade of patriotism, could only carry on the business by a very "sensational" advertisement.

The Irish Church!—I'd like to know what you would not have disendowed and disestablished to have relieved yourselves of the panic that beset you ? That small keg of nitro-glycerine was charged with more than the fate of a bench of bishops.

If one were to inquire, he would find that very little Irish legislation ever came in the direct line, and that the faculty which the wits ascribe to an Irish gun, "to shoot round a corner," has more or less tinctured all the Acts of Parliament passed in our behalf : and so, as I said before, if the Fenians did not explode a prison, they blew up a Church ; and if they did not liberate their friends, they have spread ruin over many they were fain to call their enemies.

Now, if we have really fallen upon the true mode of governing Ireland—if uprooting the religion of Englishmen and shaking the foundations of property, if discouraging those who cherish British connection, and petting and conciliating all who avow an undying hatred of your name, contain this valuable secret, it is really a great invention !

A member of Parliament has just given a definition of Fenianism which is worth remembering : he has called it "That system by which the attention of the Legislature has been drawn to the wrongs which the Government is pledged to remove." In plain words : It is a merely significant hint, in Irish

fashion, of what Ireland wants, just as the peasant hints to the landlord the propriety of reducing his rent by shooting him through the head; it being, according to these views, the habit in Ireland to make all suggestions in a fashion that may leave no misconception as to their meaning.

Now, surely, if the policy, which we are assured has the sanction of the leading men of the Cabinet, respecting Ireland has been originally suggested by the Fenian leaders, the place of these gentlemen should be much rather at Whitehall than at Portland! To regard the destruction of the Irish Church as a boon to the Irish people, and to imprison the men who effected it, is surely not very logical nor very just; and it is on this strong ground the Irish orators demand the release of these prisoners. These men wanted to do in *their* way what Mr Gladstone saw how to do in *his*—there is the whole difference! They knew nothing of bills in Parliament, but had an unlimited confidence in gunpowder. They perceived that Ireland could only be quieted by making it uninhabitable by Englishmen; and not being Parliament men, but only Patriots, they set about their task in a rude fashion of their own, but which did not entirely fall in with the practices or prejudices of constitutional government. It was, in fact, as if some uninstructed but zealous people, who having witnessed the ardour with which a field of huntsmen risk life and limb with the object of killing a fox, should sally out armed with every weapon they could find to destroy every fox in the country. The sportsman of course would exclaim against the barbarism, and say: "Can't these savages be taught to see that it's

the sport—the pursuit with all its casualties—that we care for? If these wretches have their way, we may sell our horses and poison our hounds, for there will be nothing for us to do with either." Thus doubtless reasoned the Cabinet: "If we don't shut up those stupid Fenians, how shall we come out as Pacificators? These nice little grievances, which we could 'enlarge' one by one as time or inclination suggested, will be swept away in one swoop by fellows who know nothing of sport, and only think of extermination.

"There's no teaching them that an Irish grievance is the bagged fox of politics, only enlarged when game is scarce, and one wants to give a day's sport to a visitor. It seems impossible to make them understand that a thing can be cherished to-day, solely that it may be hunted down to-morrow; and the miserable idiots won't take the trouble to look over Hansard; where they might read the lesson so plainly."

After all, too, the present Fenians scarcely went thus far; they only told Mr Gladstone where he'd find a fox; and it surely is hard to construe this into a breach of the Game-Laws.

We live in a day of compensations, and I would say, not only liberate but indemnify them! When you have confiscated the estates of the landed gentry, it will be hard if you can't find some snug little property that might reward the zeal that "loved not wisely but too well." I would not say but you might make Mr Keckham a baronet. There would be a propriety in the distinction you are not always so fortunate as to fall upon when distributing royal favours, and the fitness of things would here stand confessed when you offered the "bloody hand" to the Fenian!

THE LAND QUESTION OF IRELAND.

THE land question of Ireland is fairly before the country. Whatever political party may be in power, whatever Government may occupy the Treasury Bench, the relations which exist between the various persons interested in the land of Ireland must come under serious discussion. The necessity for passing some large measure on this great subject is established in the conviction of all. Both Conservative and Liberal Governments have made proposals for its settlement in recent years. Lord Mayo has kept pace with Mr Cardwell and Mr Chichester Fortescue; but the time has now come for decisive action: the temper of England and Ireland alike demands a settlement in earnest.

The problem is most momentous, both in principle and in detail. No question can come before the Legislature with heavier issues of principle; none in which the most careful and the most impartial examination is more imperiously required. Some of the propositions put forward by those who are most vehement for action manifestly involve revolution; and a revolution in the land-laws of a nation is more thorough, strikes blows at the established order of society more convulsive, than any other. Indeed it is not disguised that a revolution is intended. Political agitators and theoretical writers, each from their own point of view, preach alike that the public life of the country has reached a pass when nothing but a fundamental alteration of the principles which govern the possession and the use of land can secure freedom and progress for the people. The call, then, for caution and for study is as loud as the call for action; the more plainly legislation is shown to be required by public policy, the more clearly is the demand for care and states-

manship and political philosophy seen to be demonstrated. It is of supreme importance that this great debate should be approached with the purest spirit of moderation.

But what security does the country possess for the presence of this spirit in either Government or Parliament? The character of the results depends absolutely on the quality of the spirit brought to bear on the decision of the problem: it may have blessing or ruin for its consequence precisely according as one temper or another may prevail in the counsels which shall guide its solution; yet where are we to look for a spirit of the right kind? The debate opens under circumstances singularly inauspicious. Two societies, two races, are in presence of each other in Ireland. Bitter animosities have divided them for centuries, and kindled resentments which show a tendency to increased inflammation rather than to mutual goodwill. One party has succeeded, under the name of conciliation, in overthrowing an institution highly prized by the other and by a large portion of the people of England. Flushed with victory, it advances to a fresh onset: it demands a fresh sacrifice, nominally to fellow-feeling, really to national hatred. Its representatives in the Legislature of the whole nation are important from their numbers; and they have discovered the fatal secret that they may, by a skilful manipulation of parties, even extort concessions which are disapproved by the judgment of the statesmen who grant them, but which are fruitful of political power. The Irish members have been allowed to learn that upon the balance of English parties they can enforce demands which could not have been claimed on the ground of reason; and this position is as mischievous for Ireland as it is for England. It is not

good for men, any more than for children, that they should feel that they have only to make themselves disagreeable to get what they may choose to ask: their true welfare is not promoted by a power of obtaining which is controlled by no limits of sense or reason. The fall of the Irish Church may still be avenged by the strength it has given to pernicious desires. A hostile race has just won a large portion of the tithes of the country; why may it not seize upon the land? It feels that it was conquered in the past; why may not a conquest achieved by force be redressed by a conquest effected by law? If many a battlefield bears witness to the strength of English arms, why may not Parliament be the instrument of Irish victory? These ideas of contention, of hostility, of reconquest by Acts of Parliament, fill the minds of an excitable population; and all thoughts of healing and peaceful union are driven to the winds as vain and insipid, by the stimulating impulses of conflict and triumph. The Irish Catholics are engaged in nothing less than the recovery, by the machinery of law, of a country which they lost by arms; and whilst this fatal fever retains possession of their souls, no thought of fusion, or harmony, or just and peaceful progress, can obtain access to their hearts.

The evils of this situation are aggravated a hundredfold by the mood of mind which prevails amongst the people of England. All parties acknowledge that there is much to regret in the past as to the relations between the two countries; and writers and orators have laboured hard to persuade England that she ought to feel penitent, and to do penance for ancient misdeeds. But to make atonement is not the right mood for nations; for it may injure yet more than it may heal. To investigate the actual situation accurately; to be thoroughly in earnest to promote the sufferer's good by every practicable means; to be diverted

from this great work of reparation by no resentment, no passion, no irritation; to perform resolutely every act whose beneficent character has been probed and ascertained, but to perform no other; in a word, to be guided by intelligence and knowledge, as well as to be influenced by a rigid sense of justice,—these are the healthy feelings of a deep and wise statesmanship. On the other hand, to be eager to be rid of regret with all speed—to find a balm for uncomfortable feelings by gratifying every desire of those legislated for; in a word, to do all that they may choose to wish,—are proceedings as disastrous as they are senseless, and which seek to destroy one crop of evils by sowing the seeds of another still more calamitous. There is but too strong reason for fearing that England has fallen into this unmeaning sentimentality, and that she cares more to rid herself of uncomfortable thoughts about Ireland than to think of what will best advance her sister's good.

Other elements of danger and mischief abound. There are many who vigorously work the position of Ireland for English purposes. Doctrines of political philosophy, new theories about land, passionate desires for a revolution of landed property, find in the Irish difficulty an opportunity for smiting a blow which must still more be felt in England. Far deeper designs than the mere wish to reconcile Ireland to England prompt efforts directed by great intellectual ability and great pertinacity of purpose. Their activity in the English press is energetic and unceasing. Some of their journals affect to treat the belief in their aims as a bugbear; but their tone and objects are too clear to be mistaken. Even the Government itself, which they hope to use as a tool for accomplishing their end, has taken alarm. On more than one occasion Lord Hartington has sounded the note of warning; he sees with instinctive clearness that it is not Irish but English land

which is marked out for attack. He discerns that the effort of his party is directed to establishing principles about land in Ireland which would inevitably possess a great future in England. He knows but too well *tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet*; he snuffs the torrent which would swell and burst asunder the rights of English land-owners to the retention of their property. It is no small evidence of the reality of the danger that a member of a Liberal Cabinet should, at the present hour, be so prominent in unmasking the real character of the proposals of their doctrinaire friends of Ireland. His language is set in a vastly different key from that of his colleague, Mr Bruce; and Lord Hartington does not talk of Irish land being in the possession of the wrong owners. Not a trace is discernible in his words of a desire to put one set of men in the possession of land now owned by another, nor does he speak of conciliation. He speaks of rights, of the rights of all—of a measure which shall breathe the spirit of justice, whilst it seeks to remedy the peculiar conditions of the Irish problem. The office of preaching conciliation Lord Hartington leaves to Mr Gladstone; it suits better the sympathetic nature of the impressionable Premier. We feel with Lord Hartington: no more pernicious word can be used on so momentous an occasion than conciliation. Ireland needs one thing only—justice; justice administered with good will; justice which reconciles existing difficulties, and when, if it demands sacrifices, it founds the demand on an impartial distribution of equal measures all round. Conciliation may be excellent when the boon it grants infers a sacrifice for the giver only; when he confers a gift from what is his own. But the social constitution of a country never ought to be, and never can be, in this sense of the term, a gift. Is the proposed enactment right?—is it founded on sound principles?—will it be bene-

ficent? These, and such questions as these, only are admissible when a legislature deals with such institutions as property. Conciliation aims at soothing irritated feeling—its motive is laudable; but if unaccompanied by judgment, and, above all, by justice, it may, nay, it is sure, to bring disaster in the future.

The right course, then, at the present moment, when all are debating the Irish question with so much energy and so much passion, is to imitate the language addressed by Lord Hartington to the members of the Lismore Agricultural Society. He speaks to tenants. He feels satisfaction that the farmers' clubs have taken up the consideration of the question of the land; that they have stated the grievances which they are supposed to suffer under, and have discussed the remedies best calculated to remove them. This said, he administers a warning, than which none is more urgently needed, and none can be more statesmanlike. He bids them think of others as well as of themselves. He points to the magnitude of the problem, and the number as well as the weight of the interests involved; and then emphatically reminds them that those for whose benefit legislation is supposed to be on the eve of action are entitled only to state their own views, and are not supreme judges of the course to be finally adopted. They know where suffering pinches their own class; they are able to point out the seat of the evil with the greatest clearness; but they are not the physicians—they are patients only. There are other classes whom the cultivation of the land profoundly touches—the owners of the land—the labourers—and the people who consume its produce, and whose interest in the prosperity of agriculture is as strong as that of any other. This is the only advice which the case requires; and would that many writers of the English press, men who pride themselves on the range and clearness of

their intellectual vision, would take it to heart: none stand in greater need of such counsels. We hear much from them about the tenants; the warmest sympathy is expressed for their rights of property; their grievances are expounded with force and eloquence; and then the writer jumps at the conclusion that the land must be given them in possession. Little is said about the landlords and the property which the law has declared to be their own; their feelings are slighted, their personal qualities are dwelt on, the loss they will suffer is painted as a matter of course, and as being hardly worth mention. Nor do the labourers, the class whom the tenants employ, fare much better at the hands of these fervid journalists. It seems the most natural thing in the world to convert the tenants into peasant-proprietors at the expense of the landlords; but how the labourers will be treated by their masters in their new capacity as virtual owners of the soil, no one stops to inquire. Least of all does the people itself, the whole nation, with the exception of these new proprietors, receive consideration. Will there be a greater or a smaller agricultural produce under the new system? will there be a larger quantity of food in the aggregate? and what will be its price in the shops? are economical questions too deep for writers who are instigated by anti-aristocratic passions. Yet this involves an inquiry of supreme importance for the welfare or the misery of Ireland. If food is scantier and dearer, if many labourers are superseded by the vaunted energy and industry of the peasant-proprietors, if some perish and multitudes emigrate, what matters it? Are not the right men in the right places? Are not democratic peasant-owners substituted for the lordly squires? If suffering comes, why should it excite a greater concern than bloodshed is felt to demand by red-handed regenerators of society?

However, the difficulty must be faced—something must be done: that all admit, for the political situation compels it. The first thing is to make, as far as practicable, a diagnosis of the malady. What is the specific evil which calls for remedy? What is it of which Ireland complains so loudly? The grievances resolve themselves mainly into two,—insecurity of tenure, and want of compensation for improvements carried out by the labour and capital of the tenant, but pronounced by the law to have become the property of the landlord. With respect to the first, want of security is described as embittering social relations between man and man in a country pre-eminently agricultural. The power conferred by the law is either cruelly exercised by landlords, who, for the most part, are aliens from, and feel like aliens towards, the people, and who avail themselves of it for the gratification of religious or political hatred; or else it is employed as an instrument for the exaction of exorbitant rents. The miserable tenants, thus exposed to the caprices of an all-powerful landlord, lose heart in the cultivation of the land; agriculture suffers; improvement is arrested; and Ireland presents a spectacle for which England has to blush before all the world. Terrified by the prospect of a starvation always possible and often imminent, the peasant makes use of the only weapon which nature has left at his disposal. He corrects the tyranny of the law by the application of terror to the landlord, and what society refuses to justice, he extorts by fear. Hence the various murders which are the curse and disgrace of Ireland.

But is this so? Is the description of the facts true? Is improvement prohibited? Is the cultivation of the soil degraded? Nay, rather, is it not transparent, and now generally acknowledged, that it is the very progress which agriculture has made—the energy and

the labour laid out by the tenant on the land—the value he has bestowed upon it—which has created the wrong, and goaded the sufferer to self-defence? The letters of the ‘Times’ Commissioner, however much they may point to the shortcomings which still exist, are nothing less than a continuous eulogy of the progress of improvement. The property acquired by the tenant in the improvements effected by his industry, Liberal orators and writers make the theme of their declamations. The principle on which they take their stand is the partnership in the land which now morally belongs to the tenant, and which they seek to recognise by law. The land itself bears witness to the untruth of the allegation, that want of security turns it into a wilderness. There is security enough, it cannot be denied, to guarantee improvement. But does the assertion of the absence of security rest upon any evidence at all?—What proof is given of the existence of this feeling? None that is direct is forthcoming. A few cases of violent eviction, a few harsh and reprehensible lawsuits, have been called in to eke out the palpable deficiency of other evidence—as if tenants were always virtuous and did their duty, and as if, when exalted into their landlord’s places, they are likely to be more tender-hearted. There are evictions in England, not a few: yet who says that tenure is insecure on this side of the Irish Channel? Every institution, be it what it may, will always be liable to be abused by individuals; and it is never difficult to pick out exceptional cases.

But is it not notorious, we shall be told, that the Irish tenant retains his hold on the land he cultivates by letting his landlord understand that if eviction is attempted assassination will avenge the wrong? Is not agrarian outrage, the Lynch law of superseding legal rights by the rifle, the one plague-spot of Irish life? How, then, can a tenure

be called secure which rests on anarchy? The fact is so: the inference we dispute. To us it seems rather to show that it is the landlord’s, not the tenant’s, hold on the land which is habitually attacked. It appears to us to be a thoroughly mistaken view of Irish feeling to suppose that the tenant shoots because landlords are unjust and excessive in the exercise of the right of property. Agrarian assassination has its origin in a different source. It sprang from competition for land between the peasantry themselves—from the difficulty of maintaining life in an overabundant population—from hostility to the incoming tenant, and not to the landlord. It was the tenant who was the assailant, who began the outrage—and not the landlord who provoked him by unreasonable and violent interference. There has been a conspiracy against the landlords from the very first; and it seems to us indisputable that this conspiracy has actually succeeded in very considerably curtailing the rights of landed property in Ireland. In the long-run, taking the whole country through, the tenants have been stronger than the landlords. At this hour the landlords of Ireland are not as complete owners of the soil as the same class are in England and Scotland. Antagonism of race and religion has no doubt helped the assault; but the real truth of the situation remains the same, that it is the competition for land amongst the tenantry, and not the injustice of the landlords, which has led to that state of things which people call “want of security.” And then, under the influence of these feelings, when landlords have begun to exercise their legal right, when an incapable and obstinate tenant has been ejected, when the stoppage of improvement has rendered some change on an estate indispensable, an outcry was at once raised against the iniquity of turning poor men out of their holdings. Historically we believe this to be

the real truth of the matter. The tenants, in their inmost hearts, have never acknowledged the land to belong to their owners. The assault has come from their side. This consideration has a most vital bearing on the remedy so clamorously demanded by the Radical party. Fixity of tenure is pronounced to be the only solution of the problem: the people of England are described as fast coming round to this proposition: nothing else will be listened to. That is—the landowners of Ireland must be stripped of the ownership of their lands: they must cease to be proprietors. The tenants must become proprietors in their place, subject to the condition of paying a perpetual rent-charge. On what ground is such a monstrous demand for confiscation supported? Not on the plea that the landlords have, as a rule, exceeded their right, for the wrong lies the other way. Fixity of tenure defended on the ground of want of security for tenure, means simply this: that tenants who occupy lands which belong to others, may first conceive and cherish the feeling that the land belongs to them and not to its legal owners—that they then may render the exercise of the right of ownership difficult and often impossible—that they may next render themselves under a Parliamentary constitution so politically troublesome as to be extremely hard to deal with—that they may make themselves indispensable to a Liberal Ministry, and then may carry out the transfer of the property to themselves; hence confiscation, under the thinnest of disguises, is the just and fitting remedy of their wrongs. Is this the example, this the precedent, which England, the one country which has prided itself for so many ages on its respect for the sacred right of property, wishes to exhibit to mankind? Is it intended to teach the world that the

forms of constitutional government, skilfully employed by insubordination and sophistry, may be made as efficient for conquest and confiscation as direct invasion by force of arms?

But, we shall be told, is it not incontestable that the tenants have for many years past expended great industry and much money on the improvement of the land? Have they not drained bogs, built houses, fenced fields, reclaimed wastes? Is it not their toil which has given value to these lands, and are they not entitled to keep that which they have manifestly created? This is a new doctrine, assuredly, when pleaded in support of a transfer of ownership on compulsion. We reply, in the first place, that the statement of the fact is not accurate. It is not true—nay, far from it—that all improvements in Ireland have been at the cost of the tenants. The rule is not universal; we greatly doubt whether it is even general: yet it must be widely true, and proved to be so by the broad outlines of the actual condition of the land, to be available, even in idea, for the justification of so tremendous a measure as fixity of tenure. No sane legislator could dream of such a punishment of the innocent with the guilty. But is the doctrine itself true? Let us hear the words which the Rev. Christopher Nevile addressed to Mr Gladstone,* last year: we cannot quote a more trustworthy or abler authority:—

“Until the Irish tenantry understand the subject of tenant-right better than they do now, it is impossible that Ireland can be a prosperous agricultural country. According to the evidence of their advocates, they appear to think that a tenant has a right to the *whole* value of improvements made by the tenant's capital. I will take a case: Twenty thousand acres near the river Ouse in Yorkshire were raised in value from one shilling an acre of waste, to

* ‘The Irish Difficulty: A Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.’ By Christopher Nevile. Arthur Miall, Bouverie Street, London: 1868.

fifty shillings, by an outlay of £17, 10s. per acre in warping. If a tenant made this improvement under a thirty-one years' lease, he would get an annuity of 49 shillings a-year for 31 years, as interest on £17, 10s., which would be about 14 per cent. According to the Irish notion of tenant-right, at the end of the lease, he would claim, at 30 years' purchase, about £73 an acre for improved value, on the ground that the man who laid out all the money should have all the profit. I differ with the Irish tenant altogether. The *capability* of improvement in land belongs to the landlord, and the benefit must be shared according to the bargain between the man who finds the land and the man who finds the money. I have read all the evidence, and my impression from it is that upon the whole the tenants are more to blame than the landlords; that the large English landlords are much better than the small Irish landlords; that so far from these landlords making no improvements, immense sums have been spent by the owners of these large estates; that the *security* of the *good* tenants is the *rule*, and their *insecurity* the *exception*."

The principle laid down by Mr Nevile fulfils the condition of the problem. The landlord lends to the tenant a machine capable of earning profit. It must be used, and this use costs something to the man who supplies the necessary appurtenances for its working. Justice, therefore, requires that the profit shall be divided; but a division of profit is something very different from fixity of tenure. The Irish tenant claims that he shall be put on the footing of proprietor, paying a consideration for the hire of a machine; but that is not the bargain which its owner made with him in placing that machine in his hands. What, then, has the tenant to urge in support of his claim to be proprietor, subject to a rent-charge for hire? That he has made improvements which bestowed great additional value on the land. To this claim Mr Nevile furnishes a complete refutation. If he has remained long in the occupation of the land, he has been repaid the cost of the improvements; and to

give him fixity of tenure, with a rent computed, not on the value of the land thus improved, but at some preceding value, is to pay him twice over,—is to give him, in the case described, 14 per cent for 31 years, and £73 on leaving. Is this defensible? Is not the bare statement of the facts sufficient for the refutation of the claim?

We are aware, of course, that the instance adduced by Mr Nevile implies a long lease; but a lease and fixity of tenure are essentially different things. We shall consider the subject of leases presently.

But let us suppose fixity of tenure to have been established: what will be its results? The expression, be it carefully observed, does not mean a long lease at a fixed rent, with a reserved right to the landlord of raising the rent or changing the tenant at its termination. It is quite certain that such a solution of the problem is not what the Irish tenants and English Radicals intend. Were they sure that such would be the ultimate result for the landowner, no efforts would be spared to insure its rejection. Fixity of tenure means, for them, the expulsion of the landlord from all ownership of the land, from any right of control, from everything except a determinate rent-charge, variable or fixed once for all, as might be. This is what the Irish tenant goes for; this is his true object and meaning; and this, too, is the cherished aspiration of democratic Liberalism in England. What, then, would be its consequences? It is obvious that it merely substitutes one class of landlords for another; the system would be unaltered; the only question would be whether the new men would be better men—men more calculated to bring prosperity to the whole Irish people than the old ones. But to what extent is the doctrine to be carried out? Is the tenant of five, of two acres, to be instituted a permanent owner of the soil, on the condition of an annual rent-charge?

Is the cottier, the tenant of a single cottage or petty garden, to be installed in perpetual possession? It is not conceivable that such an absurdity should be designed. Probably it has never occurred to the thoughts of the promoters of fixity of tenure, —at least they have studiously kept out of sight any principle on which they propose to draw a limit. How to reconcile the drawing of such a limit against any tenants without coming into collision with the magnificent doctrine that land must be assigned to him that occupies it, is more than we can perceive. However, let us lay aside this difficulty for the moment: let us think of larger holdings. It is plain that for a large multitude of the present farms, the tenants, now become landowners, will occupy the same identical position as the present landlords. They will be large employers of labour, and it is certain will speedily break up the farms, and let them out in portions to new tenants; letting and subletting would go on as before. What earthly guarantee can be given that they will be better landlords than those from whom they will have taken away their properties? Why should they be more just or more indulgent to their tenants? Why should they be less exacting of rent, or more willing to incur the necessary expenses for buildings, drainage, and improvements? As a class, they will be much poorer, they will have far less capital, and, we may be sure, far less disposition to trust their poor countrymen. Their own success will act as a perpetual warning on their minds not to suffer their tenants to make improvements which may one day be converted into instruments of ejection. They will remember, only in the past tense—

“*Eheu in nosmet legem sancimur iniquam,*”

and will act accordingly. Their tenants will be smaller men than they were themselves: their hold-

ings will be smaller, their houses will be cottages. Will they find these men easier to deal with, more amenable to reason, more ready to be evicted, when proved to be bad cultivators, than they were themselves? Above all, Ireland herself would soon deteriorate under such a system. These new tenants would have no capital to lay out on the land; and if the present tenants did not furnish it agriculture must decay, the quantity of food raised be diminished, and, so far as these lands extend, a lessening of the national prosperity must ensue. Nor can any reason be assigned why agrarian outrages should be diminished by the change; for the small tenant would be far more helpless against ruin or eviction, and far more likely to secure his permanence by Lynch law, than the present occupiers of considerable farms.

We have seen no refutation of these objections by the advocates of fixity of tenure: they have not deigned to notice them; but they tell us that every evil will be cured by the glorious and wonder-working institution of peasant-proprietorship. It creates marvels. When men work for themselves their labour is incessant; and goodwill renders it amazingly more efficient. The yeomen, whose loss in England troubles Mr Goldwin Smith so keenly, will reappear in Ireland in all their strength and their beauty. Crops will multiply under their vigorous labour, food will abound, and content will spread over the land. No religious animosities will ruffle the peace of Irishmen, for every man will till his own land, and will not have his feelings wounded by contact with a landlord or occupier of a different creed. The picture is brilliant, it must be confessed; but how is it to assume the form and substance of real life? How are these universal peasant-proprietors to come into being? By Mr Bright's process?—money to be provided by the State for ousting

the present landowner ; a perpetual rent-charge, probably without redemption-fund, to be imposed by the State on the soil ; advances to be made on those holdings only which are small enough to be cultivated in genuine peasant-proprietorship. A delightful contrivance, certainly, for generating innumerable evictions, or, which will be the sure and inevitable result, for getting the taxpayers of the nation to buy up all the land in Ireland, and making a gift of it to a whole people of recipients. If landlords can be ejected by agitation, how will it fare with the State ? Who does not see at a glance that the abolition of rent-charge would be the key of politics henceforward, and would infallibly be accomplished before the century was run out ?

However, legislative craft will not be wanting, we may well imagine, if only Mr Gladstone can be enlisted in the service ; so let us suppose that by a wave of the magician's wand the peasant-proprietors have been called into existence. How many are there of them ? we now ask : has every Irishman become a peasant-proprietor ? If not, how many have failed to reach this blessedness ? A large host, we fear : and then comes the serious inquiry, How will it fare with the remainder of the Irish people ? Emigration to America is all the future we can discern for them : that they can do now ; only doubtless it is far pleasanter to be shipped off out of the way by one's friends than by one's enemies. The greater part of Ireland has no manufactures, and probably never will have any, and consequently they will not absorb the surplus population ; on the other hand, the peasant-proprietors will till the ground themselves ; and so vast is their energy, that they will require few labourers. We are totally at a loss to conceive what awaits these poor people but emigration. If we are correct in this assumption, it would be well indeed if the friends of Ireland would take care that the

fact should be clearly understood by Irishmen before the new legislation is completed. Let them at least have the choice, whether they prefer the present system or the one that is to be. The very theory of peasant-proprietorship presupposes that there are few labourers ; so that unless a freehold can be provided for every Irishman, or at least for most Irishmen, the last state of Ireland will be worse than the first.

But let us look at these cultivating owners themselves. What crops will they produce ? Ireland is not a land of vineyards, in which every man may prune his own vines and labour indefatigably amidst their rows. Nor is it, like Belgium, a land of tillage and arable culture, in which great labour may be successfully applied to a small area. It is mainly a land of pasture, fitted by nature for the breeding and grazing of cattle. The very quality we seek, reply the small statesmen : it is a land for butter and milk and dairy produce, the very best occupation for small holders in this northern climate. Very true, if only there is a demand at their door for this produce. Market gardeners and the owners of a few fields may thrive admirably in the neighbourhood of great towns and large manufacturing populations ; but where are these to be found in Ireland ? The great mass of the country, if it is to do more than feed the persons directly engaged in the cultivation of the land, must labour for distant markets ; and then the high prices for milk and fresh butter on the spot vanish altogether. Grazing farms for the supply of English markets on the noble pastures of Ireland may easily enrich a peasant-proprietor and his family, but they will feed few persons ; and again we ask, What is the remainder of the population to be, and how are they to live ? One resource there still remains,—the potato. Beyond doubt, this root is capable of supporting a vast population ; but is it the aim of

the philosophers to rear up in Ireland, as a beacon, we presume, for the whole world, a people living on potatoes? Is that the standard of civilisation which they hold up as their ideal? Even if such were their aspiration the potato would cruelly betray them. It does not last beyond a year, if it can be said to do so much. It does not admit of balancing the inequalities of harvests by reserve stores from preceding years; and for a month at least out of the twelve its power of sustaining life is very precarious. Then the fatal facility with which it is grown, the idleness it engenders, the passive looking on whilst the crop ripens, breed habits of the lowest social order. However, nature has pronounced sentence on the potato; and not even the new lights would propose to revive the miseries which it brought down on Ireland in the past.

But more yet remains to be said of a division of Ireland into peasant-holdings. No race of men can compare with the Celt in the invincible tendency to subdivide lands; and foremost amongst them in this practice have been the Irish. We know what was the practice formerly in Ireland; we have heard of its repetition in Scotland, where tenants of Irish origin have exhibited their tenacity in adhering to the habits of their race, and have divided their holdings into incredibly small partitions, and a father, when he died, allotted to each son a strip of each quality of land he held. Nothing short of a law peremptorily limiting the size of a freehold, and compelling sale when several claims were preferred against it, could prevent all the calamities of the old system from reappearing. Letting and subletting would have free scope, and the subdivision of properties would speedily be endless. Let us again hear Mr Nevile:—

“I willingly admit that a wealthy and intelligent man would be more ready to spend his capital upon his own land than upon that of another person. But are the majority of the

Irish tenants wealthy and intelligent? I fear not. My impression is, that if you took 100 tenants, under 100 acres each, on a large estate, and also 100 freeholders with equal quantities of land, *in the long-run* the tenants would do the best, from the great temptation to idleness and self-indulgence and borrowing money in the case of the freeholders. If I had no heirs, and left each tenant his farm, which was once done in my own county, I am persuaded every tenant would sell his property within two or three years of my death. I believe they are very intelligent men, and they all know as well as I do that they could make four or five, or often ten, times more interest of their capital in their own business than in holding land as owners at 3 per cent. In the face of this state of circumstances, it seems impossible to preserve a race of intelligent small proprietors.”

In a similar strain says Lord Carnarvon:—

“But good or bad, whatever differences of opinion there may be on this point, this at least is certain, that it is not a subject which is fit for legislation. You cannot make small holdings by law; and if you attempt it, the whole of the legislative fabric which you have built up will crumble in dust about you. No man, I think, who knows anything of agriculture, and who is in his senses, will venture to say that it is good for the interests of agriculture to apply generally and extensively a small system of holdings. You know perfectly well that it is impossible to do such a thing. Look at what is going on elsewhere. Soil and climate might do a great deal to lessen the inconveniences of it, but look where the soil and climate are most favourable, and see what is passing there. In Flanders they have a most minute system of cultivation—in fact there are almost nothing but small holdings; but it has been stated on the best possible authority that the small farmers in Flanders are in a worse condition than the farm-labourer is in England. In many parts of Germany the country is cut up into small divisions. What is the consequence? One half of Germany is forced to emigrate—in fact, squeezed out of their own country, and compelled to go elsewhere to find occupation—across the Atlantic or in other parts of the world. Certainly that is not a state to which we wish to reduce the farmers of England. Take, in the next place, the country where you have some-

times heard the success of the system has been so remarkable—France. You have a very large portion of France divided and subdivided into these small holdings, and what is the result? You have soil and climate and legislation, and every conceivable circumstance, in its favour so as to produce the happiest result. And what is the result? The result at this moment is the universal cry of distress from the whole agricultural interest of France—a cry so loud, so prolonged, that the French Government has been obliged to issue a commission; and if the length of the report of the commissioners, which consists of some twenty-six or twenty-seven volumes, be any proof of the extent of the evil, I think we may congratulate ourselves that this is not our case. What do the commissioners say? They tell you first of all that there is almost a total absence of capital, and of agricultural science and skill. They tell you that every traveller may see with his own eyes that there is no machinery, and they tell you also that proper drainage is not attempted. Lastly, we hear on all sides that the great bulk of all French farmers are almost entirely in the hands of usurers.”

This statement is as impressive as it is eloquent; and it is made, be it remembered, by a landlord who is “personally friendly to small holdings—who has often refused to unite small holdings to make larger farms—and who has often tried to create, under certain circumstances, small holdings where he thought they would be beneficial.” The same evils which are here so vividly portrayed, would break out in Ireland with aggravated severity. If France, with her vines and her climate, her coal and her manufactories, her great towns and her foreign trade, cannot carry on her peasant-proprietorship without debt, inferior agriculture, and distress, what could be expected of Ireland!

We cannot conceive how any sober-minded man can deliberately entertain the project of creating a universal system of peasant-proprietorship in Ireland; and certainly not a shadow of a case has been made out in its favour that would warrant the violence, the confiscation, the gross outrage to

be inflicted on existing rights of property, in order to carry out such an experiment. This conclusion must be expressed in still wider terms, and we assert that the plea for fixity of tenure is non-proven; that no *prima facie* case ever has been shown for ousting landowners out of their property; that there is nothing in the actual condition of Irish agriculture which calls for this remedy as the sole possible—and this is the only plea under which it could be justified—and that this cry for transferring ownership to others of that which does not belong to them is an attempt at a violent reconquest by legislation which has confiscation and no honest desire to improve agricultural relations for its motive. It proposes to conciliate by giving away everything, even property itself, to a hostile race; and its aim is to place another class of men by force in possession of the land, under the equitable covenant of a rent-charge, which, it is plainly determined, shall never be paid.

But is the State, then, to do nothing in the present position of Irish affairs? The answer to the question opens a new scene in this exciting drama. Generally we adhere strongly to the opinion given by Lord Carnarvon, that it is a matter far more fitted for social action than for legislation. Agriculture in Ireland is passing through a great crisis, or rather a great transition. It has for several years past been advancing in a new phase. The vast revolution created by steam is producing in Ireland the same marvellous effects as in every other part of the world. The steam-boat and the railway, and the gigantic addition to the physical force of the nation made by steam-machinery, have given it an enormous increase of wealth. This wealth has largely developed England's power of consumption. The country possesses a vast deal more, and consequently demands and can pay for an immensely augmented supply of agricultural produce. The

fields of England never before yielded such crops, and the farming interest has never reaped such profits. Ireland has come in for her share of the general gain. The produce of her soil—most of all, her meat—has found abundant and most lucrative markets. She has enjoyed a great agricultural prosperity, and this prosperity has borne its usual fruits. The farmers have thriven, and been encouraged to provide such appliances to their land as would increase its yield, and at the same time amply repay their cost. New purchasers of land have introduced into its culture processes derived from large farming which have tended to absorb the smaller holdings of the minor tenantry. The old landlords have felt the influence of the same cause, and have remodelled the management of their estates, though occasionally to the injury of the occupants. For the most part, however, it is scarcely contested, they have exhibited a tenderness towards their tenants, which is said to be wanting in new purchasers, especially those who have bought under the authority of the Encumbered Estates Acts. These purchasers, it is alleged, know of nothing but money. For them land is only a money-producing machine. They have never felt the moral ties which link, under long-established systems, the various members of an agricultural community with each other; they have thought only of their rent, and of the most efficient methods of increasing its amount. The genial influence of improved demand and better prices has encouraged the tenants throughout Ireland to undertake works which in England are generally carried out by the landlords. They have drained lands, built houses, raised barns, and reclaimed wastes, with their own labour and their own money. They thought little of the risk of eviction, and the consequent loss of their outlay. They relied on two supports: a few years rapidly restored the cost they had expended;

and at the worst, the Irish peasant is not without arms against the landlord. Thus agricultural life followed the natural course prescribed to it by the altered conditions of the whole world, and most of all of England. In many important respects the culture of land assumed a new character, and that, which is the critical point here, without the intervention or even the notice of the landlord. Each went on in the old way; the landlord gave nothing but the use of the bare land; the tenant supplied every kind of labour and implement requisite for its cultivation. The tenant could get no aid generally from the landlord, according to the established practice, but he felt that circumstances offered profit with small risk of loss by landlord action. But if the landlord gave no help, neither did he abuse his legal power by making the improvements erected by the tenant the foundation for exacting a heavier rent. The evidence of impartial observers decisively shows that, as a rule, the land of Ireland is not excessively nor even highly rented. The rate of rent is not as high, under equal conditions, as in England. The outlay invested by the tenant in augmenting the productiveness of the land is not, with individual exceptions, taken into account in the settlement of the rent. The tenant does not pay rent, first for the land, and secondly for the works which he has carried out upon it. Excessive rent is nowhere urged as the justification of fixity of tenure, and of the ousting of the landowners from the possession of their estates.

The feeling of uneasiness which, we admit, not only exists, but exists very naturally in the minds of the tenants, has a very different source from an unjust raising of rent. They have had better markets, and they have been encouraged to lay out their money and their labour on the land; and it is impossible that men who have raised buildings and other works at their own expense, should not feel jealous

and uneasy at their being, in law, the property of others. The very prosperity of Irish agriculture has generated much of the present complication. The outlay of the tenants has vastly increased; the amount of property thus exposed to danger, and bestowed legally on the landlords, is immense. Every tenant would be impatient of such a position; no blame can attach to the Irish for their anxiety. In Ulster protection has been sought against a similar danger by the institution of a custom, most unsound in principle, but which, nevertheless, affords some remedy against a positive evil. The tenant-right of Ulster provides a certain compensation to the outgoing tenant for money he may have laid out on the farm, by exacting from his incoming successor a sum of proportionate magnitude. But it opposes a most formidable obstacle to the fitting cultivation of the land. It limits very mischievously the power of the landlord to select a skilful cultivator; and it is very injurious to the tenant-class themselves by exacting from a tenant the payment of a heavy deposit, as a security against a possible eviction with no compensation for improvements. And precisely because Ulster has been the most active and the most commercial part of Ireland, and because its trade has furnished a better market for its agricultural produce, by the operation of natural causes a rough and objectionable but yet to some extent real guarantee has been created in Ulster for the tenant against dangers which this very prosperity had developed.

Now what does this picture set before our eyes? A period of transition: new natural causes producing new natural effects. The agriculture of Ireland is rapidly expanding, and the old methods, the old relations, no longer suffice. More labour and more money can and will be laid out upon the land, simply because it is highly profitable to make this outlay. As well

try to stop the rising tide of the ocean as to arrest its progress. It is bursting the old bounds; it is too mighty for the old tools. The tenants are making the new machinery, and they cannot perform their task under existing conditions with safety to themselves or advantage to the State. Ireland requires a new system of agricultural relations—that is transparent. Moreover, it is obvious that this transition, like others acting on large popular interests, cannot be effected without some suffering. No change in the machinery of society ever produced such mighty benefit as the substitution of the railway for the stage-coach and the waggon; but many a posting-house and country inn, many a coach and many a carrier, were ruined by the alteration. There is suffering unquestionably in Ireland engendered by the onward movement of the world: there are hardships which are heavy, but which cannot be fairly described as injustice, if by injustice be meant wrong intentionally inflicted. Some men are injured by the forward progress of the world, others reap where they have not sown. But so it has been in a thousand other cases, and so it ever will be as long as the world shall last. It cannot be otherwise. The sole question is the choice of the remedy. That Irish agriculture in all its relations will right itself no thinking man who is accustomed to look at history can doubt; but ought the restoration of equilibrium to be effected by social or by legislative force? That is the true question which now lies before the whole country. The seat of the disease is clear—the tenant now pays what he ought not to pay, or if he is to pay, ought to pay under different conditions.

It is a matter of the most clear perception for us, that but for the political state of Ireland the true and most beneficent solution of the problem would have been obtained from social and not from legislative procedure. The agricultural

waters would have found their own level most easily, and with least injury to all classes concerned, if they had been left to their own undisturbed action. The social body, like the individual, works best its own cure : nature always does more than medicine, if no needless obstacles are interposed in her way. The healing which she accomplishes is more healthy and more durable than that of the physician. But nature is not free to do her own proper work in Ireland. The changes which the progress of agriculture has brought upon Ireland have fallen on relations singularly entangled by her past history. There are two races, two religions, two political forces, two social relations, two aggregations of men and forces in that unhappy island ; and, still more unfortunately, the land is their greatest, their inevitable battle-field. And then comes the additional misfortune that Ireland is ruled by a constitutional Government, and that in the present state of English parties, as we have remarked above, the Irish members are possessed of great power in the British Parliament. The political elements of the Irish land question are too many and too strong to allow of a peaceful solution by natural and spontaneous action. Parliament must pass an Irish Land Bill or no Government of any party could stand. The form of the question thus becomes essentially altered. It is no longer what advice shall be given to the people of Ireland, what effort shall be made to enlighten them on the several systems of land tenure, what course the landlords had best adopt if they are wise, what counsels the tenants should listen to if they desire their own lasting welfare—but, What must Parliament do ?

We have seen what Parliament must not do—what it cannot do without breaking up the foundations of society—what it has no justification whatever for doing. The symptoms of the malady in no way whatever warrant amputation.

A Parliament which enacted fixity of tenure, not on abstract grounds of its general excellence, alike for England as for Ireland, but as a remedy demanded by the condition of the Irish patient, would deserve the severest condemnation. In such a matter, a cure which far exceeded the necessities of the case would be most reprehensible ; and if it had for its consequence in the future that the sacredness of all property should be shaken in England, and a strong impulse be given to the propagation of communism, Parliament would have no one to blame but itself. It follows, therefore, that there is one clear unmistakable principle which Parliament must preserve inviolate. *Hic murus aheneus esto.* The land must be preserved for him who owns it. His ownership must be kept real and final. Whatever form of compensation may be thought equitable for the tenant, whatever repayment may be required in any form from the landlord for value conferred on his property by the labour and capital of the tenant, the owner must be as free to manage his property as his English fellow-classman on the fulfilment of these conditions. The tenant must be placed in no absolute tenure as against his landlord. "Pay me that thou owest" must be the measure and principle of his demands. That done, the landlord must preserve the right in its full integrity of changing his tenant at his pleasure. So far the ground is perfectly clear. It furnishes a safe treading to Parliament, whilst it leaves Parliament free to estimate and enforce the compensation as it may deem expedient.

In the next place, what is the pinch of the grievance complained of ? what the sting of the present state of affairs ? That tenants, practically and to a vast extent, expend their labour and capital on the property of their landlords, and are exposed by the law to his absolute power of ejecting them from their holdings without making them the

smallest compensation. It is further added that, in the majority of cases, the landlord is perfectly aware of what is going on—that he knows what his tenant is doing, and what he will expect in consequence; and that silence—when he is silent—must be interpreted as consent, and as an agreement to give effect to the tenant's feeling in making this expenditure. The demand for the interposition of Parliament is founded on the alleged universality of this practice. In Ireland, it is said, custom has regulated that the landlord should do nothing and the tenant do all; and then it is argued that a situation has sprung up which in the present times has become intolerable.

It is plain that before making any enactment on such a matter, Parliament ought to have an opinion on the expediency or the impolicy of maintaining such an agricultural position. Ought remedial measures to be applied on the basis that the office of providing machinery and making improvements is best imposed on the tenant; or that the opposite practice, which prevails in England, should be adopted, and the burden of finding the major part of the capital required for cultivation be laid upon the landlord? In other words, ought there to be a complete revolution in the agricultural system of Ireland, and does wisdom suggest that a temporary disturbance of equity should be rectified? On this point we cannot do better than consult Mr Nevile:—

“If a landlord encourages a tenant, or even tacitly allows him to make improvements, and then raises his rent, ejects him, or sells the estate without taking care that the tenant is or has been fairly remunerated, I have no hesitation in denouncing that landlord as a dishonest man. I also say that if he intends to hold any land at all to be let to tenants, he cannot understand his own *real* interest; but I regard the system of tenants making *permanent* improvements as so bad that I should greatly regret any general legislation which encouraged so fatal a principle. A landlord can borrow money at 7 per cent *on annuity* for twenty-five years to

make all permanent improvements. An intelligent tenant ought to make from 10 to 30 or 40 per cent of his working capital. It is therefore the interest of *both* parties that all permanent improvements should be made by the landlord. We ought to legislate *up to good* principles, and not *down to bad* ones.”

This is admirably said. Permanent improvement, on sound principle, devolves on the landlords. They are the richer men. They possess more capital and can borrow on easier terms. The tenant has enough to do in providing capital for rolling stock, for animals and wages. To cast the permanent outlay on him is to lay the load on the weaker man, on him who cannot do the work so efficiently; and it is a method very inimical to the smaller holdings. And besides all this, there is a consideration which seems to us decisive. Freedom is of supreme importance for the landowner, and the whole country is deeply interested in the successful conduct of agriculture; and the landlord cannot be free, cannot have the power of changing a bad for a good tenant, and cannot attract the most skilful cultivators to his farms, if he is committed to a heavy repayment of advances to those whom he wishes to remove. The system of requiring the permanent outfittings of a farm from the landlord stimulates him to save; he is encouraged to lay out his money, because he knows it remains with him, and will attract good tenants; and as he is able, so he will do more for the farm, whilst the tenant, in addition, applies a second capital of his own. A larger power of capital is thus brought to bear on agriculture, and the country generally profits by the results.

The problem is now reduced to the discovery of the best and wisest method of dealing with the claims for compensation in regard of improvements actually effected by the tenants on the lands of their landlords. Here again the principle is clear. They are entitled to compensation only, and to nothing more. The land never was theirs,

and if they chose to lay out capital upon it, with or without the consent of its owners, that can give them no title to claim it as their property. Further, it is evident that the situation is not the same for all the tenants alike, and no single rule of compensation can apply to all universally. There is an endless variety in the incidents of the positions of the tenants. Some obtained the direct assent of their landlords; others are justified in inferring that consent, though not expressed in words, from his conduct; others have acted in avowed disregard of his wishes, whether expressed or understood. Then, again, some made their outlay long ago, and can be shown to have recouped themselves during a long period of years, the rent not having been raised against them in consequence of their own success in rendering the land more productive. Others expended their capital at more recent dates, and they are still out of pocket for the major part of the sums which they have advanced. It is plain that their claims must stand at a higher relative figure. A still more difficult inquiry will spring up as to what are to be deemed improvements for which compensation ought to be granted. Some expenditure confessedly falls to the share of the occupier under every theory of repayment. Where the line ought to be drawn—where the landlord ought to repay and where not—is a point of nice and difficult adjustment. Nor ought the same identical improvement to give a title to the same compensation on every farm alike. The rent paid in each separate case is a very large element in the determination of what the tenant ought to have been expected on his side to perform.

These and many other points of distinction will arise on every separate case, and, if justice is to be apportioned out, will require separate adjudication. And one conclusion, if none other, comes forth from this statement. No single

rule, allotting a lease of the same number of years for every farm in Ireland alike, can be reconciled with the principles of justice and expediency. Such a process, in numberless instances, would amount to nothing short of spoliation. The concession of the same lease for the same period of years for all tenants universally would manifestly be a confession by Parliament of its own want of statesmanlike ability, and of its incompetency, whether from passion or design, to deal with such a problem in a business-like way.

Let us now suppose the computation of what each tenant may reasonably demand to have been completed, how is payment to be made, and upon what terms? The cardinal principle which governs the whole process—that the landlord, after making the compensation assessed upon him, shall possess entire freedom to deal with his property at his pleasure—requires the rule to be laid down, that upon payment of the sum adjudged he shall be absolutely free to dismiss the tenant. Parliament can make no stipulation for the retention of any tenant after receiving compensation, without making such an infringement on the sanctity of property as the people of England ought not to, and will not, tolerate. Nor is it necessary that immediate payment should be required. The amount due must be assessed at once; but so long as the tenant chooses to remain on the farm, the claim for payment will not arise. If he abandons the farm, or the landlord evicts, the compensation becomes instantly due, and must be paid.

But how about the future? That the irregularities of the past should be set straight by an adjustment which does justice to both parties is intelligible and justifiable; but permission to the tenant to expend on the farm in future sums for which his landlord's consent is not required, but which he may charge against him on a day of reckoning, stands on very dif-

ferent ground. Such a power of spending what another will have to pay cannot easily be placed on any legitimate principle. It would excite, inevitably, a strong tendency to evict a tenant who was commencing a process which must be so disagreeable to the man who has ultimately to pay the bill. The analogy of England cannot be pleaded in its favour. Here the landlord erects the buildings and the other permanent fixtures of the farm. If draining is made, a special arrangement apportions the expense between landlord and tenant; and it is only the amount of outlay incurred in bringing forward the growing crops which the incoming tenant has to defray. He recovers his money in the following harvest. But nowhere in this country, as far as our knowledge extends, does a law prevail which authorises a tenant to say to his landlord, "I wish such fields to be drained, or such a barn to be erected; if you will not make the operations I will, and will deduct the cost from the rent." We do not see our way to the establishment of such a doctrine; yet it has been sanctioned by both Conservative and Liberal Governments in the House of Commons. Lord Mayo proposed that buildings and fixtures erected by the tenant might be removed by him unless the landlord should prefer to purchase them. Against such an enactment no objection of principle can be advanced. But when the same bill provided that tenants might make improvements with the sanction of a commissioner whose certificate should constitute a charge upon the land, we hesitate to follow Lord Mayo. Mr Cardwell in 1860 had sanctioned the principle of compensation, but had insisted on previous notice being given to the landlord. In 1866, his colleague, Mr Chichester Fortescue, threw this restriction to the winds, and repelled the necessity of previous notice. On this point he found a vigorous adversary in

Mr Lowe: but all equally, we admit, recognise the doctrine that, under certain conditions, a tenant might be allowed to spend capital on the land, and reclaim its amount from the landlord. The political turmoil has been so rapidly developed, that we cannot but fear that the tenant's right of claiming in the future as well as in the present will be established. All we can do is to express our opinion that the necessity of such a policy has not been demonstrated.

The multiplicity of the details to be ascertained and weighed before the determination of the compensation due can be reached, clearly points out a special court, with a special staff of business-men, as the only machinery by which justice can be fairly meted throughout the country. The process will be long, but it will be just—the only just one, we are firmly persuaded. Radicals and philosophical Liberals will storm with disappointment and impatience, for their end is not justice but revolution. They do not seek to repair wrongs, but to institute a new mode of possessing land in the future. But the public opinion of the nation is manifestly against them, and will be strong enough to baffle their efforts. They speak much of the wounded conscience of the people of England; but they fall into a gross fallacy when they identify the desire to redress injustice with aspirations for new institutions. All human regulations are apt to work out some wrong in their effects; and no people have a truer and nobler intolerance of unfairness, or a sincerer desire to correct it, than the English; but the manifestations of public feeling on every side proclaim also that they are profoundly aware of the gulf which lies between reform and revolution, and that they will not allow either Irish Fenians or English Democrats to hurl the most fundamental principle of society—property—over the precipice.

JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

I do not know how to begin this story otherwise than by a confession that I cannot describe its very first scene. It was a scene such as happens very often in romance, and which a great many writers could describe to the life. I know who could do it so well that you would think you saw the accident—the plunge of the frightened horse, the sudden change in the sensations of the rider from voluntary progress on her own part to a gradual confused wild mad rush past of trees and houses and hedgerows, and all the whirling level green of the country round—the flash before her eyes—the jar—the stillness of insensibility. Many writers whom I know could make a great point of it; but I never was run away with by my horse, and I do not know how it feels. Therefore I will begin where the excitement ends, and take up my story from the moment when Kate Crediton opened her eyes, without any notion where she was, with a thousand bells ringing in her ears, and awful shadows of something that had happened or was going to happen flitting about her brain—and by degrees found that she was not on her horse, as she had been when last she had any acquaintance with herself, but lying on a sofa with a sense of wetness and coolness about her head, and the strangest incapacity to move or speak or exercise any energy of her own. She began to hear the voices and to feel the things that were being done to her before she was capable of opening her eyes, or indeed had come to herself. There was a soft splash of water, and sensation as if a sudden shower had come over her face, and then consciousness struggled back, and she began to divine what it was.

"Where am I?" she said, faintly,

in her great wonder; and then her father came forward, and with tears in his eyes implored her not to stir or speak. And there was another man who was dimly apparent to her, holding her hand or her pulse or something; and at her feet a pair of anxious, astonished eyes gazing at her, and somebody behind who was sprinkling something fragrant over her head, and shedding the heavy hair off her forehead. She had fainted, and yet somehow had escaped being dead, as she ought to have been. Or was she dead, and were these phantoms that were round her, moving so ghostly, speaking with their voices miles off through the plaintive air? But she could not put the question, though she was so curious. She could not move, though she was the most active, restless little creature possible. All the bells of all the country round were booming dully in her ears; or was it rather a hive of bees that had clustered round her with dull, small, murmurous trumpeting? The mist went and came across her eyes like clouds on the sky, and every time it blew aside there was visible that pair of eyes. Whom did they belong to? or were they only floating there in space, with perhaps a pair of wings attached?—a hypothesis not inconsistent with Kate's sense that after all she might have died, for anything she could say to the contrary. But the eyes were anxious, puckered up at the corners, with a very intent, disturbed, eager look in them, such as eyes could scarcely have in heaven.

"She will do now," Kate heard some one say beside her; "let her be kept quite quiet, and not allowed to speak—and you may continue the cold compress on the head. I think it will be best to leave her

quite alone with Mrs Mitford. Quiet is of the first consequence. I shall come back again in an hour and see how she is."

"But, doctor," said the anxious voice of Mr Crediton, "you don't think——"

"My dear sir, there is no use in thinking anything just now. I hope she will be all right again this evening; but pray come with me, and leave her quiet. At present we can do no good."

I do not mean to say that this connected conversation penetrated to the poor little brain which had just received such a shock; but she heard it, and caught the name, Mrs Mitford, out of the mist, and her mind began vaguely to revolve round the new idea so oddly thrown into it. Mrs Mitford?—who was she? The name seemed to get into the murmurs of the bees somehow, and buzz and buzz about her. The big eyes disappeared; the sense of other moving living creatures about her died off into the general hum. But for that, everything now was still, except just one rustle behind her at her head. And sometimes a hand came out of the stillness, and dropped new freshness on her forehead; and once it lingered with a soft half caress, and shed back the hair once more, and there came to her the soft coo of a voice as the buzzing became less loud. Yes; the bees began to hum away to their hives, farther and farther off into the slumberous distance. And this?—was it the wood-pigeons among the bees?

Thus it will be seen that poor Kate had received a considerable shock; but yet, as she was young, and had unfathomable fountains of life and energy to draw from, she had quite come to herself by the evening, as the doctor hoped. Her father was allowed to come in for ten minutes to see her, and almost wept over his child, though that was not by any means his usual frame of mind; and Mrs Mitford emerged from the darkness at the

end of the sofa and sat by the side of her charge, and even talked to her sometimes in that voice which was like the wood-pigeon's coo. But who was she? and whose were those two eyes which had floated in the curious cloudy darkness? Perhaps it was because of the general state of confusion in which she found herself that Kate's mind was so occupied with those eyes, thinking whom they could belong to, and who Mrs Mitford could be, who was taking charge of her so simply, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. As the evening darkened, an uncomfortable sense that she ought to get up and get ready to go home came over her. And she did not want to go home. To lie there quite still, full of dreamy wonderings, which were half pleasant, half confusing, seemed all she was fit for. The very idea of raising herself, of putting her foot on the ground, seemed to bring back all those buzzing bees—and yet night was coming on, and that of course would be the necessary thing to do.

It was almost dark when, for the second time, her father came to the side of her sofa. He came very softly, and hushed her when she first attempted to speak. "Not a word, my darling," he said—"not a word; you must not talk."

"But I must," said Kate, though even her own voice sounded at least five miles off. "Papa, must not I get up and go home?"

"You are not able," he said, stooping over and kissing her. "Don't trouble yourself about that. Mrs Mitford has promised to take charge of you till you are better. You must lie quite quiet, and not think of anything till you get well."

"I am—pretty well," said Kate, "and who is Mrs——?" She stopped, for there was a shadow behind Mr Crediton, who could only be Mrs Mitford herself, and Kate's sense of courtesy was not gone, though she was so strangely confused. Then she gave a little exclamation

of surprise. "I am still in my habit," she said, with vague wonder, "though it is almost night!"

"We are going to get you out of your habit presently, my dear," said Mrs Mitford. "Say good-night to your father, for we must send him away. You will soon know who I am, and all about it; but you must not talk to-night."

And then, before she knew how, she was released from her warm clinging dress, and laid, all white and fresh and cool, in a cool, soft, shaded bed, where the confusion gradually deepened round her. Kate could have vowed she had never slept at all, but had been all the while sensible of the strangeness and stillness of the place—of now and then a sound and touch that felt like the embodiment of the silence—of a faint glimmer of light in the darkness—of sometimes a wandering breath of air, as if the window had been opened; and the sense of some one by her all the while. But yet, no doubt, she must have slept; for it became apparent to her all at once that day had returned—that the morning air was coming in, and the whole dim chamber was flooded through and through with light,—light which was not sunshine, and yet looked like the essence of sunshine. She seemed to herself to look up all at once out of the soft darkness which had prevented her from identifying anything, to see this daylight room all bright and clear, with its pictures and its furniture, and a bright-faced soft-eyed woman who stood by her bedside, no longer a shadow among the shadows. Such soft eyes, though they were no longer young, a complexion so softly, sweetly tinted, a look that caressed every young creature it rested upon:—If this was Mrs Mitford, it was very pleasant to be left in her charge. She had a little tray in her hands, white-covered, with fragrant tea and delicate bits of dry toast. Kate, not knowing how it was that

she had woke so suddenly to this pleasant spectacle, tried to start up, with her usual impetuosity, but fell back again immediately, with her head all buzzing and confused, as it had been on the previous night.

"Oh dear! what is the matter with me?" cried Kate, so much overwhelmed by her sensations that she forgot civility.

"Nothing very much, I hope, my dear," said Mrs Mitford; "but you are not well enough to jump up like that. You had a bad fall yesterday; but you have slept so well all night——"

"Oh no—I think not," protested Kate; and then it suddenly occurred to her how ungrateful she was. "I am sure you were sitting up with me," she said. "It is so very good of you; and I don't even know—my head is so strange."

"You shall hear all about it in time," said her cheerful nurse. "You have only to keep quiet, that is all, and take some tea, and be content to be an invalid. Is that hard? But it might have been so much worse; and oh! we have such reason to be thankful, my dear!"

Kate did not say anything, but she gazed so, throwing all her awe-stricken thoughts into her eyes, that the kind woman answered the thought as if it had been spoken.

"Yes, you might have been killed—and my John too. Thank God, you are both safe! But you must not ask any more questions. You must let me settle your pillows for you, and try to take some tea."

"My John!" who was that? another mysterious new being in this world of darkness. Kate gazed imploringly at her new friend, whom she had identified and made out. But Mrs Mitford's attention was fixed on the pillows, which she piled up cunningly behind the patient to support her. "Is that comfortable?" she asked. "It does not make you giddy to sit up like that? and here is your breakfast, and a

rose with the dew on it from my—from the garden," she added, after a little momentary pause. Kate's mind was very much confused, it is true, but still her woman's wit had not so much deserted her but that she could make out that broken sentence. It was "my John," no doubt, that her friend had been about to say, and why then could not she say it without hesitation? An involuntary smile stole over Kate's face; she put up the rose to hide this smile, taking in all its freshness and dewiness and perfume into her young being. Evidently John was not without discrimination—and Kate, we are obliged to confess, was the kind of girl to like the rose all the better coming to her in this half-mysterious way, than if Mrs Mitford had but gathered it in the garden as she took her morning walk.

"It is very sweet; and it is so kind of—you, to bring it me," said Kate, with a little gleam of habitual mischief waking in her pretty eyes. "But oh! my head feels so strange, I can't make it out."

"Perhaps you had better not talk any more, but lie down again as soon as you have had your tea," said Mrs Mitford; and she only smiled upon Kate's further attempts to enter into conversation, and shook her head. When the little tray had been removed, and the pillows lowered, Kate was left with her rose, in a not unwilling quiet. After all, curious though she was, she did not feel able to talk: her head still felt, as she said, very strange. The bees were not so far off but what they were ready to come back when she stirred. On the whole, it was best to lie back and keep quite still, and watch her nurse moving about the room. She had a grey alpaca gown, which shone with pretty *reflets* like silk, but did not rustle to vex the invalid's nerves; and a little white cap that set off her soft rose-tints. Kate lay and wondered how she had managed to

keep that lovely soft complexion—and then why she wore a cap, which so few people do nowadays. Certainly Mrs Mitford had no need to wear it; she had plenty of hair, though it was beginning to be touched by grey, and Kate was sufficiently a young woman of her time to know that no hair now needs to grow grey unless its owner chooses. And then she wondered how old Mrs Mitford was. She might not have been any more than forty, and yet she might be ten years older than that—it was hard to say. She went about softly, not quite noiselessly, which is as hurtful to the nerves as boisterousness, but with just sound enough to make you aware she was there. And it was so *nice*, Kate thought, to have her there. Her pretty rose ribbons, which brightened the grey dress, were not so pretty as the softer roses on her cheeks. Kate was all lilies and roses herself, and she could not but gaze with a sympathetic admiration at the woman so much older than herself, who still retained this special loveliness. She looked like Methuselah to Kate, and yet she was so pretty. "Shall I be as pretty, I wonder, when I am as old?" the girl asked herself; and once more was surprised by a smile at the quaint, strange, incomprehensible thought. Kate Crediton fifty, but still possessed of a pretty complexion, and considered a nice-looking woman of her age! The idea was so odd that into the quietness there bubbled up a little sudden fountain of laughter, of which, as soon as she heard it, Kate was so infinitely ashamed, that even her rose did not suffice to hide the colour which blazed up into her cheeks.

"Laughing, my dear!" said Mrs Mitford, though not without a little anxiety, drawing near the bed. "What has amused you?" And she came quite close, and touched Kate's forehead softly with her hand, and gazed at her, with just a touch of dread lest her mind

was wandering, which the girl guessed somehow, and which instantly sobered her thoughts.

"I was thinking how funny it is to be lying here so comfortable, and you taking care of me as if I belonged to you, and not to know where I am, nor—anything about it. It is all so queer."

"It is not half so queer as you think," said Mrs Mitford, smiling; "you will find it is quite natural when you are a little better. But we must not talk till the doctor comes. He gave orders you were to be kept perfectly quiet. Perhaps he will relax when he sees how well you are, if you keep quite quiet now."

"When will he come!" said Kate, with a sigh of impatience; and then in her hasty way she put up her face, as well as she was able, to her kind nurse. "I wonder if mamma was like you," cried the motherless creature, with a few tears which came as suddenly as the laughter. It was Kate's way; but Mrs Mitford did not know that, and was wonderfully touched, and kissed her, and bathed her face, and smoothed her hair, and did a hundred little tender offices for her, making her "nice," as an invalid should look.

"My hair was much the same colour when I was your age, and I had just such heaps of it," the kind woman said, combing out and caressing those great shining coils.

"I shall be just the same-looking woman when I am old," was the comment Kate made to herself; and the thought almost made her laugh again. But this time she had warning of the inclination, and restrained herself; and thus the morning wore away.

When the doctor came he pronounced her a great deal better, and Kate lay wondering, and listened with all her ears to the conversation that went on in hushed tones near her bedside. "Not light-headed at all?" said the

doctor; "not talking nonsense?" "And oh," cried Kate to herself, "if I did not talk nonsense, it is the first time in all my life!" "Oh no, she has been quite rational—quite herself," said Mrs Mitford; and Kate, exercising intense self-control, did not laugh. If she had ever been called rational before, it would not have been so hard; and how little they must know about her! "It is rather nice to be considered sensible," she said within herself; but she could not suppress the laughing mischief in her eye, which the doctor perceived when he turned round to feel her pulse again.

"She looks as if she were laughing at us all," he said. "Miss Crediton, tell me do you feel quite well? able to get up this moment and ride home?"

"I am very well when I lie still," said Kate; "but I don't want to go home, please. *She* is not at home; I am obliged to call her *she*, which is very uncivil, because nobody will tell me her name."

"I can do that much for you," said the doctor. "This is Mrs Mitford of Fanshawe Regis; and I can tell you you were in luck to be run away with close to her door."

"You don't need to tell me that," said Kate. "Please, Mrs Mitford, will you kiss me, now we are introduced. I am Kate Crediton—perhaps you know; and I am sure I don't know why I did not talk nonsense all last night, for they say I always do at home."

"But you must not here," said the doctor, who was an old man, and smiled at her kindly,—“nor chatter at all, indeed, for several days. See how it brings the blood to her face! If you will be very good you may see your father, and ask—let me see—six questions; but not one word more."

"Is papa still here?" cried Kate.

"That is one," said the doctor; "be careful, or you will come to the end of your list, as the man

in the fairy tale came to the end of his wishes. He is waiting to come in."

"Have I only five left?" said Kate. "Please, let him come in. I shall ask him how it all happened; and then I shall ask him where we are—that is three; and when he is going home; and what is the matter with me that I must lie here—and then——" She had been counting on her fingers, and paused with the forefinger of one hand resting on the little finger of the other. Mrs Mitford had gone to the door to admit Mr Crediton, and Kate was alone with the old doctor, who looked at her so kindly. She laid back her head among the pillows, a little flushed by talking; her pretty hair, which Mrs Mitford had just smoothed, had begun to ruffle up again in light little puffs of curls. She lay back, looking up at the doctor like a certain Greuze I know of, with fingers like bits of creamy pink shells, half transparent, doing their bit of calculation. "And then," she added, with a long-drawn breath, half of mischief, half of fatigue, "I will ask him who is 'my John'?"

"Has she been talking to you about my John?" said the doctor, amused; and Kate gave a little nod of her pretty head at him, where she lay back like a rosebud upon the pillows. It was too late to answer in words, for Mrs Mitford was coming back from the door, followed by Mr Crediton, who looked excited and anxious, and had something like a tear in the corner of his eyes.

"Well, my pet, so you are better!" he said. "That is right, Kate. I have had a most miserable night, doctor, thinking of her. But now I hear it's going to be all right. It is not, of course, for any special virtue in her," he said, turning round to them with a strained little laugh when he had kissed her, "but one has all sorts of prejudices about one's only child."

"Yes, indeed. I know very well what it is to have an only child," said Mrs Mitford. "You could not find more sympathy anywhere in that particular. When there is anything the matter with my boy, the whole world is turned upside down."

Kate looked at the doctor with an inquiring glance, and he gave her a little confidential nod. The eyes of the young girl and the old man laughed and communicated while the two foolish parents were making their mutual confessions. "Is that my John she is speaking of?" asked Kate's eyes; and the doctor replied merrily, delighted with his observing patient. To be sure there had been a grave enough moment on the previous day, when these two lives first crossed each other; but this was how the idea of him was formally introduced to Kate Crediton's mind. It was a foolish, flighty, light, little mind, thinking of nothing but fun and nonsense. Yet even now it did cross the doctor's mind, with a momentary compunction, that the business might turn out serious enough for poor John.

CHAPTER II.

It was nearly a week before Kate was permitted to leave her bed, and during that time she had learned a great deal about the economy of Fanshawe Regis. She lay among the pillows every day a little higher, with her natural colour coming back, looking more and more like the Greuze, and listened to all the

domestic revelations that flowed from Mrs Mitford's lips. The kind woman was pleased with so lively a listener, and thus there gradually unrolled itself before Kate a moving panorama of another existence, which the girl, perhaps, had not sufficient imagination or sympathy to enter fully into, but which in-

terested her much in bits, and amused her, and to which she lent a very willing ear. Sometimes the door of the room would be opened, and Kate would hear the footsteps in the house of which she was now a recognised inmate, but which she knew nothing of. There was one solemn step that creaked and went slowly, gravely, up and down stairs, as if life were a weighty ceremonial to be accomplished very seriously, which was evidently the step of Dr Mitford, the Rector of Fanshawe Regis, and rural dean; and there was a lighter springy masculine foot, which came to the very door sometimes with flowers and letters and books for the invalid, and which Kate did not need to be told was "my John." In the languor of her illness, and in the absence of other objects of interest, this step became quite important to Kate. She was not, we are obliged to confess, by any means a very good young woman. She was a spoiled child, and she had been born a flirt, which could scarcely be said to be her fault. From three years old to nineteen, which was her present age, it had been the occupation of her existence to prey upon mankind. Whether it was sugar-plums she played for or hearts had not mattered very much to her. She had put forth her wiles, her smiles, her thousand little fascinations, with a spontaneous, almost unconscious, instinct. It was necessary to her to be pleasing somebody—to be first in some one's regard, whoever that some one might be. Before she had been half a day under Mrs Mitford's care, that good soul was her slave; and when that innocent little bit of captivation was complete, and when the doctor, too, showed symptoms of having put on her chains, Kate felt her hands free, and longed for the hunting-grounds and the excitement of the sport. John was the most likely victim, and yet she could not get at him, being chained up here out of reach.

It filled her invalid existence with a little touch of excitement. She sent him pretty messages in return for his roses, and listened to all his mother's stories of him. Not that John in himself interested the girl. He was her natural victim, that was all, and she smiled with a vague satisfaction at thought of the mischief which she knew she could do.

The life she lived in her room in this strange house of which she knew nothing, yet with which she was so familiar, was the strangest amusing episode to Kate. After the first two days Mrs Mitford kept by her less closely, and a fresh country housemaid, full of wonder and sympathy and admiration for the pretty young lady, came into the room as soon as she was awake to put it in order for the day. Lizzie had a round fresh apple-blossom face which pleased Kate's eye, and was full of that wondering worship for the creature so like herself in age and nature, so infinitely above her in other matters, possessed of so many incomprehensible fascinations and refinements, which one young woman so often entertains for another. There had been great calculations in the kitchen about Kate's probable age and her beauty, the colour of her hair, the shape of her hat, her father's wealth, and everything about her. The cook at Fanshawe Regis came from Camelford, where Mr Crediton lived, and knew that his bank was the Bank of England to all the country round, and that he was rolling in money, and spared nothing on his only child. Lizzie had listened with open eyes to all the details her fellow-servant knew, or could recollect or invent, of the fairy existence of this wonderful young lady. About twenty, cook concluded Miss Crediton was—and Lizzie was just over twenty. And she too had blue eyes like Kate, and apple-blossom cheeks, and was about the same height—but yet what a difference! "You've seen

Miss Parsons as was her maid—a stuck-up thing with her fine bonnets; her mother keeps a millinery shop down Thistle-field way, leading out o' Camelford," said cook. "She was lady's-maid to this Miss Crediton, and a fine thing for her too. She might take a fancy to you, Liz, if you were to flatter her a bit." "Laws, I never dare open my lips," said Lizzie; "she'll lie there a-noticing everything with them eyes, as looks you through and through. Them as is no skolards has no chance." But Lizzie's heart beat as the morning came, and she went softly into Miss Crediton's room, and set the windows open, and dusted and settled and put everything to rights. Kate watched her, saying nothing at first, not without a little natural interest on her side in the young woman of her own age, in all the roundness, and softness, and whiteness, and rosiness of youth. She saw the girl's awe-stricken looks at herself, and was amused, and even a little flattered, by Lizzie's admiration,—and being weary of silence, began to draw her out. It was chiefly from Lizzie's account that Kate identified all the movements of the house, and found out the hours at which Mrs Mitford visited the schools, and when she went to see her poor people. "When she leaves you, miss, to have a little rest after your dinner, it's time for the school," said Lizzie. "Missis never misses a day, not so long as I can remember, except now and again, when Mr John's been ill."

"Is Mr John often ill?" said Kate.

"Oh no, miss; never, so to speak; but missis makes an idol of him. Mother thinks as she makes too much an idol on him. He's her only son, like—it aint like having nine or ten, as most folks have," said Lizzie, apologetically, as she arranged the little table by Kate's bedside, where there was, as usual, a bouquet of John's roses, freshly gathered.

"That is true," said Kate, with a laugh which Lizzie could not understand.

"But I'd rather have one like Mr John, than a dozen like most folks," Lizzie added, with energy; "most of 'em in the village is nought but trouble to them they belongs to. It's hard to tell of 'em what they're made for, them big lads. One'll go poaching and idling, till ye don't know what to do with 'um; and another'll list, and break his folks's hearts. Mother says they're a cross, but I think as they're worse than a cross—drinking, and fighting, and quarrelling, and never good for nought. And them as is steady goes away, and you don't get no good o' them. You may laugh, miss, as don't know no better—but there are folks as can't laugh."

"I did not laugh, Lizzie," said Kate. "I am very sorry—but why are you so serious about it? I hope the girls are better than the lads."

"Mother says we've haven't got the same temptations," said Lizzie, dubiously; "but she's old, you know, miss, and I dare to say she don't think on. I've got four brothers, all idler the one nor the other. And if I don't know, I don't know who should. Mother she's a good woman, and I hope we'll all pass for her sake—but missis, she never hears a cross word from Mr John."

"A cross word, indeed!" said Kate; "that would be unpardonable—and she such a darling. He ought to be proud of having a mother like that. I am very fond of her myself."

"He's as proud as Punch, miss," said Lizzie, "and missis she's proud of him. When he's at home he's always by to walk wi' her and talk with her. Master, he's that learned ye never know what to make of him. They say as he's the biggest scholard in all Huntlyshire. It aint to be expected as he would just take his little walks, and make it pleasant like a common man."

"And what does Mrs Mitford do when Mr John is away?" said Kate, a little doubtful of the propriety of asking so many questions, but too curious to let the opportunity slip.

"Oh, miss! it's dreadful, that is," cried Lizzie. "It's enough to make you cry just to look at her face. Some days she'll go across to the school as many as three times—and down to the village among all the poor folks. Mother aint Church like me, miss," the girl continued, with a little apologetic curtsy; "she was born like in Zion, she says, and she can't make up her mind not to leave it; and it aint to be expected as poor missis should be fond of Zion folks. But when any of the lads are in trouble she never minds church nor chapel. Mother says she's a bit proud as her own lad is one as never gets into no trouble—and the like of him haven't got the same temptations, mother says. But I always say as it's kind of missis, all the same."

"I should think so, indeed," cried Kate, "and I think your mother must be——" she was going to say a disagreeable old woman, but stopped in time—"rather hard upon other people," she went on, diplomatically; "but then if Mr John goes away altogether, I am afraid Mrs Mitford will break her heart."

"Oh, miss, don't you be afeared," cried Lizzie, with bright confidence—"he aint agoing away. It sounds funny, but he's going to be the new curate, is Mr John."

"Oh!!" Kate gave a little cry of disappointment and dismay. "Is he a clergyman? I never thought of that."

"Not yet, miss," said Lizzie, "but they say as he's going up to the bishop at Michaelmas or thereabouts, and then we'll have him here for curate, and missis will be as glad as glad."

"I am sure I am not glad," said Kate to herself, pouting over this unlooked-for piece of news. Not

that she cared for John. She had never seen him, how could she care? He had saved her life, people say, but then that was the most fantastic beginning of an acquaintance, like a thing in a novel, and she would rather have seen no more of him ever after, had that been all. But Kate had become interested in my John by dint of hearing his step, and receiving his roses, and knowing him to be her natural victim. And that he should be a clergyman spoilt all. Curates, of course, are always fair game—but then an effective young sports-woman like Kate Crediton can bag curates with so little trouble. Facility, let us say, after the fashion of the copybooks, breeds contempt. And, on the other hand, light-minded as she was, she felt that a *clergyman*, as distinct from a curate, was a thing that called for respect—and felt herself suddenly pulled up and brought to a pause in all her projects for amusement. How provoking it was! if he had been going to be a soldier, or a barrister, or an—anything except a clergyman! She could not, for Mrs Mitford's sake, treat him on the ground of simple curatedom; nor would she beguile him from his serious intentions, and wound his mother, who had been so good to her. A clergyman! a being either ready to fall a too ready victim, or a martyr, whom to interfere with would be sacrilege. Kate was thoroughly *contrariée*. She felt that fortune was against her, and that this was a climax to the misfortunes which hitherto had sat so very lightly upon her. To be thrown from her horse and half killed—to find herself an inmate of a strange house which she had never heard of before—to be introduced into a new world altogether, with the most delicious sense of novelty and strangeness—and all to find herself at last face to face with a clergyman! Kate could not understand what could be meant by such a waste of means for so miserable an end. "I might

have been killed," she said to herself, "and he only a clergyman all the time!" She was, in short, disgusted at once with her ill fortune and her foolish dreams. She talked no more to Lizzie, but fell back on her pillows, and pushed the roses away with her hand. Mrs Mitford had deceived her, John had deceived her. To think she should really have been getting up a little romance on the subject, and he to turn out only a clergyman after all! When John's mother returned to the room, after giving him a full account of her patient, along with his breakfast, and reanimating by her son's interest her own warm glow of sympathy for the invalid, she was quite disturbed by the pucker on Kate's brow. "Dear me! I am afraid you have been doing too much," she said, anxiously, bending over the bed. "I have a little headache, that is all," said Kate, whose temper was affected. And Mrs Mitford shook her head, and took immediate action. She had the blinds all drawn down again which Lizzie had drawn up, and sprinkled eau-de-Cologne all over Kate, and laid aside her own work, which required light, and with her knitting in her hand instead, placed herself in the shade, and said "hush" to every word her patient addressed to her. "Quiet and darkness," she said, softly; "hush, my dear—there is nothing like darkness and quiet—I always find them effectual." Poor Kate had to make the best of it. Instead of going on with her new novel, and chattering to her heart's content, she had to lie silent and shut her eyes, and be content with the eau-de-Cologne; which, after all, though he was but a clergyman, was less interesting than John.

It was a great event to Kate, and also to the kitchen at Fanshawe Regis, when "Miss Parsons" came from Camelford with her young mistress's "things." Kate had never been ill in her life before, and she had not been very ill or suffering much even now,

so that the feeling of state and dignity and superiority to the rest of the world was unmixed by any severe reminiscence of pain. It gave her quite a thrill of pleasure to see her pretty dresses again. She had been allowed to get up to lie on the sofa by the window, and look out at the roses, but only in her dressing-gown, which was very pretty, no doubt, and very cool, but not so pleasant as all those fresh summer costumes with their floating ribbons. She lay on her sofa, and watched Parsons unpack them with lively interest. "But I should like to know what you mean me to do with them all," she said. "Here are enough for all the summer; and how long do you suppose I am going to stay? Perhaps a week—there are a dozen gowns at least."

"I did not know which you would like, miss," said Parsons; "nor if you might be tempted to stay. It's so pretty all about, and they're all so fond of you——"

"Fond of me!" said Kate, with a sudden blush, which surprised herself intensely. "You goose! nobody has seen me but Mrs Mitford—and she will be very glad to get rid of so much trouble, I should think."

"Ah, miss! as if some folks didn't know better than that," said Parsons; which confounded Kate so that she made no answer, but paused to reflect whether the girl was mad, or if she could mean anything. John had seen her, it was true, though she had not seen him. He had saved her life; he had kept sending her roses all the time. And, no doubt, it is quite possible that a man (poor creature!) might be *struck* at first sight, and never get the better of it all his life after. The suggestion made her smile for one moment, and then filled her with a certain contempt for John.

"Please finish your unpacking as soon as you can," she said, with severe politeness, to Parsons. "Take out half—that will do. I stay here a

week only. And make haste, please, for I am tired of all this fuss."

"Now they've come," said Parsons, doggedly, "they'd best be unpacked; and if you was to change your mind——"

"Be quiet, please, and get done and go away," cried Kate. "You will make me ill again, if you don't mind."

And then, considerably ruffled and put out, she turned her head to the window. Mrs Mitford had scrupulously kept "the gentlemen"—her husband and her son—out of the flower-garden, on which Kate's windows looked. She did not think a young lady in a dressing-gown a fit spectacle for any eyes but her own; but Kate was almost well, and her hostess had relaxed a little. As she looked out now she saw through the venetian blinds two figures in the distance walking slowly along a sheltered walk. It could only be John whom his mother was leaning on in that way. Her head was almost resting against his arm as she looked up and talked to him. She leant upon him with that pleasant sense of support and help which makes weakness sweet; there was even in her attitude a something which Kate perceived dimly by instinct, but could not have put in words; that delicious sense of surprise, and secret, sacred, humorous consciousness of the wonder there was in it—the sweet jest of being thus supported by her baby, her child, he whom she had carried in her arms—was it yesterday?—which a man's mother enjoys privately all to herself. Somehow a little envy stole over Kate as she looked at them. She was very fond of her father; but yet it was not such happiness to be with him as it was for this other woman to be with her boy. The young creature thirsting for everything that was sweetest in life would have liked to have that too. To be sure she could not be John's mother, or anybody's mother, and would have laughed with inextinguishable

laughter at herself for the thought, had she realised it. But still she envied Mrs Mitford, feeling that kind woman to have thus appropriated a joy beyond her reach—and what do women want with joys at that age? Should not all be concentrated in one sweetest draught for the rose lips, so dewy and soft with youth? Kate would have repudiated such a sentiment, of course; and yet this was what breathed unconsciously in her heart. She went to bed with a little spiteful feeling against Mrs Mitford. Had not she made a clergyman of her boy on purpose to spite Kate? If he had been a gravedigger his mother would have loved him just the same; it would have made no difference to her. If he had been ugly, and weakly, and half his size, his mother would have liked him quite as well; which were all so many offences against Kate, and evidences of her inferiority. She wanted to have her own delights and the other woman's delights too. She wanted to be young and to be old; to have a lover's adoration and a son's worship, and every other variety that love can take. It so spited her that she cried when she went to bed, and then burst out laughing at her own folly, and was as silly as you can conceive it possible to be—perhaps more silly than after nineteen any one could conceive.

Next day, after Lizzie had put the room in order, and Mrs Mitford had paid her after-breakfast visit, and gone off to the village to see some of her poor people, it occurred to Kate to try her own strength. Her father was coming to dinner at the Rectory that day, and it had been arranged that she was to be up in the evening to see him. But when all was quiet in the house, Mrs Mitford out, the doctor not expected, and Parsons at hand, who was not likely to thwart her mistress, Kate formed a different plan for herself. She had her dresses taken out, just to look at them.

After being in a dressing-gown for a week, the charms of a real *dress*, something that fits, is wonderful. Kate gave a contemptuous glance at her white wrapper, as she gazed at all those pretty garments, and then she glanced at herself in the glass opposite, with her hair all loosely bundled up under her net. What a guy she looked, lying there so long, as if she had had a fever! "A good thing they did not bethink themselves of cutting off my hair," she said, under her breath; and could not but ask herself with horror whether all the eau-de-Cologne that had been lavished on her head, and all the showers of water, would affect her hair disadvantageously. She might as well take it out of the net at least, and let Parsons dress it. When this was done, Kate felt her courage rise. She sprang up from her sofa, frightening the maid. "I am going to dress—I must dress—I can't bear this thing five minutes longer!" she cried.

"Oh, miss! you'll catch your death," cried Parsons, not indeed knowing why, but delivering the first missile of offence that came to her hand. But Parsons was far from being a person of spirit, or able to cope with her young mistress. She stood helplessly by, protesting, but making no effort to resist, except the passive one of giving no assistance. Kate flew at her dress with a sense of novelty which gave it an additional charm. She buttoned herself into it with a certain delight. "Oh, how nice it is to feel one has something on!" she cried, tossing her wrapper to the other side of the room; and she fastened her belt, and tied her ribbons, and did everything for herself with a sweep of enthusiasm. The reader has only seen her as an invalid, and Kate was very well worth looking at. She was a little over the middle height; her figure was very slender and pliant and graceful—upright, yet bending as if with every breeze. Her hair was warm sunny brown hair; her eyes were

dark-violet blue, large, and limpid, and full of a startled sweetness, like the eyes of a fawn. They had the child's look of surprise at the fair world and wonderful beings among which it finds itself, which has always so great a charm; and with that blue ribbon in her pretty hair, and the clear blue muslin dress, she was like a flower. And then she had that glory of complexion which we are so fond of claiming as specially English. Nothing could be more delicate or more lovely than the gradations of colour in her face—her lips a rich rose, her cheeks a little paler—a soft rose-reflection upon her delicate features and white throat. It was not "the perfect woman nobly planned" which came to your mind at sight of so pretty a creature. She was a *Greuze*—an article of luxury, worth quantities of money, and always delightful to look at—an ornament to any chamber, the stateliest or the simplest. She might have been placed in a palace or in a cottage, and would not have looked out of place in either; and there was enough beauty in her to decorate the place at once, and make up for all lack of colour or loveliness besides. But what she might have beyond the qualities of the *Greuze* the spectator could not tell. What harm or good she might have it in her to do—what might be the result even of this first unexpected appearance of hers in the house which she had taken by storm—it was impossible to predict. It could not but be either for good or evil; but, looking into the lovely, flower-like face, into her surprised sweet eyes, the most keen observer would have been baffled. She was full of childish delight in the novelty—a half-mischievous, half-innocent pleasure in the anticipation of producing some effect in the quiet unsuspecting house; but that was all that could be made out. She stood before the glass for a minute contemplating her perfected toilette with the highest satisfaction. She looked

like a wreath of that lovely evanescent convolvulus, which is blue and white and rose all at once. "Am I nice?" she said to the bewildered Parsons; who replied only by a bewildered exclamation of "Oh, miss!" and then Kate turned, poising herself for one moment on her heel in uncertainty. She took one of John's roses and placed it in her belt; and then, with a little wave of her handkerchief, and, as it were, flourish of trumpets, she opened her door and stepped forth into the unknown.

Here let us pause for a moment. To step for the first time into a new country is thrilling to the inexperienced traveller; but to put your foot into a new house,—a place which is utterly strange to you, and yet which you are free to penetrate through as if it were your own—to take your chance of stumbling against people whom you know intimately and yet have no acquaintance with—to set out on a voyage of discovery into the most intimate domestic shrines, with no light but that of your own genius to guide you,—is more thrilling still. Kate stepped briskly over the threshold of her own room, and then she paused aghast at her own audacity. The cold silence of the unknown hushed her back as if she had been on an expedition into the

arctic regions. She paused, and her heart gave a loud beat. Should she retire into the ascertained and lawful place from which Parsons was watching with a face of consternation, or should she go on. But no! never!—put it in Parsons's power to taunt her with a retreat—that could not be! She gave another little wave of her handkerchief, as if it had been her banner, and went on.

But it must be avowed that when she was out of sight of Parsons and her own room, Kate paused again and panted, and clung to the banisters, looking down the broad, handsome staircase. She could see down into the hall, with all its closed doors, looking so silent, so strange, so suggestive. She did not know what she would find there; and nobody knew her or expected her. A distant sound from the kitchen, Lizzie's hearty, youthful laugh, struck with a consolatory sound upon her ear. But alas! she was not bound to the kitchen, where she had friends, but to investigate those closed doors, with such wonders as might be within. She clung to the great polished oak banister for a moment, feeling her heart beat; and then, "courage!" cried Kate, and launched herself into the unknown world below stairs.

CHAPTER III.

The Rectory at Fanshawe Regis was a very good house. Indeed it was the old manor-house of the Fanshawes, which had been thus appropriated at the time when the great castle was built, which had eventually ruined the race. Dr Mitford and his son were both in the library on the morning of Kate's descent. It was the most picturesque room in the house. It was, indeed, a kind of double room, one end of it being smaller than the other, and contracted by two pillars which stood out at a little distance

from the walls, and looked almost like a doorway to the larger end, which was the Doctor's especial domain. It was clothed with books from ceiling to floor, and the contraction made by the pillars framed in the apartment behind, giving a certain aspect of distance to the fine interior. There was a great old-fashioned fireplace at the very end, with a projecting oak canopy, also supported by pillars, and to the right of that a broad, deeply recessed Elizabethan window, throwing a full side light upon the Doctor's

writing-table, at which he sat absorbed, with his fine white head shining as in a picture. When Kate opened the door cautiously and looked in at this picture, she was so moved by a sense of her own temerity, and by involuntary, half-childish fright lest she should be scolded or punished for it, that it was at least a minute before she took in the scene before her; and even then she did not take it all in. She never even glanced at the foreground—at the other Elizabethan window, with coloured shields of painted glass obscuring the sunshine, in which sat another reader, who raised his eyes at the sound of the opening door with a surprise which it would be difficult to describe. There were three of them all in the same room, and none was aware of the scrutiny with which each was severally regarded. It was like a scene in a comedy. Kate peeping frightened at the door, growing a little bolder as she perceived herself unnoticed, gazing at Dr Mitford's white head over his books and papers, and gradually getting to see the fun of it, and calculate on his start of amazement when he should look up and see her. And opposite to her, in the anteroom, John Mitford at his table, with eyes in which a kindred laughter began to gleam, one hand resting upon his open book, arrested in his work, his looks bent upon the pretty spy, who was as unconscious of his presence as his father was of hers. When John stirred in his seat and suddenly directed Kate's attention to him, she gave a little jump and a cry, and turned round and fled in her amazement. She did not even take time to look and recognise him, but flew from the door, letting it swing after her in a sudden panic. She had found the position very amusing when she was peeping at his unsuspecting father—but to be spied upon in her turn! Kate burst away and fled, taking the first passage she saw. "What's that,

eh?" cried Dr Mitford. "I'll go and see, sir," said John, dutifully; and he got up with beautiful promptitude, and followed the runaway. He saw the gleam of her blue dress down the passage, and followed her before she could draw breath. It was the most curious meeting, for two well-bred persons who did not know each other, and yet were already so deeply connected with each other. Kate, all one desperate blush, turned round when she heard his step and faced him, trembling with shame and fear, and a little weakness—for this violent exercise was not quite in accordance with her weak condition. She scorned to run away farther, and clutched at such remnants of dignity as she could muster. "Mr John Mitford, I am sure," she said, making him a stately little curtsy, and swallowing at once her fright and her laughter as best she could.

"I am so glad to see you downstairs," said John. The mirth went out of his face when he saw her embarrassment. "Come into the drawing-room and rest—it is the coolest room in the house," he added, opening a door. It was very good of him, Kate felt; but she burst into a peal of nervous laughter as soon as she had got into the shelter of the shaded room; and then had to exert all her strength to keep from tears.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," she said, "for laughing. I am so ashamed of myself; but it was so nice to be out of my room, and it was so funny to be in a strange house, and there was something so tempting in the closed door——"

"I only wish you had stayed," said John, who would himself have felt very awkward but for her confusion; "but my mother will be back presently from the village, and then we can show you the house. I am afraid you are tired. Can I get you anything? I am so sorry my mother is out."

Kate looked at him, recovering herself, while he stammered

through these expressions of solicitude. Now she saw him close at hand, he was a new kind of man. Her scrutiny was not demonstrative, and yet it was exhaustive and penetrating. He was not a foeman worthy of her steel. He was one whom it would be but little credit to subjugate, reckoning by his powers of resistance. He would be an easy, even a willing victim. But it was something else in John which startled the young manslayer. She had seen various specimens of the fashionable young man, such as Providence throws now and then in the way of country girls; and she knew the genus squire, and all that can be produced in the way of professional in such a place as Camelford. It was the county town, and twice a-year there were assizes and barristers within reach; and there were county balls and hunt balls, and various other possibilities which brought the world as represented by the county families and their visitors within reach of the banker's daughter. Mr Crediton was not a common banker. He was well connected, to begin with, and he was the Rothschild of the neighbourhood. Even to the large red-brick house in the High Street, to which he had been always faithful, very fine people would now and then condescend to come. And Fernwood, his country "place," was always as full as he liked to make it of autumn guests, so that Kate's knowledge of men was not inconsiderable. But John Mitford did not belong to any of the types she knew. He was not the ordinary university man, with which she was so well acquainted. He was not the budding curate—mellifluous and deferential. He was not handsome, nor graceful, nor so much as self-possessed. He did not look even as if he were endowed with that ordinary chatter of society which gets people over the difficulty of an eccentric introduction. If she talked the usual nonsense to him, Kate felt doubtful

whether he would understand her. "But if one wanted anything done for one!—" she said to herself, with more surprise than ever in her pretty ingenuous-looking eyes. His face was not beautiful, was even a little heavy when in repose, and apt to cloud over with embarrassment, and lose all the light it had when driven into self-consciousness; and yet there was something in it she had never identified, never realised, before. All this passed through her mind while poor John was standing very awkwardly before her, begging her to tell him if he could not get her something, and regretting over and over again that his mother should be out. Goose! Kate thought to herself; and yet felt the influence of that *something*, which was beyond her reckoning, and which she had never made acquaintance with before.

"Oh, never mind," she said; "I am quite comfortable, now I am here. I don't want anything, thanks. Never mind me. If you are busy, don't take the trouble to stay. You know I am at home, though I never was here before."

"I hope so," said John, standing before her, not knowing what to do or say. He took it for granted, in his innocence, that she wished him to go away. And he *had* something to do; but yet did not think it quite civil to leave her, and felt that his mother would not like it—and, to tell the truth, did not like it himself.

"Oh, pray don't wait," said Kate; "I shall be quite comfortable. There are plenty of books here, and I can go to the garden if I get tired." Then there was a little pause. John never budged, standing thus in the height of awkwardness before her—wishing for his mother—wishing for anything to happen to deliver him, and yet feeling a charm in the position, which was very amazing to him. Kate, for her part, began to recover. She forgot the impression which had been made upon her by that unknown something in his

face, and gradually came back to herself. She sat on the sofa playing with the picture-books on the table beside it, very demure, with cast-down eyes; and he balancing himself on one foot, not knowing what to make of himself, watching her anxiously for guidance. Kate resisted as long as she could, and then burst into a peal of unsteady laughter, in which John, very much surprised, did not find himself able to share.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she cried, when she could command her voice, "for being silly. I don't know, I am sure, why I should laugh, only it is all so funny. I don't know you in the least, and yet I know you quite well; and I have been living in the house ever so long, and yet go about like a thief, peeping in at the doors. It is all so very odd. I can't tell what to make of it. And you who are looking at me so puzzled—you saved my life!" cried Kate, with another burst of laughter. She had never been so ashamed of herself before, but she could not help it. The whole business was so droll. He kept standing, balancing himself in the funniest way, looking down upon her with the strangest incomprehension—and he had saved her life! Though she was ashamed, she could not restrain herself. She laughed till the tears came into her eyes, more and more stimulated thereto by the gravity and astonishment with which he regarded her. As for John, he tried to laugh at first, but finally settled into quiet, and looked at her with an amazed and wondering observation, as if it was a new species that had thus come suddenly under his eyes.

"I am very glad you are so much amused," he said at last, quite seriously, poor fellow, without the slightest ironical meaning. Was she by any possibility a little fool, giggling like a baby at the gravest matters? or was it some deeper sense in her of the phantasmagoria of life which had called forth this

curious outburst of incomprehensible laughter? Laughter (John reflected in his perplexity—being, as will be perceived, a young intellectualist, and fond of such questions) is one of the most subtle and least comprehensible of things. It may express folly, levity, mere amusement—or it may express that deep sense of the humour which lies at the bottom of most earthly transactions, which is possible only to very rare spirits. Gazing at Kate with his eyes full of romance, he could not tell which it was, but felt it most probable that it was the latter, the depths being more natural to him than the shallows. "I don't wonder that you laugh," he added, after a pause, in the grave way which was so quaint to Kate. "It is like a thing that happened in a dream."

At this strange comment she looked up at him, puzzled in her turn. Did he mean something? or was he laughing as she had been? But there was no laugh on John's face; and suddenly it occurred to her that the eyes with which he was looking at her were those same eyes which she had seen, as in a vision, at the foot of the sofa, on the day of her accident. They were full of wonder, and anxiety, and alarm then; they were only serious and perplexed, and anxious to understand her now: but yet they were the same eyes; and the whole scene flashed back upon Kate's impatient mind, and changed her mood in a moment. A sudden cloud, almost like that which comes over a child's face when it is about to cry, enveloped her. "Ah!" she cried, suddenly, "I remember you now. I remember your eyes!"

"My eyes!" cried John, growing scarlet with amazement.

"Yes, your eyes. The day it all happened, you know—though I am sure I don't know even now what did happen. When I came to myself, I suppose—the first thing I was conscious of was a pair of eyes looking at me. They had no body

to them," said Kate, with a sudden moisture coming into her own—"they looked so anxious, so unhappy, about me. I see now it was you. How awfully good of you to care!"

"Good of me!" said John, feeling this sudden praise steal all over him with a melting weakening softness of delight. "I was very anxious, and very much alarmed. I think—they thought—you would never come to yourself."

"Was it so long?" said Kate, with that intense wistful interest which youth feels in itself.

"It was long to us—please don't speak of it; it felt like an age," said John, with a shudder. He turned half away from her in the pain of the recollection, and then turned back to find those moist surprised child eyes of hers fixed upon him with an incipient tear in each of them, and a look of—what was it?—tenderness, gratitude, admiration—yes, admiration—from her to him! It took away his breath, and took the strength out of him. He gave a low sort of chuckle of laughter, most *bizarre* expression of his feelings, and dropped into the first chair he could find in such agonies of bashfulness and pleasure as would have better beseeemed a charity boy than a man trained to encounter with the world. "It is very funny, as you say," he gasped; and then saw how ridiculous his speech was, and put his hands in his pockets, and blushed all over a violent painful red.

"I don't think it is the least funny," said Kate, now altogether in a different humour. "I might have been killed, and you might have been killed, your mother told me; and we are both *only* children, and what would *they* have done. I don't mind so much about us, for we should but have died, and there would have been an end of it; but only think—what would *they* have done?" cried Kate, turning upon him eyes which were full of the suggested woe.

"Ah!" he cried, despising himself, "there you go above me, as is natural. It is like you to think it would not have mattered for yourself—only for those who loved you, and the desolate world it would have left them. It is like you to think of that."

"How can you tell it is like me," said Kate, "when you don't know me? I was thinking of papa, and of your mother, not of anything so fine as a desolate world."

"You were thinking like a true woman," said the young man, gazing at her with all the romance of a mother's only son in his unsophisticated eyes.

This was all very well for the moment, but Kate had dispersed the real impression which she had actually felt by uttering it, and it was too early in their acquaintance to plunge into romance; so she changed the subject skilfully. "Please don't abuse women," she said. "I know it is the fashion—and most girls rather like to give in to it, and think it is clever to like men's society best. But I am fond of women, though, perhaps, you will think it weak of me. If I had to choose, I should rather have all women than all men—though, of course, one likes a mixture best."

"Abuse women!" cried John; "I should as soon think of blaspheming heaven. It would be blasphemy. They are heaven to our earth—they are ——"

"Hush," said Kate, holding up her little white rose-tipped hand with a certain maternal superiority. "Don't be extravagant. When you are in love, you know, it is quite proper to say all that sort of thing to *one* girl; but I don't think it ought to be wasted upon anybody. Please tell me, did your father see me? and did you think it very dreadful when I came like that, peeping in at the door?"

John was not accustomed to be driven like this from one subject to another. By the time he had

got himself to the vein of laughter she had become solemn ; and now when his natural enthusiasm had been roused, she tossed him back again like a shuttlecock to the fun of the situation. Transitions so quick startled his unaccustomed mind. "I—was surprised," he faltered, looking at her, wondering what kind of creature this was that could jump from one mood to another in the twinkling of an eye.

"I never saw you sitting there in the corner," cried Kate. "I thought I had it all my own way. It was so stupid of me. You must have thought what a stupid she is, peeping, and never perceiving that she is found out. I can't tell you how ashamed I was when I saw you. Did you think I was a thief, or a mad woman, or what did you think?"

"I thought——" said John, and then in his embarrassment paused, not knowing how to make the compliment which rose to his lips. It was no compliment, so far as his consciousness went. Had she been able to see into his mind, she would have seen an imagination too high-flown to be put into words. He could not give it any expression, having no experience as yet in the art of insinuated meanings. "Of course I knew it must be Miss Crediton," he said, with a blush, after that pause ; and he had not even ventured with his eyes to say the rest, but looked down, confused, afraid to meet her glance, and played with his watch-chain, and felt himself a fool—which, indeed, Kate would scarcely have hesitated to say he was.

"After all it did not require a very close application of your mind to guess that," she said, half piqued ; and then yawned softly, and then opened a book, and looked at two of the pictures—and then added, "How long Mrs Mitford is of coming home!"

"Shall I go and look for her?" cried bewildered John, rising up with an alacrity which confirmed

Kate in her low opinion of him. And he actually went away to the hall-door and took his hat, and went off down the avenue to quicken his mother's return, leaving Kate in a state of consternation, which, after a few minutes, bubbled back into laughter. "Oh, what a goose he is!" she said to herself, and yet was a little angry as well as annoyed that he should have gone away voluntarily, leaving her thus unamused and alone. It awoke a momentary question in her mind as to whether *he was worth the trouble*—a question which she summarily answered in the negative. Certainly not ; he was a very good son, no doubt, and a handy man to have close by when your horse ran away with you—but as for anything else ! Thus Kate resolved, making up her mind to leave him tranquil in his usual peace—a conclusion which had not the least practical effect upon her after-proceedings, as may be supposed.

Meanwhile John strode down the avenue in a very different frame of mind. The bees that had buzzed in Kate's ears when she saw him first had come into his now, and hummed and hummed about him, confusing his mind hopelessly. He had held her once for one moment in his arms, fighting a desperate battle for her with death and destruction. Such a thing might have been as that they should have perished together, and been thus associated for evermore in an icy virginal union of death. If it had been so ! the romance and the pathos charmed the foolish young fellow. And now here she was by his side, this creature whose life he had saved—who was his, as it were, by that very act, and belonged to him, whatever any one might say against it. All the same, she was nothing to him. She laughed when she mentioned lightly that strange bond. He had given her her life over again when she had lost it. It was his life, notwithstanding her laughter ; and yet he

did not know her, and she might pass away and leave no trace. But no—that was impossible. The trace was ineffaceable, he said to himself, and all that might come hereafter would never obliterate the fact that he had given her back her life, and that therefore that life belonged to him. It was not love at first sight, nor indeed any kind of love, which had smitten John; but he felt as if his claims were being ignored and laughed at, and yet were so real. She belonged to him, and yet she was nothing to him. “We are such stuff as dreams are made of.” This was the favourite principle of John Mitford’s thoughts, and he let it take such possession of him on the strength of the curious connection and non-connection between himself and Kate, that he went along under the trees, crossing the sunshine, with the fumes of that talk in his head, like a man walking in his sleep. Mrs Mitford was coming up the avenue in her grey gown and white shawl, a point of brightness in the long green vista. She had a basket on her arm, and looked like the fairy godmother with miraculous gifts for the house. The way in which her white shawl blazed out and toned down as she passed from the light to the shade, and from the shade to the light, was wonderful. Half of the trees were lime-trees, and threw such silken dainty greennesses and softened tones of shadow upon that pretty apparition; and perhaps the bees in John’s ears were only those which made the entire atmosphere harmonious, with that mingling of scent and sound which is the very crown of summer and June. There is no telling how pleased he was to see that white figure. There are moments, though perhaps few sons would confess it, in which a man’s mother is more shield to him than she even is to a girl. He could stay in the room without embarrassment if she were there. He would know what to say, or at least she

would know what to lead him to say. She would save him from being thrust into the front of the conversation, and left to bear the brunt of it, which he was not equal to in his present state. The unknown heroine was her guest, and became at once natural and a matter of course in her presence. After-times, perhaps, might bring other necessities, but this was the most important now.

“Mother, we want you,” said John; “give me your basket, and make haste. Miss Crediton has come down-stairs.”

“Miss Crediton!” cried his mother, with a gasp. “Oh, the impatient naughty child! to take advantage as soon as I was out of the way. And have you made acquaintance with her, John?”

“Yes,” he said, succinctly, taking the basket from his mother’s hand.

“Yes—is that all? But how did you introduce yourself, and what did she say, and what do you think of her? Oh dear, dear! I am afraid you must have been looking very forbidding, and frightened poor Kate—why was I away?”

“I don’t think I frightened her,” said John, “at least she laughed. I know I never laugh when I am frightened. She is all by herself in the big drawing-room. Take my arm, and come as quick as you can; she ought not to be left alone.”

“I don’t think she can come to any harm for five minutes,” said Mrs Mitford, and looked anxiously in her son’s face. She was a very good woman—as good a woman as ever was. But John was her only child, and Kate Crediton would be very rich, and was very *nice* and pretty and unexceptionable, and he had saved her life. Could it be wondered at if his mother was a little anxious about their first meeting? If she had not liked Kate, Mrs Mitford said to herself, of course she would never have thought of it. But she was very fond of

Kate, and they were quite suitable in point of age; and John was so good—worthy a princess! What a husband he would make! his mother thought, looking up at him fondly. If Kate Crediton had such a companion as that, instead of some man of the world who would think less of her than of her money, what a happy thing it would be for her! But “Don’t you think she is very charming, John;” was all the designing woman said.

“Pretty, certainly,” said the young man, as if he had been speaking of a cabbage-rose, and with looks as steady as if his heart had not been working like a steam-engine, pumping warmth and life and waves of wild fancy through all his veins.

“Pretty!” cried Mrs Mitford, and drew her arm out of his in her impetuosity; “I don’t know what you young men are made of nowadays. Why, *I* was thought pretty once; and not in that calm manner neither,” she exclaimed, with a pretty blush, and a laugh at herself.

“Mamma mia, I never see anybody so pretty now,” said John, caressingly. “Perhaps if Miss Crediton lives thirty years longer, and keeps on improving every day, she may get somewhere near you at last. She has the roses and lilies, but not the same sweet eyes.”

“Foolish boy,” said Mrs Mitford; “her eyes are far nicer than ever mine were. Mine were only brown, like most other people’s—and Kate’s are the loveliest blue, and that expression in them! I thought my

son would know better, if nobody else did.”

“But perhaps if your son did know better, it would be the worse for him,” said John, without looking at her. He put his hands into his pockets again, and stared straight before him, and attempted a little weak distracted sort of whistle as he went on; and then a strange thrill ran all over the little woman by his side. She had been dreaming of it—planning it secretly in her mind for all these days—thinking how nice a thing it would be for John, who was not one to get riches for himself, or acquire gain in this selfish world. And now, what if it had come true? What if her son, who was all hers, had at this moment, in this innocent June morning, while she, all unsuspecting, was comforting the village people—strayed off from her side for ever—taken the first step in that awful divergence which should lead him more and ever more apart into his own life, and his own house, and the arms of the wife who should supersede his mother? She bore it bravely, standing up, with a gasp in her throat and a momentary quiver of her lips and eyelids, to receive the blow. And he never knew anything about it, stalking on there with his shadow creeping sideways behind him, and his hands buried deep in his pockets; not a handsome figure, take him at his best, but yet all the world to the mother who bore him—and perhaps not much less, should she be such a woman as his mother was, to the coming wife. But surely that could never be Kate!

SAINT-ELOY-SUR-LES-DUNES.

SAINT-ELOY-SUR-LES-DUNES is not, in the abstract, an interesting place. It has neither natural beauty nor historical associations to give it any extrinsic attraction, and it is not gay enough, nor bright enough, nor quaint enough to repay the passer-by for even the shortest visit. Yet there it stands, a French seaport with its usual little world—official, mercantile, provincial—and its vast *plage*, and its little Casino, its bathers, its ships, its fisher-folk; and when one has gone through the experience of passing a month in it, one feels a natural inclination to communicate the result to one's neighbours. There is a certain charm (after it is over) in such an experience. As for the notable places, the lovely scenery, the hills and the valleys which are clothed in fairy mists of poetry, and recall a thousand associations, there is no distinction in forming one of the vast crowd of pilgrims which resorts to them year by year. When you have seen Rome, and Naples, and Florence, and Venice—when you have climbed the snowy Alpine heights and skirted the Riviera, among the palms and the orange-trees—you have only done what most well-bred people have done, and probably have nothing to tell more than a thousand others who trod the same path on the same day or week, and saw the same skies and the same waters, and know just about as much or as little as yourself. But the poor traveller who has penetrated into a mountain village, and there been storm-stayed; or the unfortunate whose carriage has been overturned, and who comes to a compulsory stop in a place no one ever heard of before; or, lastly, a luckless holiday-wight in search of quiet and sea-bathing, who is cast away upon the waste of sand around Saint-Eloy-sur-les-Dunes—has the satisfaction of feeling that he or

she has done something which nobody else has done, and of pluming himself or herself accordingly over the rest of the world.

Saint Eloy lies on the edge of Flanders, where the grey, violent, angry sea beats upon the sandy beach of that rich level Low Country which the kings of the earth of old coveted and fought for. France has one slice of it and Belgium another, but the boundary-line has been traced by policy and not by nature, and there is nothing more distinct than the Douane to inform you when you have passed from one country into another. The great plain stretches widely round wherever the eye can reach, with long level canals on every side—narrow, silent, sometimes stagnant lines of water—with here and there a lazy barge creeping along between the irregular willows, and here and there a red-tiled cottage reflecting itself in the transparent pathway. The roads run parallel with the canals, straight and long, and monotonous and unbroken—roads that by their very prosaic and dead straightforwardness take a certain hold upon the imagination, leading—whither?—to the end of the world. No suggestive curve, no picturesque turnings, are in those level ways; and out of this utter matter of fact comes a certain wistfulness. Where do they lead to, with no trees to wrap them in mystery, and no hills to shut them in? Straight on, ever on, till you come to the outside boundary of this round globe, and fall over into space—or walk straight into the sky without knowing it? Thither must those lazy boats be wending that float along between the corn-fields, with a lazy sail just touched and billowed by the languid breeze; and there go the patient cattle, so large and sleek and balmy, and there the slow Flemish

boors with lead at every foot, who move along the ways. And the corn-fields and the willows and the slowly-turning windmills—are not they all moving onward along with the silent boats and noiseless stream? The passer-by has to hold fast by something and steady himself ere he can make quite sure that the monotonous road is not moving along with him, tending slowly to some far-off end.

And here and there these roads are gathered up—as the old Gothic architects gathered up the lines of their vaulted roofs into a boss—in a town, all carved and coloured and decorated, like the architectural ornament it resembles; with a little Beffroi looking over the endless plain, and a Carillon tinkling sweetly over the red roofs and high houses, all washed in colour, to brighten the face of the northern landscape; and between the towns come villages, all red and white and yellow and green,—whitewashed houses, red roofs, green shutters, cheerful little dwelling-places, that twinkle and smile at you as you pass—or as they pass, which is it?—in the wonderful infinite monotony. Such is the landscape that stretches for miles around Saint Eloy. A few flat parishes off there is a hill five hundred feet high, which the natives call a mountain, and from which the spectator looks upon a flat so endless that it becomes majestic, stretching far away into the skies, with all its wistful lines of road, and a hundred smokes that represent towns, and here and there a grey tower rising in the speechless distance, or some whitewashed *tour-elle* blazing in the sun. To stand on this hill of Casseland look over Flanders is as wonderful a sight as if it were a Mont Blanc. The shadows steal over the infinite plain like a giant's breath, the sunshine sweeps down broadly upon it with a largeness of effect which that grand artist cannot permit himself where his space is limited. An emperor might be excused a thrill of pride

who could stand upon that little eminence, and look all around him to where the clouds kiss the level fields, and heaven alone bounds fertile earth. To say, All this is mine, would have an intoxicating effect on the strongest brain—more so, I can suppose, than did the view embrace hills and valleys, and the common earthly strain of mingled sterility and fruitfulness. But it is all fruitfulness there.

Saint Eloy, with its tall light-house, and its taller Beffroi, stands on the sandy edge of this abundant plain. The sea is as flat as everything else around. There is not a cliff to be heard of within twenty miles. Long expanses of sand, upon which the big waves roll and thunder, stretch out on either side; and the town itself is too big, too modern, and too mercantile to be redeemed from commonplace, even by one of those wonders of churches which give an interest to the smaller places round. And the churches are not even wonderful. The cathedral is indeed a fairly handsome Gothic building, but it has a preposterous Renaissance façade to make it absurd, if that were possible, and no pictures nor peculiar features to give it interest. There is a big square with a curious melodramatic statue of that old salt, Jean Bart, who hated England with frank cordiality, in such marvellous boots and broad sweeping hat and feather as must have been strangely uncomfortable on shipboard, one would suppose, if he went to sea in them; and the tall houses have all that Flemish wash of colour which the spectator longs to imitate upon the grey monotonous fronts of the houses at home. The town is surrounded by ramparts—earthworks flanked by a moat which no doubt was formidable once; but now the ramparts are banks of wild-flowers, and the moat is shallow and unsavoury. The town lives by trade, and is proud of its little docks and lofty ships, but has at the same time a

population of fishers, which gives a certain touch of the picturesque to the place. The women, "kilted above the knee," go with long, free, swinging footsteps—the dauntless pace of a savage—and bare feet over the stones which cut our sophisticated toes to pieces, however well covered—with great nets over their shoulders to catch shrimps along the wilderness of sand; while the heavy luggers in which their husbands and fathers seek the sea-harvest drop down by the long pier, hoisting great sails like bats' wings. From the windows that look on the port you can see them coming and going—the heavy boats and the bare-legged *pêcheuses*—to earn their hard livelihood, not caring much about the bathers and pleasure-seekers who haunt the grey sands below. In the month of August the view is diversified by a curious succession of arrivals—white schooners stealing silent up into the harbour, attended by a crowd of eager men and women, who pursue them from the pier upward like a swarm of bees. These are the ships of the Iceland fishermen who left Saint Eloy six months ago, and all this time have been fishing cod and curing it away in the depths of the Northern Sea. The crowd moves black along the quays, rustling and humming with something deeper than curiosity, as the voyagers, one by one, steal along between the two long piers that guard the harbour mouth. And Jan, when he gets on shore after his six months' absence, makes very merry in all the *estaminets*, carousing, and making night hideous with his songs and choruses. If there was time to enter into that homely unsavoury form of existence (for, alas! Flemish cleanliness has not come to the civilised height of objecting to smells), no doubt its primitive conditions, its tragic absences, losses at sea, lonely graves left behind in the Scandinavian isle, and miserable tidings that convulse the eager crowd, would have an interest much beyond anything

that can possibly belong to a sea-side casino and *établissement des bains*. But then to enter into these secrets the traveller would require a knowledge of Flemish, which is a rare acquirement; though it wants no Flemish to divine what is in the hearts of those sturdy strong-limbed fisherwomen, with their ruddy cheeks paled by anxiety, who crowd down the piers in their white caps and heavy earrings when the first ship is signalled from the Belvedere.

And no doubt it would be curious to know what kind of existence it was which the slumberous beings lead who move about the canals and haunt the harbour-mouth, letting down vast nets into the oily water—the sardine-fishers, whose quaint machinery catches the stranger's eye. One watches with a kind of fascination the great *filet*, like a bag suspended by huge pulleys from the mast-head, slowly expanding, descending, going down like the jaws of death into the motionless, half-stagnant stream. Are they ever awake, those silent fishers, who always seem awaiting the right moment to lower their vast cobweb, or watching it as it descends? The other barges are compelled now and then to wake up to the hard necessities of life, when the bargee and his wife, she the least slumberous of the two, climb the bank in their *sabots*, and put themselves in harness, like two patient beasts of burden, to tow their heavy boat along the creeping, sullen water. But to float and float, all day and night, between those two broken lines of willows, with nothing higher than the growing corn, or more exciting than the passing diligence, which goes five miles an hour—with long grey lines of sky above, and long grey lines of road alongside, all gliding in broken reflections in the grey muddy water—what must be that life of mud and dreams? Is this the *charmant pays de France*—the country of gaiety, and frivolity, and amusement, and light-hearted-

ness? How strange and how forcible are popular fallacies! The English visitors at Saint Eloy, who are generally of an unsophisticated and primitive-minded class, not depraved by too much knowledge of the world, are mostly of opinion that they have transferred themselves to a more genial atmosphere by crossing the Channel; that the sun is brighter, the air drier, and life more enlivening—notwithstanding that Jan in his *sabots* clatters over the stones before them with the soberest sadness, and spends his sous at every *estaminet* with sodden gravity; and the whole level landscape glooms around them with the soaking mists and blinding rains of a level seaboard. *Département du Nord!* Rich, level, melancholy, dreary country, silent and grey as a November morn!

All this, however, belongs to the ordinary life of Saint Eloy, and has nothing to do with its character as a seaside watering-place. On one of the sandy tongues of land which form the harbour there is, however, a little centre of idleness and holiday existence—an *Hôtel des Bains*—several little wooden houses built for the convenience of bathers, and the Casino—home of the soul on that bleak coast to every melancholy seeker of pleasure. The luxuries of Trouville are not to be found on the grey sands at Saint Eloy, nor can it even bear comparison with Ostend or any secondary haunt of the *monde*. The Venuses, described with such unction by M. About, with lovely forms made black by the clinging costume which gives little more than a veil of colour to their fine proportions, are not to be seen on this modest *plage*. Neither is there the crowded and critical audience to see them which throngs the hot Trouville sands, and blackens the picturesque little beach at Etretât. Here all is sober, reserved, cheap—with bathing-machines that jolt you along the level sands for miles, as you suppose, half into the big foaming dash of

surf, which buries you, and yet does not reach to your knees. The sands are as flat as the country; but the waves that come in with that long level sweep, foaming and shouting and sparkling, with the sun in them like veins of gold through the green crystal, are worth even a drive in a bathing-machine. And it is worth something as a lesson to the impatient insular soul to find itself suddenly turned into No. 17, and committed to the ruthless hands of the Administration, to wait till its time comes, whatever may befall. A paternal Government, on the very edge of its territory, displays itself ere you have taken your first dip. There is the prescribed costume *des hommes*, which has changed from the primitive *caleçon* of former days into a compound garment, which does away with the necessity of any such official as the *Père de la pudeur*, a functionary much needed in other times, and whom we might well import to our river-banks at home. There is no *Père de la pudeur* at Saint Eloy, where we all disport ourselves together, in decent clothing, and get buried simultaneously in the white foam as it comes rolling thundering over the long sweep of the sand. It deafens and blinds you as it comes, filling the air with a loud hush and whish and rustle; while another functionary, watchful on the *plage*, with a speaking-trumpet under his arm, stands ready to hail you should you go out too far; and a white boat, tossing like a nutshell on the big breakers, keeps ready to save you if even the speaking-trumpet should be ineffectual—another evidence how Cæsar watches over his children. When the sun is shining, and a brisk wind blowing, with the big ships gliding out to sea on the other side of the long black skeleton of the pier, with the warm sands and green water, and thundering, boisterous, sudden waves filling the air with cadence of sound and clouds of spray—with the many-coloured groups all scattered along

the sands as thickly as they can get together, after the gregarious kindly fashion of French holiday-folks, quantities of pretty fantastic children, endless groups of ladies over their worsted work, genial papas more frank and babyish than it is in the nature of an islander to be—the *plage* at Saint Eloy ceases to be grey, and becomes pleasant. But in other circumstances, when there is a storm brewing, and all the landscape, sky, sea, sands, and the glooming champaign behind, all paint themselves in tints of lead—then, to be sure, the Casino is the natural refuge. And as it is to the Casino that we have been tending all this time, as the great example and moral of Saint Eloy, we turn our steps cheerfully in the direction of the little building, which is very like the club-house at St Andrews, in Fife, as, indeed, the sands and sea are not unlike that cheerful yet sometimes melancholy landscape. St Andrews has its links and its golf—glorious institutions, which Saint Eloy has nothing to rival—and it has rocks and ruins, and distant hills upon the horizon, in all of which elements of grandeur it is infinitely superior to the French seaport. But it has no Casino. Nor is there any such institution, so far as we know, to delight the sea-bathing soul anywhere in the United Kingdom. The club-house at St Andrews is kept for the amusement, profitable or otherwise, of man—that great tyrant whom Mr Mill is about to cast from his wicked throne; and so are many similar places which would be very eligible for the recreation of the general community. The clubbist looks from his big window with a sense of superiority which must be, as Mr Mill also observes, infinitely debasing to his moral being, upon the ladies in their pretty toilettes flying home in clouds, like the birds, when a storm comes on, or before the drear face of the east wind. He finds his billiard-table, or his rubber, or his nasty male gossip, there of evenings,

when the womankind has to put up with the enforced quiet of the seaside house. Selfish monster! he likes it probably, and takes to him other seven worse than himself, and fills his mind, not to say his clothes, with stale fumes which are more objectionable than tobacco; though, by the way, is there anything more dreary than a club in its outward aspect—its doleful drab-coloured comfortableness, its rustle of newspapers, its morose men turning their backs upon each other? And all this is so different in the Casino of Saint Eloy.

So different—yet combining those attractions; for there is no reason why men should not be morose, why they should not turn their backs and read their newspapers there as elsewhere, if they like it. The Casino has its *Cabinet de Lecture*, with the ‘Times’ on the table, not to speak of all the steady-going French papers, and the lively ‘Gaulois’ and the irreverent ‘Figaro.’ The French papers are a very curious study. In this country public gossip must concern itself with great names if it is to be printed and popular; and the smallest journalist, though he may live in Islington, must represent himself as familiar in the *salons* of Park Lane, and speak of the Duchess’s ball, and Lady Adelina’s kettledrum, as if, poor soul, he had been there; which, after all, as only a very few of us are on intimate terms with Lady Adelina and the Duchess, is slightly absurd, to say the least of it. And it is not all the journalist’s fault; for of course his audience demands the farce which he thus painfully concocts for them. But the French journalist has a totally different kind of gossip. To him Timothée Trimm is more interesting than the Duchess. He talks to you of Théophile Gautier, of the two Dumas, of Gerard de Nerval, of Henri Mürger, as if you knew all about these heroes of the press, and were interested in their *bon mots*, their quarrels, and rebellions. And,

in fact, they are a great deal more amusing than the Belgravian ball as represented by somebody who was not there. Your Saturday Reviewer, and much smaller deer than he, though we know very well that probably he has hard enough ado to make both ends meet, like the rest of us, speaks to you always as if you and he had powdered footmen in your halls, and a great house in the country to retire to when your Parliamentary and other duties were over; when the fact is, that the most of us have no Parliamentary duties and no great houses, and look upon powdered footmen only with distant admiration at the doors of the celestial mansions. But the Frenchman strolls boldly into his *café*, and gives you to understand that he is a Bohemian, and knows no better. The one, doubtless, is an affectation, like the other; but it is in nature that M. Blanc of the 'Gaulois' should have heard Timothée Trimm say something very clever to somebody else over his absinthe; whereas it is very much out of probability that Mr Robinson of the 'Jupiter' heard the Countess tell Lord Albert that story at the Turkish Ambassador's ball. And anonymous countesses are not funny, whereas Théophile Gautier & Cie. frequently are. During the past summer, at least, there has been another subject of discussion, more exciting even than the sayings and doings of the literary brotherhood—and that has been the Emperor. Not that the great potentate whose headaches make Europe tremble is a funny person-

age in general, or a subject to make merry upon; but it has apparently been interesting to France, and it is very strange and rather pitiful to the stranger, to find a daily chronicle of all those little spyings and guessings with which a party of gossips in a village barber's or mantua-maker's might brood over the illness of the squire. S. I. M. received his Ministers the other morning, and you were consoled, oh ye Philistines! but do you know that he received them stretched upon his *chaise longue*, and was unable to take any part in the business, and did not detain them to *déjeuner*, as he always does? asks the 'Gaulois.' Or again, he went out this morning in the Park, and the Bourse rose so many centimes in consequence; but were you aware that his promenade was made in a bath-chair, and that every pebble on the path made the august sufferer wince and tremble? Fancy this sort of running commentary on the Court circular appearing even in the 'Telegraph'! And yet those malicious broadsheets are amusing, with their *mélange* of sick-room gossip and *café* jokes and overwhelming journalism. At the present moment, of course, when the censorship of the press is relaxed, or rather annihilated, every man speaks as he pleases. But even at less momentous times gossip of the most personal kind always flourished, more covert, but more piquant too.*

Such are the papers on the table of the Casino. The big 'Times,' lying on the top of them like a

* A more curious illustration of the effects of a censorship in deadening all sense of personal responsibility, and even good taste—as well as conscience—could scarcely be than in the publication which has been banished from France as too dangerous for perusal there, 'La Lanterne,' the organ of Henri Rochefort. We remember to have seen a penny illegal paper, published ages ago in the back streets of a provincial town, a publication patronised by housemaids and small shopkeepers, which was about on a level with it in point of literary excellence and moral tendency. The number of 'La Lanterne' which lies before us is a long tirade, as feeble and vile as it is possible to imagine—wearisome, monotonous, and unreadable—against the Bonaparte family and all their sayings and doings. It is impossible to conceive anything more contemptible.

Triton, obliterates a shoal of 'De-bats,' 'Patrie,' 'Figaro,' half a hundred aboriginal publications; but there is always a 'Gazette Rose' peeping out at some corner or other, with ravishing sheets of fashions and patterns, and sweet little tales adapted to a very mild capacity. The 'Gazette Rose' is for the ladies, but not for those shy figures wrapped in dark garments of waterproof—articles, by the way, which fill the French female soul with profoundest envy—who stalk in with very short skirts and very broad hats, and petrify with stony stare any early reader who may have been beforehand with them in laying hold of the 'Times.' England has a way of putting her worst foot foremost, which is trying for a true patriot when he contemplates the specimens she sends abroad—men, but especially women, who hide themselves from the eyes of day at home, but come out in all sorts of foreign places to perfect that wondrous conception of *les Anglais* which is in every French imagination. The 'Times,' however, is very generally popular at Saint Eloy, which is mercantile, and knows English as the language of commerce from its cradle. The day after the international boat-race, an English lady begged the paper for a moment from the smooth-faced native who was reading it, and, glancing at the news, announced to her companions, in all the triumph of trepidation, "Oxford has won!" "Mais oui," said the Frenchman, blandly, with a certain soft contempt of the unnecessary excitement, "c'est qu'elle gagne toujours." Thus trade has opened the Gallic mind not only to the language, but somewhat also to the manners and customs, of the incomprehensible British race.

But while we read our 'Times,' sounds of an unaccustomed kind reach our ears—soft bits of music, scraps of song, voices breaking suddenly off, resuming, going over two

or three bars of music, two or three words of a song. "Vieux château noir," sings one voice; "Tout noir, tout noir," join in the others. What is it? Of all things in the world, a rehearsal going on *en plein jour* in the long room, which serves as a theatre at night, within reach of the discreet readers in the reading-room, who, habituated to the sounds, and knowing they will have it all in the evening, go on with their newspapers callously and take no notice. Shyly and rudely, as English spectators have a way of behaving—not with the least intention of discourtesy, but curious as children—we steal across the handsome dancing-room which adjoins the *cabinet de lecture* to peep. At the end of it transversely is the other long room which is the theatre, and there are five poor honest players, in decentest threadbare garments, poor, hard-working folk, working away at their parts. If it were not that to be known is everything to members of their profession, we should not venture to infringe their privacy; but though this is very unlikely to reach the eye and move the soul of any manager of the *Français*, still it will do our friends no harm to name them by name. That little Provençal, with a face as bright and as keen as steel, is M. Libert, first comedian. Beside him stands Madame Dumonthier in her worn gown, with traces of care about her eyes and premature hollows in her cheeks—accidents which cannot obscure the fact that it is a beautiful woman who is wearing her life out to earn her little pittance, and amuse the bathers of nights. That is her husband, that jolly soul with handsome dimpled face like a child's, fat and laughing and genial; and that his father, the very type and model of heavy fathers with toothless gums, which ought to be worth a fortune to him. The last of all is little Eugénie, a little maid of Saint Eloy, blonde, ugly, and merry, fifteen and a half years old, delight-

ed with her profession, and sadly tempted to laugh on the stage when other people are laughing below. Such is the little *troupe* which we find rehearsing *Le Farfadet* on an August morning before the empty benches. Poverty is written upon their looks and their clothes, and is implied in the homely place in which we find them. Tall, dark M. Ren , the owner of the Casino, and little dark Madame Ren , his wife, and small Baptiste Ren , their hopeful heir, six years old, and about the size of a mouse, but as capable as three men, watch over the exertions of the players. They are very good friends, though the manager cannot afford to pay his company very highly. M. Ren  jokes and makes poor Eugenie laugh, though he knows she will think of it when she comes on the stage to-night, and probably commit herself; but then it is so sweet to have one's jokes appreciated; and a frank, ringing, youthful laugh, what pleasant applause is in it! In short, they all make a pet of Eugenie, though she is so far from pretty. "*Elle est tr s bien en homme*," says M. Libert, with fatherly patronage. And Madame Dumonthier has a hundred little hints to give her, social and professional, how to act, and how to behave. They trudge down together from their shabby lodgings in the town, Eugenie under the protection of the whole *troupe*, and keeping close by the side of the matron of the party, who, for her part, holds her husband's arm fast, as is the habit *en province*. Nobody takes any notice of the *artistes* as they come and go, very quiet, humble, hard-working folks. Sometimes, indeed, one of the English visitors will pause and look after them, and wonder vaguely whether they are "respectable," or if such a thing is possible to a dramatic company. And thus they come and go unnoticed who give more entertainment to their fellow-creatures, and innocent pleasure, than any hundred people in Saint Eloy. Probably

not one in fifty of the money-makers of the place has half the brains, or a tenth part of the skill and promptitude and capability of the poor actor whom he pays a franc and a half to see, and thinks very well paid if he claps his hands into the bargain. And what study, what labour, what expenditure of strength, and life, and youth, and freshness, is necessary to gain that franc and a half, or rather the share of it which comes to the comedian, after M. Ren  has paid all his expenses and himself! It is pitiful and strange to contrast the shabby, quiet, subdued-looking group, with the people around them, and think how great an expenditure goes to the least profitable of all trades. They all sing with voices very tolerably trained, which is of itself an expensive education; while they have to understand and take up a series of distinct conceptions—to be one person to-day and another to-morrow, to enter into one series of thoughts after another—all for that pittance, for those shabby garments, and this hard life, and all those lines of premature care on faces which should still be young! Let us hope that the excitement of their art, and the applause, and the sight of an absorbed crowd of faces, all rapt and intent upon them, may be a kind of remuneration; for there can be no doubt that such a recompense is sorely wanted to make up for the failure in other respects.

The Casino to which our *troupe* belongs publishes a little paper of its own. It is the 'Gazette Programme,' a tiny little pink or green slip, with the plays for the evening, and various little bits of comment, and faint little *feuilletons*. And all this—reading-room, billiard-room, theatre and ball of nights, tiny little newspaper in the morning, piano if you are musical, comfortable *faut-euil* to read your 'Gaulois' in, shelter against the blast, and, if you know anybody, social talk and gossip,—are all to be had at the rate

per month of fifteen francs of *abonnement* for a single individual, or twenty for a family. We have already said that Saint Eloy is a cheap place. And if any reader will conjure up before him, as most probably he will be able to do without any difficulty, the drear gloom of his seaside evenings, the bare lodgings or dingy-furnished house which he has taken for the season, and where in the dim summer nights he sits over a green table-cover lighted up by two candles, and yawns over a drearier novel, he will understand what would be the advantage of a Casino, with its light rooms, its sparkling little operettas, its quaint little balls, all so early, so sober-minded, so decent in their gentle gaiety. The little performance begins at a quarter past eight, and is over at half-past nine; and then the young people dance, and the papas and mammas sit by and look on; and the girls in their short walking-dresses, some of them even with pretty flower-crowned hats, like ornaments on their hair, dance—not our riotous *deux temps*, but something like the graceful old waltz of former days, and pretty mazourkas, and the quadrille of France. And the little romances go on in absolute natural propriety, with mamma all the while smiling but watchful, following her child with her eyes; and before midnight all is over, and the family parties jog home contented to the little lodgings—barer and more dreary and crowded than any seaside lodgings ever were in England—in which, with the refuge of the Casino at hand, they are content to ensconce themselves. The principle is bad, the insular critic will say. It destroys home—it makes domesticity impossible; and we will not say that there is no truth in the reproof. But yet, to hold by the principle of domesticity at the risk of making its practice odious, is a proceeding but too congenial with the English mind, and by no means favourable to the

national character. To the French, amusement is a matter of daily need, and is taken in moderation; but to the English it is an outbreak, a half-illegal half-criminal indulgence, into which, as it is “but for once in a way,” the unaccustomed plunge riotously, wearing out mind and body in the violent fitful pursuit of pleasure. But there is no excitement about our Casino. It is so gentle, so tranquil, so sober, so unobtrusively gay, that the severest moralist would not find a word to say against it. There are no late hours—no carriages or yawning servants. Two or three minutes’ walk in the moonlight or the starlight, or even in the deep soft darkness of a summer night—with the sound of the busy waves coming in upon the shore, and the steamboats, with fairy lamps at their unseen masts, gliding out of the harbour-mouth, and here and there a ship, like a tall ghost, lying all dumb and dark by the quay—carries the good people home after their amusement—not to bright homes, it is true; but in England, as in France, it is highly exceptional to find a bright home in lodgings by the seaside.

Let us, however, return to our *troupe*. The performances they give are chiefly little operettas, comediettas in one act, little *vaudevilles*, sometimes a tiny little opera *comique*, such as *Le Farfadet*, which was the favourite piece of the public of Saint Eloy. And we may pause in passing, to say, that though the French stage is so far from unexceptionable, not above once or twice in the whole season did there occur the merest allusion which could bring a blush on a modest cheek; one only, we think, of the plays in their *repertoire* so much as touched upon the seventh commandment—and even in it, virtue was triumphantly and comically, *vietor*ious, and would-be vice not only routed but made ridiculous. *Quand on veut tuer son chien*, is the title of this mildly reprehensible little

comedy; and it was, we think, played but once. All the others, we believe, without exception, were plays which any young English girl might listen to with the perfect sanction of everybody belonging to her; a fact which will probably surprise many readers, as we confess it surprised ourselves.

Let us, however, walk down along the quay, when the sun is just sinking over the lighthouse, and twilight begins to gather in the east. There are the sardine-fishers, still dreaming, with their big cobweb nets poised over the water; there is the noisy stream running in from those sluices, which keep the harbour free from the ever-drifting sand, and which England once—so much more important was then Saint Eloy—compelled France at the sword's point to cut, to the destruction of the eighteenth-century town; and here are the young people and the old people jogging over the stones and the sand to the Casino. The sea is far out, moaning and foaming miles away (you would suppose), as if in despite at being chained there and kept from its favourite devouring rush over the long flat of gleaming sand. The *bureau des bains* is closed; the white bathing-machines all drawn up in order like soldiers; the donkeys cantering sedately home, each with its owner seated gravely on its back, bearing an aspect amusingly incompatible with the associations that belong to such a cavalcade. There is nothing to break the grey but the red gleams over the west, where the sun has just gone down in a stormy glory, bringing out late reflections after him of every kind of roseate tint in the white fleecy clouds which veil the faint blue, like delicate gauze blown about by the wind. All is grey below—all vast, level, dream-like, with the white angry edge of foam in the distance, and the darker grey of the big sea; and above is all faintest rose-red and celestial blue, save behind us in

the east, where night is spreading out her arms, quenching out the colour by slow degrees. This is the same walk we should have taken had we been in England, before we went in to tea. Instead of tea (which is very bad in Saint Eloy) we go to the Casino. The room is long and narrow, and it is not very brilliantly lighted, and two violinists are tuning their fiddles, and little Baptiste René, in his little linen suit and yellow seaside Polish boots, is scrambling in front of the stage, helping to light the footlights. The long room fills with the little sea-bathing community, and not a few visitors from the town: ladies in their bonnets, men in the light summer coats in which they lounge about the sands. The curtain rises, let us say, on the sparkling little *lever du rideau*, entitled *Les Deux Veuves*. Our prima donna, Madame Dumonthier, makes her appearance, beautiful in her stage toilette, though it is simple enough—her bright eyes shining, and the cheeks, which in daylight have begun to look sallow with perpetual rouge, glowing like dark roses. With her is Eugénie, in deplorable black, and looking as mournful as youth and nature permit the child to look. These are the two widows—one undisguisedly cheerful and satisfied with her position, the other lost in vows of eternal woe. Caroline, the happier spirit, reasons with Laure over her inconsolableness. Had it been husbands of their own choice of whom they had been deprived, then indeed, she says, such devotion might have been natural; but the husbands chosen by their families, to whom they had discharged all proper duties, and the correct measure of *deuil*, *grand et petit*, surely demanded no such sentiment. For herself, she says her position charms her. No longer a cipher in a *boudoir*, she has now vintages, harvests, rents to receive, tenants to manage—all the work of a grand seigneur on her hands. “Monsieur, c’est moi; et je n’ai

point de femme. Comble de bonheur!" she cries; while Laure shakes her blonde disconsolate head. Just then enters Labaraque, the Countess's *garde champêtre*, our friend Dumonthier, charmingly got up (though how he manages it heaven knows!) as the rusty, meagre little official, half policeman, half gamekeeper. He has a long story to tell of a young poacher, with the air of a gentleman, whom he has been watching about the place, and who has taken it upon him to fire at the pheasants which Labaraque has been nursing into being. "Il a tué?" cries the Countess, much indifferent to the game, yet with a certain sense of propriety. "Non, Madame; il a manqué," says the *garde champêtre*; a question and answer which are repeated several times as the story goes on. At last the *braconnier*, who has *manqué* in succession the pheasants, the pigeons, and the inhabitants of the *basse cour*, is, by the orders of Madame la Comtesse, arrested and brought up for judgment. Struck by the startled yet concealed interest of her cousin Laure, the inconsolable, in this mysterious poacher, the sprightly widow erects herself into a tribunal in imitation of "feu M. le Président," her not too much regretted husband. Then comes a charming little scene of examination before the august court, in which the "Accusé," whom the fair judge strictly confines to the correct legal answers to her interrogations, acquits himself so well that he is let off with a fine of a hundred francs to the poor—immediately paid in a *billet de banque*, which is enveloped in another billet of a very different description, and placed in Laure's *bonbonnière*, where she manages to conceal it from her cousin's searching eye—and an imprisonment of twenty-four hours. "Dans les caves?" says Labaraque;—no, in a certain chamber. "Le chambre de feu M. le Président!" the *garde champêtre* exclaims, stupe-

fied, as he leads his prisoner away. It is, of course, Laure's secret lover who is thus introduced, but she disowns him utterly, and suffers her cousin to go off with the idea that she is perfectly free to appropriate the *spirituel* and charming *braconnier* to herself. They go off to a village ball together; a ball to which some time before the sprightly Caroline had invited her cousin, tempting her with the intimation that the most charming of ball-dresses had been prepared for her, if she would but put off her black. When, however, the young widow sees her lover go off with the Countess, nature asserts itself. "Seule!" she exclaims; "seule—toujours seule!" and has just seated herself in misery more real than ever, to lament over her fate, when Labaraque breaks in with the familiarity of an old retainer of the family, to congratulate her on her superior virtue. "Oh, ces femmes!" he exclaims; the Comtesse is turning the heads of high and low—even Madame Labaraque insists upon dancing *tous les dimanches*, and following her mistress's example; but you, says the *garde champêtre*, you alone are faithful to the memory of the past; one finds you silent, tranquil—*dans ce deuil que vous va si mal*. Laure has borne everything else—the jokes and the warnings of her cousin—the prayers, and then the supposed desertion of her lover—but this she cannot bear. "Sot!" she cries, rushing from the room, leaving Labaraque, more stupefied than ever, to conclude that, after all, this model widow is as bad as Madame Labaraque herself. While he mutters and growls his consternation, Madame la Comtesse returns with the lover, and is thrown into equal amaze by the apparition of Laure, flushed, indignant, and desperate, in robes of blue and silver. The ball, however, is over, and there is now nothing for it but an explanation, which winds up everything as it ought to wind up, leaving the sprightly Caroline

a loser so far as the lover is concerned, but in the magnanimous position of general peacemaker and benevolent Providence, and as happy as when we first met her, in the sense that "Monsieur, c'est moi ; et je n'ai point de femme !"

We do not know if this charming little piece has been adapted into English. Probably, if it has, the point and character have been extracted out of it by that process familiar to the inferior class of English playwrights. And no English rendering could do any justice to the delicious little scene of the tribunal, the stern interrogatory of the virtuous judge, the little bell which she rings to bring the *accusé* back to order, and her list of questions, which are perfectly correct to French custom, but utterly foreign from the English. Then there is Labarague's *procès verbal*, for which it would be utterly impossible to find an English synonym, and in which he describes the prisoner in the following clear and satisfactory way :—"Taille—ordinaire ; age—ordinaire ; yeux—ordinaire ; nez—ordinaire ; bouche—ordinaire," and so on ; a charming little bit of satire upon the officialism of even a *garde champêtre*, which strikes home to the French imagination at once with all the charm of truth, but which would convey no idea whatever to the English imagination ; for where is the gamekeeper that would dream of drawing up a *procès verbal* did he capture a hundred poachers ? It is the entire Frenchness, the pleasant depth of national colour, that give to such dramatic trifles their greatest charm.

And then the curtain drops, and there is an interval of ten minutes or so—an interval so short to us who are aware that our friends have respectively a little room about the size of a table, and a narrow *couloir* to dress in—that it is impossible to understand how they change their costume so quickly. And then the piano and the violin strike into Adam's grace-

ful music, and the curtain rises upon the *Farfadet*. Of all the *repertoire* of the Casino, Le Farfadet is the favourite. It is, as M. Libert explains to us privately, with some pride, not an operetta, but a *vrai opera comique* of a higher and quite distinct class. The opening scene is a *dîner de Fiançailles*, where Marie, the owner of the mill in which they are supposed to be assembled, and Babet her maid, have met the Bailli of the village and his godson Bastien, whom the crafty old man has managed to betroth to the rustic heiress,—the complication in the business being that Marie (Eugenie) had been pre-contracted to a certain Marcellin, who has been killed in the wars,—while Bastien (Libert) was the former lover of Babet (M^{me}. Dumonthier). On the whole, however, the *dramatis personæ* take this transfer with equanimity.

"Un mari
Bien gentil,
Qu'on caresse
Avec tendresse ;
Un ami
Pour Marie
Y-a-t-il rien de plus jolie ?"

is the burden of their song. Babet's share of the performance is certainly somewhat doleful ; but "chantons plus gaîment," sings the bridegroom, and they warm into a thrilling chorus. After a few brief scenes and songs, however, Marcellin himself, in his proper person, steals on the scene, returned alive from the wars, but unaware how to make himself known. Already, however, it has been intimated to us that the mill is supposed to be haunted, and Bastien has fallen into the most ludicrous fear of some chance tapping against the window—

"Ce vieux moulin est fait exprès
Pour revenants et farfadets,"

he sings in anguish ; but the valorous old Bailli cuffs and stimulates him into courage.

"Au diable soient ces caquets,
De tes revenants et farfadets,"

answers that venerable patriarch. Then occurs a comical scene, in which Babet and Bastien, left alone together, first reproach each other, then fall into tender reminiscences, then go off in a pretty duet of mutual fright and re-assurance—Marcellin, in the meanwhile, listening behind the curtain, and finding out how his fate has been decided in his absence. The said Marcellin is the jolliest of all injured lovers. He throws himself into the character suggested to him by their terrors, with the most perfect enjoyment of the fun, and no rancour at all against his faithless bride, and still more faithless friend; for Bastien, of course, is his *ami d'enfance*. He draws the sack of corn on which they are about to sit down from under Babet and her false lover. He prints a resounding kiss upon her neck when she mourns over him, for which she promptly rewards Bastien, the supposed offender, with a vigorous box on the ear, and mystifies the couple to the highest extent. "C'est le vent," says Babet, when the jovial spirit creaks and rustles. "Oui, peut-être," answers Bastien, trembling in every limb. "Que tapait," "La fenêtre." It will be perceived by these extracts that the poetry is not of a high class in which the story is told. But let us own that musicians generally are not particular on that point, and that it answers its purpose well enough. The tale proceeds through all manner of ludicrous terrors, until the whole company, appearing one by one with bed-candles in their hands, in various stages of *deshabillé*, take each other's hands, and read in turn a succession of little notes which have been found on their pillows. "Signé Marcellin." While they are reading and trembling, a knock comes to the door, which convulses the party with musical consternation; and the apparition of Marcellin, enveloped in a flour-sack, and presenting the most appalling

likeness to the farfadet itself, completes the discomfiture of the scheming Bailli, upon which, of course, everything comes right again—the indifferent Marie has her right husband, Babet has her Bastien back, and, much more joyfully than in the first scene, the company sing in chorus—

"Un mari, bien gentil."

This bald outline, however, can do no justice either to Adolphe Adam's charming, pretty music, which accommodates itself so trippingly to all the variations of the story, nor to the confusion of terror and fun which is in the little drama. The Bailli's ballad about the *vieux chateau noir*, in which his valour confronted and conquered a real *revenant*, the pretty duo about the wind, the alarmed quartette, when they all come in with their ghostly letters, are charming in their simplicity. The music, the acting, the entire atmosphere of the piece is true *paysan*, but nothing could be more utterly removed from coarseness or vulgarity. It cannot but be a life full of reality from which this and so many other scenes are drawn.

Or perhaps, as our present drama recalls another, it is Ma'amzell Rose which our friends present to us; and then the curtain rises upon Libert transformed into a perfect Norman boor, with nightcap on head and *sabots* on feet, seated at a table making up accounts, while Madame Dumonthier, as Lolotte his servant, converting her graceful person somehow into the very *moral* of an awkward country lass, sweeps the house about his ears, and interrupts *not' maitre* with a hundred ridiculous questions, while he counts and counts, and gets wrong in his sums in that French which sounds like Annandale Scotch, in which *moi* becomes *mwai*, and *soir*, *swair*. When he has at last managed to dismiss her, Mathurin gets up from his table and informs the audience that all his thrift and carefulness are not without a motive.

"J'ai cinq bœufs dans mon étable," he sings, with all the vague quavers of a rustic singer—"je puis mettre douze assiettes sur ma table." He has his "*basse-cour* plein de fumier," all that his imagination can grasp in the way of wealth. And all his toil is for a certain Rose, who has gone with Madame la Comtesse to Paris as *fille de chambre*. "*Ma petite Rose !*" cries the good fellow, with such utter peasanthood and primitive simplicity that the listener's heart is sore for the disappointment which he foresees is to follow. Lolotte rushes back with the information that Rose has arrived ; and in a minute more she appears, in the trim garb of a lady's maid, sublimely unconscious of any bond between herself and "*Monsieur Mathurin*," whose *patois* and *sabots* and coarse hands she comments upon till the poor soul's heart is broken. When she disappears, followed by the admiring Lolotte, the unfortunate man, who has been stupefied by the blow, gradually raises himself from his first desperation. He recalls to himself all the glories of the hereditary wardrobe which he possesses. He resolves that he too will become a gentleman,—not to win but to scorn the false one. He springs to his feet at last, wrought up to the energy of passion. What does his money and his rustic wealth profit him now ? "*Mwai aussi j'irons à Paris,*" he sings :—

"Je mettrons le redingote de mon grand-père,
 Son parapluie et son chapeau ;
 Tout ce que je possède en mon vestiaire
 Je vais mettre sur mwai pour être plus
 bew-eau."

Then he rushes out, and is heard calling for pomade, for *son* in which to wash white the poor honest hands which Ma'amzell Rose so scoffed at, and at last makes his appearance in the *redingote* of his *grand-père* holding his head painfully high on account of his shirt-collar—the most absurd apparition imaginable.

But, slight as the little drama is, the author never loses sight of the profound simple pathos of the situation. Poor Mathurin making himself *bew-eau* is as tragic and as heart-broken as if he was going to squander millions or devastate a country. When he comes in again, half-drunk, half-sober, but not less despairing, after a succession of fights and quarrels in the village *cabaret*, and throws himself down hopelessly on his hard wooden chair, tears steal to the abashed spectator's eyes. We know it is coming all right, for is not that Ma'amzell Rose in Lolotte's dress and place, who stands behind him repentant, and ready to make all up ? But the confusion of the peasant's mind, the utter overthrow of all its hopes and purposes in life, the vague meaningless bravado, the simple despair and sense that everything is over, and that it no longer matters what becomes of him, is managed with the most wonderful skill. It is all in half an hour that we go through so many emotions—and Mathurin is neither coarse, nor is he fine. There is no melodrama about it, but the simplest delicate sketch of human emotions, the truth of which everybody must perceive. The little comedy of course winds up to the perfect satisfaction of everybody concerned. Lolotte in Ma'amzell Rose's fine gown going off in her turn to the service of the countess ; and the fickle little *fille de chambre* settling down into happy possession of the *cinq bœufs* in the stable, the *basse-cour* full of fowls and *fumier*, and all the riches of the establishment ; that *chez-soi* which affects her after her first naughtiness with its full primitive charm. It used to be common to say, by way of magnifying the Teutonic tongues, that the French had no word which represented *home*—one of those stupid criticisms of ignorance which the cleverest people go into without consideration, we suppose. For what can exceed the glow and eagerness of pos-

session, the profound delicious sense of property, with which a humble French man or woman of the peasant class dilates upon *chez nous*, the beloved village, *chez moi*, the rude little cottage, or even *grenier*? *Etre chez soi* means everything that we, in our insular conceit, consider peculiar to ourselves in the word home, and almost a little more. The privacy is more absolute, the possession more individual. Within one's self—self-contained, as we say in Scotland—with no neighbour able to thrust in with any common claim, there is a certain hugging of one's individuality, and drawing close of all domestic ties, in the very words.

Very different from this sketch of peasant life is the funny little comedietta called *Les Jurons de Cadillac*. We remove into the *beau-monde* when we come to this amusing sketch, and find the favourite heroine of French romance, the young widow, represented by our beautiful Madame Dumonthier, questioning herself what she is to say to a persistent lover, a certain Marquis de Cadillac, who is a sea-captain and the heartiest of good fellows. She is afraid of accepting him, having had, as is common to the type she represents, experiences of matrimony which are not seductive; and at the same time, as the audience perceives, she is unwilling quite to cast off her honest lover. This is the night on which he is to come for his final answer, and what can she do to gain time? At this moment a burst of exclamation is heard from without, "Ventre-Saint-Gris! Sacre-bleu! Mort-de-Marie! Tonnerre de Brest!" swears the tar, put out by some accident, and a brilliant idea strikes Madame la Comtesse (they are all Madame la Comtesse, by the way, either because Countesses are very plentiful in France, or because it is a pretty title). She will make it the condition of her acceptance of him that he should not swear for a certain fixed period. His oaths, let us add,

are of an innocent description, the favourite being "Tonnerre de —," various places. When he knows that he has but to refrain absolutely from swearing for an hour to gain the hand of his love, Cadillac is half-enchanted, half-piqued, that the sacrifice demanded from him should be so easy. But he finds after a while that it is not so easy as he thought. In an amusing soliloquy, in the temporary absence of the Countess, he makes up his mind to make her a great many pretty speeches about the celestial blue of the skies, the *petit moutons blancs*, the *bœufs qui mugissent*, and half-a-dozen other pastoral subjects, which, accordingly, he pours forth upon her on her return with hesitating eloquence, pausing now and then to recollect his unaccustomed thoughts. "Il ne vous manque qu'un guitare!" cries the amazed Countess. But alas! ere twenty minutes have passed, poor Cadillac has exhausted this unusual vein. The clock is slow, he says, with a few choice blossoms of speech on the edge of his lips, which he cleverly turns into the softest politenesses; and then he stations himself with his back to it in the hope of pushing on the too tardy fingers. The result is that he breaks the clock, but gains nothing, for Madame la Comtesse has her watch to produce, and the half-hour is not yet passed. She, on her side, is in despair. "Il casse ma pendule, mais il ne jure pas!" she says to herself in dismay; and then cunningly deludes the poor seaman into the narrative of the sea-fight which gained him his epaulettes. As he warms, poor Cadillac has a hundred hairbreadth escapes, through which the audience follow him not only with laughter, but with breathless sympathy, as the temptress leads him on. At last, when, in the full tide of his tale, he narrates how he himself, flushed with victory, rushes back to his captain to receive his congratulations, and has his chief

killed before his eyes just as they are about to rush into each other's arms, the sailor breaks down. He swears; and then there is a cry from the Countess, and a dead silence. "Vous avez juré!" she cries, triumphant. But Cadillac is not to be so quietly overcome. He pauses, recovers himself, returns to the charge. "Et vous, madame," he cries, "vous avez pleurée!" "Jurez, Capitaine, ne vous gênez pas," is the final deliverance of the lady, upon which our seaman relieves his mind after his half-hour's restraint. "Tonnerre de Bordeaux, tonnerre de Brest, tonnerre des Indes, mille million tonnerres de tous les pays!" he cries, and then, wiping his hot forehead and his dry lips, "Ah! ça soulage."

Nothing can be slighter, it will be seen, than these little plays, and yet nothing could be more amusing. There is no strain upon the faculties, no sense of contempt stealing over the spectator, none of that half-amused, half-disgusted consciousness that everything is utterly unreal, and no rational beings would ever conduct themselves so, which is our first feeling in an English theatre. The ladies and gentlemen in their chateaus, the former in the irresponsible freedom of their widowhood, "Monsieur, c'est moi," might perfectly well amuse themselves as they are represented to do; and nothing could be more true to nature than the peasant's little love-tale, which is so near being tragic, and yet is pure comedy. They are all perfectly natural, unaffected, and real, neither coarse nor fine, as we have already remarked, depending neither on scenery, nor on extraordinary accidents of plot or situation—simplest sketches of what might occur anywhere. The little Casino of Saint Eloy is a humble little corner enough to bring such a lesson from; but the fact may be as well demonstrated in one place as another. The educated portion of the audience in most London

theatres come away from the performance—at least, in the great majority of cases—amused possibly with the extravagance or broad unreal fun, or picturesque attitudes of one player among the troupe, yet half ashamed of themselves for tolerating such rubbish, and avenging themselves by abuse of the stage, or lamentations over what it has come to. They have lost their entire evening, some four or five hours of time, and have been deluged with bathos, with stupidity, with a ridiculous caricature, or a series of ridiculous caricatures of life. Such a phenomenon as Lord Dundreary occurs but now and then to recall us to some faith in English acting; but what can be said for the 'After Darks,' the 'Turn of the Tides,' all the idiotic nonsense with which it is attempted to stimulate our interest? Our interest really, if they but knew it, requires no such stimulation. A real little graceful possible incident, simply played, is far more amusing to us than the cabin of an outward-bound ship, with the appearance of real waves, man at the wheel, &c., and an impossible ruffian tearing his hair, and losing his stolen notes below. If English dramatic authors would but spend a little pains on making the ruffian a possible being, instead of attempting real waves; or if they would discard the ruffian, and give us a simple farce like Mathurin's, with his thrift, and his heartbreak, and his recovery! Would not half an hour's real amusement be better than two hours' stupid pretence at it? To see 'Ma'amzell Rose' played in our little Casino by our nameless troupe of French players was as good as reading one of George Sand's finest, most delicate stories. Its fun and pathos might have come out of 'La Mare au Diable'—nay, might have come out of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' for that matter, which is higher praise—and was as touching, as amusing, as real. And surely it is not only in France—

that land, as we say, of the artificial and exaggerated—that home of false sentiment and insinuated wickedness—that such incidents are to be found. It is true that up in Saint Eloy, at the big theatre which has just opened, they are playing the ‘*Dame aux Camellias*’ for the benefit of the richer townfolk. But down here on the sands, a great many aborigines, and no small number of English, sit rapt over the fortunes of Mathurin, and will think kindlier ever after of the rustic Norman who says, “*j’irons à Paris*,” and bids us as he passes, with the most curious Scotch accent, his friendly “*bon swair*.” If he were a Scotch peasant on the English stage, he would speak the most horrible of unknown jargons, and wear a kilt most likely, and demean himself like a madman. And the idea that he, or his neighbour in Lancashire or in Devon, could have as pretty a love-tale as a young duke, with primitive despairs and hopes and joys, is an idea, it would seem, too refined for the English mind, which yet is more virtuous, more bucolic, more addicted to the country, and familiar with it, than the French mind. Let those solve the riddle who may.

It would, however, be impossible to leave this subject without a passing glance at the thoroughly absurd, genuinely ridiculous, and most amusing bits of *bouffonnerie* which are included in our players’ *répertoire*. It would be difficult to say, after all the assaults of all the newspapers, a word for Offenbach, or to give any grave estimate of his talents, or his good or evil influence upon the music of the period. Such works as ‘*Barbe Bleue*’ and the ‘*Grande Duchesse*’ must be judged by a different standard from that of our Casino, and we do not attempt to interpose unlearned criticism into so difficult a question. But for such delicious pieces of nonsense as ‘*Bataclan*’ and ‘*Tromb-al-Cazar*,’ Offenbach reigns supreme. The first is a

Chinoiserie, in which all the personages, introduced to us in seven Chinese costume, with eyes turning up and mouths turning down, turn out to be French, and discover each other, one after another, in the most amusing way. The prince himself is nothing more than a certain Anastase Nourisson from the village of Breve-la-gaillard, whose *clocher* he is perpetually invoking; but his throne of cushion is made uneasy under him by the existence of a great conspiracy, of which even the chief of his attendants is a member. This *chef de conjures* is a glorious figure. When in the close of the comedy he too reveals his country, and offers safety to the fugitives at the price of the throne, which its occupier is but too glad to resign, he describes his own appearance in a telling line—“*Je garderai mes yeux flamboyants et mon aspect rebarbatif*,” he says—that discovery may be impossible. The revolutionary song of ‘*Bataclan*,’ the pretty romance of the disguised dancer, the music and dances that fill the piece, are charmingly light, airy, and trueful. ‘*Tromb-al-Cazar*, on the other hand, is a sketch of the doings of a little party of strollers driven to take refuge during a storm in a country inn to the great alarm of the innkeeper. “*Oh mes rêves!*” exclaims Vert Panné, the walking gentleman of the troupe, who has a cold in his head, and draws a handkerchief from his great medieval boots with which to wipe his mournful eyes as he thinks of his youthful delusions and dreams of the boards of the Français, Paris, and fame. It is excellent fooling, though it will not bear description; and not only so, but it is perfectly innocent fooling, at least as represented in our Casino. How different from the horrible punning couplets, the deadly-stupid nonsense, of our *bouffonneries*! It is amazing, when one comes to think of it, why such a difference should be.

However, the little performance

is over ; it has lasted an hour and a quarter—perhaps an hour and a half—and probably we have had two little pieces varied almost every night ; for our players have the same audience repeated nightly, and consequently must have a variety of programme ; and they have twenty-seven pieces in their *répertoire*. Why they should be playing at the Casino at Saint Eloy, why they should be so threadbare and so poor, why *artistes* so immensely above our English level should find no better market for their talents ? are questions to which we can give no answer. When it is suggested to them, the friendly souls themselves show a little modest surprise. The Français by this time is beyond the highest level of their dreams, except indeed for little Eugénie, for whom they predict, with affectionate smiles and badinage, every possible honour. She is fifteen and a half, and everything is possible to her—not thirty or so, with little children, and the stern reign of fact set in. But, to be sure, even the elder members of the party—when one suggests it—feel that fortune has been a little hard, and that Paris, could it be attained, would make such a difference ! Perhaps it will never be attained—probably we shall never see M. Libert as Mathurin, or beautiful Madame Dumonthier as the Countess of anything again. Yet after being moved by them to so much pleasant laughter, and to the brink of some soft tears, it would be a poor heart that could refrain from wishing our gentle comedians a God-speed, which probably will never reach them, except as the angels—or, the stage being in question, let us say the fairies—blow it from heart to heart.

But the performance is over ; and little Baptiste René, six years old, scrambles in front of the dropped curtain to blow out the foot-lights, and then, jumping from the stage, proceeds to drag the big *fauteuils*, six times as big as himself, into their proper place at the door of

the dancing-room. “Ne vous dérangez pas, Monsieur,” says the mite to a big English boy who volunteers to assist ; “je puis le faire tout seul.” And *tout seul* the little creature does it, working with a will. And there they go trooping into the ball-room, the mothers and daughters, the papas with the red ribbon in their button-hole, and all the young men in their light summer coats. The girls have walking-boots, some of them, and looped-up skirts, and little hats on their abundant hair ; and there are one or two love-stories going on, as one can see with half an eye. The prettiest girl of all has been appropriated by a clumsy *fiancé*, who dances every dance with her—a proceeding which might become monotonous, one would think. Saint Eloy, however, is so much like other places, that we soon perceive it is the same little set of people who always dance, while a great number more sit somewhat wistfully looking on. The homely little ball-room has its rules like another, and no master of ceremonies to introduce strangers, and smooth the little embarrassments down.

This is how Saint Eloy amuses its visitors of nights during the season of the baths. Perhaps it is because its own intrinsic charms are so small that it makes the exertion ; but anybody who has ever yawned the weary hours away in a seaside parlour, will appreciate the advantage it is. And why should not the young people dance together, and a little public amusement of this innocent kind be made practicable in England as well as Saint Eloy ? Is it being too local, too national, too particular, to recommend such a beautiful example to St Andrews, in Fife, which is a little like Saint Eloy ? where all the maidens are fair and all the golfers gallant, and the Club (for such a purpose) perfection. True, it would be hard to find actors like Mme. Dumonthier and M. Libert ; but yet an enlightened initiative might be made.

THE FARÖESE SAGA.

THE great battle of Hafursfiord, in which Harald Fairhair beat his brother petty kings of Norway, made him sole master of the country. It was the Sadowa which settled the future destinies of the North. A mighty exodus was the result, and many of the noblest in the land, tracing their blood to Odin, that Asiatic conqueror who overran Scandinavia shortly before the Christian era, packed up their valuables, and, with their wives and children and all that they had, made a flit of it. England, with Ireland and the other islands adjoining it, in the first instance came in for a share of the emigrants. But even here the restless Harald would not suffer them to dwell in peace, and numbers of the people—the true aristocrats of their country, the very pith and marrow, the noblest, most independent, most valiant and sagacious of the Norwegian stock—fled to the inhospitable shores of Iceland for refuge from the hated usurper.

Not the least notable among these refugees was Aude the Wealthy, daughter of the mighty baron, Ketil Flatnose of Sogne in Norway. She was the widow of Olaf the White, the Amhlabh of the Irish Chronicles, who was descended from the same family as Harald Fairhair. He had conquered Dublin, and founded the most lasting Norse kingdom in Ireland, marrying Aude about A.D. 850. On her road to Iceland, with her family, she stopped for a while at the Faröes, and married her granddaughter Olufa to one of the chiefs of the islands, and from her descended the Gataskeggs, the principal family of the Faröes.

Few of our readers are perhaps aware that in the *Færeyinga Saga*,

or *Saga of the Faröese*, we possess an authentic history of this people, embracing the period between A.D. 825 and A.D. 1035. It is in the old Norse or Icelandic tongue, and must have been committed to writing not later than the twelfth century; for it is quoted by Snorri Sturleson as an authority for his famous *Heimskringla*.

Professor P. E. Müller in his *Saga Bibliothek* says of this work,—

“It bears every internal mark of genuineness. The language is good. There are many characteristic features to be found in it, while it contains nothing improbable, but what all the world in those days implicitly believed. It chiefly relates to the history of a very remarkable man, whose fate is intimately connected with the history of the Norwegian kings. His exploits would easily impress themselves on the memory; and, indeed, they still live in the traditions of the natives. . . . The first introduction of Christianity into the islands is herein described; but there is no trace of the hand of a monk in the story, which certainly would have been the case had the composition dated from the 14th century.”

All that Anglo-Saxon England wrote sinks into insignificance beside the prose literature of Iceland; not written, be it observed, in Latin, but in the rich and racy vernacular of the whole North, and which is still spoken in Iceland. There is none of the frigidity or mannerism of a state paper here, no vague generalisms, no formless abstractions, but everything that appertains to the reality of man's nature. “The range of vision of these remote islanders,” says Laing, referring especially to Iceland, where most of these Sagas were written, “was narrow but microscopic.” Their minds were undis-

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1. *Færeyinga Saga: Saga of the Faroese.*
 2. *Debes, Faroes, Englished.* Lond. 1676.

tracted by the heat and turmoil, the overwrought high-pressure, of modern days—its complex interests, its movements, social, political, and religious, its diversity of topics, ranging all the world over, that every day occupy our speculations. When they had once heard an event described, such was the concentration of their thoughts, that each feature of the tale became graven deeply and indelibly on the memory.

So, in the long still winter nights of Iceland, when voyaging was at a stand-still, and outdoor occupations generally intermitted, the tale of the Improvisatore, who had witnessed some striking event and told it at home, was repeated word for word by the elders of the family, and handed down from father to son. This is as good as the best history. "*L'histoire*," said Voltaire, "*c'est une fable convenue*."

And thus it is we have regular photographs of the customs, the manners, the people, of those days, placed before us; but instead of the dark colourless images of the sun-picture, these are full of warmth, life, and colour: not artificial, however, but as simple and naïve as possible. What people thought and did and said, their ideas and notions about things in general, how they lived and loved, whether at home in the cluster of buildings under the mountain, or upon shipboard, or abroad in foreign cities, or in the courts of kings; their horse-fights, their Yule feasts, their blood feuds, their laws, their lawsuits, their Things (or Councils), the fore-runners of our Parliaments; the maiden in her bower (*buur*), the matron at her loom and other household duties, or, perchance, ably seconding her husband when sore bested by his enemies,—this,

and much beside, is to be found in their Sagas, hit off with a degree of spirit, of correctness, of picturesque observation not unworthy of the author of Waverley.

How quaint, for instance, and yet how instructive and true to human nature, are the circumstances attending the conversion of the Northmen to Christianity; the sum and substance of which not a few people devoutly thought was abstaining from horse-flesh, or being marked with the cross. The Faröese Saga tells us something about this.

But it is time that we should introduce our readers to the work before us.

Old Thorbiorn of Gataskegg* of Osterö dies, and is buried in ancient fashion, for at this time all the Faröes were heathen; and on a division of the property between his two sons, Thorlak and Thrاند, the younger one, Thrанд, gets by lot the paternal mansion of Gata, which was quite a gem. As Thrанд is only second in point of interest to the main personage of the story, we must describe him. "He was tall and strong, with long flowing red hair and beard, a freckled face and forbidding look; of sombre disposition, sly and wily, ungracious and hard to his inferiors, smooth-tongued to his betters, but all the while plotting in his heart."

Thrанд lets his property out to husbandmen, and with all the money he could muster sails for Denmark, and is present at the great fair of Elsinore.† The Danish King, Harald Gormson, surnamed Bluetooth, is there in person. Two of his court-men go a-fairing, and stop at a booth which was full of goodly wares. The merchant made his best bow to his distinguished customers, and asked what they wished to purchase. "A good big gold

* Skegg, literally, beard; so that Gata-Skegg might be rendered "the rough men of Gata."

† So Müller; but Professor Munk is of opinion that by *Haleyri* is meant Copenhagen.

ring," was the reply. He opens his treasures, and shows them a ring of gold, massive and of rare beauty, but so costly that they did not know whether they could raise so much money all at once as he asked for it. So they craved him to wait till morning, and he said, Yea.

In the morning the bag containing the money to pay for the ring is missing mysteriously from their tent. The king sees that it is a case of robbery, and forbids a single ship to leave the harbour. As the fair was now over, this seemed a great hardship to the Northmen, who held a mass-meeting to debate what was best to be done. Thrand, who is present, says he knows of a plan for getting out of the scrape. His counsel is adopted, and one result is that the embargo is taken off the Norwegian ships; another, that the sharp-witted counsellor pockets a very handsome sum of money by the transaction. What his countrymen were about to allow themselves to be so imposed upon we cannot divine.

With his newly-acquired funds Thrand buys a large merchant-ship in Norway, and returns to Farö a man of considerable wealth, though not of territorial importance.

At this time there dwelt at Hof, in Suderö, the chief Hafgrim, a great idolator, who held half the Faröes as a fief under the supremacy of Harald Greyskin, who had succeeded his brother Hacon, Athelstan's (of England's) foster-son, on the throne of Norway.*

The other half of the islands was held as a fief under the great Hacon Jarl of Hlada, near Trondjem, by the brothers Beinir and Brestir, whose father and Thrand's father were brothers. But notwithstanding Thrand and the brothers were so nearly related, there was a jeal-

ousy between the two families. At the bottom of it doubtless lay the fact that Thrand, though a more wealthy man, had no crown fief like Brestir and Beinir, who were, besides, Hacon Jarl's court-men and his most intimate friends.

Neither of the brothers was married, but Brestir had a son, Sigmund, the hero of the tale, by his lady love Cecilia; and Beinir, a son Thorir, by his mistress Thora. Sigmund was the youngest by two years, and was born A.D. 966. Skuföe was the main residence of the brothers, but they had also a farm on the Great Dimun.†

Owing to the folly of their relations, a feud arises between the chieftains, Hafgrim on the one side, and Brestir and Beinir on the other. In this emergency Hafgrim, woe worth the day! goes to Thrand for advice. The very opportunity for which Thrand was watching. It would be strange if he could not, by fishing in troubled waters, manage to reap some advantage to himself! Perhaps he might get hold of the brothers' crown fief: who knows?

The line, however, he took at first was to simulate astonishment that he should be asked to join in measures hostile to his own relatives. Eventually, for the modest consideration of the price of two cows every spring, and two hundred (240 ells of wadmelt) every autumn as long as he lived, he promises to help Hafgrim in his fell intent of removing the brothers from this world.

A fitting time and tide soon offered. One day as the brothers and their sons were approaching the Great Dimun in their boat, they espy three boats full of armed men between them and the landing-place: Hafgrim in one boat, Thrand

* King Harold Greyskin and Hacon Jarl were at constant feud. Eventually the Jarl compassed the king's death by treachery, and was appointed by King Harald Gormson of Denmark, Lord Protector of Norway.

† An island of the Farö group.

‡ Homespun cloth; the measure of value in those days.

in another, and in the third Biarni of Svinö, mother's brother to Thrand. The brothers hurry ashore, climb up on to a flat rock, and set their boys beside them. Up come two of the boats and land their men. Thrand kept aloof, but egged on Hafgrim to the attack with bitter taunts. Maddened at the imputation of cowardice, Hafgrim makes a rush up the rock and drives his spear right through Brestir, who, feeling it to be his death-wound, presses forward on the spear and hews off Hafgrim's left arm by the shoulder.* Both fall dead over the steep, Hafgrim first and Brestir on the top of him. Beinir also falls: but they fall in good company, six of their foes perishing with them. The two boys, Sigmund and Thorir—who were nine and eleven respectively—sat meanwhile upon the shelf. Thorir greeted at the sight, but Sigmund said, "Don't let us cry, cousin; but let us mind it long."

Thrand now proposes killing the boys too, for they were sure to be the death of the whole party, but Biarni says he will die first rather than permit such a thing, so the affair ends with Thrand taking them home to Gata to bring up as his foster-children.

The corpses of Brestir and Beinir were carried to Skufö, and when the tidings of their death spread, everybody in the islands grieved.

"That summer a ship came from Norway to the Faröes. The captain's name was Rafn, who traded regularly to Russia, and was called Russia-Farer. One evening a small skiff came alongside the ship as it lay at Thorshaven, with Thrand on board. Drawing Rafn aside, he told him he had two thrall-lads for sale. Rafn said he wouldn't purchase before seeing them. On this

Thrand leads forward two boys in white capes, their hair cropped close,† and their faces swollen with grief, but their features beautiful. When Rafn set eyes on them he said, 'Are not these Brestir and Beinir's sons, that ye murdered lately?' 'I trow they be so for certain,' answered Thrand. 'If I'm to take to them I pay no fee,' said the other. 'Well, well,' replied Thrand, 'we must both give way a bit. Here, take two marks of silver, which I will give thee if thou wilt flit them away with thee, so that they never set foot again in Faröe.' And with this he pours the silver into the skipper's lap, then tells it, and displays it before him. Rafn thought the silver fair to behold, and the upshot is that he takes to the boys, and, as soon as he gets a breeze, sails away for Tunsberg, where he staid the winter, treating them well."

In the spring, when he was on the eve of departure for his eastern voyage, the humane skipper gives the boys their liberty, and with it the money he took from Thrand. Meanwhile, the Faröese Duke of Gloucester lays hands on the property of his murdered relations, nobody daring to gainsay him.

Hafgrim, whose death we have narrated, had a son Ossur, now twelve years old, whom Thrand adopts.

This summer‡ Harald Greyskin, king of Norway, fell at Limfjord by treachery. Norway is invaded by the Danish king, Harald Blue-tooth, and Hacon Jarl is made by him viceroy over the whole country, which was cleared of the hated sons of Eric Bloody-axe and Queen Gunhilda, some being killed, others driven into exile.

But the reader will be anxious to follow the fortunes of the poor fatherless boys. Two winters after their release we find them still in "the Bay,"§ with all their money

* There is an old legend in Bavaria that the chamois, when hard pressed, will thus rush upon the spear of the hunter.

† Kollótttr: *cf.* colley; said of cows without horns.

‡ A.D. 976, according to Rafn, while Vigfusson makes it 969, or seven years earlier.

§ Viken. This name was given to the great inland sea at the bottom of which lies the Christiana fjord. It was also applied to the territories adjoining, bordered on the west by the Naze of Norway, and on the south-east by the Göta river.

spent. Sigmund was now twelve, and Thorir fourteen years of age. They hear of Hacon's elevation, and resolve to try their luck with the mighty prince whom their fathers had served. So they journey through the uplands and Hedemark, arriving on the Dovre Fjeld with the winter, and its frost and snow. It was not till many years after that the present stations on that desolate plateau were erected as refuges for the forlorn traveller by a Norwegian king, so that the passage was in those days one of great peril. They soon lose their way, and are without food or shelter for many days.*

At last Thorir sinks down exhausted, and begs Sigmund to shift for himself, and try to find his way down from the Fjeld. "No," said the other, "we must both get away or neither;" and with this he hoisted Thorir on his back. Presently they begin to descend into a valley, and at last they smell smoke, and find a cottage.

"In the room sat two women, one in years, the other young, but both good-looking. These welcomed the strangers, pulled off their wet clothes, and furnished them with dry ones instead. They next give them meat, and then attend them to their sleeping-places, doing their best to make them comfortable, at the same time saying they didn't wish them to meet the goodman's eye on his return, for he was rather cross-tempered. Sigmund is waked by a tall man coming in clad in deerskin, and with a reindeer on his back. He lifted up his nose, and with a fierce mien demanded who was in the house. 'Only two poor wretched youngsters, half-frozen and quite tired out.' 'Thou art going the quickest way to have us discovered if you take men into the house, as I've oft told thee.' 'I could not abide leaving such bonny boys to die at our door,' replied the housewife."

At last, prevailed on by the

females, the master of the house shelters the outcasts for a while, and their stay is eventually lengthened into a protracted residence.

Thurida (that was the younger woman's name) was exceeding fair, and noble-minded too. She and Sigmund had many talks together, and neither Ulf nor Ragnhild—as the man and his wife were called—had aught to say against it. Most of the day Ulf was away providing the inmates of the cottage with game for their subsistence. When at home, he used to teach them manly exercises, such as the use of the bow, and swimming in an adjacent tarn. Sigmund was soon as expert as Ulf himself in all sorts of manly feats, and far superior to Thorir, who was no mean proficient in them. He was now fifteen winters old, and Thorir seventeen.

"'What harm if we were to go to that wood north of this?' said Sigmund, one day. 'I have no curiosity about it,' replied Thorir. 'I have, though,' rejoined the other. 'Well, do as you like, but you will, you know, be breaking our foster-father's orders.'

"So they went to the wood, Sigmund with a wood-axe in his hand, and find in it a fair open space rid of trees. They had not been here long when they hear a loud crashing among the branches, and immediately espy a great forest bear, with skin as grey as a wolf's. Off they run by the same path by which they came, Thorir in advance. The beast follows, and the way is too strait for him, and the trees snapped as he passed. Suddenly Sigmund springs nimbly out of the path, and as the bear came abreast of him, he deals him a blow with both hands between the lugs, so that the axe sank in, and the animal fell headlong without a sign of life in him."

When Ulf hears of the feat, he swallows his wrath at Sigmund's disobedience with a good grace.

At the age of eighteen Sigmund had become "so remarkable

* Even now, in spite of the high posts placed along the road, the traveller runs the risk of being lost in winter-time. Not long ago two carioles started with the post, one a little in advance of the other. After a time the foremost one disappeared, and it was not till several hours after that horse, carriage, and driver were discovered buried in the snow.

in stature, strength, and agility, that, in a word, he came nearest to Olaf Trygvason in every manly feat." He now thinks that they should go and improve themselves by seeing the world. It is with them as with the lads in *Cymbeline*—

"What pleasure, sir, find we in life to lock it up

From action and adventure . . .

The time seems long, their blood thinks scorn,

Till it fly out, and show them princes born."

And their foster-father approves of the plan. There is a tender leave-taking with the women, especially between Sigmund and the younger one; and Ulf conducts them northward over the Fjeld till they get a glimpse of Orkadæl.

Before parting they sit down, and at Ulf's request the lads tell Ulf the story of their misfortunes, which moves him greatly. "But do thou, foster-father, tell us the story of thy life." "Be it so," replied Ulf. He narrates how that one Thorkel Steingrimson lived in Hedemark. He was nicknamed Dry Frost, because every autumn, when it froze and ice lay upon the waters, he and his mates used to scour the woods shooting, at which he was a dead hand. Presently he set eyes of affection on the daughter of a rich bonder named Thoralf, and his father went with him to ask for the damsel to wife for his son. But Thoralf gave a very tardy reply; said he was willing to do everything for friendship's sake, but this he couldn't do. He had looked higher for his daughter. Then Thorkel carried her off in the night when her father was absent. Steingrim, the lover's father, rebuked him and bade him take her back straight, and said, "Thou art lifting a stone beyond thy strength." On this he flew to the woods with his bride, and is tracked to his hid-

ing-place by her father, who in an affray falls mortally wounded. On this the Upland folks summon a Thing, and Thorkel was proclaimed an outlaw. After hiding for a while in a cave known only to Steingrim, he got clear off to the Fjeld, and set up his abode in these parts. "I have lived here ever since," he concluded, "I and my Ragnhild," for it was Thorkel himself who spoke. "Eighteen winters have gone by since then, and that is the age of my girl Thurida."

Sigmund on this reveals his love for Thurida, which, however, was no news to the father. "I entreat of thee, foster-father," said Sigmund, "not to wed thy daughter to anybody else, for I will have her to wife, or I will have no wife at all." "My daughter could not marry a better man; but this much I will beg of thee, Sigmund, if thou findest favour with the chieftains, thou wilt not forget my name, but wilt get me atoned with the people of my district; for very weary am I of these deserts." Sigmund passed his word that he would do so. And so they parted. At last the youths reach Hlada, the residence of Earl Hacon,* and go into his presence. He greets them kindly, and asks who they are. Sigmund tells him how that his and Thorir's father were his deputies in Faröe, and had been murdered, and that he wished to enter the earl's service. Hacon replied "he did not know him—Sigmund was not unlike Brestir, but that he would have to establish his identity." With this he courteously bade them seat themselves among his guests.

The Jarl's younger son, Sweyne, conceives a great love for our hero, which was created by their similar passion for athletic sports. By his good offices, and aided by the elder son Eric, governor of "the Bay," who

* Hacon claimed descent from the Ynglings, and so from the Asir; but he came from the stock of Harald Fairhair only on the mother's side, and, therefore, in obedience to the Salic law, did not assume the title of king.

arrived at Jule, the Jarl is induced to present Sigmund with a large ship and forty men—"not a very choice crew, for people were not so ready to go cruising with an unknown outlander." To this Earls Sweyne and Eric add a ship each. "The crew of the ship I give you," said Sweyne, "are my own servants, and will stand you in better stead than all the lot."

When summer comes Sigmund prepares to start with his small squadron on a Viking cruise, for that was the line of life he takes to. He sails southward past Elsinore and into the Baltic (Eystra Salt).

All through the summer the Viking trade was decidedly flat. Being no mean pirate, Sigmund won't attack peaceful merchantmen, and with so small a force he does not venture to stand in-shore, where he was likely to encounter odds. Towards the close of summer he sails westwards, and one evening comes to an anchor under the Elv-skerries, a favourite resort for Vikings. Going ashore, he espies five war-ships lying on the other side of the island, one of which was a dragon.* Hurrying back to his men, he imparts the startling tidings, and adds that he is loath to flee without putting it to the proof. "Nothing venture," said he, "nothing have." They leave it to him to decide. That night, by his advice, they load their ships with a quantity of stones, and anchor them abreast, in the mouth of the inlet,† which was so narrow that nothing could slip past them. In the morning the Vikings, unaware of the preparations made to receive them, come rowing out bravely. A big stout man steps on the prow of the dragon, and demanded who stopped the way. Sigmund gives

his name and address to the sea-rover, who announces himself as Randver of Russia. The assault commences by Sigmund's men pouring a tremendous volley of stones upon the enemy, who could do nothing but protect themselves with their shields. Next they discharge a storm of arrows at the Vikings, wounding and killing several. And now they betake themselves to a hand-to-hand engagement. Long did the combat tremble in the balance. At last Sigmund, shouting "Follow me!" boards the dragon with twelve picked men, ably seconded by Thorir. The two commanders close. "At this moment Sigmund gives a sample of his dexterity of fence. He casts his sword up into the air and catches it with his left hand, at the same time seizing his shield with his right, and smites off Randver's right leg below the knee.‡ Down falls the pirate, and Sigmund gives him a blow on the neck which took off his head. His men shout the shout of victory. Off fly the Vikings with three of their ships, while the victors clear the decks of the dragon, killing every mother's bairn on board."

The reception Sigmund meets with on his return to Hlada is a warm one; and that winter he and Thorir become the earl's court-men. Next summer he is despatched by Hacon to ravage the coasts of Sweden, against whose king, Eric the Victorious, he had a grudge. Nothing but brilliant success attends this expedition. The next spring he is sent with eight ships upon a still more hazardous exploit to the Orkneys to capture a most daring outlaw, Harald, yclept Ironskull. In this he is fully successful; but subsequently he and Ironskull become sincere friends, greatly to the chagrin

* A ship-of-war of the largest size.

† *Vog*, or *voe*, as it is still called in Shetland.

‡ It was this same ambi-dexterity which obtained for the renowned Highlander of Montrose's wars, MacColl, his *soubriquet* of Kitto, i.e. Keitach, the Gaelic for ambi-dexter.

of Hacon Jarl, who is for slaying his enemy when he finds him in his power. But, true to the rude chivalry of the time, our hero vows he will renounce the Jarl's service for ever if he puts his threat in execution, and at once leaves the royal presence. This brings the Jarl to reason; he gulps down his wrath, and lets Ironskull go free.

We must return to the Faröes. Ossur, son of Hafzrim, and adopted son of Thrand, has grown up to manhood, a bold, high-spirited fellow. His foster-father gets him to wife the richest trader's daughter in those parts, and the two share between them the rule of the islands; Thrand taking the half that had belonged to Brestir and Beiner, and Ossur the half which had been under his father. Ossur had three several abodes—Hof, 'which he inherited, besides one in Skuföe, and another on the Great Dimun, which were the lawful heritage of Sigmund and Thorir. But he was not altogether easy in his ill-gotten possessions. The fame of the cousins had come to Faröe; so, for precaution's sake, Ossur fortified his Skuföe mansion. That island is naturally so strong—there being only one steep way to get up—that, as the saying went, if there were only twenty or thirty men in charge, it was impregnable to any number of assailants. To avoid surprise, Ossur used to go from one house to the other with twenty men, and when at home he had always with him thirty men besides workmen. Meanwhile Sigmund is ill at ease in Norway. He can't bear to have it thrown in his teeth that he won't avenge his father's death. He takes counsel of the Earl, who thus advises him:—"The sea about

Faröe is difficult to navigate with large ships, and a great surf runs on the coast; so I shall have two merchant-ships built for you, and manned with a proper crew."

Harald Ironskull volunteers his company. Before starting, Earl Hacon drew Sigmund aside, and asked in whom he put his trust. "I trust to my might and main!" replied Sigmund. Then the Earl answered and said, "That must not be; thou must place thy trust in her in whom I wholly trust, Thorgerda Hölga-brud. We must go and find her, and then must thou seek thy luck."*

Here follows a curious picture of paganism in high places in those days:—

"They go by a narrow path to the forest, until they come to a clearing where stands a house with a fence round it. The building was very elegant, and the carved work inlaid with gold and silver. Hacon and Sigmund enter, a few men with them. Inside were manifold idols. The house had a number of glass windows,† so that there was shade nowhere. At the far end, facing the door, was a female in gorgeous attire.‡ The Earl cast himself down at her feet and lay there long, and then stands up, and tells Sigmund that they must make her an offering, and place the silver on the stool before her. 'And by this token we shall know,' said Hacon, 'whether she will accept it, if she lets the ring loose which she has on her hand. That ring, Sigmund, will bring thee luck.' And now the Jarl takes hold of the ring, but, as it seemed to Sigmund, she bent her knuckles, and he could not get the ring. The Jarl then casts himself down before her as at the first, and Sigmund fancies that he is in tears. He then stands up, and it is loose, and the Jarl gets the ring, and he told Sigmund never to part with it, which he promised."

This ring is pregnant with Sig-

* The copper Indians paint their shields with the visage of that being on whom they rely most for success in war.—Hearne's 'Journey from Prince of Wales Fort to the Northern Ocean;' London, 1795.

† An expensive luxury in those days.

‡ Without doubt it was an image got up to represent real life as nearly as the then state of art permitted. Hacon Jarl worshipped the two sisters, Thorgerda and Yrpa, daughters of a mythical king, Hölgi (the Holy).

mund's destiny: an amulet of wondrous power.*

Sigmund goes straight from thence to his ships with his friends Ironskull and Thorir, and "had a favourable breeze till they fell in with birds from the islands." Perhaps no spot on earth so abounds with sea-birds as Faröe, as the writer has had occasion to verify by a personal visit. An evidence this not to be overlooked of the truthfulness of the Saga in details. An evidence, too, interesting to the modern ornithologist, of the usefulness of the "wild seamew" and his congeners to the storm-tossed mariner at a time when lighthouses and beacons were not dreamt of.

A storm now came on, and the boats part company and get tossed about for many days. At last Sigmund's ship gets better weather and makes the land, which sailors on board knew to be Osteroe, on which Thrand resided. But this coveted prize slips from Sigmund's grasp. A storm comes on, and it is only by dexterous seamanship that they manage at dawn to hit Svinö, on which, as we narrated above (p. 621), Biarni, Thrand's uncle, lived. Forty men jump ashore, leaving ten to guard the craft, and, rushing up to the house, they surprise Biarni in bed. On hearing the name of the leader, his conscience smites him,

"'I won't deny,' said he, 'I was by when thy father was killed; but don't you mind how I spoke for thee when they wanted to slay thee and Thorir? I said if they did, they should slay me too.' 'I mind it well,' replied Sigmund. 'Shall not I be recompensed for that?' inquired the other. 'To thee I give peace; of the rest of the conditions I must be the sole arbiter. Thou must fare with us to Osteroe.' 'To Osteroe! Thou wilt no more get

there with this weather than up to heaven!'"

The night after, Sigmund, accompanied by Biarni and fifty men, starts for Skuföe, the home of his fathers, from which he had been so long an outcast. As good-luck would have it, there was not a soul keeping watch and ward on the narrow ascent of the precipice. Finding himself surprised, the usurper Ossur holds a parley, but nothing comes of it.

"Sigmund goes close to the fort to inspect it. He was dressed thus: A helmet was on his head, a sword at his girdle, and in his hand a hooked axe† inlaid with silver, with a wrapping round the handle, a first-rate weapon. He was clad in a red kirtle, with a light coat of mail over it, and it was the talk of friends and unfriends alike, that such a man as he had never been seen in Faröe. He spies one part of the work, where the wall was somewhat ruinous, and more accessible than elsewhere. Retiring a space for a take-off, he rushes up full tilt and catches the top of the wall with the hook of his axe, then quickly hoists himself up by the shaft and jumps inside the fort. A man inside thrusts at him with his sword, but, parrying the blow with his axe, Sigmund smote the hook of it deep into his bosom, so that he dies upon the spot. Ossur sees this, and aims a blow at Sigmund, who dashes it aside, cuts off his right hand, and plunges his axe into Ossur's chest, so that it sank deep in, and Ossur fell dead; while Sigmund springs down backward out of the fort, and lighted on his feet."

The whole garrison now surrenders at discretion. Thrand's friends meanwhile try to make atonement for him, and a meeting is arranged at Thorshaven on Stromsoe, the Thing-place, or St Stephen's, of the islands.‡ Both parties appear with a numerous retinue. The crafty Thrand ex-

* In Dietrich of Berns Saga, cap. xxv., King Nidung was in consternation at finding he has left his victory-stone at home. It was an heirloom in the family, and insured victory to him who carried it in fight.—Nillson, 210.

† Like a halberd.

‡ Those who have visited Shetland will be reminded of Thingwall, near Lerwick, one of the old seats of these open-air meetings.

hausts all his arts of diplomacy. He could not think of naming the terms. What! he who had been present at the death of Sigmund's father! Oh no! Sigmund must have the sole honour of dictating them. "That will not I," cried Sigmund; "Hacon Jarl shall fix the atonement, or we two shall remain unatoned." "I am most anxious that thou shouldst doom," rejoins Thrand. "All I bargain for is free power to dwell in the land and keep the men I have." But Sigmund was immovable, and so when Thrand saw it would go hard with him if he did not yield, he agreed to go with Sigmund to Hacon Jarl's the next summer, he to judge between them.

During the winter Sigmund kept house at Skuföe in great state; and with him his cousin Thorir and Ironskull. . . . When spring comes, Thrand gets ready for the voyage a merchant-ship which he owned; and when he is "boune" they both set sail for Norway. Sigmund's vessel comes to an anchor in South Maeren, and he soon meets with the Earl, who was abiding near. "Hacon greets them well, and Sigmund tells him of his truce with Thrand. 'Ah,' said the Earl, 'thou hast not been so sly as Thrand. Methought it was unlikely he would be in such a hurry to meet me.' The summer goes by, and no Thrand appears. And now ships came from Faröe with the news that Thrand had been cast away with such damage to his ship that it could not take the sea."

At Sigmund's request the Jarl makes his award in Thrand's absence.

"My doom is that Thrand pay thee the price of two men, one for each of the brothers, Brestir and Beinir, and a third for counselling the death of thee and Thorir, after he had compassed the death of your fathers. A fourth man's atonement must he pay for selling you into slavery. Further, thy quarter part in the Lordship of the Faröes shall be made so big by taking from the Lordship of Thrand and Ossur's heirs,

that thou shalt have half the islands; the other half shall be confiscated to me, for that Hafgrim and Thrand slew my court-men, Brestir and Beinir. Hafgrim shall be unatoned, on account of the death of Brestir, and the attack on sackless men. No atonement shall be made for Ossur, because he settled himself on thy possessions and was there slain. Thou and thy cousin Thorir shall share the money fines as ye like. Thrand is free to live in the land, if he holds to this award. All the islands shalt thou hold as a fief from me, and thou shalt pay me scatt from my moiety."

Sigmund thanks the Earl for his award, which, while it made a man of him, made a mouse of Thrand. Spending the winter as the guest of Hacon Jarl, in the spring (A.D. 990 according to Rafn) Sigmund starts for Faröe. A Thing is summoned at Thorshavn, and the award of Norway's Lord Protector is proclaimed. Thrand was all smiles and flattery as usual. He begs Sigmund to do as it seems meet to him. His soul's desire was only that it should all be settled as much as possible to Sigmund's honour. Impatient of this soft sawder, Sigmund bade him not beat about the bush, but say plainly would he hold to the award, yea or nay. For his part, if he had to choose, he had rather that they two should be unatoned.

Thrand elected the former alternative, begging only a little respite for paying the money. So the time of payment is enlarged from six months, the period fixed by the Jarl, to three years.

Thrand was quite charmed, at least so he professed to be, at the thought of so worthy a successor to himself in the viceroyalty: but Sigmund said he could dispense with such blarney. They make friends all round, while old Thrand, in the very warmth and effusion of his heart, takes that poor lad Leif, the son of the defunct Ossur, to grow up with him at Gata as his foster-child.

In the summer the first instalment of the fine, amounting to one-

third, is paid by Thrand, but with many groans and wry faces, and our hero goes to Norway and lays it at the feet of the Earl.

In the day of his greatness our hero had not been forgetful of the young girl whose affections he had won on the Dovre Fjeld, nor of her father, Thorkel. In the winter, after he had been made the Earl's court-man, A.D. 986, he accompanied the Earl to the Frostathing,* and pleaded for the release of Thorkel from his outlawry. This the Earl at once granted. Thorkel, his wife, and daughter are sent for, and received with great kindness, spending the winter as the guests of the Earl. The damsel had borne a daughter to Sigmund the summer that he had departed, and it had been called Thora. Subsequently Thorkel Dryfrost had been made governor of Orkadal, and was abiding there from that time till now. Sigmund now rides to Orkadal, makes a formal claim for Thurida's hand, and the wedding is celebrated at Hlada, and the Earl, in honour of his favourite, keeps up the wedding feast seven days and nights.

They spend the winter at home in Faröe.

But we must here say a few words on public events in Norway. We have seen Hacon Jarl placed at the summit of affairs in that kingdom. The high position he had won by the death of King Harald Greyskin and the subsequent removal of another rival, Gold Harald, his undaunted courage, scheming subtlety, and many popular qualities, easily enabled him to maintain. Nominally Viceroy under the Danish King, he was virtually from the very first nearly an absolute monarch in all but the name. Indeed, the compact between him and King Gormson specially provided that, in case of war, he might apply all the Norsk

tribute to his own uses. He ruled the whole outer part of Norway with sixteen earls under him, upon the model designed by Harald Fairhair. It was a stirring life that he led : now at the court of Denmark, and often in the company of the Crown-Prince, Sweyne, Forkbeard, the future conqueror of England; now beating Erick Bloody-Axe's sons at sea; now ravaging Denmark; now friends with King Gormson for a time, and, as his ally, successfully defending against the Emperor Otto the famous Dannevirke, which had been erected by Queen Tyra to oppose Charlemagne. But his suzerain, King Gormson, being beaten by the superior forces of Otto, and forced to embrace Christianity, Hacon Jarl, a heathen of the heathens, had to make a virtue of necessity and submit to baptism. He is then sent forth to convert Norway, an errand which he expresses his readiness to undertake. Many learned clerks were stowed away on board his ship to accompany him on his godly mission. But no sooner does a breeze spring up than the Jarl makes "a good riddance of bad rubbish," bundles the clerks ashore like so many modern stowaways, plunders Scania, which belonged to Denmark : holds a magnificent sacrifice to Thor, Odin, and Frey on reaching Norway, and never more pays a farthing of scätt to Denmark as long as he lives. This was, of course, the way to become popular in Norway, where with paganism were connected the idea of a good harvest, the set-in of herrings to the coast, and every temporal blessing. But there was another transaction that vastly contributed to his popularity.

A remarkable military brotherhood, who went by the name of the Jomsburg Vikings, had established themselves in the Baltic. Their

* One of the four great ordinary Things of Norway :—It met at the farm of Lagten in the Trondjem territory. The others were the Gulathing held at Eyvindvik; the Eidsivia-Thing at Eidsvold; the Borgarthing at Sarpsborg.

headquarters were the island of Wollin in Esthonia. Like the Teutonic knights and those of Rhodes, they were sworn to celibacy. Palnatoki, their chief, was one of the most accomplished warriors of the time—a very Tell in bowmanship. Nay, the legend of the apple smitten by the arrow from his son's head claimed a local habitation and a name in him quite as early as the date assigned to the exploit of the Swiss marksman. Europe rang with their fame, and they were beginning to be looked on as irresistible. Emboldened by success, they invade Norway. This was in winter, when Sigmund had just returned with the hard-wrung tribute of Faröe to the court of the Jarl. Hacon and his sons sail to meet the enemy, and a tremendous battle is fought (A.D. 994) at Hiorungavog* near Hero Island, north of Stad, where Hacon came off victorious. This made Hacon still more the idol of the people. To show how thoroughly, heart and soul, he went in for the popular creed and a blind confidence in his gods, the grim Jarl sacrificed his son Erling, a boy of seven years, to his guardian goddess for victory. Sigmund was, as usual, foremost in the fray. A more detailed account of his encounter with Bue the Thick, one of the chiefs of the Jomsvikings, is given in another Saga.†

But the mighty Earl was a forcible exemplification of the proverb, "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*" In the prime of life, strong in mind and body, of invincible courage, without an equal in

sagacity among his contemporaries, this man had one terrible failing—part and parcel doubtless of heathenism generally, but mostly, even by them, corrected from prudential considerations; we mean disregard of the seventh commandment in the Decalogue. He at length went so far as to carry off the wives of respectable bonders, and then send them back home in a week or two, as if nothing had happened. "At this," says Snorri, "the bonders murmur, as the Trondjem people are wont to do when things go against their judgment." But he still pursues his mad career of lust, dragged helplessly along, like the doomed hero of a Greek tragedy, till the impending Nemesis overtakes him.

A cloud no bigger than a man's hand is in the western sky, soon about to gather into a tempest and fall on his devoted head. A rumour has reached the Jarl that, beyond the North Sea westward, there lives one of the royal blood of Norway. Hacon, uneasy at the news, sends his good friend Thorir Klakke to Ireland, to reconnoitre and to inveigle this possible competitor for the throne over to Norway, where he would doubtless find means to rid himself of so awkward a customer. Klakke arrives in Dublin, and meets there a gallant youth whose warlike fame was in everybody's mouth.

Being a plausible fellow, the envoy soon draws the young man into his confidence; and the tale he tells is sufficient to realise the Jarl's worst fears. It was Olaf, the son of that Tryggve, grandson of Harald

* Snorri says, "The Jomsvikings fought desperately, sharply, and murderously, and shot right through the shields. So many spears were cast at Earl Hacon that his armour was altogether split asunder, and he threw it off."

† "Bue and Sigmund met, and got to blows on the instant. Bue was the strongest of the two, Sigmund the bolder and more skilful in the use of his weapon. Shifting his sword from right to left, for he had used both hands to be equally expert in fight—a thing that few or none can do—he hews one of Bue's hands off at the wrist and then the other. And when Bue had missed both hands he dashed the stumps into the rings of his gold chests, which were full of money. Then he spake and called aloud, 'Overboard all Bue's men!' With this he jumps overboard and never rose again. And Sigmund won this battle for Hacon Jarl."

Fairhair, who had been slain by the treachery of Queen Gunhilda. Taken captive by pirates with his mother Astrida, he had, when quite a child, been sold as a slave for the price of a cloak; and, after a life of great vicissitude, married Geyra, daughter of Burislaf, king of the Wends. Losing his wife, he leaves the Wendish court, and takes to cruising about the north of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. At one time he is the ally of Sweyne Forkbeard, at another he espouses the side of Ethelred. After four years' sea-roving he touched at the Scilly Islands, where he is converted to Christianity.

Voyaging to England, where he is confirmed at London, with King Ethelred for his godfather, he meets with a fair widow, daughter of Olaf Qvaran, King of Dublin, who falls in love with and marries him.

Not too proud to visit his Irish estates, he is now staying at the court of his father-in-law. At Klakke's solicitation he sails for

Norway, of which a hermit in Scilly has foretold he would one day be king. Once over there, thought he, the prophecy may be realised. Once over there, thought Klakke, my master the Jarl will be able to dispose of him. But events fall out otherwise than Klakke supposes. In the same net which the Jarl laid privily, his own foot is taken. At the very time when Klakke casts anchor at Agdanes, the point south of the Trondjem-fiord, the Jarl's subjects are in full revolt. They fall from him apace and join the stranger. And he is miserably murdered by a thrall under a pigstye. He was the last ruler of Norway addicted to Aser-worship, and a striking picture of Aser-worship in its fall. But, says one of the Sagas, "The time was now come when idolators and idolatrous worship were to be doomed, and the holy faith and right worship take its place."*

(To be continued.)

* Keyser's 'Norges Kirkens-Historie,' p. 40.

SCOTLAND IN PARLIAMENT : THE POOR-LAW INQUIRY.

It is extremely unfortunate when the moral and intellectual force of a nation is inadequately represented in its governing bodies. This, however, is the position in which Scotland is placed at the present moment. The men whom its Radical constituencies have sent up to the House of Commons are distinguished (in Mr Matthew Arnold's now celebrated words) neither by "sweetness" nor by "light." A flavour of the old classical culture of Scotland still haunts our academies: there are writers among us who can wield deftly the pen of critic, or philosopher, or historian: eminent jurists have worthily succeeded the great Whig and Tory lawyers of a bygone generation: the aristocracy and the country gentry are men of attainments, liberality, moderation, and good sense. But hardly any of these finer characteristics of the national life find expression in its Parliamentary. When we speak of "sweetness," we do not think of Mr Duncan M'Laren; and the "light" that irradiates Sir Robert Anstruther is a regular *ignis fatuus*. It is not at all necessary that a member of Parliament should be a genius; but he ought to be one who, besides fair general culture, intelligence, and political aptitude, possesses a close acquaintance with the laws and habits of the community which he undertakes to govern. The majority of our representatives, unluckily, have neither general nor special knowledge. The old race of Whig and Tory country gentlemen, who probably knew more of the parochial organisation, lay and ecclesiastical, than any other class, can no longer secure the suffrages of the electors. Our scholarship, our science, our art, our letters, will not pass under the yoke—the true intellectual force which has made this little rocky corner of creation what it is, cannot swallow the shibboleths

which an illiterate and illiberal democracy require. For the Radical, or advanced Liberal, of the Scotch burgh, is the most radically illiberal of human beings. He is as conceited as a coquette, and as fanatical as a Spanish priest. He unites secular "Liberalism" and religious bigotry in a quite surprising way—treating with the contempt born of ignorance and vanity whatever does not belong to his own shop, to his own Church, to his own party-connection, to his own particular way of thinking and voting. To these burgh democracies may be fitly applied the bitter words which Lacordaire applied to the democracy of Paris:—"They think themselves the leaders of civilisation, and they are a horde of Scythians!" So long as our political fortunes are intrusted to this section of the community, we cannot expect that the true strength (or "nobleness," as Mr Carlyle would say) of the nation will find its way into Parliament, or that the Scotch members will be other than what they are.

During the whole of last session constant complaints were made by the Scotch Radicals that Scotch business was mismanaged; that the House would not listen to Scotch oratory nor discuss Scotch Bills; and the remedy which they suggested was the appointment of one of their own number to be "Secretary of State" for Scotland. Where there is no *force* there can be no momentum, and the truth is, that the Scotch members have no *weight* in Parliament. It is known that they will follow each other into the Ministerial pen like a flock of sheep, and no pains are taken to conciliate them by a party which uses them but does not love them. They cannot secure a hearing because they have nothing particular to say that any one cares to listen to—they have not even the local knowledge

which, on local questions at least, would give them a claim to be heard. The younger men are cleverish lads, fresh from college, who require to learn the very rudiments of their trade, and who are making the country pay for their political education. Politicians like Mr M'Laren of Edinburgh and Mr Craufurd of Ayr are men of a far lower intellectual type; but we should have fancied that their knowledge of local politics and parochial details was not inconsiderable. No one, however, can have read the interminable speeches they delivered during last session (if any one did read them) without coming to the conclusion that they are either very ignorant or very reckless, unscrupulous, and mischievously disposed. It speaks volumes for the state of the Scotch independent Liberals, that a man of no sort of position, either social or political, either at the bar or in the senate, either as lawyer or legislator, should have been permitted, in a sort of unacknowledged way, from the mere strength of his lungs, to become their spokesman.

A bitter feud exists, and has long existed, between the class of members who are represented by Mr Craufurd and Mr M'Laren and the only men on their side who have either cultivation or capacity—Mr Moncreiff, Mr Young, Mr Ellice, Mr Bouverie, Sir Edward Colebrooke—the old Whigs, in short. We can, of course, regard the contest in a general way with entire composure. When rogues fall out honest men come by their own, and Liberal dissension is Conservative gain. All of us, however, are interested in seeing that the public service is not sacrificed to the cupidity of eager place-hunters; and we think that the intrigues in which Mr M'Laren, Mr Craufurd, Sir Robert Anstruther, and one or two more have been engaged with the view to the appointment of what they call a Scotch Secretary of State, are of a kind which all parties

(to whom a fair political reputation is a not altogether worthless possession) should agree in reprobating.

To justify the appointment of a Radical Secretary of State it was necessary to attack the Lord Advocate, who conducts the Parliamentary, and the Boards which conduct the administrative, business of Scotland. This was done virulently, ignorantly, and recklessly. Mr Moncreiff was covertly, and the Scotch Boards were publicly, denounced as incompetent, extravagant, and unpopular.

That Parliament will agree to the appointment of another Secretary of State with £5000 a-year is, of course, a devout imagination. Whatever the new functionary may be called, he will be virtually a mere upper clerk in the Home Office. *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*—the greatest of all the virtues is the *appearance* of economy.* This parsimonious Government has already created a sinecure at the Treasury for Mr Stansfeld; if it choose to sacrifice another £1500 per annum to create a sinecure for a Scotch member at the Home Office, the burdens on the ratepayers will not be sensibly increased (especially if a sufficient number of ill-paid clerks at the Admiralty and elsewhere are discharged), and another "economical" job may be allowed to pass unchallenged. But if it is proposed that to this understrapper in Downing Street the whole legislative and administrative guidance of Scotland is to be intrusted, then the change is one so serious in its results, so pregnant with disastrous consequences to the best interests of the country, that the people of Scotland will do well to interfere promptly.

We have spoken of the inadequate representation—not in point of numbers but in point of ability—which Scotland enjoys (or, strictly speaking, does *not* enjoy) in Parliament. But the direction of Scotch affairs fortunately has never been limited

* Free translation by Mr Gladstone.

to the men who, from accidental causes, have obtained seats in the House of Commons. On the contrary, the whole intellectual strength of the nation has been brought to bear upon its administrative bodies. The strictly *legislative* business, indeed, has always, from the necessity of the case, been intrusted to certain members of the Government who were also members of the House—the Lord Advocate, the Solicitor-General, and the Scotch Lord of the Treasury. As regards imperial legislation, the Home Secretary has been as much the Minister for Scotland as for England or Ireland or Wales : but the legislation which is specifically Scotch is of a kind which requires a close and practical acquaintance with the law of Scotland. Nine-tenths of the Scotch statutes which have been passed during the last twenty years have related to subjects of a strictly legal kind, and which could not have been prepared except by an expert in Scotch conveyancing and municipal law. This part of the work has been intrusted to the Lord Advocate, and, speaking generally, the duties of his office have been discharged with eminent capacity. Mr Moncreiff had many difficulties to contend against—chiefly due, if the truth be told, to the inveterate animosity of certain members of his own party : he was, besides, easy and indolent, and somewhat deficient, probably, in that “earnestness” of purpose, which, however, is too often only another name for intolerance and obstinacy. But he always fought like a gentleman, and he showed on many occasions an instinctive generosity of temperament which we should like to see less uncommon in the contests of political life. As Mr Moncreiff, however, has ceased to be Lord Advocate, the question need no longer be argued on grounds personal to himself. His predecessor in office was Mr Gordon (who we trust will be returned to Parliament before the month closes by the Universities of Aberdeen and Glasgow), and friend

and foe alike admit that his Ministerial career was a great success, and that the Parliamentary business of Scotland could not have been conducted with more thorough knowledge or more business-like capacity. But Mr Gordon’s administration is not by any means an exceptional one. Mr Moncreiff succeeded Lord Rutherford, and Lord Rutherford succeeded Lord Colonsay ; and no members sent from Scotland have ever held a higher place in the estimation of the House of Commons than Andrew Rutherford and Duncan M’Neill. We object, then, entirely to this proposal to withdraw the legislative business of Scotland from the Lord Advocate, and assign it to some subordinate political functionary—in the first place, because it is business which requires, for its effective discharge, trained legal capacity ; in the second place, because, as a general rule, the Lord Advocate has been the intellectual leader of the Scotch members ; in the third place, because men like Mr Craufurd, Mr M’Laren, and Sir Robert Anstruther (and these, so far as we have heard, are the only candidates for the place), are utterly unfit to discharge its duties ; and lastly, but chiefly, because it will prove disadvantageous to the public service, and hurtful to the reputation of Scotland. The Lord Advocate is a real Minister. He is a great independent officer of State, who holds an important historical position. As such, he meets the Home Secretary on an equal footing—as such, he is free to act as the country requires, without reference to the narrow traditions of English official life. For this high officer we are to substitute a mere underling of the Home Secretary—Mr Craufurd or Mr M’Laren in a back-room at Whitehall or Downing Street.

But the new Parliamentary Secretary, it appears, is to undertake not merely all the legislative functions which belong to the Lord Advocate’s office, but all the duties besides which all the Scotch Boards

perform,—certainly a very remarkable proposition, seeing that no part of these duties is in any sense Parliamentary. It has been generally supposed hitherto that in the matter of administrative Boards, as of Bankrupt Law, the Scotch were somewhat in advance of their neighbours. Nothing, indeed, can well be conceived more irrational than the system which prevails in a considerable number of Government offices in England. The head of the department is a member of the Cabinet, and comes in and goes out with the Ministry. He is himself the Board, having only one or two nominal colleagues—the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Foreign Secretary, and so forth—who do not and are not expected to attend. The Scotch Boards are constituted on different principles. There is a permanent chairman and a certain number of members, one or two of whom, as a rule, are skilled lawyers. Consistency of decision and unity of action are thus effectively secured. But the president of an English Board is frequently out of office before he has learned the very rudiments of the duties which he had undertaken to discharge. Put the ablest man in Parliament into such an office for a session or two only, and he must necessarily fail. It requires the close unremitting industry of years to work out a consistent and intelligent policy in a great public department. A self-willed politician when placed in such a post may obstinately insist on taking the reins into his own hands ; but the consequence is, that the department is thrown into confusion, and the permanent irresponsible subordinates are ultimately allowed to have their own way.

We demur, therefore, to the proposed abolition of the Scotch Boards in favour of a Parliamentary official. There is no reason in the world why a turbulent and voluble debater should make a competent administrator ; and every measure which tends to narrow the area from which capable administrators can

be drawn should be firmly resisted. If this be true as a general rule, the present state of the Scotch Parliamentary representation (the absence of any really first-class men on the Liberal benches) arms it with double force. We are moreover firmly convinced that the proposal would lead to *centralisation* in its most offensive form. The English system is in itself an irrational system ; but if applied to Scotland it would create an intolerable grievance. Scotland is still inconveniently distant from the metropolis ; the peculiarities of its parochial and municipal systems are still preserved ; it is therefore eminently convenient that the Scotch Poor-Law, Scotch education, Scotch jurisprudence, Scotch public business in general, should be transacted by Scotchmen in Scotland. We know of no machinery better adapted to do the work well than that which at present exists ; and we are confident (even if the proposed arrangement could be carried out—and we believe it to be utterly impracticable) that six months' experience of its defects and inconveniences would lead to its abolition. It is in this light a very significant fact, that at the very moment when the agitators were denouncing the existing Boards, Parliament was engaged in constructing a new one. Such general and intense irritation had been caused throughout Scotland by the ignorant and unwise interference of the Privy Council Educational Committee, that even Mr M'Laren (though he suggested, indeed, that the chairman should be a member of Parliament with £2000 per annum !) did not venture to oppose, during the debates on Mr Moncreiff's Education Bill, the establishment of a National Board.

The Board which was selected for condemnation, and against which, during last session, the assault was mainly directed, was the Poor-Law Board—commonly called the Board of Supervision. In the debate which took place soon after the meeting of Parliament, Mr Crau-

furd, Mr M'Laren, and Sir Robert Anstruther (who appears never to have recovered from the fright he got at the last election, and who, as henchman to the member for Edinburgh, has adopted a sort of crazy Radicalism) were its most pertinacious assailants. A Committee to inquire into the operation of the Poor-Laws was agreed to by the Lord Advocate; the Committee has taken an immense body of evidence—596 folio pages of small print in double columns; and the evidence, along with an interim report (merely asking leave to sit again), has now been published, and may be obtained for the small sum of 6s. 4d. We are afraid that few of our readers will care to wade through a volume which must have cost the ratepayers a good many thousand pounds; and therefore (before briefly directing attention to the evidence which affects the Central Board) we should like to make one or two observations upon the present state of Scotch pauperism, as disclosed in this publication—regarding which many exaggerated notions are at present in circulation.

In a highly organised state of society, a national provision for the poor is a necessary evil. A poor-law is an evil, in so far as it encourages improvidence, in so far as it enables the selfish and indolent to evade the obligations which natural law imposes upon them, and in so far as it has a tendency to blunt the finer and more sensitive feelings of a large class of the population. A poor-law is a *necessary* evil, because a civilised community cannot permit any of its members to die of want—cannot do so, not merely because such an occurrence is repugnant to the sentiments of benevolence and philanthropy which animate such a community, but because it is unsafe to allow any number of the people to sink below a certain standard of wellbeing, to become, through extreme destitution, utterly abject and brutalised, and to spread the contagion of their wretchedness around. In Scotland,

before 1845, no adequate provision was made for the poor; but in that year the Poor-Law Amendment Act, introduced by Mr M'Neill, now Lord Colonsay, was passed; and the controversy that has arisen relates to the operation of that Act. But the conditions under which the argument must be conducted seem to be entirely misunderstood. Its opponents say: The expenditure upon the poor before this Act was passed amounted to so much; there has been since the Act passed a vast increase, *therefore* the Act must have been badly framed and the administration must have been extravagant. Now this would be a perfectly fair argument in the case of the English Poor-Law Act of 1834. The English Act was framed with the express object of *reducing* the expenditure, which, as Sir George Nicholls has shown, was at that time not only profuse but fraudulent. It was intended to check the abuses in the way of improper expenditure which had prevailed under the old system. But the main object of the Scotch Poor-Law Act was to *increase* the legal expenditure upon the poor. The Commissioners on whose report the Act of 1845 was based, reported that the funds expended on the relief of the poor were inadequate—inadequate in respect that the allowances given were illusory, that there was no effective management, that education and medical relief did not form legal charges upon the funds, and that the condition of the lunatic poor was often disgraceful and revolting.

In these circumstances it is clear that the Act was passed with the intention of largely increasing the expenditure upon the poor. It must be kept in view, moreover, that the funds available for the relief of the poor, *as given in the returns*, under the old system cannot be regarded as even an approximation to the sums actually expended, and that any reliable comparison between the expenditure before and since 1845 is almost impossible.

The old Scottish Poor-Law system may be best described as a regulated and legalised *scheme of begging*. In the northern and western counties, constituting the Highland district, the allowances given to the poor were merely nominal—so small, say the Commissioners, as not to be of any material assistance in providing for their support. In these districts the allowance was sometimes as low as 2s. annually, and it seldom exceeded 10s., even in a case of special necessity—from one farthing to the fourth of a farthing a-day! We are not surprised to learn, therefore, that such a ridiculous allowance was given, not in the light of relief, but “as an acknowledgment of poverty”—a sort of recognition of the claim of the party receiving it to obtain charitable aid in whatever other way he could from the benevolent individuals in the neighbourhood. In many rural parishes throughout the country the smallest amount of relief was denied, but the poor received a badge, and were licensed to beg within the limits of the parish in conformity with the Act of 1672. Even without receiving such badges the Commissioners found that in most of the burghs and smaller towns the paupers were allowed to beg on one or more days of the week—as in Inverary, Dingwall, Thurso, Perth, Kirkcaldy, Peterhead, and many others. In Shetland, again, the poor were relieved by being “quartered” in rotation upon (in other words, lodged and fed by) the inhabitants of the district. Before 1845 there was no machinery for obtaining exact returns of the expenditure under the Poor-Law; but it is obvious that even if these were accessible they would furnish little information as to the actual cost of the poor to the country. They would show the nominal, not the real, amount of relief—the nominal being, as we have seen, a mere fraction of the whole.

It is not easy to understand how a system, which chiefly supported

itself on mendicancy, should have been permitted to exist until 1845. It is easy, however, to see why it should have become unpopular. No class of the community, as we have said, can be permitted to remain in an utterly degraded and brutal condition without injuriously affecting the classes above them; and the injury inflicted is never so great as when this class follows a vocation (such as mendicancy is) which brings them into habitual contact with their betters. The old system was abolished, however, not merely because it had failed to provide a decent maintenance for the destitute, but because it was one replete with annoyance to those who, in fact, supported the destitute. When, besides the swarms of unlicensed beggars, the whole poor of a town were entitled to call upon the householders two days in the week, and demand relief, the evil became too intolerable to be patiently borne. The Act of 1845 was a measure demanded alike by the necessities of the needy and the convenience of the well-to-do community.

Assuming, therefore, that the Poor-Law Amendment Act was passed with the view of largely increasing the legal provision for the poor, the question comes to be—Has the increase which has actually taken place exceeded the increase which ought fairly to have been looked for?—is the expenditure under the Act improper, extravagant, or corrupt? It is difficult to return any absolutely conclusive answer to this inquiry; but instead of going into hysterics, as Mr Craufurd does, over the “appalling,” the “astounding,” the “monstrous” increase of pauperism, there is one fact which should be kept steadily in view.

The English Poor-Law Amendment Act of 1834 was passed with the object of reducing the expenditure upon the poor, and of introducing checks calculated to secure an honest and economical administration. It may therefore be assumed that, from the experience of this

improved system, certain general conclusions as to the normal number of poor and the normal amount of expenditure in a country similarly situated, may be safely drawn.

The average number of paupers of all classes at one time in receipt of relief in England during 1868, was 1,018,140, out of a population estimated at 21,540,000. From this estimated population, however, about 200,000 require to be deducted as the population of districts from which no returns are received, these districts not being under the jurisdiction of the Poor-Law Board. So that out of the 21,000,000 of the population of England, 1,000,000 are paupers—1 pauper in every 21 of the population. The number of paupers of all classes in receipt of relief in Scotland on 14th May 1868, was 136,236, comprising 80,032 registered paupers, with 48,944 dependants, and 3592 casual paupers, with 3668 dependants. The estimated population of Scotland for 1868, was 3,183,779, so that there was 1 pauper in every $23\frac{1}{4}$ of the population. There is thus a slight balance in favour of Scotland, but it must be kept in view that the able-bodied poor (who are relieved in England) have technically no legal claim to relief in Scotland. In point of fact, however, able-bodied *men* are largely relieved in Scotland—parochial boards being compelled to keep even able-bodied men from dying of want—and able-bodied women with children have in most cases a legal right to relief. The great majority of the able-bodied who receive relief in England belong to the latter class; for whereas on 1st July 1868, 167,501 females, and 261,229 children, received relief, the number of males above sixteen years of age receiving relief on that day was only 37,000. It appears, therefore, that the ratio of pauperism to population is about the same in England and Scotland. It may be added that since 1850 (for which period full returns are avail-

able) the ratio in both countries has remained pretty stationary, and it may be held that one pauper in every twenty of the population is about the standard of Scotch and English pauperism.

The expenditure on the poor in England, as stated in the Annual Report of the Poor-Law Board, amounted last year to £7,498,061. But to enable a fair comparison between the English and Scotch expenditure to be made, it should be known that this seven millions and a half sterling does not represent the total expenditure. The sum of £610,770, which was paid by the English unions for law charges, salaries of collectors and assistant overseers, and a variety of miscellaneous expenses connected with the administration of the law (as well as a proportion of the sum of £124,813 expended on fees to registrars and vaccinators, say £30,000, or one-fourth), ought to be included. The total expenditure on the poor in England (excluding the payments made by the Treasury for medical relief, union teachers, and union auditors, to which we shall afterwards allude) thus amounts to £8,038,829. The net annual value of real property in England amounted in 1868 to £100,612,734. The rate per head on the estimated population was thus 7s. 5d.; the rate per cent on the annual value of real property was about 8; and these proportions have been pretty uniformly maintained since the passing of the Poor-Law Amendment Act.

The expenditure on the poor in Scotland (as given in the last report of the Board of Supervision, which is some months earlier in date, however, than the English report) amounted to £863,202. The estimated annual value of real property in Scotland for 1868 was £16,443,277. The rate per head on the estimated population was thus about 5s. 5d.; the rate per cent on the annual value of real property was about 5. In England the people annually pay 7s. 5d. per head for the support of the poor;

every pound of real property contributes about 1s. 7d. In Scotland the population per head pay 5s. 5d.; every pound of real property contributes 1s. The ratio of poor to population, though somewhat higher in England, is about the same in both countries; but in Scotland, to the extent we have indicated, the burden upon the resources of the country is lighter. In other words, the Scotch maintain their poor more economically than the English do.*

We do not now propose to examine the immense mass of evidence, relevant and irrelevant, which the Committee have accumulated. Such an examination will be more appropriately undertaken when the inquiry, a dozen years hence, is finished. Let it be noted, however, that the evidence conclusively establishes that the evils which the Act of 1845 was designed to cure have in point of fact been cured. £43,000 is now spent on medical relief; not less than £30,000 on the education of pauper children; the cost of the lunatic poor is £114,000. Before 1845 the sum expended on medical relief, pauper education, and the lunatic poor was a mere trifle; it now amounts to about £190,000. Yet the money is well spent if the poor are provided with medical appliances, if the children are educated, if the pauper lunatics are decently fed and housed and clothed. The expenditure on administration—another virtually new head of expenditure—has reached £90,000—a large sum, but small in proportion to the sum expended in England, and likely to prove remunerative in the long-run; for, to secure that relief be duly and economically administered, it is necessary that the officers should be men of capacity, humanity, and experience; and such men cannot be had

unless a fair day's wage is paid for a fair day's work. Nor can a poor-law be effectively administered in a parish without a poorhouse. As there were only four or five poorhouses throughout Scotland before 1845, a sum of above a million sterling has been expended on new buildings,—a heavy debt, which is being wiped off by annual payments, and which in a few years will have been discharged. And, lastly, the poor have now what they had not before, adequate relief—relief sufficient to keep body and soul together, real and not illusory allowances—paid out of the rates, and duly accounted for to the ratepayers. These are immense reforms; and looking to the experience of other countries, it cannot be said that the bill of costs is excessive. The law, in some of its details, is no doubt capable of improvement; but we do not believe that any of the sweeping schemes recommended to the Committee by ardent if somewhat eccentric benevolence, are practicable, and we are sure at least that their adoption would not tend to economy.

These are the plain facts of the case; serious enough, it may be, but bearing no resemblance to the sensational romance which induced the House of Commons to grant inquiry. Just take two of the statements then made as illustrating the prodigious inaccuracy of the representative Radicals. We have seen that the Scotch poor were last year as 1 in every 23½ of the population; yet Mr M'Laren, who is nothing if not arithmetical, assured the House that every ninth person in Scotland was a pauper!

“From the Report of the Poor-Law Board, issued three weeks ago, I see that there were 350,000 people in Scotland last year receiving parochial as-

* This may be further illustrated by comparing the Scotch and the metropolitan returns. The population of London and Scotland is about the same, but the average number of paupers in the metropolis during the year ending Lady-day 1868, was 144,469—only 8000 in excess of the average number in Scotland for the same period; but the expenditure amounted to a million and a half sterling—nearly double the Scotch expenditure.

sistance—that is to say, either as actual regular recipients of poor relief, as casual paupers, or as the children of those classes, out of a population of 3,100,000; so that in that year every ninth person in Scotland received assistance out of the Poor-rates.”

The evidence led by the Commissioners proved that the allowances made to the poor before 1845 were, in whole districts, nominal and illusory: the evidence produced to the Committee proves that, as a rule, the poor now receive adequate relief; yet Mr Craufurd’s ignorance was so profound that he told the House—

“Now, sir, I would not grudge that money if I thought that the poor in 1868 were proportionately better off in a ratio corresponding to the immense increase that has taken place in the expenditure; but I assert, and I fully believe that I shall be able to prove it if I obtain this Committee, that while the expenditure has been increasing in this enormous ratio, the poor are no better off practically than they were in 1845. Let me speak, as an instance, of my own small country parish. At the time of the passing of the Act the population was 2000. It is now something like 200 short of that. In 1840, the registered poor upon the roll numbered 40; their maintenance, the voluntary care of the proprietor of the parish, cost between £200 and £300 per annum; and the poor in those days were exceedingly well off. They often had allowances amounting to 3s. or 4s. per week. Well, the cost of the poor in that parish is now altogether nearly £700 a-year. The number of them is doubled, if not more, and they only receive wretched doles of 1s. or 1s. 6d. per week, or jointly 2s. 6d., in cases where there are six or seven dependent on them.”

We have taken the trouble to look through the Report of the Commissioners, but no evidence about “my own small country parish” appears to have been laid before them; and therefore we must presume that out of the 880 parishes into which Scotland is divided, “my own small country parish” was a quite exceptional little Eden.

These are average specimens of

the amount of information possessed by the class of men out of whom a Scotch Secretary of State is to be manufactured!

The charges which were directed against the Scotch Boards in general, and the Poor-Law Board in particular, were of all possible kinds. It was said that the Scotch Boards are irresponsible, which is sheer nonsense, seeing that they are responsible to public opinion and to Parliament: it would be far truer to say that the English Boards are irresponsible, seeing that the work is really transacted by subordinates, to whom no responsibility attaches. It was said that the Scotch Boards meet in private, preserving, if we are to believe Sir Robert Anstruther, a sort of gloomy secrecy and monastic seclusion; but did sane mortal ever hear of an administrative Board in England or elsewhere to whose meetings reporters were admitted? Everybody at all conversant with public affairs is aware that the delicate and difficult duties of administration could not be safely or efficiently discharged if a report of the deliberations appeared in the daily papers. Fancy a Cabinet meeting at which the shorthand-writers of the ‘Morning Star’ and the ‘Daily Telegraph’ were in attendance! These are frivolous charges, and require no examination; but the Radical members, in their importunate eagerness for office, did not hesitate, as we have said, to charge the Boards with far more serious shortcomings. So inquiry was granted and inquiry has been made—with what result? No impartial reader of this bulky Report can deny that the vindication of the Board directly attacked (and consequently of the other Boards similarly situated) is in every respect complete.

Take first the charge of *extravagance*—a charge which, as the ‘Scotsman’ has remarked, is rather marvellous, “seeing that there has been for many years a pretty general and certainly not altogether

unfounded impression that, on the whole, the payment for Government work in Edinburgh is rather shabby than munificent; that the whole scale of Government establishments here, especially as to salaries, is excessively small as compared either with London or Dublin; and that, moreover, a great deal of public work is done in Edinburgh for absolutely nothing at all but the name and the love of it." We believe, however, that the

public are not fully aware of the excessively shabby way in which the national work is paid for in Scotland; and (as an instructive commentary upon the charge of extravagance) we have taken the trouble to extract from the estimates for 1869-70 the office expenses of the Boards in England and Scotland respectively, to which the administration of the laws relating to the poor and to public health are intrusted.

POOR-LAW BOARD—ENGLAND.

	<i>Salaries.</i>
President,	£2,000
Two secretaries (one at £1500, one at £1000),	2,500
Two assistant secretaries (£1200 and £900),	2,100
Fourteen inspectors (nine at £700, five at £900),	10,800
Two sub-inspectors (£500 each),	1,000
Two chief clerks (£700 each),	1,400
Eight first-class clerks (£400, rising to £600),	4,330
Twenty-six second-class clerks (£100, rising to £300 and £400),	8,153
Nine supplementary clerks (£80, rising to £180),	1,180
Twelve clerks to inspector (£70, rising to £150),	1,445
Four workhouse-school inspectors (£200, rising to £600),	2,135
Private secretary to president,	300
Other small salaries,	1,191
	£38,534
Besides these, under incidental expenses we find "Copying and extra services," which properly belong to salaries,	2,400
Besides these, there are the salaries of forty-eight auditors of Poor-Law unions,	17,974
The travelling expenses of inspectors,	7,352
Other small office expenses,	550
	£66,810

The expenses incurred by the Privy Council as the Board of Public Health are as follows:—

Medical officer,	£1,500
Assistant,	700
National Vaccine establishment—	
Salaries and incidental expenses,	2,000
Inspectors of Public Vaccination—	
Salaries and incidental expenses,	5,008
Grants to public vaccinators,	6,000
General Sanitary Inspectors—	
Salaries and incidental expenses,	2,600
Inquiries under Poor-House Act,	1,300
	£19,108
Add expense of Poor-Law Board,	66,810
	£85,918*

* The salary of the medical officer of the Poor-Law Board does not appear in the estimates. In connection with these figures, the following extract from the 'Pall Mall Gazette' of September 30, deserves perusal: "The claims of the present Government to be called economical are quite beyond question; and their exertions, whether made on a large or a small scale, have always been searching

BOARD OF SUPERVISION (SCOTLAND),

which is the Poor-Law Board and the Board of Public Health.

	<i>Salaries.</i>
Chairman,	£1200
Secretary,	825
Two general superintendents (£300, rising to £500),	930
One visiting officer (£300, rising to £400),	363
Three first-class clerks (£250, rising to £350),	813
Four second-class clerks (£180, rising to £220),	753
Four third-class clerks (£90, rising to £170),	370
Messenger,	53
	£5307
Legal members of Board, £150 each,	450
	£5757
Vaccination department—	
Medical officer in charge,	200
Cost of depot,	100
Cost of vaccine lymph,	100
	£400
Inspector's travelling expenses,	1250
Total expenses,	£7807

These figures speak for themselves. It is plain that, while the English officials are fairly remunerated, the Scotch are cut down to the starvation-point. But the Independent Liberals—save the mark!—will have it that the Scotch service is overpaid. “Besides these sums,” Mr M'Laren ventured to remark, “there is a swarm of inspectors and people connected with the Board to whom Government give £10,000 for their services, which does not appear in these accounts.” This statement is simply untrue. There is indeed a grant of £10,000 voted by Parliament for the medical officers of the parochial boards, and the money is well applied, and might properly be increased. In England the medical relief grant amounts to £110,000—exactly eleven times the amount which

Scotland receives—and in Ireland to £61,490. England obtains £34,500 to pay for the education of pauper children; Ireland obtains £6777; not one farthing goes to Scotland. Through its Poor-Law Board England absorbs £211,762—Ireland, £97,328; whereas Scotland, through its Poor-Law Board, which is its Board of Public Health as well, gets £17,000 only, and is told by patriotic representatives that her national Boards are riotously extravagant!

The charge of *inefficiency* is one to which we have already indirectly alluded, and only another word or two need be said on the subject. The Board of Supervision consists of a permanent chairman (Sir John M'Neill was chairman from 1845 to 1867; he was succeeded by Mr Walker of Bowland), the Solicitor-

and comprehensive in their action, even if somewhat petty and ignoble in result. The aggregate wages of the hundreds of discharged clerks, mechanics, and dock-yard labourers must amount to a large sum, and the loss of it to those concerned will represent a good deal of misery. Her Majesty's advisers have also made extensive retrenchments in the matter of pens, penknives, and paper; and our economical Chancellor of the Exchequer now proposes to clip our sovereigns. Under these circumstances we feel surprised to learn that two new offices have been created in the Medical Department of the Privy Council, the salaries of which amount to £1600 per annum. Of course it may be only a coincidence, but it is none the less a fact, that the secretary of Mr Lowe's election committee at the University of London has been appointed to fill these new offices.”

General, three sheriffs, two members nominated by the Crown (Sir W. Gibson-Craig and Mr Smythe of Methven), and the Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow. The evidence establishes that the chairman and the legal members are constant in their attendance; and it may be said with perfect justice that the Scotch Poor-Law has been moulded into its present shape by three men of great practical and administrative capacity—Sir John M'Neill, Mr Smythe of Methven, and Mr Walker of Bowland—aided by a succession of eminent lawyers, all of whom took a keen and habitual interest in its development, and whose names it is enough to mention. Since its formation, Mr Robert Whigham, Mr James Craufurd (Lord Ardmillan), Mr David Mure (Lord Mure), and Mr E. S. Gordon, as Sheriffs of Perthshire; Mr Hercules Robertson (Lord Benholme), and Mr Macfarlane (Lord Ormisdale), as Sheriffs of Renfrewshire; Mr Jardine, Mr Deas (Lord Deas), Mr Mackenzie (Lord Mackenzie), Mr George Moir, and Mr Shank Cook, as Sheriffs of Ross-shire,—have served upon the Board. The ripe experience of such men has framed a consistent code, and a searching system of administrative rules. The admirable manner in which the Poor-Law has been worked in Scotland (as in the up-bringing of pauper children and the management of poorhouses) has been practically recognised by the English authorities. Mr M'Laren, indeed, declared, in the speech from which we have quoted, that the legal members were of no use.

"As Provost of Edinburgh," he says, "I had an opportunity of attending the Board of Supervision, and therefore I think I may say that I know just as much as it is needful to know of it; and I can state that the whole business of that Board is practically done by the chairman and the secretary, and that it could be done just as well if no other members of the Board were present. In the Act which has been alluded to there is a clause which enabled the Government to pay

£100 a-year to each of three legal gentlemen in Edinburgh, and three sheriffs are named in the Act—the Sheriff of Perth, the Sheriff of Renfrew, and the Sheriff of Ross. It was expected that they would attend for £100 a-year. In the year I was Provost that allowance was increased to £150 a-year. If these gentlemen were to attend fifteen meetings a-year, they would receive at the rate of ten guineas for each meeting, and I really doubt whether their attendance is worth ten pence, for the business is practically arranged and settled before the meeting of the Board is held, and there is really nothing to do but to register the suggestions of the secretary and chairman of the Board."

The statistics which have been produced to the Committee prove that the sheriffs, on an average, attend more than forty meetings each year—and that, besides attending the meetings, they give written opinions in upwards of 100 cases of exceptional difficulty; and cases of exceptional difficulty, which a Scotch lawyer only is competent to solve, constantly arise in adapting to the old parochial organisation a new system of relief. These written opinions, it is stated, are read to the Board; where there is difference of opinion, oral argument ensues; and thus the very best means are taken by deliberation and discussion to elicit the truth. Mr M'Laren may consider £150 per annum handsome remuneration for this amount of labour (the additional £50, by the way, to which this accurate arithmetician refers, was first given to the sheriffs by the Public Health Act, which was passed in 1867—twelve or fourteen years after Mr M'Laren had ceased to be Provost!); but we should fancy that he will find no one to agree with him. "The number of letters," Sir John M'Neill told the Select Committee on Miscellaneous Expenditure, as early as 1848, "bearing the signature of the secretary, on the business of the Board, for last year was 18,653; the number of letters received annually, addressed to the secretary, was 15,927. Of the

18,653, the printed circulars were 9467, and the written letters were 9186." It is not to be supposed that the whole of this vast correspondence comes before the Board; but keeping in view that the Public Health Act (one of the most important of Mr Gordon's contributions to Scotch legislation) has largely increased its duties, and, including the 500 or 600 complaints of inadequate relief on which it annually adjudicates, it may safely be assumed that the total number of causes in which minutes are issued by the Board during each year, is not less than 1500. We learn from its last report that the total number of orders and certificates issued by the English Poor-Law Board during 1868 amounted only to 1427. It is quite manifest,

from the evidence of Sir John M'Neill and Mr Smythe, that the Board of Supervision has become a great court of arbitration and review, to whose temperate and impartial judgment, pauper, parochial board, and inspector habitually appeal.

The touchstone of *popularity* is one to which men who are not born demagogues do not care to resort. But it is a test from which the Board of Supervision need not shrink; for, to the manifest discomfiture of the Chairman, witness after witness declined to say what he was brought to say, and incited to say. Here—in the shape of a somewhat lengthy footnote—are a few sentences extracted from the evidence which settle the allegation of unpopularity in the most conclusive way.* There is a

* Mr William Hay, the Provost of Dundee, and Secretary to the Parochial Board, says: "The Dundee Board and the Board of Supervision get on very well together. I have never heard a complaint; and there is no doubt the Board of Supervision must be supreme in all matters of the Poor-Law. The Board must be composed, to a large extent, of lawyers, to settle the questions referred to it, which are often difficult questions of law. It would be an improvement to give power to the Board, or a branch of it, to settle all disputed questions of settlement. I would abolish the jurisdiction of the Sheriff (as to right of pauper to be placed on roll of poor), and give it to the Board of Supervision." Mr Muir, Chairman of the Parochial Board of the City Parish of Glasgow, is of opinion that the law of settlement should be modified, and any disputed case that might come up be referred to the Board of Supervision. He is generally satisfied with the control exercised over the local board by the Board of Supervision, and has no reason to complain of the rules which they have laid down. Mr Menzies, Chairman of the Barony Board, thinks that the Board of Supervision would be the best tribunal to intrust with the power at present exercised by the Sheriffs. He quite approves of the action of the Board of Supervision. Mr M'Lellan, at one time Chairman of the same Board, thinks that the Board of Supervision should have power to dictate whether paupers should be removed from one parish to another, and to settle the greater part of questions of disputed settlement. He has nothing to complain of as regards the action of that Board, and is of opinion that the present system—by which an inspector can be dismissed only by the central Board—works well, and that any other would be unfair to the inspectors. Mr M'Laren, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Barony Board, concurs with Mr M'Lellan. Mr Beattie, the Inspector of the same Board, is of opinion that it would not be safe to administer relief without the check of the Board of Supervision. He would make the pauper go to the Board of Supervision instead of to the Sheriff; and an appeal to the Board on questions of settlement would be far preferable to the present system. The medical officer, as well as the inspector, should be liable to be dismissed only by the Board of Supervision. The Rev. Mr Lees, Chairman of the Parochial Board of the Abbey Parish of Paisley, would give relief to the able-bodied poor only on the condition that it should be sanctioned in each case by the Board of Supervision, and would give the Board jurisdiction in all cases of settlement. Dr Alexander Wood believes that the evils complained of are inherent in the system, and cannot be attributed to the Board of Supervision, which has wished to do its duties thoroughly. "The Board has worked uncommonly well. Scotland has been extremely fortunate in its two chairmen, a fact which has conducted very much to its efficient working;" but

natural impatience of supervision exhibited by local boards in general, and we own that we are surprised to find such a remarkable unanimity of opinion in favour of the Scotch Poor-Law Board. It is clear that the representatives of all the great and populous parishes—Glasgow, the Barony, Paisley, Dundee—have perfect confidence in the judgment, discretion, and impartiality of the central Board. They are all anxious to see its jurisdiction extended; and men do not generally propose to give extended powers to a body in which they have no confidence. The evidence against the Board is meagre in the extreme. Mr Craufurd has been careful to bring together a number of local oddities; but even from Sergeant M'Crimdale, of the Ayr Militia, he can elicit no expression of dissatisfaction. A member of the Edinburgh Town

Council cannot be expected to admire a Board whose proceedings are guided by certain just and orderly rules; yet even Bailie Lewis is obliged to admit that, in the only case to which he specially refers, the Board was right and the rate-payers were wrong. It was left to a Mr Mackie, the editor of a Wick paper (who had assisted Mr Craufurd in getting up the agitation), to prefer a formal accusation against the Board. Without his evidence, however, its vindication would hardly have been complete. It might have been said that the universal chorus of approval was suspicious, as indicating that the Board had been too tender and lenient in dealing with the local boards. This gentleman's evidence was needed to show that in carrying out a just, humane, and honest policy towards the poor, the Board can act with

he thinks that its power should be enlarged, that it should have a medical representative, and that medical officers should not be dismissed except by the central Board. Mr James Brown, Inspector of parish of Paisley, thinks that a central Board is necessary to secure uniformity, and that the Board of Supervision have successfully met that necessity, having exercised their powers with great moderation and much justice. In attending to the wants of the poor they have never lost sight of the interests of the general community, and of the rate-payers in particular. To the Board of Supervision he would intrust a primary jurisdiction in cases of settlement. Mr Richard Watson, one of the bailies of Paisley, thinks that the right of appeal to the Board of Supervision in cases of inadequate relief is essential for the security of the pauper and the satisfaction of the public—that the Board has been of great utility in creating a uniformity of system—and, upon the whole, that the influence of the Board has been good. Sergeant-Major M'Crimdale of the Ayr Militia would make the Board of Supervision a court to decide cases of settlement, as well as to exercise the powers now exercised by the Sheriff. Mr Lennox, Inspector of the parish of Ayr, would continue to the central Board all its present functions and duties, but would add to them the imperative duty of settling all disputes between parishes, and all differences between parishes and paupers, and would allow no appeal from it. Mr Gray, a member of the Parochial Board of Ayr, would have more paid members upon the central Board, but thinks that it has secured an advantageous uniformity of action, and might be made still more serviceable in keeping down litigation if constituted as he proposes. Mr Robert Ballingall, a member of twenty-eight parochial boards in the Highlands, is of opinion that the central Board has done its duty as far as it could under a bad law, but would give it the power which the sheriff possesses, and make it a court for the decision of cases of settlement. Mr James Bell, a member of six parochial boards in the Highlands, is of the same opinion, as is Mr Miller, Inspector of the parish of Kilmallie, who says that the supervision of the Board's superintendents is very beneficial. Mr Isdaile, a member of the Dundee Parochial Board, says that his Board is well served by the central Board—that he is not aware of any defects arising from its present constitution, though he would recommend some change, and, like the rest of the witnesses, would substitute the Board for the sheriff, and make it a court of arbitration. The last witness examined was Mr Muir, Inspector of Kirkcaldy, who would give the Board increased powers, but has no complaint to make against it. On the contrary, he adds, "I have found it very courteous and impartial in all its dealings, reasonable and moderate in all its demands."

signal determination. After reading Mr Mackie's statement, no reasonable creature will be able to maintain that, in administering relief, remote local boards may be safely left to their own discretion, or want of discretion.

Such was the evidence adduced before the Committee regarding the place which the Board of Supervision holds in popular esteem ; and yet, at the close of its sittings, its Chairman ventured to rise in the House of Commons and remark that the evidence which had been led proved that the Board was unpopular, and that its management had created general dissatisfaction. What is to be said of the mental constitution of a man who can be guilty of such gross and reckless inaccuracy—of such unspeakable unfairness ? There are certain moral and social restraints arising out of a grave sense of responsibility which regulate the intercourse of gentlemen ; and much is lost when these are forgotten—a loss for which the appointment of a Scotch Secretary at £2000, or £4000, or £5000 a-year will barely compensate.

The last act of the play was enacted just before the rising of the House in August, and is thus reported in the Scotch papers :—

“ Mr M'Laren.—Sir, I beg to ask the First Lord of the Treasury whether her Majesty's Government will consider the propriety of providing some additional means for the transaction of public business connected with Scotland ? If the right hon. gentleman is not prepared to answer the question, I will repeat it to-morrow.”

Mr Gladstone having been properly “coached,” did not, of course, require any leisure for deliberation, and replied at once.

“ Mr Gladstone.—I have no difficulty in answering the question of my hon. friend, although he has courteously given me till to-morrow to do so, for the reason that, as he is aware, this is a subject which has been for some time, in consequence of the representations of many Scotch members, under the notice of Government. I am sure it will be generally admitted, without making any undue claim, that the business of

Scotland has been conducted with great ability and efficiency during many years by the Lord Advocates, and by none more than by my learned friend who has so long held that office. But it has been represented to the Government, in the first place, that there is a good deal of administrative business which is not of a legal character, and which in the opinion of some may be more appropriately lodged in hands not legal. In the second place, it has been represented to the Government that there are various establishments in Edinburgh in which it would be perfectly practicable to make improvements and economy, in case the Parliamentary strength that is available for the management of Scotch affairs were increased. These are the two principal allegations that have been submitted to Government, and the second of these, it is evident, is an essential portion of the case ; and therefore, the course we propose to take is this,—that during the recess we will, by such administrative means as are at our command, make inquiry into the establishments now existing in Edinburgh available for Scotch business, especially with the view of ascertaining how far economy in these establishments, by their abolition, reduction, or modification, may be rendered practicable in the event of the appointment of a Parliamentary officer for the transaction of Scotch business. We will prosecute the inquiry as well as we can during the recess. It is perfectly possible that when Parliament meets again, and that when the result of such inquiry is presented, members of Parliament may think Parliamentary inquiry in furtherance and prosecution of the same object may be desirable ; and if further means of investigation by a Parliamentary Committee should be deemed desirable by those who are specially connected with Scotland, or interested in the effective transaction of its affairs, we shall be ready to lend ourselves also to the further investigation.”

A very natural inquiry occurred to Mr Bouverie,—Who were the parties, unknown to him and to the House, who had made the complaints which it was thought necessary to investigate ?

“ Mr Bouverie.—Sir, with reference to the answer which has just been given by my right hon. friend in regard to Scotch affairs in answer to a question not on the paper, I will ask him whether the proposed course of proceedings has been taken in consequence of the

Administration themselves thinking that there is reason to be dissatisfied with the present mode of conducting Scotch business, or if it is in consequence of representations that have been made to Government from without. In the latter alternative, I beg to ask in what form and shape the representations have been made.

“Mr Gladstone.—Sir, this inquiry, which I have stated we are ready to make, did not arise from any observations made by members of the Government themselves, but it did arise out of a variety of communications made to us by Scotch members. My right hon. friend will understand that we think it our duty to ascertain the facts before we deem the time has come when it would be becoming and proper to intimate, or even to form, any opinion upon the subject. With regard to these representations, they were entirely informal representations of the same nature which are happily always in progress between members of the Government and members of this House. There was nothing more than communications of this nature from various quarters.”

So the matter stands at present—unless, indeed, the promised “inquiry” is being prosecuted. Surely the moral of all this miserable manœuvring is very obvious. In the present state of the Scotch representation, it is incumbent on the respectable members of either party to work earnestly together to defeat the selfish ambition of a few clamorous demagogues. Mr Bouverie, Sir Edward Colebrooke, Mr Dalglish, Mr Ellice, Mr Adam, Mr Maxwell, and Lord Elcho, are types of the best class of the Liberal party in Scotland. It is their duty, in concert with the few Conservative members yet left to us, to disabuse the Government of the impression on which it seems to act at present, that Mr McLaren and Mr Craufurd represent the people of Scotland—the truth being that they represent no one except themselves, and their own wretched animosities and bitter bigotries. The leading organ of the Whig party in Scotland, which of course must know much more about the matter than we can do, attributes

the real cause of the agitation to even more mundane considerations.

“There is another difficulty about all at once believing that the abolition or reduction of Government establishments in Edinburgh is so just, necessary, and urgent as the members for Edinburgh would appear almost to have persuaded the somewhat too receptive Mr Gladstone. For these many years we have been loudly told the very opposite by the same men who, for some reason of their own, are now crying out against the pecuniary lavishment as they formerly cried out against the stinginess of the treatment of Scotland, or of Edinburgh, by the Imperial Government. Those very men who now go buzzing about the Parliamentary and official purlieus, entreating ‘abolition or reduction’ of Scotch establishments, used to bawl for increase and extension. Those very men who are now eager to cut off slices of Edinburgh for the benefit of London, are the very men who used to make political capital by showing how much too far that process had been carried before, and how we ought all to take measures to have the process reversed. To ask the cause of this great change of opinion on a question of facts and figures might be too delicate an inquiry. Possibly the agitators—those who first agitated the one way and are now agitating the other—have not found it so easy as they at first supposed to get the lion’s share of the so-called good things for their own kith, kin, and allies; but they seem to us to have done pretty well, considering their number and qualifications; and it is certain that, if they have not done better, it has not been for want of diligence in importunity. Unluckily there is not a teat for every pig—hence this grunting and squeaking, which is quite natural if not quite proper, and hence also this proposal of ‘abolition or reduction,’ which is surely the most inappropriate and ineffective mode of redress, or even revenge, that the bitterest heart of man could conceive.”

These may or may not be the true motives; but, in any view, we shall regret the success of an agitation—if it do succeed—which will lower the reputation of Scotland, diminish her legitimate influence in Parliament, and pave the way to gross misgovernment; and we trust that it is not yet too late to protest against it.

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JOHN.—PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

MR CREDITON came to dinner that evening, and met his daughter with a suppressed but evident emotion, which made Kate muse and wonder. "I knew he liked me, to be sure," she said afterwards to Mrs Mitford; "I knew he would miss me horribly; but I never expected him, you know, to look like that."

"Like what, my dear?"

"Like crying," said Kate, with a half-sob. They had left the gentlemen in the dining-room, and were straying round the garden in the twilight. Mr Crediton had been late, and had delayed dinner, and even the long June day had come to a close, and darkness was falling. The garden was full of the scent of roses, though all except the light ones were invisible in the darkness; tall pyramids of white lilies stood up here and there like ghosts in the gloom, glimmering and odorous; and the soft perfume of the grateful earth, refreshed by watering and by softer dew, rose up from all the wide darkling space around. "I think it must be because it is a rectory garden that it is so sweet,"

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said Kate, with a quick transition. By reason of being an invalid, she was leaning on Mrs Mitford's arm.

"Are you fond of rectories?" said her kind companion. "But you might see a great many rectories without seeing such a spot as Fanshawe Regis. It is a pretty house, and a good house; and, my dear, you can't think what a pleasure it is to me to think that when we go, it will pass to my John."

"Oh!" said Kate; and then, after a pause, "Has he quite made up his mind to be a clergyman?" she said.

"Yes, indeed, I hope so," said his unsuspecting mother. "He is so well qualified for it. Not all the convenience in the world would have made me urge him to it, had I not seen he was worthy. But he was made to be a clergyman—even the little you have seen of him, my dear——"

"You forget I have only seen him to-day," said Kate; "and then I don't know much about clergymen," she went on, demurely. "I have always thought, you know, they were people to be very respectful

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of—one can't laugh with a clergyman as one does with any other man; indeed I have never cared for clergymen—please don't be angry—they have always seemed so much above me.”

“But a good man does not think himself above any one,” said Mrs Mitford, falling into the snare. “The Doctor might stand upon his dignity, if any one should; but yet, Kate, my dear, he was quite content to marry an ignorant little woman like me.”

“Do you think clergymen ought to marry?” said Kate, with great solemnity, looking up in her face.

Mrs Mitford gave a great start, and fell back from her young companion's side. “Kate!” she cried, “you never told me you were High Church!”

“Am I High Church? I don't think so; but one has such an idea of a clergyman,” said Kate, “that he should be so superior to all that. I can't understand him thinking of—a girl, or any such nonsense. I feel as if he ought to be above such things.”

“But, my dear, after all, a clergyman is but a man,” said Mrs Mitford, suddenly driven to confusion, and not knowing what plea to employ.

“Should he be just a man?” asked Kate, with profound gravity. “Shouldn't they be examples to all of us? I think they should be kept apart from other people, and even look different. I should not like to be intimate—not very intimate, you know—with a clergyman. I should feel as if it was wrong—when they have to teach us, and pray for us, and all that. Your son is not a clergyman yet, or I should never have ventured to speak to him as I did to-day.”

“But, you dear simple-minded child,” cried Mrs Mitford, half delighted with such an evidence of goodness, half confused by the thought of how this theory might affect her boy, “that is all very true; but unless they became monks at once,

I don't see how your notion could be carried out; and the experience of the Roman Catholics, dear, has shown us what a dreadful thing it is to make men monks. So that, you see, clergymen must mix in the world; and I am quite sure it is best for them to marry. When you consider how much a woman can do in a parish, Kate, and what a help she is, especially if her husband is very superior——”

“I don't know, I am sure,” said Kate; “perhaps, in that case, you know, women should be the clergymen. But I do think they should be put up upon pedestals, and one should not be too familiar with them. Marrying a clergyman would be dreadful. I don't know how any one could have the courage to do it. I suppose people did not look at things in that light when you were young?”

“No, indeed,” said Mrs Mitford, with a little warmth; “there were no High Church notions in my days. One thought one was doing the best one could for God, and that one had one's work to do as well as one's husband. And, my dear,” said the good woman, dropping into her usual soft humility, “I think you would think so, too, if you knew what the parish was when I came into it. Not that I have done much—not near so much, not half so much, as I ought to have done—but still, I think——”

“As if I ever doubted that!” cried Kate; “but then—not many are like you.”

“Oh yes, my dear! a great many,” said Mrs Mitford, with a smile of pleasure. “Even Mr Crediton's pretty Kate, though he says she is a wilful little puss—if it came to be her fate to marry a clergyman——”

“That it never can be,” said Kate; “oh, dear, no! In the first place, papa would hate it; and, in the next place, I should—hate it myself.”

“Ah! my dear,” said Mrs Mitford, feeling, nevertheless, as if she

had received a downright blow, "that all depends upon the man."

They had come round in their walk to the path which led past the dining-room windows, where the blinds were but half dropped and the lights shining, and sounds of voices were audible as the gentlemen sat over their wine. It was the two elder men only who were talking—Dr Mitford's precise tones, and those of Mr Crediton, which sounded, Kate thought, more "worldly." John was taking no part in the conversation. Some time before, while they had still been at a little distance, Kate had seen him under the blind fidgeting in his chair, and listening to the sound of the footsteps outside. She knew as well that he was longing to join his mother and herself as if he had said it, and looked at him with an inward smile and philosophical reflection, whether a man who gave in so easily could be worth taking any trouble about. And yet, perhaps, it was not to Kate he had given in, but to the first idea of woman, the first enchantress whom he could make an idol of. "He shall not make an idol of me," she said to herself; "if he cares for me, it must be as *me*, and not as a fairy princess." This thought had just passed through her mind when she answered Mrs Mitford, which she did with a little nod of obstinacy and elevation of her drooping head.

"I am sure everything would not depend on the man, so far as I am concerned," she said. "Men are all very well, but you must take everything into account before you go and sacrifice yourself to them. One man is very much like another, so far as I can see. One doesn't expect to meet a Bayard nowadays."

"But why not, my dear?" said Mrs Mitford. "There are Bayards in the world as much as there ever were. I am sure I know one. If it had been the time for knights, he would have been a Bayard; and as

it is not the time for knights, he is the very best, the truest, and tenderest! No one ever knew him to think of himself. Oh, my dear! there are some men whose circumstances you never would think of—not even you."

"But I am very worldly," said Kate, shaking her head; "that is how I have been brought up. If I cared for anybody who was poor, I should give him no rest till he got rich. If I did not like his profession, or anything, I should make him change it. I don't mean to say I approve of myself, and, of course, you can't approve of me, but I *know* that is what I should do."

"I think we had better go in and have some tea," said Mrs Mitford, with a half-sigh. There was some regret in it for the heiress whom John had manifestly lost, for it was certain that a girl with such ideas would never touch John's heart; and there was some satisfaction, too, for she should have her boy to herself.

"It is so sweet out here," said Kate, with gentle passive opposition, "and there are the gentlemen coming out to join us—at least, there is your son."

"John is so fond of the garden," said Mrs Mitford, with another little sigh. She felt disposed to detach Kate's arm from her own, and run to her boy and warn him. But politeness forbade such a step, and his mother's wistful eyes watched his tall figure approaching in the darkness—approaching unconscious to his fate.

"We were talking of you," said Kate, with a composure which filled Mrs Mitford with dismay, "and about clergymen generally. I should be frightened if I were you—one would have to be so very, very good. Don't you ever feel frightened when you think that you will have to teach everybody, and set everybody a good example? I think the very thought would make me wicked, if it were me."

"Should it?" said John,—and his mother thought with a little dread that he looked more ready to enter into the talk than she had ever seen him before; "but then I don't understand how you could be wicked if you were to try."

"Ah! but I do," said Kate, "and I could not bear it. Do you really like being a clergyman? you who are so young and—different. I can fancy it of an old gentleman like Dr Mitford; but you——"

"I am not a clergyman yet," said John, with a half-audible sigh.

"And Dr Mitford is not so old," said his mother, "though I suppose everybody who is over twenty looks old to you; but Miss Crediton means that you must feel like a clergyman, my dear boy, already. I am sure you do!"

"I don't see how you can be so sure," said John; and perhaps for the first time in his life he felt angry with his mother. Why should she answer for him in this way when he was certainly old enough and had sense enough to answer for himself? He was a little piqued with her, and turned from her towards the young stranger, whom he had spoken to for the first time that day. "I am secular enough at present," he said; "you need not be sorry for me. There is still time to reflect."

"It is never any good reflecting," said Kate; "if you are going in for anything, I think you should do it and never mind. The more one thinks the less one knows what to do."

"And oh, my dear, don't jest about such subjects!" said Mrs Mitford. "Don't you recollect what we are told about him that puts his hand to the plough and looks back?"

"And is turned into a pillar of salt," said Kate, demurely. "Mr John, that would never do. I should not like to see you turned into a pillar of salt. Let us think of something else. How sweet it

is out here in the dark! The air is just raving about those roses. If you could not see them, you would still know they were there. I like an old-fashioned garden. Is that a ghost up against the buttress there, or is it another great sheaf of lilies? If I had such a garden as this, I should never care to go anywhere else."

"My dear, I hope you will come here as often as you like," said Mrs Mitford, with hospitable warmth; and then she thought of the danger to John, and stopped short and felt a little confused. "The Huntleys are friends of yours, are not they?" she went on, faltering. "When you are with them, it will be so easy to run over here."

"Oh, indeed! I should much rather come here at first hand, if you will have me," said Kate, frankly. "I don't think I am fond of the Huntleys. They are nice enough, but—— And, dear Mrs Mitford, I would rather go to you than to any one, you have been so good to me—that is, if you like me to come here."

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs Mitford, half touched half troubled, "if I could think there was any amusement for you——"

"Whether there may be amusement or not there must always be a welcome. I am sure, mother, that is what you meant to say," said John, with a certain suppressed indignation in his tone, which went to his mother's heart.

"Oh yes," she said, more and more confused; "Miss Crediton knows that. If she can put up with our quietness—if she does not mind the seclusion. We have not seen so much of the Huntleys as we ought to have seen, but when they are here——"

"I had much rather come when you were quite quiet. I love quiet," said deceitful Kate, putting her face so close to her friend's shoulder as almost to touch it in a caressing way she had. Mrs Mitford trembled with a presentiment

of terror, and yet she could not resist this soft half-caress.

"My dear child!" she cried, pressing Kate's arm to her side. And John loomed over them both, a tall shadow, with a face which beamed through the darkness; they looked both so little beside him—soft creatures, shadowy, with wavy uncertain outlines, melting into the dark, not clear and black and well defined like himself—moving softly, with a faint rustle in the air, which might almost have been wings. His mother and—— what was Kate to him? Nothing—a stranger—a being from a different sphere; yet, at the same time, the one creature in all the world upon whom he had a supreme claim, whose life he had fought for, and rescued out of the very jaws of death.

After this they went in with eyes a little dazzled by the sudden change into the drawing-room, where the lamps were lighted, and the moths came sweeping in at the open window, strange optimists, seeking the light at all costs. Kate threw herself down in a great chair, in the shadiest corner, her white dress giving forth (poor John thought) a kind of reflected radiance, moon-like and subdued. She sank down in the large wide seat, and gave a little yawn. "I'm so tired," she said; "I think I shall make papa carry me up-stairs."

"Not your papa, my dear," said Mrs Mitford, who, to tell the truth, was a little matter-of-fact; "not your papa. He does not look very strong, and it would be too much for him. The servants can do it; or perhaps John——"

John started up, and came forward with his eyes lit up, half with eagerness, half with fun. He had held her in his arms before, but she had not been conscious of that. "Oh, please!" cried Kate, in alarm, "I did not mean it; I only said it in fun—for want of something else to say."

"That is Kate's general motive for her observations," said Mr

Crediton, who had just then come in with Dr Mitford; "and heaven knows it is apparent in them! but if I don't carry her up-stairs, I must carry her home. She must have been no end of a trouble to you."

"Oh no—not yet, I hope," said Mrs Mitford, still with some confusion. She cast a rapid glance over the situation. In less than three months John was going up for ordination. After that, she reflected, his mind would be settled, and such an interruption would do him less harm. "But I feel it is very selfish trying to keep her when, I daresay, you have a great many pleasant engagements," she went on, with diplomatic suavity; "and we are so quiet here. Only you must bring her back again, Mr Crediton—that you must promise me—in autumn, or at Christmas the very latest——"

She caught John's eye, and faltered and stopped short; and then, of all people in the world, it was Dr Mitford who interposed.

"I should say it was the doctor who had to be consulted first," he said. "After an illness I make it a principle never to move till I have consulted my medical man. This is a rule which I never transgress, my dear, as you know—and we must do the same by our young friend. You can decide after he has been here."

"But the fact is, Kate, if you don't come at once you will come to an empty house," said her father. "I have to go up to town on election business, and I should like to be here to take my girl home."

"Then she shall wait till you come back," said Dr Mitford; "and now that is settled, if you will come with me to my library I will show you the old charter I was speaking of. It is the earliest of the kind I have ever seen. You will find it very curious. It grants the privilege of sanctuary to all the Abbey precincts"—he went on, as he opened the door for his guest, talking all the way. They could

hear the sound of his voice going along the oak passage which led to the library, though they could not make out the words; and somehow it seemed to have a kind of soporific effect upon the party left behind, who sat and gazed at each other, and listened as if anxious to catch the last word.

"What is all settled?" cried Kate, who was the first to break the silence. "Oh, please, am I to take sanctuary in the Abbey precincts, or what is to be done with me? I should so like to know!"

"Mr Crediton has consented that you should stay," cried John, eagerly. Kate took no more notice of him than if he had been a cabbage, but bent forward to Mrs Mitford, ignoring all other authority. And what could that good woman do, who was not capable of hurting the feelings of a fly?

"My dear," she said, faltering, "what would be the use of going home when your papa is going away? Much better stay with me, if you can make up your mind to the quiet. We are so very quiet here."

"But you said Christmas," said Kate, who was a little mortified, and did not choose to be un-avenged.

"I said—I was thinking—I meant you to understand—Oh! what is it, Lizzie?" cried Mrs Mitford, eagerly, as the maid came to the door. "Widow Blake?—oh yes, I am coming;" and she went away but too gladly to escape the explanation. Then there was nobody left in the drawing-room but Kate alone with John.

The girl turned her eyes upon him with their surprised ingenuous look, and then with profound gravity addressed him: "Mr John, tell me—you know what is best for her better than I do. Is it not convenient to have me now?"

"Convenient!" cried the young man; "how is such a word to be applied to you? It could never be but a delight to all of us——"

"Oh, hush, hush," said Kate; "don't pay me any compliments. You know I am only a stranger, though somehow I feel as if you all belonged to me. It is because your mother has been so kind; and then—you saved my life."

"That was nothing," cried John; "I wish it had cost me something, then I might have felt as if I deserved——"

"What? my thanks?" she said, softly, playing with him.

"No, but to have saved you—for I did save you; though it did not cost me anything," he said, regretfully; "and that is what I shall grudge all my life."

"How very droll you are!" said Kate, after a long look at him, in which she tried to fathom what he meant without making very much of it; "but never mind what it cost you. My opinion is, that, after such a thing as that, people become a sort of relations—don't you think so? and you are bound to tell me when I ask you. Please, Mr John, is it convenient for your mother to have me now?—should I stay now? I shall be guided by what you say."

He gave an abrupt idiotic laugh, and got up and walked about the room. "Of course you must stay," he said; "of course it is convenient. What could it be else? It would be cruel to leave us so abruptly, after all."

"Well, I am very comfortable," said Kate; "I shall like it. The only thing was for your mother. If she should not want me to stay—but anyhow, the responsibility is upon you now; and so, as Dr Mitford says, as we have settled that, tell me what we are going to do."

"To do?" said John, with open eyes.

"To amuse ourselves," said Kate; "for I am a stranger, you know. How can I tell how you amuse yourselves in this house?"

"We don't amuse ourselves at all," said John; and as he had

been coming nearer and nearer, now he drew a chair close to her sofa, and sat down and gazed at her with a new light in his face. He laughed, and yet his eyes glowed with a serious fire. He was amused and surprised, and yet the serious nature underneath gave a certain meaning to everything. He took the remark not as the natural expression of a frivolous, amusement-loving creature, but as a sudden, sweet suggestion which turned to him all at once the brighter side of life. "I think we have rather supposed that amusement was unnecessary—that it was better, perhaps, not to be happy. I don't know. In England, I suspect, many people think that."

"But you are happy—you must be happy," said Kate. "What! with this nice house, and such a nice dear mother—and Dr Mitford too, I mean, of course—and just come from the university, which all the men pretend to like so much. I do not believe you have not been happy, Mr John."

"I am very happy now," said John Mitford, with a dawning faculty for saying pretty things of which he had been himself totally unconscious. He did not mean it as a compliment; and when Kate gave the faintest little shrug of her pretty shoulders, he was bewildered and discouraged. The words were commonplace enough to her, and they were not commonplace but utterly original to him. He was happy, and it was she who had made him so. It never occurred to the young man that any fool could say as much, it was so simply, fully true in his case. And he sat and glowed upon her with his new-kindled eyes. Yes, it was true what she said—she was a stranger, and yet she belonged to them; or rather, she belonged to him. He might not be worthy of it. He had done nothing to deserve

it, and yet through him her life had come back to her. He had saved her. He was related to her as no man else in the world was. Her life had been lost, and he had given it back. His mind was so full of this exulting thought that he forgot to say anything; and as for Kate, she had to let him gaze at her, with amusement at first, then with a blush, and with a movement of impatience at the last.

"Mr John," she said, turning her head away, and taking up a book to screen her, "I am sure you don't mean to be disagreeable; but—did you never—see—a girl before?"

"Good heavens! what a brute I am!" cried poor John; and then he added humbly, "no, Miss Crediton, I never saw—any one—before."

Upon which Kate laughed, and he, taking courage, laughed too, withdrawing his guilty eyes, and blazing red to his very hair. And when Mrs Mitford came back, she could not but think that on the whole they had made a great deal of progress. The two fathers were in the library for a long time over that charter, and Kate's merry talk soon beguiled the yielding mother. When the tea came, she sat apart and made it, and watched the young ones with her tender eyes. It seemed to her that she had never seen her boy so happy. "She must have been making fun of me with all that about the clergymen," Mrs Mitford said to herself; "and but for that, what could I desire more?" And she thought of John's happiness with such a wife, and of Kate's fortune, and of what a blessing it would be if it could be brought about; and sighed—as indeed most people do when it appears to them as if their prayers were about to be granted, and nothing left to them more to desire.

CHAPTER V.

"Well, Kate, I will leave you here since you wish it," Mr Crediton said next morning before he went away; "but first I must warn you to mind what you are about. They are very nice people, and have been very good to you—but I think I had rather have left you at home all the same. See that you don't repay good with evil—that's all."

"You must have a very poor opinion of me, papa," said Kate, demurely; "but how could I do that if I were to try?"

Mr Crediton shook his head. "I have a great mind to carry you off still," he said. "I don't feel at all sure that you have not begun it already. Kate, there is that young man to whom I owe your life——"

This expression touched her deeply. It was not, to whom *you* owe your life;—that would have been commonplace. "Dear papa," said Kate, embracing his arm with both hands, and putting down her head upon it, "I always wonder why you took the trouble to care for me so much."

"I suppose it's for your mother's sake," he answered, looking down upon his child with eyes which were liquid and tender with love; but such a little episode was only for a moment. "Let us come back to our subject," he said. "Don't make that boy unhappy, Kate. That would be a very poor return. He looks something of a cub, but they say he is a very good fellow, and he saved your life. Let him alone. He deserves it at your hands."

"What! to be let alone! What a curious way of showing one's gratitude!" cried Kate. "No, papa, I know a way worth two of that. He shall be my friend. There shall be no nonsense—that I can promise you; but to pay no attention to him would be horribly ungrateful. I could not do it. Besides, he is very nice—not the sort of man you

would ever fall in love with, but very nice—for a friend."

"Ah! I put no faith in your friends," said Mr Crediton, shaking his head. "I have a great mind to take you home after all."

"But that would be breaking faith with Mrs Mitford," said Kate. Her father turned upon her one of those strange, doubtful looks, with which men often compliment women—as much as to say, You wonderful, incomprehensible creature, I don't know what you would be at. I can't understand you; but as I must trust you all the same—— "Well," he said, aloud, with a shake of his head, "I suppose you must have your way, but I won't have this young fellow made game of, Kate."

"As if I could ever think of such a thing!" she said, indignantly; and thus he had to go at last, not without a qualm of conscience, leaving Kate and her dresses and her maid in possession of the house. She stayed most of the morning in her own room after he had gone, that nobody might say she was too impetuous in her rush upon the prey, but came down to luncheon with all the charming familiarity yet restraint of a young lady staying in the house, ready to be amused, and yet demanding nothing. The first thing she met when she entered the room was John's eyes watching the door, looking for her. Poor fellow!—those same eyes which had struck her first when she opened her own in this strange yet so familiar house.

"I do not know that we have ever had a young lady here before. Have we ever had a young lady here before, my dear?" said Dr Mitford. "As it is an opportunity which does not occur every day, we must make the most of it. Miss Crediton, Mrs Mitford, of course, has her own occupations, but, so far as the men of the house are concerned,

command us—you must let us know what you like best.”

“Oh, please, Doctor Mitford! fancy my dragging *you* out to go places with me,” cried Kate. “I should be so dreadfully ashamed of myself! I don’t want to do anything, please. I want you to let me be just as if I were at home. I want to go to the schools, and the poor people, and take walks, and play croquet, as if I belonged to you;” and then she recollected herself, and caught a curious ardent look from John, and a still more curious inquiring one from his mother, and blushed violently, and stopped short all at once.

“But that cannot be,” said Dr Mitford, who noticed neither the blush nor the sudden pause, and, indeed, did not understand why conversation should be interrupted by such foolish unforeseen accidents. “I hope we are not so regardless of the duties of hospitality as that. Let me think what there is to see in the neighbourhood. What is there to see, John? There is a very interesting Roman camp at Dulchester, and there are some curious remains of the old Abbey at St Biddulph’s, about which there has been a great deal of controversy: if you are at all interested in archæology——”

“Oh, please!” cried Kate, and then she gave Mrs Mitford a piteous look, “don’t let me be a nuisance to any one—pray don’t. I shall be quite happy in the garden, and taking walks about. If I had thought I should be a nuisance to any one I should have gone home.”

“On the contrary,” Dr Mitford went on in his old-fashioned way, “John and I will feel ourselves only too fortunate. Mrs Mitford is always busy in the parish—that is her way; but if you will accept my escort, Miss Crediton——”

And the old gentleman waved his hand with old-fashioned gallantry. He was a little old gentleman, with beautiful snow-white hair and a char-

ming complexion, and the blackest of coats and the whitest of linen. He was so clean that it was almost painful to look at him. He was like a Dutch house, all scrubbed and polished, and whitened and blackened to absolute perfection. He was not a man who thought it wrong theoretically to be happy, though his son had almost hinted as much; but it never occurred to him to take any trouble about the matter. In short, his nature made no special demands upon him for happiness. If things went well it was so much the better; if not, why, there was no great harm done. He was above the reach of any particular strain of evil fortune. Nothing could be more unlikely than that he should ever have to change his dinner-hour, or any of his favourite habits; and if his wife or his son had been very ill, or had died, or any calamity of that sort had happened, the Doctor hoped he had Christian fortitude to bear it; and anything less than this he could scarcely have realised as unhappiness. Why, then, with the dinner-hour immovable, and everything else comfortably settled, should people trouble themselves searching for amusement? The worst of this principle was, that when it came to be a right and necessary thing to seek amusement—when, for instance, a young lady was staying in the house—Dr Mitford was a little embarrassed. Amusement had become a duty in such a case, but how was it to be found? So he thought of the Roman camp and the ruins of St Biddulph’s, and that was all the length his invention could reach.

“She is not strong enough yet for these long expeditions,” said Mrs Mitford, coming to Kate’s aid; “she must be left quite quiet with me, I think. I am sure that will be the doctor’s opinion. Yes, my dear, I will take you to the schools; there are some such nice little things that it is a pleasure to teach, and there are some of my poor

people that I know you would like——”

“Mother, mother, do you think that is what interests Miss Crediton?” said John, with that quick sense of his parents’ imperfections which is so common to the young. A Roman camp on the one side, and the old women in the village on the other, proposed as amusement for this bright-eyed fairy creature, to whom every joy and rapture that the world possessed must come natural! Did not music seem to come up about her out of the very earth as she walked, and everything to dance before her, and the flowers to give out sweeter odours, and the very sun to shine more warmly? John was not learned in delights, any more than his father and mother, but yet nothing less than the superlative was good enough for her—to preside over tournaments, and give prizes of love and beauty; to be the queen of the great festivals of poetry; to have everything indefinite and sweet and splendid laid at her feet. It was so strange that they should not understand!

“I shall delight in seeing the old women,” said Kate, with a laugh, which he thought was addressed to him; “but, indeed, I don’t think I can teach anything—I am so dreadfully ignorant. You can’t think how ignorant I am. We have a school at Fernwood, and I went once and they gave me sums to look over—sums, Mrs Mitford—only fancy! and I was to tell if they were right or wrong. It was little chits of eight or nine that had them, and I could not have done one for my life; so, please, I can’t pretend to teach.”

“My dear,” said Mrs Mitford, beaming upon her with maternal eyes, “you are not a clergyman’s wife.”

“Thank heaven!” said Kate; and then it occurred to her that she had been rude, and the colour stole to her cheek. “Oh, I beg your pardon; I did not mean to be impertinent.”

“You were not impertinent, my dear,” said Mrs Mitford, with a sigh. “I daresay you are quite right. One likes one’s own lot best, you know; but unless you take to it, there could not be much pleasure in being a clergyman’s wife.”

“Oh, please, don’t think I was rude,” cried Kate, “to you, dear Mrs Mitford, that have been so very, very good to me! All I thought was, that perhaps—nowadays,—but never mind what nonsense came into my head. May I go to see Lizzie’s mother? I have been hearing so much about her, and about the trouble they have with the big lads.”

“My dear, this is not amusement for a young lady,” said Dr Mitford. “If you will come with me, Miss Crediton, I assure you, you will like it better. I will drive you to the Roman camp. There are some measurements I want to verify. I am writing a paper for the Archæological Society, and they are sad fellows to pick holes in one’s coat. You must tell them, John, to have the phaeton out, and I will drive Miss Crediton over to Dulchester this afternoon. We could not have a more charming day.”

“And you can call at the Huntleys, and have some tea, Doctor,” said Mrs Mitford; “it is a long drive. Miss Crediton is a friend of theirs. It will be more amusing for her; and if you would ask the girls to come over to-morrow, perhaps we might get up a croquet-party. Frederick Huntley has come home, so that would be another man. There are no young men in the parish, that is the sad thing, when one wants to get up a little party,” said Mrs Mitford, with depression. She was looking quite weary and miserable, and did not know what to do with herself. Amusement for the young lady staying in the house! How was she to procure it? You feed caterpillars when you collect them with green leaves, and birds have their appropriate seed, and

even sea-anemones in an aquarium; but when there are no young men in a parish, how are you to feed a stray young lady? This was the frightful problem which clouded over Mrs Mitford's soul. And this was complicated by the harder difficulty still, which continually returned upon her—a girl who thanked heaven she was not a clergyman's wife! Was it right to leave such a creature in unfettered intercourse with John?

Kate made one or two ineffectual struggles to deliver herself from her fate, but when she saw the phaeton drive up—an ancient spidery-looking vehicle, with room only for two—her spirit was cowed within her. There was no way of escape short of being taken suddenly ill, and she could not be so unkind as that. She reserved the card in her hand for future use, should this persecution be continued. "I hope I shan't get ill when Dr Mitford is so kind," she said, as she was helped into the shabby little carriage. It was the only one they had at Fanshawe, and they thought a great deal of it. It was high, and the wheels were large, and the hood toppled about so, it looked as if it must tumble down on their noses every minute—and Kate had carriages of her own, and knew what was what in this respect; and she did not care in the least about the Roman camp, and the roads were very dusty, and would spoil her clean pretty dress. Nevertheless she had to yield like a martyr, and indeed felt herself very like one as she drove away by Dr Mitford's side, leaving John standing looking very blank on the lawn. "Why could not he come too?" Kate said to herself; and called him *fainéant* and sluggish in her heart. But, after all, there was no room for John. He watched, feeling much more blank even than she did, as the carriage rattled away, and by-and-by was joined by his mother, who, for her part, was rather pleased to get rid of her visitor for half a day at least. Mrs Mitford laid her hand on her

son's shoulder as she came to him, but John took no notice, and only gazed the more at the carriage rattling and grinding and wheezing away.

"My dear boy!" she said, looking at him with tender admiring eyes, and smoothing his sleeve with her soft hand as if she loved it, "don't look after them like that. You have seen the camp at Dulchester before now."

"Oh yes—fifty times at least," said John, turning away with a derisive grin. "You don't think I care for that?"

"Then why should you look so blank?" said his mother. "Miss Crediton is very nice, but, do you know, I am afraid it will be very hard work entertaining her. I am sure I don't know what to do. If the Huntleys come to-morrow, that will be enough (I hope) for one day. And then we might have a dinner-party; but I can't think she would care for a dinner-party. I am sure I should not at her age. Your papa thinks that is the proper thing; but fancy one of our ordinary parties, with the Fanshawes and the Lancasters and the doctor, and some curate to fill up—what would that be to her?"

"Mamma," said John, "I am sure you are taking a great deal too much trouble. Why not leave Miss Crediton alone? She has gone to-day only to please my father. She does not care for Roman camps any more than I do, nor for a drive in a shabby old phaeton with defective springs."

"My dear, you are doing her injustice," said Mrs Mitford, with severe loftiness. "She is rather frivolous, I fear; but still, you may be sure Kate understands that to have the Doctor to drive her, and tell her all about the country, is what very few people attain."

To this speech John made no reply. The carriage was out of sight, and even the dust it had raised had dropped peacefully to earth again; but still the young

man stood with a dissatisfied face. "I could have taken her for a walk, and she would have liked it better," he said—"at least *I* should have liked it better; and I am sure she does not want such a fuss made over her, mamma."

"*You* would have liked it better!" said Mrs Mitford. "Oh, my dear, dear boy! did you hear what she said this morning, John, about a clergyman's wife?"

"Yes."

"And yesterday what a tirade about clergymen! She made me half angry. As if your papa would have been a better man had he not married me!"

"I don't think that was what she meant," said John. "My father—is—different. One does not think of him, nor of what *is*. One thinks of what is to be."

"Then, perhaps, you agree with her, and think clergymen should not marry?" said Mrs Mitford, with a little heat. "O John! if you were to turn out a Ritualist, I think it would break my heart."

"I don't intend to turn out an anythingist," said John, shutting his face up into an obstinate blank which his mother knew. She gave a sigh, and shook her head, and once more softly stroked his arm.

"And since we are speaking of this," she said, sinking her voice, and smoothing down his sleeve more and more tenderly, with her eyes fixed on it, as if that was the object of her thoughts, "I have one little word to say to you, John—just one word. My dear boy! you are very young, and you don't know the world, nor the ways of girls. She is very pretty, and winning, and all that; but I would not put myself too much at her service, if I were you. It might not be good for yourself—and it might put things in her head."

"Put things in *her* head," echoed poor John. "O mother, mother! as if she would care twopence if she never saw me again! But I know what you mean, and I don't mean

to lose my head or my senses. She is out of my reach. I am not so simple but I can see that."

"And that is just what I can't see," said his mother, sharply. "She is not a duchess; but, my dear, the prudent way is to have no more to do with her than just friendliness and civility. I am so glad you see that."

"Oh yes, I see it," John replied, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I'll go and see to the mowing of the lawn, since there's to be croquet to-morrow—a thing I detest," he added, with irritation, as he moved away. Poor John! His mother looked after him, wondering was he really so wise as he said, or was this mere pride and disappointment—or what was it? There had never been a young lady before at Fanshawe Regis since the boy had grown up; for Miss Lancaster at the Priory was nearly old enough to be his mother, and the young Fanshawes were very delicate, and always travelling about in search of health, and the Doctor's little girls were in the nursery. And as for the Huntleys, though they were so rich, they were comparatively new people in the country, and the girls were plain; so that pretty Kate Crediton was doubly dangerous. Ah! if she had only been a good girl—one of those girls who are so common—or at least everybody says so—who adore clergymen, and work slippers for them! Few such young ladies had fallen in Mrs Mitford's way; but she believed in them, on the authority of the newspapers, as most people do. If Kate had been but one of those, with her nice fortune and her nice position, and her pretty manners and looks, what a thing for John! Mrs Mitford heaved a sigh over this dream, which, alas! it seemed but too clear she must relinquish; and with the sigh breathed a prayer that her boy might be protected from all snares, and not led into temptation more than he could bear.

John himself went off peremptor-

ily to the gardener, and disturbed him among his vegetables. He was busy with the cucumbers, and considered the lawn at that moment worse than vanity. But John's temper was up, thanks to his father who had thus carried her off from him under his very nose, and poor Roots had no chance against him. When he had effectually spoiled that poor man's morning's work, the young fellow went off sullenly enough with his fishing-rod. She was out of his reach, no doubt. She thanked

heaven she was no clergyman's wife; but yet—— The only man in the world, so far as John knew, who had any right to her was himself—more right than her father. Her life was his, for he had given it back to her. Of all ties on earth, could there be one more binding? not that he meant to make any ungenerous use of his claim, or even to breathe it in words; but yet he knew it, and she knew it. He had given her back her life.

CHAPTER VI.

As for Kate and Dr Mitford, they did not know very well what to say to each other. "What a charming day!" the girl said at intervals; "and what a pretty country! I never knew it until I took that unfortunate ride."

"Don't speak of that," said the old gentleman; "at least don't speak of it *so*. It was a most fortunate ride, I am sure, for us."

"It makes me giddy when I think of it," said Kate, shutting her eyes.

"You are very fond of riding, I suppose? I am always rather nervous when I see a lady on a spirited horse. You are very charming riders, and very full of courage, and all that," said the Doctor, who was himself considerably bothered by the mild animal he was driving; "but it requires a man's hand, my dear Miss Crediton. There are some things, believe me, that require a man's hand."

"Yes, no doubt," said Kate, politely, longing all the time to take the reins into her own small nervous fingers. Dr Mitford had a nice little white soft hand—a clergyman's hand—without any bone or fibre in it. "We made up our minds quite suddenly," she went on, "that we would go back from Humbleton to Camelford, riding. I had often heard of Fanshawe Regis, but I never saw it before."

"Most people have heard of Fan-

shawe Regis," said the Doctor. "I consider my library one of the lions of the country—not that it is so very old, only Elizabethan, or, at the farthest, Henry the Seventh; but household architecture is a thing by itself. We expect the Archæological Society to hold its next meeting at Camelford, and then I hope much light may be thrown upon our antiquities. We shall make an excursion to Dulchester, Miss Crediton, and you must come with us there."

"Oh, I am sure I am much obliged," said Kate.

"You would enjoy that," said Dr Mitford. "Downy is sure to be there from Oxford, and I should not wonder if he gave a lecture on it. He is one of the very great guns. He understands more about it than almost any man in England, I must say, to do him justice. But almost is not all, my dear Miss Crediton; and when you see a man setting himself up for an authority in presence of others who——" Here the Doctor stopped, and laughed a conscious complacent laugh; by which Kate perceived that Dr Mitford himself was a greater authority still, or at least thought he was.

"It is very funny," said Kate, "but I shall be better off going with you than if I had half-a-dozen archæological societies. I feel quite sure of that."

"Well, well, we must not brag," said Dr Mitford, waving his white hand softly. "This camp, you must know, was one of the camps of Agricola, which he made on his journey northwards. It is constructed——"

And so the narrative went on. Kate kept looking up at him with her bright eyes, and said yes, and said no, and made herself very agreeable; but I cannot undertake to say that she was much the better for it. In the first place, she took no interest whatever in Roman camps, and then she had a good deal on her mind. What was John about all this time? Why did not he manage to get into the phaeton in his father's place, and drive her? If the horse had not been the meekest and most long-suffering of animals, Kate felt that there must have been another running away, and another accident. And her recent experience had made her nervous. When she had received an immense deal of information about the *castrum* which she was going with so little enthusiasm to visit, she suddenly caught a glimpse of a group of turrets among the trees, and gave a start, which made Dr Mitford and his horse swerve aside, and shook the hood of the phaeton so that it nearly descended upon the party, burying them alive.

"Oh, there is Westbrook, where the Huntleys live!" cried Kate. "I beg your pardon, Dr Mitford, I am sure. Mrs Mitford said we were to call. Don't you think we had better go now, in case they should be out? There was a message, you know, that you were to give."

"Oh, about croquet," said the Doctor, and his brow was slightly ruffled. He would not allow, even to himself, that his instruction was slighted; but still he felt that she had been able to see the towers of Westbrook at the very moment when he was affording her every information. But he was too polite to make any objection. West-

brook was a very fine house, but its turrets were new, and its wealth had been made, not inherited, for which half the country said, "So much the more credit to the Huntleys;" and all the country, even the poor clergymen and the country doctors, looked down upon them, though not upon their parties, which were unexceptionable. Mr Crediton being himself only a banker, had not much indulged in this universal condescension; and Kate was very glad to bethink herself of the Huntleys at this special moment. They were better than Dulchester, and the phaeton with the unsteady hood. There were two sons and two daughters. The girls were plain, and no way remarkable; neither was Willie, the second son; but Fred was very clever—so clever that nobody knew what was to be done with him. He had taken a first-class at Oxford, and done everything else a young man can do that is gratifying and honourable. He was fellow of his college, and was understood to be able to do anything he pleased in the way of scholarship or literature. If he had but taken the trouble to write, a great many people were of opinion that he would have beaten Tennyson hollow; but he was indolent, and satisfied with his position, and had as much as ever he could desire without doing anything for it. And consequently, his great gifts were unexercised. The country, however, which had been cold to his family, and patronised them, acknowledged that such condescension would be out of character to a man who had taken a first-class. And thus the Huntleys had risen in popular estimation. Kate recalled Mrs Mitford's words to her mind as they drove unwillingly up to the great door. "Frederick is at home." She had known Frederick for years, but he was too much self-absorbed, Kate thought, even to care for any girl; and so it happened that not even flirtation had ever passed between them. "That prig to play

croquet!" she said to herself, with a shrug of her shoulders; and then she sprang down, and received a farewell blow from the hood of the phaeton upon her pretty bonnet. Poor Kate! It was all she could do to restrain herself from shaking her little fist at it. The tears almost came to her eyes as she straightened the injured bonnet with her hands. Was it an evil omen? for the Huntleys were out, all but Mrs Huntley—and the girls were engaged for next day; and Willie had gone to town; and Fred—— "My dear, you know I never can answer for Fred," his mother said, with pride. "He has his own engagements, and all sorts of things to do."

"Oh yes, to be sure; it is not likely he would stoop so far as to play croquet," said Kate; "but I am only giving Mrs Mitford's message. You know it is not me that asks. I will tell her what you say."

"Tell her I am so sorry," said Mrs Huntley. "I know what it is to be disappointed when one tries to get up any little thing impromptu, and the girls would have been so glad, and so would Willie—but she knows I cannot answer for Fred. Dr Mitford, I am so sorry Mr Huntley is not at home, nor my son. If they had known there was the least chance of seeing you! But now you have come, you must have some tea."

"I thank you, my dear madam," said the Doctor, "but we have still a good way to go. I am taking Miss Crediton to see the Roman camp at Dulchester. It is not often I go so far, but you know I pretend to a little antiquarian knowledge——"

"Oh, a little indeed!" said Mrs Huntley; "we all know what that means. You may be very proud, Kate, to have such a cicerone. I can't tell you how I sigh for you, Doctor, when we have people down from town, and they go to see the camp. Oh, don't ask me, I always

beg of them—you should hear all about it if Dr Mitford were here."

"Well, one has one's little bits of information, of course," said Dr Mitford, with a deprecating wave of the hand; "one's hobby, I suppose the young people would call it. I am very glad that Frederick has got his fellowship. It must be a great satisfaction to his father and you."

"Well, we were pleased, of course," said the lady; "though, but for the honour of the thing, it did not matter to Fred. I often say how odd it is that such things should fall to him who don't want them, when so many poor fellows, to whom it would be a real blessing, fail. He has no business to have the money and the brains too."

"That must make it all the more agreeable," said the Doctor, with a stiff bow; and the looks of the two parents made Kate wonder suddenly whether John had been successful in his university career. Poor fellow! he did not look remarkably bright. There was no analogy between his looks and Fred Huntley's sharp clever face—but then he was some years younger than Fred.

"Won't you be persuaded to stay to dinner?" said Mrs Huntley; "you never can get back in time for your own. We have not seen Kate for ages, nor you either, Dr Mitford. Do stay—my husband and all of them will be back before dinner. Mr Huntley will be so vexed and disappointed if I let you go."

"But Dulchester, my dear lady," said the Doctor, rising and making her a bow.

"Oh, Dulchester!—is your heart so much set upon it, Kate?"

Fortunately Kate glanced at her guide before she replied, and saw that he was red with mortification, anticipating her answer. "Oh dear, yes! my heart is set upon it," she cried. "Dr Mitford has come all the way to make me understand; and, indeed, it is getting late, and we must not stop, even for tea."

"I will go and see that the carriage is brought round," said her old cavalier, with alacrity; and he shook hands with Mrs Huntley, who mimicked him as soon as his back was turned with a sweep of her hand and smirk of affability which tried Kate's gravity much. "Oh, my dear, you don't know what you are going to encounter," she said, in a rapid undertone, as soon as he was gone. "I tried to save you from it, but you would not back me up. He is the most dreadful old bore——"

"Hush! I am staying in his house, and they have been very, very kind," said Kate, with a sudden blush.

"Staying in their house! I must speak to your papa about that, who never will let you come to us. But I did not know you knew the Mitfords, Kate."

"We did not know them—but—my horse ran away with me—and Dr Mitford's — son — saved my life."

This Kate gave forth very slowly, with eyes that glittered with sudden excitement; and Mrs Huntley, for her part, received the news with the most eager interest.

"Oh, was it you?" she cried. "We heard something of it. They say it was quite a wonder that he didn't lose his own life. But, dear me, Kate! after anything so interesting, how was it that he didn't drive you himself instead of his papa?"

"I suppose, because he was never consulted," said Kate, with some indignation; "and now I must not keep Dr Mitford waiting. Mrs Mitford has been so good to me—oh, so kind! She has nursed me as if I had been her own child; and papa let me stay, he was so grateful to them. I don't know, I am sure, what the son did for me, but I know what the mother has done. She was as kind as if I had been her own child."

"Her own child!" Mrs Huntley repeated to herself, with bewilder-

ment, when Kate ran down-stairs; "oh yes, indeed! *that* one can easily understand. What a nice thing for John! But I am sure I should never think of such a little flirt for one of my sons, however rich she was—a spoiled child!"

This would have hurt Kate's feelings if she had heard it, for she thought she was a favourite of Mrs Huntley's—and so indeed she was; but it is hard upon a woman to hear unmoved that somebody else's son has been braver, abler, more successful than her son, even though, as she reminded herself with a toss of her head, her boys had no need for that sort of thing, thank heaven! "Fred shall go, if I can persuade him," she said within herself, "and spoil *that* John's game, though they think so much of him;" and yet there was not a shadow of a reason why Mrs Huntley should wish to thwart *that* John.

After this Kate had to do the camp, and did it with a heroic show of interest. She got through it, looking up into Dr Mitford's face with such bright and vivid looks that the good man felt he had at last found a congenial soul. Kate bore this, and she bore the assaults of the unsteady hood, though it gave her yet another thump upon her bonnet, which nearly made an end of that ornament. But there are limits to human nature, and she was very glad when she found herself approaching home. She called the Rectory home with the frankest satisfaction, such as would have awakened many thoughts in Mrs Mitford's mind. It was sweet to see the pretty irregular house in the evening light, with its shadow turned to the east and all its windows open, and the great sheaves of lilies sending forth their fragrance. John suddenly appeared to open the gate as they drove up, as if he had sprung from the earth; and his mother was standing on the lawn with her white shawl thrown over her, like another flower; and the expedition was over, and the

castrum done with, and Dr Mitford pleased, and the bonnet, perhaps, not spoiled for ever. Kate was so glad that she gave Mrs Mitford an unexpected kiss as she jumped lightly down. "How nice it is to have some one waiting for us!" she said, with almost tearful earnestness—the poor motherless girl! Mrs Mitford was touched by the accent, and Kate was touched herself, though of course she must have known how much of her emotion was delight at being free of what she considered a bore. But it was not all that either, and there was some real feeling in the girl's perverse little heart.

"I am so grieved they cannot come," said Mrs Mitford, when they were all seated at dinner, which had been delayed. "I am so sorry, my dear, for you; but perhaps you might try a game with John, and the party could be asked for another day."

"I am so glad," said Kate. "It is so nice to escape the croquet-parties, and all the stuff one has to think about at home."

"But, my dear, you must miss your amusements," said Mrs Mitford. "I should not think a quiet life was the kind of life for you."

"Changes are what I like," said Kate, bravely. "I could not live always in a turmoil, and I could not live always in a hermitage. I should like sometimes the one and sometimes the other. The dreadful thing would be, to be always the same."

Mrs Mitford gave her son a piteous look, and then cast an instinctive glance round the room. She did not herself feel the full meaning that was in her eyes. She glanced at all the signs of her own changeless existence. For years and years she had visited the same places at the same hours, sat down to the same work, made the same engagements, discharged the same duties. The dinner-party, which, contrary to her own lights, she was going to give in honour of Kate, would have

the same people at it as had been at her first dinner-party after her wedding. She said to herself that if John were rich he could give his wife a great deal more change; but still there remained the fact that John's wife would have the parish to think of, and the schools, and the old women. It would not do, alas! it could not do, Mrs Mitford concluded, as she rose from dinner with a sigh. And yet it would be such a thing for John.

And to see poor John's miserable look when he came into the drawing-room, and found that Kate had a headache and had gone to bed! "It must have been that confounded camp," he said, through his teeth, which grieved his mother more.

"Oh, my dear, don't swear," she said; "things are bad enough without that."

"What things? and what do you mean, mother," growled John.

"It is—that girl. I am so sorry she came here—so sorry you saved her, John; that she should come when no one wanted her, disturbing my boy!"

"Sorry I saved her! Are you mad, mother?" cried her son.

"Oh, you know I did not mean that. I am glad she is saved, poor thing—very glad; but oh, John, my dear, why should she come disturbing you? You must not think anything more about her, my own boy. See what pains she takes to show you it is no use. She could not live where it is always the same! Oh, John, after so many warnings, if you fall into her wiles at last!"

"What folly!" he said, leaving her, and throwing himself on a sofa in a dark corner, where the light of the lamp did not reach him. The anxious mother could no longer see his face. It was not with her as in days past, when he would poke into the light, under the shade of the lamp, and put his book on the top of her work, getting many a tender scold for it, or read aloud

to her, which was her greatest pleasure. The Doctor was in his study, busy with his paper for the Archæological Society, and as indifferent to his wife's loneliness as if she had been his housekeeper. Mrs Mitford had long ago got over that. She had accepted it as the natural course of affairs that your husband should go back to his study after dinner. Perhaps it would have plagued more than pleased her now had he suddenly made his appearance in the drawing-room. What she liked was to get her work or her knitting (John's socks, which she always made with her own hands), and listen, in a soft rapture of ineffable content, as he read to her. It did not matter much what he read ; his voice, and the work in her hand, and the consciousness that her boy was there, wrapt her in a silent atmosphere of happiness. But now how different it was ! The Doctor by himself in his study, and Kate by herself in her chamber, and the mother and son, with almost the whole breadth of the room between them, each in a corner, he in the dark, she in the light, alone too. And it was all *that girl's* fault. It was she who was making him unhappy.

"John, won't you read to me a little, dear?" said his mother from the table.

"I can't to-night," he answered from the sofa, glad that his face was not visible. He was so vexed and disappointed and mortified, coming in full of the expectation of a long evening in Kate's society, and finding her gone. A year or two ago it would have brought tears to John's eyes. He was a man now, and it was not possible to cry, but he was so disappointed that he could scarcely endure himself. Mrs Mitford bore his silence and his absence as long as she could. It went to her heart—but she was all mother, down to the tips of her fingers ; and though it gave her a deep wound to think her boy had thus given her over, she could not

bear to see him unhappy. She laid down her work at last, and stole out of the room, wondering if he noticed her going, and went and knocked at Kate's door. "My dear, I have just made the tea, and it smells so refreshing. I thought, if you had not gone to bed, a cup would do you good," she said, coming in and taking Kate's hand. Her eyes were so wistful, such an unspoken prayer was in her face, that a glimmering of what she must mean just flashed upon Kate.

"How good of you to come and tell me ! May Parsons go down and bring me a cup?" said the girl. She had been seated by the open window, with the breath of the lilies stealing up from the dark garden, and a reverie had stolen over her, about nothing in particular ; only the soft night was in it, and the lilies, and the vague delights of youth. I almost think she had felt John Mitford's incipient undeveloped sentiment breathing up to her in the vagueness and darkness, with an indefinite purpose, like the flowers. And Kate had no mind to leave this sweet confusion of dreams and odours and far-off suggestion, for actual talk and commonplace intercourse ; and her first impulse was to get gently rid of her visitor, if that might be.

"It would lose all its fragrance coming up-stairs," said Mrs Mitford. "You have not begun to undress, or even taken down your pretty hair ; come down, my dear, for half an hour,—I know it will do your head good. You know, everybody says ours is such good tea."

"Don't I know it!" said Kate ; "but——"

"But I can't take any refusal," said Mrs Mitford, drawing the girl's arm within her own. Oh, how little she wanted her at that moment, had the truth been known ! and yet she coaxed and wooed her as if it were a personal grace. And the girl yielded, thinking more a great deal of the sweetness of being thus

sought and coaxed by the mother, than of the son who was sitting in the dumps on the sofa in the dark corner down-stairs.

"If *you* want me," she said, with a faint accent of inquiry, and gave Mrs Mitford a soft little kiss. "I think mamma must have been like you," she said in apology, a remark which confused John's mother, and made her feel guilty. It was not kindness to this motherless creature that moved her, but the maternal passion which paused at nothing which could give pleasure to her boy.

John was standing in the open window hesitating whether he should plunge out into the darkness, when he heard the voices of the two ladies coming back, and all the room immediately filled with radiance and splendour. In a moment he was back again, standing, hovering over Kate, who sank into an easy-chair close to the light, and gave herself up to the delights of the promised cup of tea. He did not say a dozen words to her all the rest of the evening, but he was happy; and she lying back at her ease, with the consciousness of an admiring audience, chattered and sipped, and was happy too. It did not occur to Kate that every word she said was being closely criticised by the woman who had gone to seek her, who was basking in the pleasant rays of her youth, and smiling at all her nonsense and chatter, and looking so wistfully at her by times. She thought she had made a conquest of Mrs Mitford *too*, and was pleased and proud. "I cannot be just a little flirt and a stupid," Kate was saying to herself, "for Mrs Mitford is fond of me *too*." And with this pleasant sense of having

an utterly indulgent audience, she rattled on more freely than she had ever before found it possible to do. And Mrs Mitford made secret notes of all the nonsense, and laid up in her memory everything that was said. And then the Doctor came in from his study, and the bell was rung, and the servants appeared dimly, and sat down in a row against the further wall where it was dark; and they had prayers. Mrs Mitford was scrupulous about having a shade over the lamp—she thought it was good for the eyes—so that there was one brilliant spot round the table, and all the rest was dim and vague, darkness deepening into the corners, and intensifying to a centre in the great window full of night, the open abyss into the garden all sweet with roses and lilies, through which there puffed by times the summer wind. Now that the tea-things were removed, it was Dr Mitford's white head, and his open book, and the whiter hand which was laid upon it, that were the foremost objects in the room; and in the middle distance among the shadows was Mrs Mitford; and at the back, like ghosts, the maids and the man. Kate joined very devoutly in the prayers, and felt glad she had come down-stairs. "How good they are, how quiet it is, how nice to have prayers! and oh, what sweetness in the air!" she said to herself, when she ought to have been praying. It was novel to her, and the composition of the picture was so pretty. And they were all so kind—fond of her, indeed. Kate went back to her room, when all was over, with a soft complacency and satisfaction with herself possessing her heart.

CHAPTER VII.

The next afternoon John and Kate were on the lawn, with Mrs Mitford sitting by, when Fred Huntley suddenly rode in at the

gate. The two young people had no particular inclination for croquet, but the lawn had been mowed, and Mrs Mitford had given up her

schools for one day, and seated herself outside the drawing-room window to countenance their intercourse. She did not take any part in their talk, but knitted with as much placidity as she could command, having reasoned with herself all the night through, and finally made up her mind that it would be better for her to take no part, but let things take their course. "If I try to influence her, she will think I have interested motives; and if I try to influence him, my boy will turn against me," she had said to herself piteously, shedding a few silent tears under cover of the night; and her decision had been, that she would only stand by and look on, that was all. For the first time in his life John's mother felt herself incapable of helping, or guiding, or being of any service to her boy. She had to see him face the danger, and say nothing—the danger on one hand of being secularised, and his heart turned to frivolity; and on the other, of having that heart broken. Which was the worse his mother could scarcely tell.

So these two were trifling, each with a mallet, and talking, and getting more and more interested in each other, when Fred Huntley, as I have said, rode suddenly in upon them. He gave a very keen knowing glance at the two on the lawn, as he passed them to pay his respects to Mrs Mitford. Was it her doing? was it their own doing? Fred caught the secret of the situation as a well-trained man of the world would naturally do. He had first a natural impulse to interfere; and then he paused and stopped himself, and declared to himself that he would not spoil sport. He was a man to whom generous thoughts came not, as is natural, by impulse, but upon thought. And after all, why should he meddle with them? If she married John, it would be a good thing for John, and, most likely, for her too—and why should I interfere? said Fred, without a doubt of his capability to

do so; so he went and talked to Mrs Mitford, while the two on the lawn pursued their languid sport. "I hate him," Kate had said on his arrival; "let us pretend we have begun a game;" and John was but too happy—too much delighted, by the suggestion. So they kept the lawn to themselves, and trifled and talked, while Fred talked with the chaperon over her knitting. He had come to make the apologies of his family, expecting to find an assemblage of ladies with John in the midst, the one island of black among clouds of muslin. The ladies in Fanshawe Regis were not even young, and consequently it was a relief to him to see one pretty figure only, and the mother sitting by; and he did his best to make himself agreeable, having, as it happened, a more interesting subject than "*le beau temps et la pluie*."

"I hear John has been distinguishing himself," he said; and though he did not in the least intend it, there was something in his tone which made Mrs Mitford flush red to the edge of her hair, and raise herself stiffly on her seat. The truth was, John had been in competition with Fred more than once at college, and had not been held to have distinguished himself, which naturally drove his mother to arms at the first word.

"Not anything particular that I am aware of," she said, drawing herself up stiffly; "he always is the best son and the kindest heart in the world."

"But about Miss Crediton," said Fred.

"Oh, that was a mere accident," said John's mother. "You see he can't help having a warm heart, and being so big and strong."

Fred was fully three inches shorter than John, and in this way at least he had never distinguished himself. "To be sure, that is an easy way of accounting for it," he said, with much command of temper. "It must be very

nice to be big and strong, especially when pretty girls and heiresses are in danger in one's way."

"Is she an heiress?" said Mrs Mitford, with the most innocent face in the world.

"Well, rather," said Fred; and here the little passage of arms came to a close. "My sisters were very sorry they could not come," he went on after an interval, during which he had been intently watching the two figures on the lawn. "They sent all kinds of messages, but I fear I have lost them on the way. They could scarcely have been more sorry had it been a dance—and what could a young lady say more?"

"I wish they could have come," said Mrs Mitford; and just then Lizzie came and whispered something in her ear. "Will you excuse me for two minutes, Mr Huntley? It is one of my poor people. I am so sorry to be rude, and go away."

Fred said something that was very polite, and went slowly towards the croquet-players as she left him. He thought Kate was very pretty—he had never seen her look so pretty. She was dressed in fresh muslin all but white, with her favourite blue ribbons, and looked so dainty, so refined, such a little princess beside John's somewhat heavy large figure. Not but what he looked a gentleman too—but a rural gentleman, a heavy-weight, and standing side by side with a creature made of sunshine and light. Fred Huntley had never admired Kate particularly heretofore, but he did that day, and wondered at himself. He sauntered up to them, watching their looks and movements, and stood by and criticised their play. "Miss Crediton, you have it all in your own hands," he said. "He has not the heart to hit your ball. You have nothing to do but go in and win. My good fellow, I never saw such bad play!"

"As if one cared for winning!" said Kate, dragging her mallet

along the grass. "What do we all play croquet for, I wonder?" And she gave vent to her feelings in a delicate yawn, and sank into the chair which John had brought out for her. He had placed it under the shadow of a graceful acacia, which kept dropping its white blossoms at her feet, and the two young men drew near and looked at her. Fred was much the more ready of the two, so far as talk was concerned.

"That is a tremendous question," he said. "It is as bad as if you had invited us to clear up the origin of evil. But there is nobody like women for going to the bottom of things. We do it because somebody once considered it pleasant, I suppose."

"Or because we are believed to have nothing else to do," said John.

"Then why can't we be permitted to do nothing? It tires me to death standing about in the sun," said Kate, in a plaintive voice. "I'd rather lean back and be comfortable, and listen to the leaves. I'd rather even have you two sit down here in the shade," and she waved her hand like a little princess towards the turf on each side of her, "and quarrel about something, so long as you did not come to blows. Talk—oh, please, talk about something women are not supposed to understand."

"By all means," said Fred, throwing himself down at her feet; "what shall it be? Sophocles, or steam-engines, or the Darwinian theory? Mitford is up in everything, I know, and one has a few vague ideas on general subjects—which shall it be?"

But John said nothing. He stood bending towards her with that great, tall, somewhat heavy figure of his. He had been talking not unagreeably so long as the two were alone, but Fred's interposition quenched him. He stood with an inexpressible something in his look and attitude, which said, "I

am here to watch over you, to serve you, not to take my ease and talk nonsense in your presence," which brought a little colour to Kate's cheeks. She looked at the young men in her turn, involuntarily contrasting the ease of the man of the world with the almost awkwardness of the other. Under such circumstances one knows what the verdict of a frivolous girl would naturally be. One of them could enter into all her habitual chatter, and give her all her nonsense back. He was handsomer than John Mitford, though neither was an Adonis. He was more successful; he had the *prestige* about him of a man of intellect, and yet he was just like other people. Whereas John, without the *prestige*, was unlike other people. Kate looked at them with a curious impression on her mind, as if she were making that grand decision which the heroes of olden time used to be called upon to make between the true and the false—between Pleasure and Goodness. A slight shiver went over her, she could not tell why. Neither of them was asking anything of her at that moment. As for Fred Huntley, he had never shown the slightest inclination to ask anything of her, and yet in some mysterious way she felt as if she were deciding her fate.

"You are cold—let me go and bring you a shawl," said John.

"Oh, it is nothing. It is because I have been ill. I never was so stupid in all my life before. Thanks, Mr Mitford, that is so nice," said Kate. But she was not cold, though she accepted the shawl he brought her. She was trembling before her fate. And it was John to whom some unseen counsellor seemed to direct her. It was John she liked best, she said to herself. His was the good face, the tender eyes, the loyal soul. Why such a crisis should come upon her in the middle of a game at croquet, Kate could not imagine; nor why her innocent intention of bewildering

poor John's being for him, and giving a sharp tug at his heart-strings by way of diversion, should have changed all at once into this sudden compulsion of fate upon herself to choose or to reject. Such nonsense! when nobody was asking her—nobody thinking of such a thing! She got out of it precipitately, with the haste of fear, not knowing or caring what nonsense she spoke. "You make me so uncomfortable when you stand like that," she cried. "Sit down, as Mr Huntley has done. There are only us three, and why should we make martyrs of ourselves? and when Mrs Mitford comes back, you can go and bring her chair under this tree. Mr Huntley, are you going to the ball at the Castle when the young Earl comes of age?"

"I had not heard anything about it," said Fred. "I don't care for balls in a general way; but if you are to be there, Miss Crediton——"

"Of course you will go," said Kate; "oh, I understand that. I wish you gentlemen would now and then say something a little original. Mr Mitford, I suppose I must not ask if you are going, or you will answer me the same?"

"No, I don't think there is any chance that I shall go," he said, with a smile, "not even if you are there."

"That is not original," said Fred, "it is only ringing the changes. But I suppose you will be going up to the bishop then, Mitford, eh? When is it? You ought not to speak to him about balls, and tempt him, Miss Crediton, at this moment of his life."

Kate started a little in spite of herself. "Is it so near as that? Oh, Mr Mitford, is it true?"

"Quite true," John answered, facing her, with a certain faltering steadiness which she found it hard to understand; "but I don't think the temptation of balls, so far as that goes, is likely to do me much harm."

"And I hope you are all right

in other respects, old fellow," said Fred Huntley, suddenly, in an undertone. "You are not going to do anything that will make you uncomfortable, I hope. You are not going to make any sacrifice of—of opinion—of—— I remember the talks we used to have long ago."

"I am not going to sacrifice my conscience, if that is what you mean," said John, shortly, growing very red; "but this is not the moment for such a discussion."

"I wonder where Mrs Mitford can be for so long," cried Kate, rushing into the conversation; "it must be some of her poor people. I think, as the croquet has been a failure, I shall go and see; but in the mean time, Mr Huntley, tell me what the girls are about, and where they are going. Are they to pay as many visits this year as they did last? or are you going to have your house full of people? Papa has asked some hundreds to Fernwood, I believe. I hate autumn and the shooting, and all the people that come from town. Why should the poor partridges lose their lives and we our tempers every year, as soon as September comes? It is very hard upon us both. Or else you all go off to the grouse, and then there is not a man left in the place to fill a corner at dinner. What harm have those poor birds ever done to you?"

"They are very nice to eat," said Fred, "and I suppose if we did not kill them they'd kill us in time. But, Miss Crediton, you are too philosophical. May not a man play croquet or shoot partridges without rendering a reason? One does so many things without any reason at all."

"Well," said Kate, smothering another yawn, "if you will not say anything that is amusing, or argue, or do anything I tell you, I shall go and look for Mrs Mitford. I don't think it is quite proper to sit here by myself and talk to two gentlemen, especially as you let me do almost all the talking. And it is

hot out of doors. I will go in till tea is ready; but, Mr John, you do not need to trouble yourself. There is not even a door to open. I shall go in at the window. Pray don't come," she added, in a lower tone, as he followed her across the lawn; "go and talk to *him*."

"I would much rather attend upon you, even though you don't want me," said John, with a half-audible sigh.

"But I do want you," said Kate, touched by his tone, "you are always so good to me; and I can't bear *him*, with his chatter and talk. Do keep him away as long as you can—until we call you in to tea."

And then she gave the poor fellow a little nod of friendship, and a smile which dazzled him. He went away strengthened in his soul to be more than civil to Fred Huntley—poor Fred, upon whom this sunshine had not fallen—whom, indeed, she was inclined to avert her countenance from. He strolled about the garden with that unfortunate but unconscious being for half an hour, and then took him to see the church, which was a fine one, wondering in himself all the time when that summons would come to tea. Huntley seemed abstracted too, and it came natural to John to think that everybody must be moved as he himself was, and that it was absence from *her* which made a cloud over the visitor. Their conversation strayed to a hundred other subjects as they strolled gravely up and down. They talked of the doings in Parliament, of the newspapers, of the county member, of the nature of the county architecture, of the difference in point of age between the chancel and the nave of Fanshawe Regis church, which was a question much discussed in antiquarian circles; but it was not until a full hour had elapsed that anything was said of Kate. At last,—

"By the by," said Huntley, "what was that accident that hap-

pened to Miss Crediton? One hears different accounts of it all over the country, and she does not seem to know very well herself."

"It was not much," said John, with rising colour. "Her horse ran away with her—he was making for the cliff, you know, at Winton, that overhangs the river—I beg your pardon, but the thought makes me sick—and I stopped him—that's all."

"But how did you stop him?"

"It does not greatly matter," said John; "I did somehow. I don't know much more about it than she does. And don't speak of it to her, for heaven's sake! She does not know what an awful danger she escaped."

"But surely she knows what happened?" said Fred.

"Oh yes—she knows, and she does not know. I tell you I don't know myself. Don't say anything more about it, please."

"That is all very well, my dear fellow," said Huntley; "but Kate Crediton is an heiress, and a very nice girl; and if you were to go in for her, I can tell you it would be a very good thing for you."

This time John grew pale—so pale that the keen observer by his side was filled with sudden consternation, and could not make it out. "Suppose, in the mean time, we go in to tea," he said, with a curious sternness. Not another word was said, for Huntley was too much a man of the world to repeat an unpalatable piece of advice; but he was rather relieved, on the whole, when the ceremonial was over, the tea swallowed, and half an hour of talk in the drawing-room added on to the talk on the lawn. "I should like to know what *she* means by it," Fred said to himself, indignantly, as he rode home to dinner. John Mitford was a simpleton, an innocent, an ass, if you please; but Kate knew what was what, and must have some idea where she was drifting.

And what could she mean, did anybody know?

She herself did not know, at least. She was very good to John all that evening, asking him questions about his Oxford life, and humouring him in a hundred little ways, of which he himself was but half conscious. And after dinner it so happened that they were left in the garden together, for Mrs Mitford had relaxed a little in the sternness of the chaperon's duties, which were new to her, and began to forget that the boy and the girl were each other's natural enemies. It was a lovely night, and Kate lingered and walked round and round the old house till she was compelled at last to acknowledge herself tired. And John, well pleased, gave her his arm; and it was only when she had accepted that support, and had him at a vantage, that she put the question she had been meditating. The soft air enclosed them round and round, and the soft darkness, and all the delicate odours and insensible sounds of night. He could scarcely see her, and yet she was leaning on him with her face raised and his bent, each toward the other. Then it was, with just a little pressure of his arm to give emphasis to her question, that she opened her batteries upon him at one coup.

"Is it really true," she said, with a certain supplication in her voice, "that you are determined to be a clergyman, Mr John?"

"True!" he said, staggering under it as he received the blow, and in his confusion not knowing what to say.

"Yes, true. Will you tell me? I should so very much like to know."

And then John's heart stood still for one painful moment. The question was so easy to ask, and the answer was not so easy. He drew his breath like a man drowning, before he could muster strength to reply.

MYSTERY OR PASSION PLAYS.

THE history of the religious drama is the history of the gradual development of Christianity out of the forms and customs of Paganism. As the Christian religion became prevalent, it began to assume the old robes and symbols, to adopt the old festivals, and, after retrenching and reshaping them, to put them to new uses. The Christian Church, far from desiring to outrage the ideas and feelings of a people brought up to Pagan observances, sought rather to smooth the way of conversion, and skilfully transferred the old practices to the new worship. The ancient symbols were retained, the ancient forms and usages continued. The Pagan festivals were celebrated under new titles, and consecrated to the commemoration of Christian doctrines and anniversaries. The saints assumed the place of the demigods, and even the old gods and goddesses were, by a change of name, adopted and christened. The Virgin, under different titles, took the attributes now of Diana, with her symbol of the horned moon; now of Juno, with her symbol of the white lily, veil, and ewe-lamb; and now of Venus, with her symbol of the dove. Orpheus and Apollo, in like manner, were taken as types of Christ; and the vineyard of Bacchus became the vineyard of the Lord, as may be seen in the cloisters of the old church of Sta Agnese in Rome. The high priest of the new religion kept the ancient title of Pontifex Maximus. Prayers were said after the ancient fashion by stretching upwards the hands as in the paintings in the catacombs of St Calixtus. Whatever could be retained was with wise prevision kept, so as to shock established prejudices as little as possible, and to make the path to the new rites easy. The new wor-

ship took place in the old Basilica. The forms of baptism were essentially the same as the ancient lustrations; and the ceremonies of Pasqua still retain the Pagan peculiarities, when the high priest went to all the houses to bless and purify them, carrying, as now, a lighted torch and an egg, and consecrating them to the goddess then, as now to the Madonna. The Liberalia in honour of Bacchus were transformed into the festival of St Joseph, with certain modifications. The Palilia were continued in honour of St John. The Floralia or Ludi Florales were devoted to the Virgin, and even to this day are celebrated in Genzano in honour of the Madonna dei Fiori, under the name of Infiorata, when the streets, after the ancient custom, are strewn with flowers arranged in fantastic patterns. The Cerealia in honour of Ceres, with their fasting, white robes, vows of chastity, and processions of women and virgins, who strewed their beds with "agnus castus," were adopted to celebrate the visitation of the Virgin; and the garlands that were brought by the peasants of Enna to crown the statues of Ceres, were laid upon the altar to the Madonna. The feast of St Peter ad Vincula was also instituted to supersede the annual Pagan festival in commemoration of the victory of Augustus at Actium. In the catacombs and the oldest of the churches in Rome, as in St Agnese, for instance, may be seen in picture and sculpture the mingling of the two religions, where the fable of Eros and Psyche, and Bacchus with his attributes, are sculptured on Christian tombs and sarcophagi. So, too, in the tombs near the ruins of the church of St Stephano, on the ancient Via Latina, exist sarcophagi of the Christians dedicated to the Diis

Manibus, and bearing upon them figures and devices belonging to the purely Pagan times.

The wild festivities of the Saturnalia, also, were not utterly discarded, but only modified in form and character. The whole month of December was formerly dedicated to Saturn, but the Saturnalia proper were celebrated from the 17th of the month to the 23d. The first three days were the Saturnalia proper; the next two were the Opalia; the last two were the Sigillaria. These festivals were devoted to the celebration of Christmas and Epiphany. The Sigilla were so called from the little earthenware figures and toys which were then hawked about; and this same practice still survives in Rome at Epiphany. The Moccoletti, also, is a continuation of the Saturnalian Cerei, and the mock king of Twelfth Night is a feature of the ancient festival.

In consequence of the terrible changes which followed the introduction of Christianity into the Roman empire—the decay of its power, pride, and wealth, the assaults from without, the commotions within, the destruction of industry and the poverty of the people—one great influence which had previously modified the character and cultivated the tastes of the people gradually died out. This was the drama. The theatres still remained, but they were either deserted and falling into ruin, or given over to representations of a low and strolling character. “Per omnes civitates cadunt theatra inopia rerum,” says St Augustine, recalling with regret the dramas which in his youth he had so passionately enjoyed. Tragedy and comedy had lost their ancient dignity, and *mimi* had usurped the stage. Constantine and Constans vainly issued edicts prohibiting the gladiatorial shows in the Colosseum—for such was the craving of the

populace for those exciting exhibitions, that they still survived, despite the imperial decrees; and it was not until the sixth century that they entirely ceased, and were finally abolished by the edict, first, of Honorius, and subsequently of Justinian.* They would probably have survived still longer, had it not been for a remarkable incident that occurred in the Colosseum in the year 404, when the monk Telemachus, inspired by horror at these bloody scenes, rushed intrepidly into the arena and vehemently declaimed against them during the performance of some gladiatorial combats. For this act, however, he paid the penalty of his life. The Prætor Alypius, enraged at his interference, and himself passionately devoted to these games, ordered him to be seized and slain on the spot. The emperor, however, struck by this heroic act of Telemachus, immediately decreed that thenceforth no combats by men against men should take place. The Venationes, or combats of men with beasts, still continued, however, until the edict of Justinian abolished them also.

Under Theodoricus, as we know by the testimony of Cassiodorus and Ammianus Marcellinus, comedies still continued to be acted; and St Thomas Aquinas speaks of spectacles and plays by *mimi* as having existed for previous centuries. At the close of the third century, only plays by *mimi* were recited, and these were chiefly improvisations. The theatre had fallen exclusively into the hands of buffoons and harlequins, and was given over to the most licentious performances. Out of these grew the first Mysteries, or Passion Plays, and hence the peculiar character which these early Christian dramas exhibit. The term mystery, as applied to these plays, is not, in the opinion of M. Réville,† derived

* L. 15, de Pagan. Cod. Theod. et Cod. Just. eod., tit. I. 4.

† See his interesting essay on the religious drama published in the ‘Revue des Deux Mondes,’ July 1, 1868.

from the Greek, nor does it signify that the events represented are of a supernatural or mysterious character; but comes from the Latin word "*ministerium*," a ministry or function, and is equivalent to the Italian *funzione*, and the Spanish *auto*.

According to Mr Hone (in his work on Ancient Mysteries), a Jewish play, of which fragments are still preserved, in Greek iambics, is the first drama known to have existed on a Scripture subject. It is taken from Exodus, and represents the departure of the Israelites from Egypt under their leader and prophet. The principal characters are Moses, Sapphira, and God in the burning bush. Moses delivers the prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of this play is Ezekiel, a Jew; and Warton supposes that he wrote it after the destruction of Jerusalem, to animate his dispersed brethren with the hope of a future deliverance, and that it was composed in imitation of the Greek drama at the close of the second century.

Appollinarius, Bishop of Laodicea, afterwards, in the reign of Julian, not only translated much of the Old Testament into heroic verse, but also turned some of its stories into plays. These, however, are entirely lost. The first mystery-play of which any complete record now exists is the Christos Paschon, written in Greek in the fourth century, and attributed to Gregory Nazianzen. In the prologue it is called an imitation of Euripides; and the author calls attention to the fact that in this play, for the first time, the Virgin Mary makes her appearance on the stage. The play in itself is neither original nor interesting. The action is null, taking place outside the scene, and narrated to the audience by messengers; and many of the verses are stolen bodily from Euripides. The play is, however, historically interesting, as being the first serious attempt to turn the theatre to the advantage

of the new religion, and to supplant the Pagan by a Christian drama.

Some of the early Fathers seem to have been warmly opposed to plays of every kind; and Tertullian declares that whoever has in baptism renounced "Satan and all his works and pomps," cannot, without apostasy, go to the play. In another place, assailing actors and the stage, he cries, "The devil sets them on their high pantofles to give Christ the lie, who said no one can add a cubit to his stature." Cyprian, Cyril, Basil, and Clement of Alexandria, also denounce plays; and even Augustine says that they who go to them are as bad as they who write or act them.

For six centuries we have no other record of religious plays; and then Roswitha, a nun in the convent of Gandersheim, towards the close of the tenth century, wrote six plays in Latin, which, though pedantic and crude, are not entirely deficient in dramatic interest. They were, however, written purely for her sister nuns, and seem never to have been acted outside the cloister. A French translation of them was published in 1845 by M. Charles Magnin, the author of the learned essays on the '*Origines du Théâtre Moderne*,' which appeared in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*.'

Later than this, under the papacy of Gregory the Great, the germs of the true mystery-play are to be found. The Church now began to commemorate by processions, with choruses, chants, and dialogues, scenes of the passion and resurrection of our Saviour, and the various events of his life. These representations at first took place solely in the churches, the doors of which, during their performance, were closed to all but the clergy, the various parts being taken by the priests. Besides these, there were also *tableaux vivants* of incidents both in the Old Testament and in the New, in which Balaam and his ass intermingled with the sibyls and prophets, and Virgil might be seen in

company with allegoric figures of Mercy and Justice. Whenever God the Father spoke, three voices were heard in unison, to symbolise the Trinity. And even the serpent found a tongue, and tempted Eve with his flatteries. As the processions, dialogues, and chants were the precursors of the passion-plays, so these tableaux are simply the ancestors of the Presepi, which are still seen on the festival of Christmas, in many of the churches of modern Rome, when the birth of Christ is represented by lay figures made of wax or wood, and richly draped. The Madonna is always laden with magnificent jewels, a little out of character, but showing the desire to do her honour. Joseph, on the contrary, has only a staff. The ox and ass occupy a prominent place in the foreground, while the landscape behind is arranged with considerable scenic skill, with groups of shepherds and flocks and running streams. The kings and wise men are also introduced, wearing crowns, and kneeling before the infant to present their gifts.

In like manner the primitive representations in action of some of the events of the life of the Lord are also preserved in the modern Church, showing how strong a hold they have on the popular feeling. At Easter, the Pope still washes the feet of twelve men who personate the apostles, in one of the side chapels at St Peter's, and subsequently serves the same set, in a hall over the portico, with a supper, at which the apostles show a good appetite; and after filling their stomachs well, fill their pockets with what remains, to the great edification of an immense crowd that throng, and fight, and almost tear each other's clothes off, to obtain a view of the spectacle. If these representations have still so great an effect in the present century, it may well be imagined how deep an impression they must have made in more primitive ages.

About the year 990 the famous festival of Fools* and festival of the Ass (*Asinaria festa*) were introduced by Theophylactus, Patriarch of Constantinople; and these were exhibited in the Greek Church, to the great scandal of Cedranus, the Byzantine historian, who, writing in the year 1050, declaims against

“This practice which prevails to this day of scandalising God and the memory of His saints on the most splendid and popular festivals by indecent and ridiculous songs and enormous shoutings even in the midst of those sacred hymns which we ought to offer to the divine grace with compunction of heart for the salvation of our souls. But he [Theophylactus] having collected a company of base fellows and placing over them one Euthyonius, surnamed Casnes, whom he also appointed the superintendent of his church, admitted into the sacred service diabolical dances, exclamations of ribaldry, and ballads borrowed from the streets and brothels.”

Nor does the worthy historian at all exaggerate the nature of these festivals. They were in the utmost degree grotesque and vulgar, and finally became so licentious as to constitute no improvement, to say the least, on the Pagan festivals which they supplanted. In the feast of Fools, a mock bishop, an archbishop, and even a pope was elected, each having his appropriate suite of maskers. They were generally dressed like harlequins or buffoons, and either wore masks, or painted and smutted their faces, and otherwise disguised themselves in strange ways, in order to provoke fear or laughter. These festivals, which were the direct descendants of the ancient Saturnalia, were celebrated from Christmas to the end of January, and continued for centuries to retain their old name of “The Liberty of December,” as in the lines of Horace,—

“Age, libertate Decembri
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere,
narra.”

* A full account of these festivals will be found in the ‘*Mémoires pour servir, &c.*’ by Du Tilliot.

They were carried on with the utmost licence of action and language, the maskers singing obscene songs, taking lascivious postures, playing dice, and eating sausages and puddings on the altar, wearing spectacles with orange-peel in place of glasses, and mocking the practice of incensing by burning an old shoe or excrement in the censor and incensing the priest with its smoke. The mock office being finished, they leaped and danced through the church like madmen, sometimes stripping themselves quite naked in their dances. They then recited a farce in the atrium or cemetery of the church, where they shaved their heads and arranged their beards. The bishop or pope, after giving his benediction, was then carried in procession in an open carriage, accompanied by a crowd who threw filth on everybody they passed. The chief of these festivals was celebrated on Christmas or Twelfth Day. Mock indulgences were issued on the first day, by order of the mock bishop; his almoner distributing them, and reciting in a grave voice, "Da parte di Monsignor Arcivescovo che Domeniddio mandi a tutti voi un malanno di Fegato con un paniere colmo di perdoni e due dite di Rogna sotto il mento." "In behalf of Monsignor the Bishop, may God send you a curse of the liver, and a basketful of pardons, and two fingers of itch under your chin." The second day the rubric was different. "Monsignor che è presente vi dona venti panieri pieni di dolori di denti ed aggiunge agli altri donativi già fatti quello della coda d'una Carogna." "Monsignor, here present, sends you twenty basketsful of pains in your teeth, and adds to the other presents already made that of the tail of a carrion." "Enfin," says Deslyons, "c'était l'abomi-

nation de la désolation dans le saint lieu et dans les personnes de l'état le plus saint." Belet writes, in 1182, that these *fêtes* were celebrated sometimes on the day of Circumcision, and that at Christmas four dances were executed in the church by deacons, priests, children, clerks, and sub-deacons; and even bishops and archbishops, particularly the Archbishop of Rheims, played dice and leaped and danced with the rest of the clergy in their convents and monasteries.*

The feast of the Ass, as annually celebrated in Beauvais, commemorated the flight into Egypt; and to represent the Virgin, the handsomest girl of the village was selected, who, mounted on a richly-caparisoned ass, made her way through the principal streets attended by a great procession of the clergy. As the throng approached the church, and drew up before the door, the choir and the people loudly chanted the mass, and at every interval there was a refrain of "Hin-han," to imitate the braying of the animal; while at the close of the service the words "Ita missa est" were transformed into "Hin han, hin han, hin han," thrice repeated.

Other festivals of the Ass—for he was the principal and most popular figure on these occasions—were to commemorate Christ's entry into Jerusalem. On these occasions a wooden ass was drawn up on a platform to the church, accompanied by a crowd of people having branches of palm. The priest then came out and prostrated himself before the ass, and there lay until another priest, by a vigorous application of the rod to his person, brought him to his feet; he then blessed the palms, and the other priests in turn fell on their faces. After this the wooden ass was taken away and haled about the streets by chil-

* Sir Walter Scott has given us a vivid sketch of one of these riotous assemblages in 'The Abbot,' but he has very properly mitigated or omitted many of its worst features, not only on account of their grossness, but as not belonging to the much later period which he is describing.

dren, who sang verses in his honour and made collections of money.

A third celebration of this festival was in honour of Balaam's ass, when the priests walked in procession, dressed to represent the prophets. David was robed in green; Moses wore a white alb and beard; while Balaam, with huge spurs, rode on a hollow wooden ass, within which was placed a person who spoke at certain intervals. Virgil and the sibyls, and six Jews and six Gentiles, and together with them Nebuchadnezzar, Simeon, and the three children in the furnace—an odd jumble of personages enough—made a part of the procession; and thus they proceeded to the church, where speeches were made and chants were sung.

The office for the feast of the Ass was a farrago of complete absurdity, sung in discordant tones to imitate braying, or "in falso," as the direction to the singers runs. The ceremonies were equally absurd. The ass, richly dressed in priestly robes and ornaments, was conducted, after various follies, to the table of the chief chanter; while a hymn was sung by solo and chorus, of which the following verses, chanted in Beauvais in the eleventh century, may serve as specimens:—

1. *Orientis partibus*
Adventavit asinus
Pulcher et fortissimus
Sarcinis aptissimus

Chorus.—Hez va ! Hez va ! Hez va !*
Bialx sire asnes, car allez.
Belle bouche, car chantez.

2. *Amen, dicas, asine :*
Jam satur de gramine.
Amen, amen, itera
Aspernare vetera
3. *Lentus erat in pedibus*
Nisi foret Baculus
Et eum in clunibus
Purgeret aculeus.

Chorus.—He ! sire asne, car chantez,
Belle bouche richinez,
Vous aurez de Foin assez
Et de l'avoine a plantez.

4. *Ecce magnis auribus*
Subjugalis filius
Asinus egregius
Asinorum dominus.

He ! sire asne, car chantez, &c.

At the end of every verse the people kneeled while they sang the chorus. Wine was handed about to the choristers during the performance, and the signal for this was an anthem commencing, "Conductus ad poculum." In the evening there were other performances with dancing and singing, which took place in a large theatre, by the actors of the day, accompanied by the Grand Chanter; and the conclusion of the whole was a pailful of water dashed over the chief chanter's head.

No wonder that grave historians were scandalised at such wild proceedings. Still, despite of protests, these follies kept their place for more than eighty years in France, England, Spain, Germany, and Italy, and were perpetrated in the very heart of the convents and monasteries. Nor were there wanting stout defenders of them; and one learned doctor of theology in France declared that "all men have a dose of folly which must be allowed to evaporate; and is it not better," he asks, "that it should ferment in the temple and under the eyes of the Highest, rather than in the domestic walls? The liquor of wisdom is too strong—we are vases too fragile to hold it," &c.

Originally in the Church dramas proper, as distinguished from the *Asinaria*, the language employed was Latin; but towards the close of the eleventh century Latin began to give way to the popular tongue, and in a dialogue between the wise and foolish virgins written in France in the eleventh century, the Provençal dialect is adopted. This probably marks the period at which the change began to take place. Both languages became now mingled together with the oddest effects—the more ordinary personages speaking

* Both these choruses are given in different versions.

the popular language, while Latin was reserved for Christ. But after reciting his part in Latin, he not unfrequently translated it on the spot to make himself intelligible to his audience.

As the language of the people superseded the Latin, so did the wild, irregular, and undisciplined sentiment of the people overcome the restrictions of the Church, and run riot into licence and folly. And at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the grotesque and licentious element had so entirely prevailed over the earnest and serious in those religious feasts, that the clergy at last became scandalised, and in 1210, Innocent III. issued the bull, "*Cum decorem domus Domini*," enjoining the duty of purging the Church of these abuses. But the *Asinaria* had become too deeply rooted to be easily done away with. The Council of Paris, in 1212, renewed the condemnation of them, forbidding the Bishop and Archbishop, as well as all monks and nuns, to participate in them. The Council of Utrecht was again forced to protest against them in 1294, and that of Bâle again in 1435. Finally, they were driven out of the churches in general, though they seem still to have kept their place in Bordeaux long after they had disappeared in Italy—for we find in 1620 that they are condemned by the Council of Bordeaux, under pains of excommunication. When they were prohibited in the churches they were taken up by the people, and assumed still larger proportions, sometimes lasting not only from morning till evening, but for several days in succession. As they were written exclusively in the language of the people, they gained wider scope and interest, and the clergy continued for a long time to take part in them as principal actors, modifying as far as they could the abuses. When they withdrew, societies of laymen were formed for the express purpose of enacting mysteries or plays founded on

Old and New Testament stories. Among these may be mentioned the Fraternity of the Gonfalone, founded in Rome in 1264, expressly to represent "the Passion of Jesus;" and the "*Frères de la Passion*" at Paris, associated together for the same purpose. In 1298 the Passion was played at Friuli and at Civita Vecchia, on the feast of Pentecost; and in 1304 were acted the Creation of Adam and Eve, the Annunciation, the Nativity, and various other Scriptural subjects.

In his life of Buffalmacco, Vasari gives an account of a feast on the Arno in 1304, when "a machine representing hell was fixed on boats, at the end of which the devil was seen returning to hell with a Jew, and an angel dismisses the spectators." Cionacci supposes this to represent the story of Theophilus, or perhaps of Lazarus the rich and Lazarus the beggar, where the rich Lazarus begs in vain a drop of water from Lazarus the beggar in Abraham's bosom.

Galvano della Fiamma, the Milanese historian, says that it was the custom in Milan, in the year 1326, to celebrate the visit of the three kings to the cradle of the Saviour, and the flight into Egypt, in the following fashion: Three persons were selected, who, dressed as kings wearing crowns on their heads, and mounted on horses, entered the city on the day of Epiphany, followed by a great concourse of people; and after passing through the principal streets, with a golden star carried before them, they finally proceeded to the Square of St Lorenzo, where a person representing King Herod was seated, attired in regal robes, and surrounded by the scribes and rabbis. Here a long dialogue took place between the King Herod and the other kings, in which the wonderful event which they had seen was narrated, to the great edification of all the hearers. In other places, the flight into Egypt was represented by a beautiful girl mounted on an ass, and

carrying an infant in her arms, while an old man on foot, representing Joseph, marched at her side. These celebrations were in later days travestied by the Befana dressed as a hag, who entered the street followed by a crowd carrying burning torches, and hooting and whistling after her; and even to the present day a figure stuffed with straw, and grotesquely dressed, is carried about the streets in some towns of Italy, followed by a crowd of persons jeering and shouting. This latter travesty had reference to an ancient legend, that an old woman who was sweeping her house when the three kings passed by to journey on to Christ with their precious gifts, upon being called to see them would not come to the window, but continued her occupation, saying, "I will see them as they return."

These plays, founded on Scripture subjects, soon attained a great popularity everywhere, and during the latter part of the thirteenth century were performed frequently in the Colosseum at Rome.* On these occasions a broad platform was erected on one side of the arena, just over the place where a chapel was afterwards built, and here every Good Friday the Passion of our Saviour was played to an audience equalling in number, according to Pancirolus, that which flocked to the ancient gladiatorial games. The play was in ottava rima, in the rudest dialect of the people, with an intermezzo of various little airs, which were probably sung; two specimens of these airs still exist, says Marangoni, in the library of the Marchese Alessandro Capponi.

Among the chief plays performed here was 'The Holy Farce of the Resurrection' (as Tiraboschi calls it), composed by Giuliano Dati. This title must not, however, be supposed to indicate that any ludicrous character attached to the performance, any more than the term

'Divina Commedia' signifies anything comic in Dante's great poem. Some question has been raised as to the time when these Colosseum plays were first performed; but there is no doubt that towards the end of the pontificate of Paul III., in the year 1546, or, at latest, 1549, they were prohibited, the Pope being prompted thereto by two reasons—first, that the spirit of the Reformation was astir; and second, that they tended to interfere with his spoliations of the Colosseum. There is no doubt that at the time of the Reformation these mysteries were made the vehicles of attacks upon the Church and its abuses, and the farcical element still admitted was employed to lampoon it severely. To give greater zest to the satire, the old festivals of the Fête des Fous were to a certain extent revived, though in a somewhat modified character, and pardons and indulgences of the most ludicrous character were then offered in public. At Berne, for instance, in 1522, a mystery-play was performed against the sale of indulgences to free souls from purgatory, which produced a great effect on the popular mind. St Peter and Paul are here represented as arriving at Rome and meeting the Pope while he is borne along with great pomp in a splendid procession. They pause, and St Peter asks who is this man; and on being told that this is the Pope and his own successor, he cries, "By my faith, I don't remember exactly whether I ever came to Rome before; but if I did, and in such an equipage as that, I have quite forgotten it."

This reminds one of the satire made on Gregory XVI. at the time of his death. He is represented after death as arriving at the gate of Paradise, and claiming admission of St Peter, who answers his summons. "Who are you that knock so loudly?" says St Peter. "I am his Holiness the Pope," is the answer.

* Riccoboni, '*Storia del Teatro.*'

"Who?" "The Pope!" "Oh! ah! pardon me, I had forgotten that there was such a person; it is so long since I've seen one here. But what is your name?" The Pope answers, "Gregory!" "Gregory, Gregory," replies St Peter, musingly. "Why, the only Gregory I know has been here for several centuries. You surely are not Gregorio Magno,* are you?" "Oh no!" replies the Pope; "I am Gregorio Bevo." "Then," says St Peter, "show me the keys;" upon which Gregory searches in his pocket and presents him with the keys of his wine-cellar, which are all he can find.

Another mystery-play of a similar character was enacted at Geneva in 1546, under the superintendence of Calvin; and throughout Germany, and even in France, attacks were made through the medium of these religious plays upon the Church and its abuses.

In these plays the actors were, in the early days, generally seated together at the back of the stage, and each in turn rose and recited his part—a personage representing the chorus, or interpreter, announcing the subject of the drama and the name of each actor as he rose to speak, and when his part was concluded crying out "Sile" (be silent). The dresses were the same as those represented in the old Byzantine pictures, while Christ and the high priest wore the episcopal robes of the Church. The souls of the damned were clothed only in a chemise, and the little children were quite naked. Judas was signalled, not by the purse, as in later pictures, but by a blackbird and the entrails of an animal which he carried under his dress,—the former typifying his black soul, and the latter the incidents of his death, as related in the Acts of the Apostles.

When the mystery or passion

play proper was developed, the grotesque and ludicrous parts were given over to some special characters or personages, while the serious parts were kept as free as possible from vulgarity or ribaldry. By the fifteenth century the fool, buffoon, or *grazioso* was a constant personage on the stage, relieving the seriousness by constant strokes of coarse humour, aimed often at the devil, who always got the worst of all encounters with him. Other comic characters were Nicodemus, and the person who sells the ointment to Mary Magdalen. Judas and the thief who was crucified were also made the targets to constant shafts of ridicule, not of the most refined character; and besides this, even when the sentiments and the characters were intended to be most grave and serious, there is a grotesqueness of dialogue, and a *naïveté* of conception as well as of utterance, which sounds most oddly to modern ears. Incidents and conversations which to us verge at least on the blasphemous, were then introduced with perfect good faith. There was no sinning on the side of prudery and fastidiousness, and it is plain that the audiences craved a strong relish to their religious teaching. Dances were also frequently introduced into the early mystery-plays, and were even admitted into the churches themselves as a part of the religious celebration. As David danced before the ark, so, as late as the sixteenth century, and in some places even a century later, the Jews danced before Pilate; and in one of the German mystery-plays for Pasqua, a number of knights are introduced who proceed to the holy sepulchre, dancing and singing,—

"Wir wollen zu dem Grabe gan."

The evil spirit was also conceived,

* This is a play upon words impossible to translate. The common Romans say magno for mangio, "I eat;" so Gregorio Magno means, "I Gregory eat;" Gregorio Bevo, "I Gregory drink."

after the spirit of the earliest pictures, as a demon with horns and claws, at once horrible and ludicrous; and, in an early French mystery-play of Adam, the stage-direction is, that whenever the devil carries a soul to hell, a great noise of caldrons and kettles shall be made. In other plays, particularly in England, the stage-direction to the devil was to lay about him lustily with a long pole, and tumble the players one over another with great noise and riot for disport's sake. In the 'Tentazione,' however, a mystery-play acted at Seville in the year 1498, the devil comes in a different guise; he here appears dressed as a Zoccolante simply, to tempt a hermit named Florian. There is no outward sign of his real character, and he disputes with Florian on the subjects of abstinence and the incarnation, and cites, *apropos* to the latter subject, St Thomas Averroe. He then offers some bread and cheese to eat, which he carries in his sleeve; but St Melanie appears to the hermit under the form of an old woman, and points out the little horns under his hood; upon which the hermit brings out a great crucifix, and the devil is changed into a pig, and goes off grunting.

This conception is strangely in harmony with a fresco by Perugino in the Camere of the Vatican, representing the Temptation, where the devil, under the garb of a venerable philosopher, is reasoning on his fingers with Christ and tempting Him intellectually, while there is nothing to indicate his real character except two budding horns.

Not only the devil was freely represented, but Christ and also God the Father were brought visibly forth on the stage. In 1437 the mystery of the Passion was played by order of Conrad Bayer, Bishop of Metz, on the Plains of Veximel, and the rôle of

Christ was assigned to an old curate named (rather inappropriately) Nicholas, of Neufchatel of Tourraine, who was very nearly expiring on the cross before he was taken down; though he afterwards performed the "Resurrection," as we learn, with complete success. A similar incident befel Jean de Nicey, chaplain of Metrange, who, in impersonating Judas, unfortunately slipped his neck in the noose while hanging on the tree, and very nearly lost his life. In the former of these two plays the "mouth of hell opened and shut when the devils came in and out, and had two large eyes of steel." The "mouth of hell" was a necessary adjunct to so many plays that it was a stock property, and all sorts of devices were resorted to to make it fearful.

In an ancient French chronicle of the fourteenth century (1319) is an act of a festival where Christ in person enters eating apples and laughing with the Virgin; after which he recites paternosters with the apostles, and resuscitates the dead and judges them. You then hear the blessed singing in Paradise in company with about ninety angels, and the damned weeping in a black and stinking hell in the midst of more than a hundred devils who laugh at their torments. You also see a fox, first made a simple clericus, then by degrees a bishop, archbishop, and pope, and always gorging himself on pullets and capons.*

The following extraordinary dialogue, which may be instanced as showing the *naïveté* with which the most august subjects were treated, occurs in a play called 'L'Epulone' (the glutton), which was acted in the fifteenth century. Asmodeus, the spirit of luxury, and Pluto, the spirit of riches, appear before the tribunal of the Eternal Father to accuse the rich glutton, who is on his knees before his judge. His

* Napoli Signorelli, 'Discorso Storico Critico da servire alla Storia Crit. dei Theatri,' vol. iv. p. 144.

guardian angel is his advocate, and is on the point of obtaining his pardon, when suddenly San Lazzaro arrives, and being informed of the state of the case, rebukes the Eternal Father in these terms :—

“Che, Messer Padre Eterno,
Vuoi tu dunque salvare
De Beelzebutte un germe, un mascalzone—
Spilorecio e crapulone,
Che va per le cucine
Le pentole fiutando? e del Profeta
Se qualcheduno gli parla, o della legge,
La pancia ei si tasteggia e poi risponde,
‘Che Legge! che Mosè!
Il Pentateucho mio questo è, alla fè!’”

Which may be thus Englished :—

“What! Sir Eternal Father,
Do you propose to save
This germ of Beelzebub, this rascal here—
This sordid wretch, this glutton vile,
Who goes through all the kitchens
Smelling at all the pots? and if onespeaks
To him about the prophets and the law,
He slaps his belly, and cries out to them :
‘Pish, Moses! and pish, laws!
This, by my faith, *this* is my Pentateuch!’”

On hearing these words the Eternal Father changes his mind, and orders the fiends to convey him forthwith down to the fires of Gehenna. The order is at once obeyed with great jubilee; and when the curtain again rises, Satan is seen upon a throne with a pitchfork in his hand instead of a sceptre, and Asmodeus brings in Epu-lone intoning the strangest and absurdest verses.*

In another of these plays, which was acted in France under the title of ‘La Résurrection,’ the Eternal Father is introduced as sleeping, while his Son is suffering death on the cross, when an angel enters and rouses him with these words :—

“Père Eternel, vous avés tort,
Et devriés avoir vergogne;
Votre fils bien-aimé est mort,
Et vous dormés comme un yvrogne.
Dieu le Père.—Il est mort!
L’ange.—D’homme de bien!
Dieu le Père.—Diable emporte qui en
savais rien.”

Strange as these dialogues sound

to us, it would be a great mistake to suppose that they were intended to be otherwise than strictly moral and religious in their tone, or that they indicate anything more than a gross want of taste and sensibility on the part of authors, actors, and audience. They are like the drawings of children, which, though seriously intended, are so entirely grotesque that no one of malice preposse could imitate their *naïve* absurdity. Characteristic traits are developed to excess; likeness is caught by caricature of features; nothing is delicate and refined in its treatment, for strong stomachs crave coarse food. Thus the Magdalen in the ‘Passion d’Arras’ not only announces with complete freedom her former life, but exaggerates it to the utmost in these lines :—

“A tous je suis abandonnée
Viegne chacun, n’ayé pas peur!
Vecy mon corps que je présente
A chacun qui le veult avoir.
Livray ne voldray par vente
Je non quier or n’argent avoir
Chacun en face son vouloir.
Je ne le scay plus presenter,
Il est prest pour vous recevoir
Sans ja aucun en refuser.”

So too the Virgin, in these early plays, gives birth to the infant Christ on the stage; and the decapitated heads of the martyrs make three bounds on the stage in honour of the Trinity.

By the side of these absurdities, however, there are not wanting passages of earnestness and dramatic passion, as in the lamenting of the Virgin at the foot of the cross, or the denunciations of himself by Judas, carried, indeed, often to excess, and grossly material and violent in their conception, but certainly striking, and calculated to produce a powerful effect on uneducated minds. One of these, cited by M. Réville, occurs in an old mystery-play published by M. De la Villemarque, and entitled “Le

* ‘Abbate Arteaga, *Revoluzione dei Teat. Mus.*, vol. I. ch. iii. p. 134. Ed. Venice, 1785.

Grand Mystère de Jesus." Judas, overwhelmed by horror at his crime, and learning from Despair, the daughter of Satan, that he is doomed beyond redemption, thus cries out:—

"Allons, allons à l'abîme grossir le monceau des damnés. . . . Je vais faire mon testament. . . . Moi, Judas, moi l'infâme, je dis d'abord que je me donne à toi, Lucifer, corps et âme. . . . Ici à moi, chiens de l'enfer, traînez mon corps aux lieux immondes! Puissent les tourmens, les maux, les supplices qui plongent leur racines jusqu'aux entrailles de l'enfer être mon partage assuré. Harrassé, en lambeaux, que de roule, objet d'horreur et de pitié, car c'est l'angoisse et non la joie que j'ai mérité par ma vie. . . . Je condamne ma langue et mes lèvres blêmes à parler à jamais de douleur, sans articuler d'autre son, si bien qu'on me reconnaitra aux hurlemens que je pousserai au fond de l'abîme. . . . Venez, regardez-moi au fracas du tonnerre: je suis prêt à braver vos tempêtes infernales. Je brave le Dieu qui me crea. J'étais domicile pour jamais dans le feu, auprès de Satan. . . . C'est . . . c'est fait."

In later days, dramas of the character of mystery-plays were written by a far different class of persons than those originally composed for the Church. Hans Sachs composed a great number for the people; Lope de Vega wrote no less than four hundred "autos sacramentales;" and Calderon wrote one hundred and eighty. Even Grotius has left us one called "Christus Patiens;" and, in still later days, the "Esther and Athalie" of Racine, the "Nathan" of Lessing, and perhaps the "Mahomet" of Voltaire, might be included under the same denomination. Besides these we have the great oratorios of Haydn, Handel, and Mendelssohn, which are but passion-plays in music; and the "Mosé in Egitto" of Rossini comes under the same category. Bibbiena in his "Calandra," Macchiavelli in his "Mandragola and Clitia," and even Ariosto in his five comedies, formed themselves on the loose and inde-

cent style of the old plays, though the subjects were not drawn from the Scripture. Spohr, in later days, has written four oratorios or passion-plays, one called "The Last Judgment;" and another, "The Fall of Babylon," written expressly for the Norwich festival, and since given twice in London and once in Worcester.

During the fifteenth century a most interesting series of old Italian plays was printed in Italy. They were first issued separately in parts, each play bearing a signature or book-mark on the title-page, and afterwards collected in two volumes under the title 'Raccolta di Rappresentazioni Antiche.' The first edition of this collection is without date; but it was probably made in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and is supposed to have been published by Francesco Buonacorsi. Other plays were published separately immediately after, most of them being printed for Francesco and Giovanni Benvenuto and Antonio Torbini. In 1553 a new edition was published with woodcuts, and in 1575 a third edition appeared. These plays are now exceedingly rare; but a greater part of the series is now in possession of the Marquis of Northampton, his collection having been founded upon one formerly in the possession of Mr Towneley, to which he has made many valuable additions. They are illustrated by woodcuts executed with great spirit, and so remarkable for character and design as clearly to show that they were the work of no common hands. The subjects of the plays are chiefly derived from incidents in the lives of the saints, though many of them are founded on old stories and legends of a romantic and moral character, as well as upon events in Scripture history. In their versification they are generally smooth, the subjects are often developed with considerable dramatic skill, and altogether they form so remarkable and interesting a series,

that it is to be hoped a reprint of the most valuable at least, if not of the whole, may be given to the public. This is all the more to be desired as their accidental loss or destruction would be exceedingly difficult to repair.

Among the Scripture plays there is one on the Nativity, in which the alternate verses sung or recited by the shepherds so recall the song sung by the Pifferari at Christmas before the shrines of the Madonna at Rome, as to lead one to suppose that this song may originally have been taken from one of these or similar plays of an earlier period.

The first trace in England of mystery-plays is recorded by Matthew Paris, who says that Geoffrey, a learned Norman, master of the school of the Abbey of Dunstable, composed the play of St Catherine, which was acted by the scholars in the year 1110, in the ecclesiastical vestments of the abbey, which he borrowed for the occasion. In 1174, we learn from Fitzstephen that "London, for its theatrical exhibitions, has religious plays, either the representations of miracles wrought by holy confessors, or the sufferings of martyrs." Early in the twelfth century, Hilarius, a disciple of Abelard, and an Englishman, wrote three plays, the subjects of which were the Raising of Lazarus, the Miracle of St Nicholas, and the History of Daniel. Another small collection, apparently of the same century, was found at Orleans, in MS., containing four miracles of St Nicholas, six plays on incidents in the New Testament, the Three Kings, the Slaughter of the Innocents, the reappearance of Christ at Emmaus, the Resurrection of Lazarus and of Christ, and the Conversion of St Paul.

Towards the middle of the fourteenth century, mystery-plays were already popular; and in Chaucer's time, towards the end of the cen-

tury, they were performed in Lent, and occupied several days. One of the actors he thus mentions in his *Canterbury Tales*,—

"Sometimes to show his lightness and
maistrie,
He playeth Herod on a scaffold hie."

After these came the Chester and Coventry mysteries; and it is related that the author of the former made two journeys to Rome before he could obtain permission from the Pope to have them played in the English tongue, they being founded on Scriptural subjects. In the reign of Henry IV., a mystery was played resembling the *Corpus Christi* of Coventry, and lasted eight days. The prologue was delivered by three alternate speakers, called *vexillators*, and the play contained forty acts or pageants, each one consisting of a detached subject from holy writ, beginning with the creation and ending with the last judgment.

Of the mysteries acted at Chester, we are told that "there were twenty-nine mysteries" which were performed by the trading companies of the city. "Every companie had his *pagiante* or *parte*, which *pagiantes* were a high scaffold with two rowmes, a higher and a lower, upon four wheels. In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher rowme they played, being all open on the *tope*, that all beholders might hear and see them. The places where they plaid them was in every streete. They beganne first at the Abay gate, and when the *pagiante* was played it was wheeled to the High Cross, before the Mayor. And all the streetes had their *pagiante* afore them, all at one time playing together." *

Similar plays afterwards were performed in many of the chief towns in England; and at York, as well as at Chester and Coventry and Newcastle-on-Tyne, there was

* Archdeacon Roger's MSS., Hart, 1948, quoted in Mr Ormered's 'History of Cheshire,' p. 296-302, and in Hone's 'Ancient Mysteries,' p. vi.

a religious guild, the members of which obliged themselves to perform annually at Corpus Christi; every trade being compelled to furnish a pageant at its own expense.

These plays were in the early time only performed in the churches, and were written in French and Latin. But English soon took the place of the foreign languages, and they were then played in the streets and public squares by persons who made the acting of them their business. Large movable carts were constructed for these representations, in which there were different floors, the upper floor being destined for the Father and his angels, the second floor for the saints, and the third for man, and in one corner of this last was a hole called "hell's mouth," where a fire constantly burned, and demons went up and down. Out of this the devil came forth to drag sinners down to the flames; and from the upper floor the Eternal Father descended, accompanied by angels, at great crises, and soundly rated the human beings after the strongest manner of the Old Testament.

In Dugdale's 'Antiquities of Warwickshire' occurs the following passage:—

"Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city [Coventry] was very famous for the pageants that were played therein upon Corpus Christi day; which, occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto; which pageants, being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house, had theatres for the several scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city for the better advantage of the spectators; and contained the stories of the New Testament composed into old English rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MSS. entitled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Conventiæ*. I have been told by some old people, who in their younger years were eyewitnesses to these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that show was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to the city."

There is no doubt, also, that these celebrations had other than religious effects in many instances; and such was the drunkenness, ribaldry, and obscenity of some of these great gatherings, that ordinances of a severe character were issued at York, enjoining heavy penalties for offences of this kind, without pardon.

Many of these old mysteries have lately been published, and they give us a strange glimpse into the past, with its *naïveté*, simplicity, vulgarity, and literal interpretation of the most spiritual things. The audience is offended by nothing, either in words or acts; and there are many scenes and passages which, to the modern ear, would be simply shocking. But these plays are not to be judged fastidiously; and in many of them, despite their utter want of taste, there are occasionally scenes of dramatic effect, and even of gentle and tender sentiment. In the Chester plays particularly, the language is generally so rude and outspoken that it cannot be transcribed, but it is evidently not at all intended to be lewd, but only forcible and graphic. In the "Slaughter of the Innocents," the mothers and the soldiers abuse each other well, and in the lowest Billingsgate, making use of language too gross to be transcribed. In the "Salutation and Nativity," the Virgin gives birth to the child on the stage, and there is much dialogue in reference to the birth. Salome, one of the midwives, also plays some tricks not particularly nice, and is paid off by having her hands withered up at once. "The Creation and the Fall" is the Drapers' play—but, singularly enough, there is no drapery in it. The stage-direction in the creation of Eve from Adam's side is, "Then Adam and Eve shall stand naked, and shall not be ashamed,"—which would not seem quite so easy a feat on a public stage in presence of thousands of persons. However, they do remain naked during the

greater part of the play—until after eating the fruit—and then Adam cries,—

“Out, alas ! what ayleth me ?
I am naked well I see ;”

and then they both proceed to weave fig-leaves for themselves to hide their nakedness. God then puts a garment of skins on them, and drives them out of Paradise. So in the “Fall of Man” in the Coventry plays, Adam and Eve are both naked.*

The Coventry mysteries are better in language, and are less indelicate in sentiment ; but they certainly do not sin on the side of prudery and fastidiousness. The “Mystery of the Incarnation,” for example, is enacted on the stage ; and the Holy Ghost, “the sone of the Godhed, and the Fadyr Godly, each with three bemys descend, and so entre al three to her bosom.”

Gabriel introduces them, and afterwards bids Mary farewell thus :—

“Far’ weyl turtyl : Goddys dowter der’
Far’ wel Goddys modyr : I, the hon-
our ;
Far’ wel Goddys sustyr and his pleynge
fer’ ;
Far’ wel Goddys chawmer and his
bowr !”

Upon which she thanks him, say-
ing,—

“I understande by inspiracion
That ye knowe by singular prevylage
Most of my sonys incarnation ;”

and begs him to visit her often, for his “presence is her comforta-
cion”—an invitation which Gabriel courteously accepts.

In others, Joseph’s jealousy and suspicion of Mary is expressed in

the rudest and most unmistakable way. He abuses her in free terms, and laughs to scorn her statement that the child is begotten of the Holy Ghost, and again shakes his head sadly and says :—

“An aungel, allas ! allas ! fy for shame
Ze syn now in that ze to say
To puttyn an aungel in so gret blame.
Alas ! alas ! let be—do way—
It was some boy began this game,
That clothed was clene and gay ;
And ze have him now an aungel name,
Alas ! alas ! and welaway,
That ever this same betydde.”

And again :—

“Alas ! alas ! my name is shent,
All men may me now despyse,
And seyn, ‘Olde cokwold, thi bowe is bent,
Newly now after the Frensche gyse.’
Alas and welaway !”

In the mystery of the “Espousals of Mary and Joseph,” in the latter MSS. of the Coventry plays given by Mr Hone, is the following dialogue, after Joseph, much against his will, as being too old a man, has gone to the house of David, and sees to his surprise that his wand has blossomed, and he is chosen :—

JOSEPH.

“What ! shuld I wedde ? God forbede !
I am an old man, so God me spede ;
And with a wyff, now to levyn in drede,
It wor neyther sport ner game.

EPISCOPUS.

Agens God, Joseph, thou mayst not
stryve,
God wyl’ that thou a wyff have ;
This fayr mayde shall be thi wyve,
She is bixum and whyte as lave.

JOSEPH.

A ! shuld I have her, ye lese my lyff ?
Alas ! der God, shuld I now rave ?
An old man may never thryff
With a yonge wyff ; so God me save.
Nay, nay, ser’, lett bene,
Shuld I now, in age, beg’yne to dote ?
If I her chyde, she wolde clowte my cote,

* Mr Halliwell, in his notes to this play, speaks of Dr Marriott’s remark that “our forefathers in the garden of Eden were represented in their primitive state as late as the sixteenth century,” as an absurd misrepresentation. But in the Chester plays there can be no doubt that Adam and Eve were entirely nude ; for the play would be quite unintelligible on any other supposition. And these plays were certainly performed as late as the sixteenth century, and even later. Indeed, John of Salisbury complains of the indelicacy of the acting in 1639, and says, “Quorum adeo error invaluit ut a præclaris domibus non arceantur, etiam illi qui obscenis partibus corporis oculis omnium eam ingerunt turpitudinem, quam erubescat videre vel cynicus.”—‘De Nugis Curialium,’ lib. I. ch. viii. p. 34, ed. 1639.

Bler' my (ey'), and pyke out a mote—
And thus oftyn tymes it is sene."

Finally he is over-persuaded, and marries her, and makes the *amende honorable* for all his doubts, and says gently :—

"Mary wyff and mayd most gracyous,
Displese yow not, I pray yow, so long
I have be ;
I have hyryd for us a lytyl praty hous,
And therin, right hesely, levyn wole we."

As a specimen of these plays, showing a rich vigour of conception and of character, may be instanced "Noah's Flood," from the Chester plays. Here Noah builds the ark with his family—all helping but his wife, who taunts him thus :—

"In faith, Noye, I hade as leffe thou slepte,
For all thy frynishe fare
I will not doe after thy reade.

NOYE.

Good wyffe, doe now as I thee bydde.

NOYE'S WIFE.

Be Christ! not or I see more neede,
Though thou stande all daye and stare.

NOYE.

Lord, that women be crabbed aye,
And not are meke I dare well saye.
Good wyff lete be all this blare,
That thou maiste in this place heare ;
For all the wene that thou art maister,
And so thou arte, by Sante John."

The oaths anticipate, somewhat, historical events. But coarse as this is, there is dramatic purpose. His wife will not be persuaded to go into the ark. After enumerating the beasts in very odd quatrains, Noah continues again to pray her to come in,—

"Come in, in Godes name! half tyme
it were,
For feare leste that we drown."

She is a decided character, however, and refuses sharply, saying :—

"Yea, sir, sette up your saile,
And rowe fourth with evill haile,
For withouten fayle
I will not out of this towne ;
But I have my gossips every echone,
One foote further I will not gone,
The shall not drowne by Sante John!
And I maye save ther life.
The loven me full well by Christe ;
But thou lett them into thy cheiste,
Elles rowe nowe wher thou leiste,
And gette the a newe wyffe."

Thereupon Noah calls upon his son Shem to persuade his mother :—

"Seme, sonne, loe! thy mother is wrawe ;
Be God, such another I doe not knowe!"

But Shem has no better luck. She will not go, and Noah is forced to shut the window of the ark, after crying out,—

"Come in, wiffe, in twentye devilles waye,
Or elles stand there all daye."

Then with her gossips she sings this song, which may be instanced as not without musical merit :—

"The flude comes flittinge in full faste,
One everye syde that spreades full farre ;
For fear of drowninge I am agaste.
Good gossippes lett us drawe nere,
And lett us drinke or we departe,
For oft tymes we have done soe ;
For at a draughte thou drinks a quarte
And soe will I doe or I goe.
Thare is a pottill full of malmsine good
and stronge,
It will rejoyce both hearte and tonge ;
Though Noye thinke us never so longe,
Thare we will drinke alike."

But Japhet still prays her to come in :—

"Mother, we praye you all together,
For we are neare your owne children,
Come into the shippe for feare of the
weither,
For his love that you boughte.

NOYE'S WIFE.

That will I not, for all your call,
But I have my gossippes all.

SEM.

In faith, mother, yett you shalle,
Wheither there wyll or note.

NOYE.

Welcome, wiffe, into this botte."

At which his wife gives him a box on the ear, exclaiming,—

"Have thou that for thy note [nut]."

And Noye cries out,—

"Ha! ha! marye, this is hotte ;"

and after a song with his children, shuts the window of the ark, and we hear nothing more of his wife.

In the Towneley mystery of Noah (Processus Noe), Noah, irritated at his wife's perverseness and taunts, finally gives her a sound beat-

ing before she will give in. He says :—

“ Bot as I have blis
I shall chastyse this.

WIFE.

Yet ye may mys,
Nicholle Nedy.

NOAH.

I shall make ye stille as stone,
Begynnar of blunder;
Shall bete the bak and bone, and
Breke alle in sunder.

WIFE.

Out, alas, I am gone ! oute upon
The, man's wonder ! ”

The sons here interfere, and entreat them that they “ shuld not be so spitus standyage in such a woth ; ” and Noah stays his hand, and says, “ We wille do as ye bid us—we wille no more be wroth, dere barnes ; ” and his wife submits, and goes into the ark. Truly, in the Miller's Tale by Chaucer, Handy Nicholas was right when he spoke of

“ The sorowe of Noe with his felaschipe
That he hadde or he gat his wyf to
schipe.”

In the early plays Beelzebub was the principal comic actor, assisted by a troop of devils, who amused the audience with a great variety of noises and uncouth grimaces and contortions. “ Iniquity ” came in also, “ like hokos-pokos in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs,” and a wooden dagger in his long coat.* Japers, who were an inferior kind of minstrel, also made their appearance in these plays, and the remains of them may be seen in the fool of Shakespeare ; and jesters or gesters were the stock actors of gestes or deeds of famous persons both of holy writ and of history. The players did not long confine themselves to the mystery-play proper, but also represented plays founded on historical subjects of a serious character, and this led to the development of the serious drama and tragedy of Elizabeth's time.

The Scriptural stock pieces in

England for Easter and Whitsun-week were “ The Creation,” “ The Deluge,” “ Susanna and the Elders,” and “ Nebuchadnezzar ; ” and the historical subjects were “ Fair Rosamond ” and “ Jane Shore.” A playbill of the time of Queen Anne offers the play of “ Noah ” to the public in these terms :—

“ At Crawley's booth, over against the Crown Tavern, in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholemew's Fair, will be presented a little opera, entitled, ‘ The Old Creation of the World, with the addition of Noah's Flood,’ also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the ark with all the beasts, two by two, and all the fowls of the air are seen in a prospect sitting upon trees. Likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner. Moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, when will be seen six angels ringing of bells. Likewise, machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom, besides several figures dancing jigs, sarabands, and country dances, to the admiration of the spectators ; with the merry conceit of Squire Punch and Sir John Spendall.”

It was probably in this play of “ Noah ” that occurred the famous dialogue in respect to the prospects of the weather, which is so well known by tradition, between one of the outcasts of the ark and Noah, in which the sceptical sinner, who admitted that the weather was hazy, when he found he could not obtain entrance into the ark, consigned its builder to perdition, saying he did not believe there would be much rain after all.

At a later period in England these miracle-plays were performed by puppets. Steele mentions some as being played under the arcades of Covent Garden ; and Powell, on one occasion, promises his audience that the play of “ Susannah, or Innocence Betrayed,” will be played the succeeding week with a pair of

* Stage-direction in “ Staple of Newes,” acted 1625.

new elders. "Squire Punch" soon became a regular figure in these puppet plays, and sometimes enacted even a tragic part. In the play of *Jane Shore*, for instance, which was represented by the famous Rowland Dixon, Punch has the part of the baker assigned to him, and offers the fair penitent a loaf of bread, saying, "Tak' it, Jenny, tak' it;" for which act of humanity he is seized forthwith and hanged.

Mystery-plays still continue to be acted in Germany, Spain, and Italy; but in England they seem to have entirely disappeared. Their place, however, has been taken by the great oratorios, which crowds of people assemble to hear in the annual celebrations in the great cathedrals, and in the Crystal Palace, and for which the English show so strong and earnest admiration.

In Spain they are still represented, and on the frontiers of Arragon and the Val d'Arran there is a yearly representation of the *Passion*, in which Christ falls under the weight of a heavy cross, and is well beaten by the people, who rush upon him and shower blows on him in real earnest. Whitaker, mentioning the theatre at Lisbon, thus describes a play representing the creation of the world:—

"When the curtain drew up, we saw the Eternal Father descend in a cloud with a long white beard and a great number of lights and angels about him. . . . The next scene presented us with the serpent corrupting Eve, and his infernal majesty paid the most exaggerated encomiums to her beauty in order to engage her to eat; which as soon as she had done, and persuaded Adam to do the same, there came a most terrible storm of thunder and lightning, and a dance of infernal spirits with the devil in the midst, dressed in black with scarlet stockings and a gold-laced hat on his head. While the dance was performing, a voice from below the scenes pronounced, in a hoarse and solemn manner, the word *Jesus*, on which the devils immediately vanished in a cloud of smoke. After this, the

Eternal Father descended in great wrath without any attendant and called for Noah; . . . and when he appeared, the Eternal Father told him he was sorry to have created such a set of ungrateful scoundrels, and that, for their wickedness, he intended to drown them all together. Here Noah interceded for them, and at last it was agreed that he should build an ark, and he was ordered to go to the *king's dockyard* in Lisbon, and there he would see John Gonsalvez the master-builder, for he preferred him to either the French or the English builders. This produced great applause. The Eternal Father then went up to heaven, and Noah to build his ark."*

Throughout Italy these mysteries are constantly played; sometimes by real persons with considerable spirit and with good scenery—sometimes by puppets most absurdly and grotesquely under booths. During Easter the scholars of the Hospital of Santo Spirito in Rome generally perform a sort of mystery-play founded upon some biblical story. The play takes place in the theatre of the hospital, and is usually acted in the afternoon. The Cardinal having charge of the institution presides, and the place is generally thronged with spectators, to whom tickets are given. At one of these plays, founded on the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, I had the fortune to be present, and the performance was very creditable. In the monasteries, too, it is very common at this season for the pupils taught by the nuns to perform little Scripture pieces, in which the sisters take the greatest interest.

Giuseppe Tigri, in his preface to the *Canti Popolari Toscani*, gives the following account of a kind of mystery-plays called *Giostre* or *Maggi*, which are still performed by the peasants in some of the towns in Tuscany:—

"Some of these I have myself seen, a few years ago, at Campiglio di Cereglio and at Cavinana. The best known, and those which are played nearly every year, are—the story of Joseph; the

* 'The Portfolio,' by J. R. Egerton, 1812, where this is cited from Whitaker.

sacrifice of Abraham; the passion of our Lord,—which in many respects resemble the ancient mysteries. Besides these, there are Egisto de' Greci; Bradamante and Ruggero, taken from Ariosto; Ircano, King of Thrace; Constantino and Buonafide, or the triumph of friendship; the conversion of St Giovanni Bocca d'Oro; Arbino and Micrene, or the persecution of the Christians by a Turkish king of Algeria; the martyrdom of Sta. Filomena; the Empress Flavia; Rosana, the beautiful pagan who is converted to Christianity; Sant' Alessio; the glorious conquest of Jerusalem by the Christians; Cleonte and Isabella and Stillacore; the taking of Paris, described by Ariosto; and the death of Louis XVI. Their theatre is in the open air, or in the chief piazza of the town, or under the shadow of the chestnut-trees in some wooded valley. On the day of the festival, after vespers, the people of the surrounding towns meet together and form a great circle of men and women. Before the play begins there is a messenger (called also an interpreter or page, as in the mysteries, dressed like an angel, with a flower in his hand), who, after the custom of the ancient Greek tragedies, sings a prologue, and salutes the audience, demanding their favour. The heroes of the drama then make their entrance, and with them comes the buffoon, who represents some one of the Italian masks—just as in the antique tragi-comedies they were present to temper with their jests the excess of horror or compassion among the spectators. The men play the women's parts, and are dressed in great mantles, or, as they call it, '*all' eroica*,' and as much as possible in costume. Whenever the dress of the ancient Paladins is required, they have flags and old swords, and carry beautiful lances and halberds in their hands, with which they joust very skillfully, and which are (as I was told at Cavinana) of the period of Ferruccio. They weave together dialogues without divisions of acts, chanting them to a regular monotonous song in strophes of eights, repeating the first line of each, and moving from one part of the circle to another. The action is exceedingly simple, without intricacy or any attempt to keep the interest of the hearers in suspense, and the messenger informs them at first what is to be represented. Certain *ariettes* in sevens, interpolated

into the drama, play the part of the chorus in the Greek tragedy, and are sung with the accompaniment of the violin. The character of this drama is always chaste and moral, and serves admirably to keep alive among the people who delight in them the old chivalric sentiment for the lady of one's love, and for every sacred and magnanimous enterprise."

The Rev. Joseph Spence gives an account of a play performed at Turin in the year 1739, called the '*Damned Soul*,' where the owner of the soul is discovered at the rising of the curtain dressed in a gown of flame-coloured satin, and who, weeping, gives an account of her life, and afterwards addresses the Saviour, begging to be sent to purgatory instead of hell; but receiving no favour from the Saviour, she turns to the Virgin; but the Virgin replies that she has angered her so much that she can do nothing for her. She then betakes herself to three little angels, and then to John the Baptist, and all the saints in turn. Finally, however, the Virgin is moved to pity, and grants that she shall only suffer in the fire sixteen or seventeen hundred thousand years, which greatly cheers her up. In the last scene there is a contest for her soul between her guardian angel and two devils, and the former at last prevails, and leads her off, assuring her that she should be saved after her thousands of years are past.*

I have often seen placards of similar plays in Siena, and on several occasions have witnessed the performances there. On the road to Naples also I once heard the Crucifixion played in a booth by a strolling company with puppets, and though the audience and actors were perfectly serious and sympathising, the effects were sometimes so grotesquely absurd that it was impossible to keep one's countenance. The language which was spoken behind the scenes, in loud and unnatural tones, was stilted

* '*Spence's Anecdotes of Books and Men.*' By S. W. Singer. 1820.

and pompous in character when it was not directly taken from the Scripture ; and the spasmodic gestures and immovable faces of the puppets in front were strangely out of character with the solemnity of the subject. The betrayal of Christ was one of the great points of the play, and when the truculent puppet who enacted Judas gave his kiss, he approached him, hovering an inch above the ground, and knocked his wooden head against that of the puppet representing Christ with such vehemence that it made a sharp report. After performing this feat, he stood, or rather hung sideways, his legs dragging under him, and both arms twitching in sharp convulsions, and gazed steadfastly at nothing, with his head so completely awry that he looked as if he had dislocated his neck in betraying his Lord. This was too much for our gravity, and we rose to take leave ; but at our first movement the chief showman popped out his head from behind the scenes, and begged our excellencies to remain and see the magnificent tableau of the Crucifixion, which he assured us would completely astonish and satisfy us, as it had all the excellencies who had ever seen it. So we did remain, and it did astonish us indeed.

Judas is always a favourite subject in these plays. He is the villain and wretch on whom the people can expend their outbursts of passion, and he is the evil genius who, with Satan, plays the part that most interests and excites the quick and impassioned nature of the Italians. It is always a doubtful part to perform when the actors are real persons and not puppets, for the audience, when made up of the lower classes in Italy, are often carried away by their feelings like children, and so identify a player with his part that whoever assumes the character of a villain must make up his mind to free abuse. Sometimes, indeed, the disapprobation is so violent that

the poor actor is forced to come forward and remind his audience that he is only playing a part, and to apologise and declare that the character he represents is detestable also to him—"ma come si fa—che vuole?" Sometimes also the Judas is stricken by fear of himself ; and on one occasion, a few years ago, one unfortunate fellow, who had assumed the part, was nearly frightened to death by a thunderstorm, which he thought was intended specially to destroy him. He had undertaken, much against his will, to enact the character of Judas in a festival which takes place every three years in Prato, a little town in Tuscany, where persons mounted on horseback, and dressed in costumes borrowed from the theatre, each carrying some emblem of the crucifixion, parade at nightfall through the streets. The horses are unshod, so as to give a more mysterious effect, and the procession is illuminated by torches which all of them carry. A short time since, as this procession was moving along, a sudden thunderstorm burst over the town ; and at one very heavy clap of thunder, poor Judas, thinking the last day had come, flung himself from his horse, dropped on his knees in the mud, and loudly roared for mercy, crying that he was not really Judas, but only the poor cobbler at the corner of the street, as all knew, who represented Judas all for the glory of the Madonna and the holy saints. His prayers availed with the Virgin, and he was saved ; but as soon as the fright of the thunderstorm was over, he received a pelting of ridicule from which he has never quite recovered, and thenceforth has been known only by his nickname of Judas.

In Rome, not only the great tableaux of the Presepi, arranged in many a church, recall the early days and customs of the Church, but the grand processions in which the huge images of the Virgin are carried about the city in the month of

May, accompanied by congregations and *frati* with torches and bands of music, and borne into the church, which is all ablaze with candles, and adorned with wreaths and flowers,—is of the same character as those early processions which were the precursors of the mystery-plays.

In Germany these mystery or passion plays continued without interruption from an early period down to the latter part of the last century. The oldest composition of this character of which we have any record is of the twelfth century, in which allegorical figures representing Mercy, Justice, Paganism, and the Church, dispute together on matters of doctrine and religion, until finally the Church settles the whole question in debate by announcing its own opinion and adding this distinct statement,—

“Quisquis est qui credit aliter
Hunc damnamus aeternaliter.”

Beside this may be put, by way of contrast, one of the latest of these plays of the last century, which is given by Mr Hone as being furnished by a correspondent who saw it in Bamberg about the year 1783 :

“The end of a house or barn being taken away, a dark hole appeared hung with old tapestry, the wrong side outwards ; a curtain running along and dividing the middle. On this stage the Creation was performed. A stupid-looking Capucin personated the Creator. He entered in a large full-bottomed wig, with a false beard, wearing over the rusty dress of his order a brocade morning-gown, the lining of light blue silk being rendered visible occasionally by the pride that the wearer took to show it, and he eyed his slippers of the same material with equal satisfaction. He first came on, making his way through the tapestry, groping about ; and, purposely running his head against posts, exclaimed, with a sort of peevish authority, ‘Let there be light,’ at the same time pushing the tapestry right and left, and disclosing a glimmer through linen cloths from candles placed behind them. The creation of the sea was represented by pouring water along the stage, and the making of dry land by throwing of mould.”

Exhibitions such as these naturally gave rise to much scandal ; and in Bavaria and the Tyrol, despite the murmuring of the people, they were interdicted at the latter part of the last century. One village, however, rebelled against the proscription—the Bavarian village of Oberammergau. The inhabitants, in the seventeenth century, had made a vow every ten years to represent the Passion, in order to drive away an epidemic which then raged among them, and they sent repeated embassies to Munich to pray that the interdiction should be removed. Finally, Maximilian yielded, and the Passion of Oberammergau was again represented in 1811 ; and, ever since, at each decennary, it has been more and more popular, so that crowds flock to see it from every part of Germany, and the village, and all the places near, are thronged to overflowing. The background is the mountains ; the spectators sit in the open air, except such as are fortunate enough to get a balcony of one of the houses which form the *avant-scene* and *loges*, and are covered by a temporary roof of wood. The acting is said to be good, by no less a judge than Mr Devrient, the German actor, who saw this mystery in 1850. But it is admitted that the old traditions still are strong, and that in these plays there is a peculiar flavour not known to the legitimate drama. The Christ of 1860 was a woodcutter, and the Judas had inherited his rôle from his father, together with the traditional red beard.

In the miracle-play at Oberammergau, Tobias Flunger, a peasant, performed the part of Christ, and Mrs Anna Maria Howitt, who has given an account of this Passion play in her ‘Art Student at Munich,’ seems to have been much impressed with his appearance. She says :—“His melancholy dark eyes, his pale brow, his emaciated features, his short, black beard, all bore the most strange and startling resemblance to the heads of our Saviour as

represented by the early Italian painters." He is a great carver of crucifixes and Madonnas, and as he passed along the streets, "a low whisper followed him of 'there goes Christ.'" John was a "handsome, almost feminine, youth, clothed in green and scarlet robes, and with flowing locks;" while Judas was wrapped in a flame-coloured mantle.

"We had come expecting," she says, "to feel our souls revolt at so material a representation of Christ as any representation of Him, we naturally imagined, must be in a peasant miracle-play; yet . . . such an earnest solemnity and simplicity breathed throughout the whole of the performance that, to me at least, anything like anger, or a perception of the ludicrous, would have seemed more irreverent on my part than was this simple, childlike rendering of the sublime Christian tragedy. We felt, at times, as though the figures of Cimabue's, Giotto's, and Perugino's pictures had become animated and were moving before us; there were the simple arrangement and brilliant colour of drapery; the same earnest quiet dignity about the heads, whilst the entire absence of all theatrical effect wonderfully increased the illusion. There were scenes and groups so extraordinarily like the early Italian pictures that you could have declared they were the works of Giotto, Perugino, and not living men and women, had not those figures moved and spoken, and the breeze stirred their richly-coloured drapery, and the sun cast long, moving shadows behind them on the stage. These effects of sunshine and shadow, and of drapery fluttered by the wind, were very striking and beautiful: one could imagine how the Greeks must have availed themselves of such striking effects in their theatres open to the sky.

"Between each scene, taken from the life of Christ, there was a *tableau vivant* chosen from the Old Testament, and typical of the passage which should succeed it from the New Testament. Each *tableau* was explained by the Chorus, which duly swept across the stage in all their grandeur. These pictures from the Old Testament were singularly inferior to the rest of the spectacle, impressing you most unpleasantly with a sense of tinsel and trumpery.

"The performance commenced at eight o'clock, and lasted to one. Then

came a pause; and then, at two, commenced again, and lasted until five, and ended with the great finale of the Resurrection."

This miracle-play will be again represented at Oberammergau in 1870.

In the Tyrol also these passion-plays are still acted; and an interesting account of one which took place at Brixlegg in August 1868 is given in 'All the Year Round,' in which was represented "the grand expiatory sacrifice upon Golgotha, or the history of the Passion and death of Jesus after the four evangelists, with pictorial representations from the Old Testament, music and singing, for contemplation and edification." This was given "by highest permission of the imperial royal governmental department in Innsbruck, and with the most gracious leave of the Prince Bishop of Salzburg;" and the performers were peasants and tradesmen directed by a priest, the Rev. Cooperator Winkler, of Brixlegg. There were 300 performers; twenty complex groups in the *tableaux vivants*, and sixteen acts; and the plays began at nine in the morning and ended at four in the afternoon, with only one hour's interval for repose and refreshment. The place where they were performed was a large wooden building, like a colossal barn, 104 feet long, 56 feet broad, and 36 feet high. Five-and-twenty girls represented the angels, dressed in white robes reaching to the ankle, and trimmed with gold tinsel, with a scarf of blue or crimson cloth, a golden fillet round their head, and on their feet red and blue morocco boots; and all stood in regular gradation according to their height. King Ahasuerus had on Turkish trousers and a preposterous turban. Mary Magdalen was a buxom fair woman, with a great quantity of blonde hair. The part of Christ was played by a peasant, and with considerable feeling. St John was a miller, and his sister was the

Magdalen. St Peter was a labourer in the iron-works; Pilate, a farmer; Caiaphas, a shoemaker; and the Virgin was the daughter of a village shopkeeper at Brixlegg. Judas was as usual a chief part, and was the only one of the performers who was applauded and cheered with bravos, not so much because he was the best actor, as because the audience were restrained by reverence from applauding the others in the same way. His "death was a highly startling exhibition: after a paroxysm of raving remorse he rushed to a tree in the centre of

the stage, drew a cord from his belt and there and then hanged himself, swinging backward and forward some four feet from the ground." The performance ended with a tableau of the victorious Saviour standing triumphant, cross in hand, surrounded by saints, angels, and patriarchs. His snowy drapery is changed for glowing crimson—his crown of thorns is gone—he points upwards to the cross in ecstasy—the victory is achieved, the sacrificed accomplished—and with a rejoicing hallelujah chorus the play is brought to a conclusion.

F. W. FABER'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

SIR JOHN COLERIDGE'S full and minute history of Keble's life, supplementing in many particulars John Henry Newman's marvellous '*Apologia pro Vitâ suâ*,' has enabled us to form a tolerably accurate conception of the motives which originally impelled, and subsequently guided, the course of the great founders of the Oxford movement thirty-six years ago. One other of its chief authors, Dr Pusey, has yet, it may be, to give, in some form or other, his account of the events, in which he played so great a part, to the world. But, substantially, the inner life and practical outcome of that great revival, as designed and effected by its original leaders, are exhibited in those two remarkable pieces of literary portraiture.

From their very nature and scope, however, neither of them throw much light on that band of ardent and enthusiastic disciples and followers who in various ways and in many lands helped on, or marred, extended, developed, or caricatured their work. Yet the personal influence of such an intellect as Newman's at such a place as Oxford at

such a time could not fail to be immense; and though Keble's modest retiring disposition, and quiet devotion to his Hampshire cure, prevented him exercising that kind of influence over the mind of young Oxford, the sweet, solemn, and somewhat mystical poetry of the '*Christian Year*' threw its spell far and wide over successive generations of undergraduates. No fitter type, perhaps, of the class in question could be found than Frederick William Faber, whose life and letters have just been published by Father Bowden.

In endeavouring to place before our readers a slight sketch of that true poet and eloquent preacher, we shall reverse Father Bowden's treatment of his subject, and devote more attention to the Anglican than to the Roman phase of Faber's life, and this for two reasons—first, the interest attaching to the spread and development of the Anglican revival is greater, and, as we believe, more enduring, than that which can be aroused by the struggles which preceded and attended the formation of a new Roman Catholic order in England; and, secondly, because

* '*The Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber, D.D.*' By John Edward Bowden. London: Thomas Richardson & Son. 1869.

Faber, though far more successful than Newman, or than any of his companions, in the work he undertook for his new communion, yet resembled them in this, that the service demanded by the Church of his choice dimmed the fine gold of his genius, and trailed through his later devotional writings that thread of coarse exaggeration and materialistic devotion to the blessed Virgin and the saints which shocked many of the older school of Anglo-Roman Catholics, and led to unseemly controversy in the bosom of that infallible Church, where he hoped to find implicit obedience and unquestioning faith.

Descended from a Huguenot family that came to England on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, Frederick William Faber was born at his grandfather's vicarage of Calverley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the 28th of June 1814. "In the following December," says his biographer, "his father was appointed Secretary to Dr Barrington, Bishop of Durham, and removed immediately with his family to Bishop Auckland, where he remained until his death in 1833.

"From his earliest years Frederick Faber gave promise of remarkable power of mind; and his talents were carefully fostered and developed by his parents, both of whom were persons of considerable ability. . . . It was not long before the power and peculiarity of his character began to manifest itself. Ardent and impulsive, he entered upon everything, whether work or play, with eagerness and determination; and whatever he took up was invested, in his eyes, with an importance which led him to speak of it in somewhat exaggerated language."

He was soon placed under the care of the Rev. John Gibson of Kirby Stephen, and thus made acquaintance with that lake district which exercised so potent an influence over his after life. In 1825

he was removed to Shrewsbury, and thence to Harrow, where he remained until he entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1832. The religious atmosphere of his home, and of Harrow during his stay there, disposed him towards evangelical views; but before long the sermons, lectures, and conversation of Newman, aided by the young inquirer's study of George Herbert, Andrews, and other writers of the Stuart epoch, determined his bias to the Anglo-Catholic school; and in that he found the fairest field for the exercise of his poetic fancy and pulpit and conversational eloquence—all, in our opinion, of a high order. After sundry disappointments and partial failures in his academical career, he was elected a Fellow of University College in January 1837; and with this event the interest of his life may be said to commence. He had passed through many mental religious struggles, had studied much, thought much; his religious belief was now, as it seemed to him and to others, fixed, and his sense of religious duty, no less than inclination, prompted him to take holy orders. These he received in Ripon Cathedral on the 6th of August this year, which also witnessed his first residence at Ambleside with a few pupils, "and thus began a connection with that place which lasted for many years. Among the friendships which he formed there, the most valued was that of Mr Wordsworth, whose poetry had been the object of his early admiration, and had contributed largely to the formation of his own poetical spirit. In after years he used to describe the long rambles which they took together over the neighbouring mountains, the poet muttering verses to himself in the intervals of conversation."—P. 70.

The lakes were then indeed a fit nursing-ground for future poets and preachers and politicians, Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, Southey at Keswick, Arnold at Fox

Howe; Hamilton, who then occupied Wilson's beloved Ellerray; Hartley Coleridge wandering from lake to lake, with traditions of Canning floating from Storrs over Windermere, whose surface was as yet unprofaned by steamer, though its waters no longer reflected in their bosom the magnificent form of the Admiral of the Lakes,* whose daring feats on river, lake, and mountain-side were the frequent theme of gossip by many a Statesman's hearth. To the young and enthusiastic it was fairyland—each mountain clothed with glory, each lake a well of inspiration! Certainly the spell cast by them over Faber's spirit was strong and lasting, and coloured every phase of his after-life. In what he terms the

"Dearest to me of all my youthful rhymes,"

his farewell in the gardens of St John's at Cambridge, to a friend going abroad, it is on him:—

"We came, and bade farewell; and thou didst go

To lands where trees have larger leaves than ours;

But the fair fields where foreign rivers flow,

Their piny hills will give thee no such powers

As the low hazel-woods and forest brakes That open to our own unworldly lakes.

Unworldly lakes! Did we not dream away

Part of our manhood by their inland coves,

Living, like summer insects, all the day In summer winds, or shade of drowsy groves?

And with our endless songs and joyous airs

Made wings unto ourselves as bright as theirs?"

So, later on in life, the shores of Albania, with their woodless moun-

tains, recall to him Blencathra; and, lying on a sick-bed at Constantinople, he thinks "that Windermere was looking brighter than the Bosphorus this Sunday evening; that a fairer haze was lying on the Grasmere mountains; and I thought of the sunset in Langdale, and of the gentle Owen Lloyd, the setting of whose sun in Christian peace I only heard of yesterday; and I looked up again, and the evening looked cold, and the place foreign."

The incumbent of Ambleside was old, infirm, and eccentric, and for several years, or parts of years, Faber was virtually the ecclesiastical guide of that romantic parish. In its mean old church, very different from the sumptuous building which now adds another grace to the valley of the Rothay, were preached most if not all the sermons which he afterwards published as 'Tracts on the Church and her Offices;' and great was the stir among the residents and the reading-parties from Oxford and Cambridge created by his poetical and vivid style of preaching. Writing to his friend Morris, the young preacher says of his congregation, it "is quite an educated one, to say nothing of above thirty-five university men." Among the latter were Whytehead, of St John's, Cambridge,† himself a sweet hymnist, and an early victim to his zeal for God's truth on the shore of New Zealand; Heath (John Moore), of Trinity, now Vicar of Enfield; the present Earls of Bradford and Powis; Lord John Manners; F. Goulburn, now Commissioner of Customs; Anderson, who alone followed Faber to Rome; and, lastly, George Sydney Smythe

* The well-earned Lake sobriquet of Christopher North.

† Thomas Whytehead offered himself as a missionary to the newly-appointed Bishop of New Zealand, and sailed with him to Sydney in 1841. There he broke a blood-vessel, but recovering a little, reached the Bay of Islands early in 1843, and died there on the 19th of March in that year. He was buried at the east end of the Mission Church at the Waimate; and in the Chapel of St John's College, Auckland, is a memorial of him, presented by the present Earl of Powis; while the reading-desk still in use in the magnificent new chapel at St John's, Cambridge, is a proof of the love he bore to his college at home.

(the G. S. S. of so many of Faber's poems), whose early death in 1857 frustrated so many hopes, and whose memory is still cherished by the survivors of those happy days. To such a congregation was preached, at the close of the hay-harvest in 1838, on the rural festival called Rushbearing Sunday, the sermon headed "The Dignity of Little Children," the effect of which was electrical at the time, and will now bear comparison in many of its passages with the most eloquent pulpit orations of existing preachers. Let our readers picture to themselves the quaint old church bedecked with flowers, and boughs, and unusual ornaments—the school children, for whose benefit the sermon was preached, with conscious looks—the venerable patriarchs and matrons of that rural community, and the eager impulsive youths from the two awakening universities,—and they will understand the fascination exercised over his hearers by such a peroration as the following:—

"Surely to you, my brethren, who are natives of this place, who are so deeply, so intensely interested in its welfare, it is unnecessary to speak. The heart that feels no yearnings towards the place of its abode is too cold, too dead, to be moved by words of mine: colder far and deader than the poor pagan shepherds who once trod these hills, and lived among their gloomy woods. For they did beautiful things, yea, and holy things, when they hung their delicate wild-flowers and green rushes about the trees and wells; albeit they darkly worshipped the Unknown God.

"But there are others, who form no inconsiderable portion of my congregation, on whom it is needful I should urge my cause. There are many strangers here. They may have come among these hills only for pleasure and amusement. Yet, if they did, they must by this have learned among their marvels, their lights and shades, their solitudes and strange recesses, some glorious things of the Lord their God—

"Here where He hath built
For His own glory in the wilderness."

My brethren, if this country has been to you a fountain of deep and serious thoughts, of holy and moral impressions, if you have looked upon it as in some sense a public domain wherewith God hath gifted our nation, if you have felt your love drawn to its lakes and rivers and hillside villages in a way you never felt before and cannot now explain, if you are carrying from it a thousand memories that will never desert you, sights and sounds and heavenly images to haunt you evermore, can you turn away and not leave a gift unto the Lord our God? Oh! it shall delight you afterwards to remember that upon these mighty hills, as on a holy altar—and altars green and glorious they are, and not of man's building—you have left your full, free, self-denying offering. Let it be as full and free, as open and ungrudging, as hath been the tide of joys which the land has poured in upon you from the throne of God that is set up so visibly therein. You may never have seen a church of God so decorated as this: you may never see this holy rite again. Make, then, these garlands to minister to piety and holiness. Make them to be connected with the everlasting covenant, a type, a symbol of the freshness and innocence which the early lessons of the Gospel shall shed upon the little ones that would fain sing hosannahs in this mountain-temple. Let this festival write upon our hearts a lesson deep and grave to bear unto our homes; and let us leave the holy shrine this day with the words wherewith the three children praised the Lord their God, a deep and silent yet a thrilling benedicite, filling our souls with thankfulness and love:—

"O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord;
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.
O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord;
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."

Who that heard one of those eloquent sermons, or encountered the poet-priest on a week-day, habited in a blouse with a broad-brimmed straw-hat flapping behind his back, as at the head of a merry group of lads he urged his rough pony up the green slopes of Skiddaw, or breasted on foot the stony sides of Helvellyn, could have foreseen in him the future founder of the London Oratory, and the most

influential head of a religious order that the Church of Rome has seen in England since the Reformation?

Ambleside and Oxford, varied by occasional visits to Cambridge, occupied him until 1841, when he made a prolonged Continental tour in company with young Mr Benson of Green Bank, to whom he had in the previous year been appointed tutor. But 1840 witnessed the publication of his first volume of poetry, which attracted much attention at the time, and contains many poems of originality and merit; but in giving this rapid sketch of his life, the volume is chiefly interesting from the light it throws upon the workings of Faber's active mind, and the medium through which he then viewed the friends with whom he lived, the scenes familiar to his eye, and the Church to whose service he was devoted.

Full of fire and fancy and exquisite descriptions of scenery as are those 384 pages, we have his own authority for saying that only one poem in the whole collection drew its inspiration from the softer sex—and even that, “First Love,” is couched in hesitating tones.

“Thou art too young for me to tell
My hidden love to thee;
And, till fit season, it must burn
In darkest privacy;

For years must pass, and fortunes change,
Till such fit season be.”

And years did pass, and fortunes did change for the better, in a pecuniary point of view, but Faber remained unmarried, nor can we discover any trace of his ever having attempted to realise his “First Dream of a Wife.” Indeed, without having taken any vow or absolute resolution against marriage, he tells his friend Morris, in 1841, “that I never felt so strongly determined by God's grace to ‘make a venture of a lonely life,’ as J. H. N. says, as I do now.” It was friendship, and not love, as conventionally understood, that tuned his lyre, and inspired his lays with expressions as passionate as were

ever devoted by troubadour to his lady-love.

“Ah, dearest! wouldst thou know how much

My aching heart in thee doth live?

One look of thy blue eye, one touch

Of thy dear hand last night, could give

Fresh hopes to shine amid my fears,

And thoughts that shed themselves in tears.”

Faber and his pupil-companion returned to England in August 1841, having made good use of their six months' tour. France, Italy, Greece, Constantinople, the Principalities, the Danube, Hungary, Styria, the Tyrol, Bavaria, Bohemia, Saxony, and Prussia were all visited, and, as well as the time permitted, studied by the young divine. The extracts from his Journal given in Father Bowden's book are so graphic, and display such powers of accurate description blended with historical illustration, as to warrant a wish for the publication of the entire Journal; all the more so because the goodly volume in which Faber summed up the results of his tour in 1842 is rendered obscure and unreal by the introduction of a fictitious character styled the Stranger, whose arguments and criticisms are, to our mind, sadly out of place in what would otherwise be a very interesting record of the author's impressions of ‘Foreign Churches and Peoples.’ Another memorial of this tour appeared about the same time in the shape of a volume of poems, ‘The Styrian Lake.’ In both these volumes may be discerned germs of that growing discontent with the Anglican, and increasing favour for the Roman system, which three years later culminated in his change of communion; but when, in the autumn of 1842, the Rectory of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, was offered to him, and, after some hesitation, accepted by him, it is but fair to say that he appears to have entered upon the new responsibilities so imposed in the spirit of perfect loyalty to the Church of England. “I do believe,” he writes to Mr Morris on 16th December 1842,

“that I am judging right in this matter. I feel so happy and so open, I know not why or how, that I think I must be doing right; and oh! how slight a sacrifice, after all, will it be to part with this sweet mountain-land, and all my dear friends, for a man of such faults as mine. My books are gone, and now my mountains go. God be praised! Oh! pray for me that, buried in that village, I may endeavour to live an apostolical life in church, parsonage, and cottages. God being my helper, I solemnly purpose to do so. Twice, if not three times, has Advent had a special mission to me. May my sole care in life be now to rehearse for meeting the true Advent, and the merciful fire of that day! *Ora pro nobis.*”

But now occurred what was to be in its result the turning-point of his life. Before settling down to his work at Elton, the new rector set off on another Continental tour, armed this time with letters of introduction from Dr Wiseman (whose acquaintance he had recently made) to the authorities at Rome.

His object is stated by his biographer to have been a “desire to examine closely in Catholic countries, and especially in Rome, the methods pursued by the Church in dealing with the souls intrusted to her care.”

A more unpromising or unfortunate preparation for entering upon the duties of a rural English parish could scarcely be conceived. Apart from doctrinal and ecclesiastical differences, the national and social peculiarities of Rome would render its parochial system, so far as it could be said to have any, totally inapplicable in practice to an English village; and the only result of this ill-judged visit was to prepare Faber's mind to view first with indulgence, then with approbation, doctrines and practices which shocked and alienated the less imaginative soul and more robust intellect of Richard Hurrell Froude.

At first, indeed, he could write home that he found his attachment to the Church of England growing in Rome; but he is soon deep in Perones's Prelections and St Theresa's practical works, and requesting Dr Grant to carry him to little obscure places where interesting memorials of the modern saints are to be seen. Then came the celebration of the Ascension by the Pope in St John Lateran, of which he tells his brother—“I do not think I ever returned from any service so thoroughly Christianised in every joint and limb, or so right of heart, as I did from the Lateran on Thursday.” But still something was wanting to effect the change, and Faber had actually quitted Rome before that want was supplied. On the morning after his arrival at Albano, Dr Grant entered his room to say that the Pope had arranged to give him a private interview that afternoon, and that he had come to fetch him back to Rome immediately. The interview took place, and the Pope (Gregory XVI.), having urged him to save his own soul, gave him his blessing: “May the grace of God correspond to your good wishes, and deliver you from the nets of Anglicanism, and bring you to the true Holy Church!” It must have been during this interview that Faber, as he related the story to the writer, went to the open window and exclaimed, “Holy Father, I should as soon think of jumping out of this window as of leaving the English Church!” Nevertheless his perversion was virtually accomplished then, and Pope Gregory's memory should be credited with it. The mental strain to which this struggle subjected him laid the foundation of future disease, and he returned to Elton shattered in health and Roman in heart.

But, once settled at Elton, he threw himself with fiery earnestness into pastoral work. Everything had to be done, and he did it. The church was in disrepair—he restored it; the Methodist

chapel was full—he emptied it. “I get from twenty-five to thirty poor on Wednesdays and Fridays and saints’ days, besides the children, and we average about forty monthly communions.” His preaching stirred and moved the phlegmatic natures of the Elton farmers and peasants so deeply that many of them confessed to him; and the very navvies working at the railway—then a sort of proscribed class in England, shunned and feared by all decent folk—accepted his ministrations with gratitude. The present Ritualistic school had not then risen; and Faber thought so little of the mere accessories of religion, that when the surplice controversy was at its height he told his congregation “that he usually preached in his surplice because he preferred it, but that he would preach in his *shirt-sleeves* if it would be any satisfaction to them.” Such energy, such eloquence, such self-denial, were new to Elton, rare in the neighbourhood—and the result was gratifying. The full system of the English Church, as it was understood by George Herbert and Nicholas Ferrar, was at work in the Huntingdonshire parish, and neither bishop nor aggrieved parishioners interfered with its development. But, while success crowned outwardly Faber’s zealous pastoral efforts, inwardly his soul was a prey to doubts and distractions of the most painful kind. Throughout the greater part of 1844 Newman’s restraining influence alone kept him at his post; and in November he writes to his leader: “For some weeks past I have confronted the notion of a change, and seem to have recoiled from it further than I was before; and yet I can really give no good grounds for my staying where I am.” In the following year the “*Life of St Wilfrid*,” which he contributed to Toovey’s ‘*Lives of the English Saints*,’ naturally drew down much indignation; and when Newman’s secession was announc-

ed, Faber immediately followed his example—and on Sunday the 16th of November he bade farewell to the parishioners whom he loved, and who loved him. Painful as such a separation must be under any circumstances, there were peculiar causes of an exceptional kind to render Faber’s departure from Elton painful and embarrassing. He had formed a small society who determined to accompany him, and as these were, for the most part, young men of humble birth and poor, their secession and abandonment of family ties were attributed as a crime to their spiritual guide. The comments thus freely made aggravated Faber’s distress of mind, while the position of his penniless followers was a source of anxiety and perplexity to him. He and they were received into the house of St Chad at Birmingham, and from thence he published the reasons for his perversion. Satisfactory, no doubt, to his own mind, we do not suppose they would appear so to our readers; and we hurry on to chronicle the remaining most important events of his new religious career. His first care was to form a little community out of his Elton followers, and then to revisit Italy with a view to obtain countenance and funds for its maintenance and expansion. Thus, out of the small mean house in Caroline Street, Birmingham, sprung the well-known London Oratory; and in the latter may be recognised the handiwork of Faber’s singular power of impressing others with his own views and convictions. The difficulties and obstacles that he had to encounter and surmount are detailed in Mr Bowden’s pages.

From Caroline Street the young community, now known as that of St Wilfrid, was soon removed to a more commodious house in Colmore Terrace, and from thence, at Lord Shrewsbury’s munificent invitation, to Cotton Hall, near Cheadle; and here it was he commenced the publication of the ‘*Lives of the*

(modern Roman Catholic) Saints,' which soon brought him into collision with many of the authorities of the Church to which his former series of (English) Saints' Lives had done so much to drive him. In both the exaggeration was great; in both he appeared desirous of pushing the principles he professed to the extremest limits, and in the latter case toleration was not carried as far as in the former. Dr Newman, then the Father Superior of the congregation, in October 1848, informed Faber that the community had come to the unanimous conclusion of advising him to suspend the series. Those who have read the "Life of St Rose of Lima" will not wonder at that determination; and although the suspension was afterwards removed, there can be no doubt that Faber's extreme views were regarded with great disfavour by many of the old Roman Catholic divines. In 1849, a part of the community, with Faber at their head, took possession of two houses in King William Street, Strand, and speedily opened a chapel for public service. In 1850, Dr Newman resigned his nominal headship over the community in London, and Faber was elected Superior. Though he was now a confirmed invalid, the labours he undertook were excessive, and embraced every field of clerical exertion. He superintended the works of the new house at Brompton, he preached, he instructed the novices, he conducted a vast correspondence, and wrote numerous books. Among the latter was a collection of hymns, some of which, such as "The Pilgrims of

the Night," "The Precious Blood," "Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go," and "Oh, come and mourn with me awhile," are in common use in the Church of England. Thus, unintentionally, the last as well as the first fruits of his poetic genius benefited the Church of his baptism. The last three years of his life were marked by acute sufferings, borne with singular courage and sweetness. Many of his old friends saw him during this period, and much of the bitterness and misunderstanding which had accompanied his secession from the Church of England was removed. At the head of the largest, the most intellectual and prosperous religious community in England, created by himself, loved by all its members, appreciated by the Church he had joined, and reconciled to the friends of his youth, he passed away on the 26th of September 1863, his last words being, "God be praised!"

We conclude our notice of his life with his biographer's final sentence.

"Words cannot reproduce the gracious presence, the musical voice, the captivating smile—cannot give back to earthly life the charm of person or the fascination of manner, any more than the fire of genius or the nobility of soul—and cannot, therefore, satisfy those whose labours were cheered, and sorrows comforted, whose interior lives were formed, and directed to God, whose brightest, happiest hours were blessed by the wisdom, holiness, and love of Frederick William Faber."

THE FARÖESE SAGA.—PART II.

THE reader will call to mind that our former chapter closed with the ignominious death of the last Pagan ruler of Norway, Hacon Jarl, by the hand of the caitiff Karker. Those versed in Danish literature know how well the tragic story has been told by Öhlenschläger. The scene now shifts. The grim rites of Thor and Odin give place now to the worship of Him whom Baldr faintly personified. But, as usual, religion in its transition was stained with much violence and persecution.

The survivor of a hundred hair's-breadth escapes, Olaf Tryggvasson, the Christian convert, the godson of King Ethelred, the great-grandson of Harold Fairhair, who had been enticed to Norway to be done to death, becomes its King. He accepts the crown of Norway from the bonders of the north, and is able by degrees to reduce the whole country to his sway. He had now been two years on the throne, hard at work, for the most part, converting the people to Christianity by fair means or foul. In this he did not act from motives of state policy, but from most sincere inward conviction that it was the only true and saving faith.

In his zeal for the new religion the remote islands did not escape his notice, Faröe among the rest; and he sends to tell our hero Sigmund that he should be the foremost man in them if he would swear fealty to him. Sigmund responded readily to the call. He sails at once for Norway, and finds the King in guest-quarters,* at the house of a wealthy bonder of South Maeren. The monarch received him kindly, and thus spake :—

“Well hast thou done, Sigmund, that thou didst not decline to come to me. Most of all did I invite thee to my presence that I had heard so much of thy valour and achievements. Gladly will I be thy friend, if thou wilt give ear to me in those things which methinks are of the last consequence. Besides, some say that our friendship will not be so unbecoming; for both of us are reported men of daring, and have both tholed much misery and hardship before we got our proper honours. Our lots have been alike in outlawry and thralldom. When a bairn, thou didst look on, when thy father, though sackless, was slain. While I was still in my mother's womb, my father was traitorously murdered for no cause at all but the wicked covetousness of his kindred. So, likewise, I am told, so far wast thou from having atonement offered thee for thy father's murder, that thy kinsmen bade men murder thee too. Afterwards thou wast sold as a slave. And so thou wast flitted and forced from thy goods and thy Odal lands. Long time wast thou without help, in an unknown land, save when strangers pitied thee, through the aid of Him who can do all things. And not unlike this has it fared with me. As soon as I was born my countrymen laid ambush for me, and plotted against my life; so that my mother had to fly with me, and leave her father and relatives, and all her possessions. And thus three years of my life went by. Next were we harried by Vikings, who parted mother and son, and I saw her never more. Thrice was I sold as a slave. I was then in Esthonia, among people wholly unknown to me, until I was nine years old, when one of my kinsfolk happened to come by and recognise me, loosed me from slavery, and took me to Russia, where I was an exile, though people called me free. . . . And, afterwards, it has so come about that both of us have regained† our heritage and our country, after being long kept out of them. And now, most of all, for that I have learnt that thou didst never sacrifice to idols, after the fashion of the heathens, I have good hope that

* The Norwegian kings had no royal residence properly so called, so that their house accommodation was but slender. By law the bonders were bound to billet them on their progresses, and the right of guest-quarters was as much theirs as scatt, or the power of levying troops.

† *Ödlast*, to addle=to earn—a word common in Lincolnshire.

the High King of Heaven will lead thee to the knowledge of His holy Name."

To which gracious speech Sigmund answered in this wise :—

"It is known unto thee, O King, that I was bound in dutiful allegiance to Hacon Jarl. He treated us well, and I was well content with my lot, for he was kind, and considerate, and loving to his friends, though he was grim and treacherous to his enemies. There is a long space between the faith of you two. But, as I skill from your fair discourse that this faith of thine is in all things fairer than the faith of heathen men, I am very ready to follow thy counsel and acquire thy friendship. Why I did not offer to idols was, that I long foresaw that this religion was useless, albeit I knew of none better."

Hereupon Sigmund and his men receive the rite of baptism. The King next broaches to him his intention of sending him to Faröe to propagate the Christian faith. Aware of what stern stuff the islanders were made, he begged to be excused from the mission : but the King was inexorable ; and having named him lieutenant of the islands, he clothes him with full power to make Christians of his countrymen, whether they liked it or not.

On his arrival, a great Thing is held at Stromsoe, whereat Sigmund announced his errand. Thrand speaks in reply, and said it was fit the bonders should talk over this difficult matter with him. The multitude cried that this was well said. Whereupon they retired apart upon the plain, when Thrand harangues the people, telling them it will be best to reject the message at once. And the end of his speech is, that they one and all agree. And Sigmund is forced to swear that he will not try to Christianise the islands. Sorely vexed was the son of Bresti at being thus foiled,* but he did not let people perceive his chagrin. His cue was to bide his time. In the spring, when the races between the islands whirl along at such a pace that nobody would

dream that a boat could live, Sigmund sets off with thirty men, in two boats, vowing he would carry out the King's errand or die. By good luck he made Osteroe when the night was far spent, surprises Thrand in his abode, and threatens him with instant death if he did not submit to Christian baptism. Refusing this, he would lose all his wealth and worldly enjoyments, and get in lieu thereof the everlasting pains of hell. "No," was the reply of Thrand ; "he would not betray his ancient friends." However, a bigaxe planted at his breast brought him to reason, and he suffered himself to be baptised. Thorir, Sigmund's cousin and faithful companion, strongly urged his death ; for, if he escaped now, he would be the death of Sigmund and every one of them. After this, Sigmund made the circuit of the islands, and baptised the whole population, A. D. 999. He followed, in fact, the club-law method then in vogue of turning these pagan Northmen from dumb idols to serve the living God.

As has been well said, once get these energetic fellows to submit to the right religion, and, with their characteristic energy, they threw themselves into the new situation, and tried to realise to themselves, after their way, the exigencies of their new vows, and the conception of a Christian life. So we must not be too hard on King Olaf for his terrible severities. Let us remember, too, that in England the profession of Christianity was by no means optional. Paganism was there proscribed under heavy penalties, and parents were bound to see their children baptised at the risk of forfeiting all they possessed.

Anyhow, though, as we shall see, there were temporary backslidings, yet, in the long-run, Christianity prevailed in the islands. We meet with bits of superstition : that is

* *Kaga—Anglicè, to cow.*

quite as it should be. Superstition is the spectre of a forsaken living faith—the ruins of a temple now overthrown, but cropping up here and there around.

Every religious change, whether secured by reason and convincing arguments, or enforced by the eloquence of fire and sword, cannot at once tear up all the widespread roots by which its forerunner is imbedded in the heart of the people. This must be the work of many years,—perhaps of many generations. Subsequently the Faröese became better Christians than many other races claiming that appellation. “They are poor in riches but rich in grace,” testifies Debes, the author of the old description of Faröe referred to in page 618. “They are not generally covetous, neither is theft known among them,”—an estimate of them which still holds good.

The following spring Sigmund sails for Norway with the tribute, and with something else which he knows would be a sight pleasant to the eyes of his royal master: to wit, the cunning old fox, Thrand, who had stolen away on a former occasion, and whom he now got safe aboard his own ship, in spite of his many protestations. Not far upon their voyage they encountered a violent storm with heavy sea, and are wrecked on the coast. Sigmund saves Thrand and most of the crew, but the tribute goes to the bottom. Another vessel is soon equipped, and sails, but with a like result. Sigmund averred that some ban is placed upon his voyage; while Thrand observed, that, should he be on board, they would meet with the same fate every time they tried. An argument this, based upon superstitious fears, against which our young convert to Christianity was not proof. So he gives Thrand his liberty, on his swearing a solemn oath to hold to the Chris-

tian faith, and be loyal and true to King Olaf and Sigmund. It was now too late to attempt the voyage that year; but as soon as it was spring he sails, and lands at Nidaros* with his budget of Faröenews. “Ill was it,” remarked the King, “that Thrand was left behind, and great scathe to yon dwellers in the islands that he was not carried clean away; for, to my thinking, there sits the worst man in all the Northern Lands”—an opinion in which most of our readers will perhaps be inclined to coincide, when they reach the end of our tale. Any one versed in Norwegian history knows that, beside the King’s ruling passion for baptising people at the point of the sword, another was equally strong within him—the passion for athletic sports, in which he was a great proficient. What an ideal he would have been with gallery folks at an Oxford Commemoration! “Hip! hip! hip! One cheer more for King Olaf!” Like many experts he was fond of display, especially before strangers, and Sigmund had to go into the lists with him. Swimming was a very strong point with the King. We remember how unmercifully he ducked and nearly drowned Kiartan the Iclander. The King, as usual, bore away the palm. “It is the saying of men that Sigmund came short of the King in many feats of strength and agility, but nearest to him of all the men who then lived in Norway.”

Kings were rather kittle cattle to deal with in those days, especially a man of Olaf’s demonstrative proclivities, who thought nothing of giving a lady—Sigrid the Haughty—a box on the ear for not turning Christian.

“Once on a time Olaf was drinking and entertaining his men. Sigmund, who was high in favour, and sat only two off the King, laid his hands upon

* The old Scandinavian city, on the site of which the present Trondjem is built.

the board. The King saw that he had a big gold ring on his hand. Then said the King, 'Let me see the ring, Sigmund.' He took the ring off his hand and handed it to him. 'Wilt thou give me this ring, Sigmund?' said the King. Sigmund answered, 'I have promised never to part with it.' 'I'll give thee another instead, and it shall not be smaller or less fair.' 'No, I must not part with it, for so I promised faithfully to Hacon Jarl when he gave it me. Neither will I: for the giver was a good man, methought, and treated me well in many things.' Then said the King, 'Thou mayest think him as good as thou likest, both the ring and him that gave it thee; but thou wilt have little luck now, for this ring will be thy bane. That I know, as surely as I know how you got it and whence it came. When I begged it of thee, it was more to keep my friend from harm than that I coveted the ring.' Then the King turned as red as blood in the face, and the conversation broke off. But the King was never so cordial with Sigmund as he had been before. Soon after, Sigmund fared to the Faröes. They parted friends, and never saw each other after."

The buffet administered to Sigrid, alluded to but now, brought forth bitter fruit. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." That pitiless virago had married the first of our Danish dynasty, Sweyne Forkbeard; while his sister, greatly against his will, ran away from her forced marriage with the Prince of the Wends, and married King Olaf. Well does Sigrid use her opportunity, and eggs on her powerful husband to pay Olaf out for the insult she had received. "Women's counsels are ever cruel," says an

Icelandic proverb. Her husband, true to her bidding, conspires with the King of Sweden and Hacon Jarl's son, Earl Eric; and they waylay the unsuspecting Olaf, who had dismissed a great part of his fleet, on his return from Vendland, near the island of Svolvaer.

Beating the "soft Danes" under Sweyne, and the no less despised Swedes, Olaf succumbs to superior numbers and to the Norwegian valour of Earl Eric, which, from the commencement of the battle, gave him most anxiety; and after performing prodigies of valour, when he sees all is over, disdaining to fall alive into the hands of his enemies, he dives into the blue Baltic, shield overhead, lest he should be recognised, and was never seen more.* If the reader would have a fair notion of these Icelanders' powers of description, let him read the nervous narrative of this battle by Snorri Sturleson, composed after the words of Halfred Vandraeda Scald, who was an eyewitness of the scene,† and very likely kept spouting forth his verse to the ring of the encounter, the excitement of which would quicken his poetic inspiration. It almost takes away one's breath to behold the thing—for behold it we do—and almost dodge out of the way of the stones and arrows, the sword and spear thrusts, the slashing strokes of the axes, the fierce flow of battle that keeps surging tumultuously, now hither, now thither, over the ships, till it accumulates

* In spite of his cruelty, Olaf Trygvason was a prime favourite of the Norwegians. A legend long prevailed that he was not drowned, but saved himself by swimming and diving, and went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and died in a monastery in Syria. In point of fact, and legends apart, this was the wind-up of many a blood-stained Viking. He either went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and made his peace with the Holy Father; or, what was more efficacious still, he would journey to Jerusalem. So Sigurd Jorsalafarar; so Rognvald, Earl of Orkney—

"For sure he must be sainted man
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found."

† So some writers; but he was in Iceland at the time, and did not reach Norway till later in the year, when he obtained the materials for his picture of the recent desperate encounter.

on the deck of the doomed Long Serpent.

This disaster happened A.D. 1000. Eric, the hero of the day, gets by his victory a third part of Norway; while his brother Sweyne, the son-in-law of Olaf the Swede, receives another portion, the remainder falling to the lot of Sweyne Fork-beard. For fifteen years from this time Eric remains in effect chief ruler over Norway, so that the old pagan blood of Hacon Jarl is again on the throne. The year after this battle, which had thus retrieved the fortunes of his old friends the sons of Hacon, our hero, by their invitation, pays them a visit at Trondjem, where he meets with much cordiality at their hands, and is invested anew in their fief of Faröe.

Now the new monarch and his brother were baptised Christians; but they proclaimed religious toleration for all creeds—for the old, popular, and most deeply-rooted and widely-spread worship of Thor, as well as for the more modern Valhalla worship of Odin.*

The effects of this universal toleration were soon visible. Sigmund, sincere in his Christianity, built a church close to his mansion in Faröe, where he and his house served the true God.

Not so Thrand and his yoke-fellows. "They gave up, it is said, much of their Christianity." It may be that the author of the Saga was somewhat prejudiced against Thrand, for, as we shall see hereafter, though his Christianity was a terrible muddle of Norns and guardian angels, the old religion and the new, and he himself was guilty of the greatest atrocities, yet he never actually abjured Christianity like the great Jarl. His religion was a compromise. Thrand, be it observed, had, besides Leif the son of Ossur, whom he had adopted (see p. 627), brought up

in his household three other men, nephews of his. These were Sigurd, a tall, powerful, splendid-looking fellow, with pale locks, and second only to Sigmund in manly exercises; his brother Thord, nicknamed the Low, though in reality this little pet was uncommonly tall. He was the most agile of men, and strong withal. These were the sons of Thorlak, Thrand's brother. The third was Gaut, nicknamed the Red, who was also tall and muscular. He was son to Thrand's sister.

Sigmund's family by his wife Thurida were as follows: Thora, the eldest, the child of the mountain. She was now a tall high-spirited girl of seventeen, not good-looking, but quick-witted betimes. The eldest son was Thoralf; the second, Steingrim; the third, Brand; the fourth and youngest, Heri; and they were all lads of promise. Meantime Thrand was not the man to let vengeance sleep.

"It is said that, one summer's day, Sigmund went with Thorir and Einar, a Suderoe man, to the Little Dimun isle to get some sheep to slaughter, which were there at pasture. While they were upon the island, Sigmund and Thorir espied some men moving about with bright shields gleaming in the sun. They told them, and there were twelve. 'Who can they be?' said Sigmund. 'The bearded men of Gata, to be sure, Thrand and his kinsmen. But what's to be done?' 'Very simple,' replied Sigmund; 'we must go straight to meet them, weapon in hand; and if they attack us, we must make off different ways, each for himself, but all meet together down yonder at one spot, where the path descends to the shore.' So said, so done. When they get to the steps a man is on guard. Sigmund made short work of him. He then guards the ascent, while Thorir and Einar rushed to Thrand's boat. One man was holding the rope, and another was aboard. The former Thorir cuts down, while Einar jumps into their own boat and sets it afloat. Sigmund, who

* Compare Nilsson's 'Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia,' p. 237, who indulges in some rather bold conjectures on the subject of Odinism.

still kept guard above, now leaped down upon the strand, and killed another of their men, after which he and Thorir sprang on Thrand's galley, and in a trice shove the man in it overboard. They then row off with both boats."

But, after all, Thrand escapes by a boat which rows across on his making a signal; and when Sigmund has got together a gathering, intending to catch Thrand upon the island, he finds the bird has flown.

Thrand was not going to stay his hand because he had been foiled once.

Not long after, Sigmund, with the same two men, rows about collecting his rents, and comes into a narrow sound between the islands. Just as they got out of it, a cutter came sailing towards them. They perceived at once that it was Thrand and the Gataskeggs, twelve in all. "They are very near us," said Thorir, "what do you counsel?" "Not much room for counsel here," said Sigmund. "I advise that we row to meet them. They'll strike sail, and as our boat shoots close by them, you two draw your swords, and cut the stays on that side of the craft where sail is not struck. For myself, I will do what likes me." They now row to meet them, and just as they speed by, Thorir and Einar cut all the stays on that side of the galley where the sail did not run down. Sigmund whips up a boat-hook, and dashes it so hard into the side of their boat, that in a moment it turned keel uppermost, for he drove it into the side where the sail was struck, and towards which it before heeled over; and as he threw his whole might into it, the boat cap-sized, and five men were drowned. Thorir said they must kill all they could. Sigmund said he did not wish it; he had rather befool them as much as he could.

By the exertions of Sigurd the

boat was righted, and several men saved, Thrand among the number. When he got aboard he said, "Now I and Sigmund have changed lucks. For he has made a great mistake in not killing us when he had every chance. Henceforth we must be very keen, and never relax till we have Sigmund in Hel."

True to his word, Thrand never ceases to follow the trail of the foe with the stanch tenacity of a sleuth-hound. Dreams—that busy yet fitful operation of human consciousness, when the mind or soul, no longer flesh-fettered, was thought in early ages to have converse with the supersensuous world—were, as a natural consequence, held in high regard by the semi-heathen Northmen—a message, in fact, from the gods not safely to be overlooked. Those who have read the story of Gisli the Outlaw, so admirably translated by Dr Dasent, will have before their minds a striking instance of the overpowering fascination of dreams, especially as presages of death. The person who had an ill-boding dream was "fey"* beyond redemption. Struggling against it was of no avail.

"I hear a voice ye cannot hear,
That says I must not stay;
I see a hand ye cannot see,
That beckons me away."

The crafty Thrand uses this method of shaping his friends to his purposes. Strong-brained, and above his fellows in understanding, and dexterous in the selection of means to compass his ends, he seems to have been looked upon by them in the light of a wizard or wiseman. It did not so much matter which dreamed the dream, whether the victim or the wizard; it would have due effect either way. So he himself dreams a dream that Sigmund's hour is come. That evening—it was late in the autumn—he sets off with sixty men in two boats for Skufoe.

* Feigr, "frantic," then "doomed." In German the word has a more commonplace meaning, "cowardly."

In German the word has a more com-

It was no easy task that lay before them. The island, as we have seen in the case of Ossur, could not be taken except by surprise. A handful of men could have guarded the ascent against a host, but on this occasion they find a single warder on duty. Eldjarn Comb-hat, who was a good deal in advance, has a struggle with this man, and they both roll over the cliff. The result, of course, is, that the mansion is surprised.

"Sigmund and his people rush to arms. Thurida, too, his wife, takes to her weapons, and does as well as any man. Thrand and his party bear fire to the homestead, and then make a fierce onslaught with fire and sword at once. After the fight has lasted some time, Thurida went to the door and called out, 'How long, Thrand, dost thou purpose fighting against men without a leader?' 'True as day,' cried Thrand, 'Sigmund has escaped!' He now goes round the house withershins,* and whistles. He comes to the mouth of a subterranean passage, a little apart from the buildings. Here he fares, putting his hand down to the ground, then to his nose.† 'Here they went,' says he, 'three of them, Sigmund, Thorir, and Einar.' Now he fares about, sniffing like a dog, and casting for the spoor. He bids them not come near him, and goes on till he comes to a rift, which runs right athwart the isle. Then Thrand called out, 'Here fared they, and Sigmund must have jumped over here, wherever they may have got to. We'll divide our force. Leif Ossurson and Sigurd Thorlakson must go with some people to one end of the rift, and I will go round the other, and we will meet on the other side.' They do so. Then Thrand cried out 'Sigmund! thou oughtest to show thyself, if thou art still in possession of thy courage, and wilt pass for the man of mettle thou hast always been called.' It was now nearly pitch dark, and a little after a man leaps over the rift and hews at Steingrim, Thrand's

neighbour, and cleaves him down to the chine; and that was Sigmund. He then leaps backwards over the rift. 'There fared Sigmund,' says Thrand. 'After them round the end of the cleft!' and so they do, and Leif and Thrand meet with all their folk. Sigmund and his friends now all come to a crag close by the sea, and hear men's voices on all sides of them. Then said Thorir, 'We must here defend ourselves as best we may.' 'I can make no defence,' said Sigmund. 'I lost my sword when I leapt backwards over the chasm. We must jump from the crag and swim for it.' 'We will do as it liketh thee,' says Thorir. They follow Sigmund's counsel, and leap off the crag into the sea. Thrand heard the splash, and said, 'There they go! let us get a boat wherever we can, and look for them, some on water, some on land.' And so they do, and find them not. Now have we to say of Sigmund and his friends, that they swim for a time and make towards Suderoe, which was the nearest land, though a long sea-mile. And when they had gone half the passage, Einar cried out, 'Here we must part!' Quoth Sigmund, 'It shall not be. Get on my shoulders,' and Einar did so. Sigmund then swims on for a space. Said Thorir, who swam behind, 'How long wilt thou flit a dead man after thee?' 'There's no need of that, I trow,' says Sigmund. Now they swim till a fourth of the sound was left. Then said Thorir, 'All our life, cousin Sigmund, have we been together, and great love had each of us for the other; but now, I ween, our comradeship must end. I have swam what I can. Look to thyself and thy own life, give no heed to me, for if thou art hampered with me thou givest away thine own life.' 'That shall never be,' says Sigmund, 'that we part thus, cousin Thorir. Both shall come to land, or neither.' With that he gets Thorir between his shoulders. Thorir was so faint that he could hardly help himself a bit. Sigmund swam till he came to Suderoe. There was a surf running on shore—Sigmund was so worn out that he floated about with the waves, now from, now to, the

* A sort of incantation, still known in remote districts of Great Britain.

† A power ascribed to sorcerers in those days. The Laps or Fins—the great necromancers whom Queen Gunhilda visited to get initiated in the black art—were said to possess this wonderful power. In Olaf Trygvason's Saga there are two Fins who could follow the trail like dogs on frozen as well as damp ground. The Esquimaux used to describe the English as people who could also follow the scent.

land. Then Thorir washed from his shoulders and was drowned. At last, Sigmund scrambled ashore, but so faint that he could not stand, so he crept along and laid himself down on a heap of tang. It was then dawning. He lay there till it was light. There was a single homestead a little way off, called Sandwick. Here abode a man, hight Thorgrim the Bad, a strong man and a stout. He was tenant to Thord of Gata. He had two sons, Ormstein and Thorstein, both likely lads. In the morning Thorgrim the Bad goes to the strand with a wood-axe in his hand. Then he saw a red cloth stuck out of the tang. He pulled off the tang, and lo! there is a man lying there. He speers who he is. Sigmund tells him. 'Low lies our lord,' said he; 'but what has betided?' Sigmund told all that had happened. The sons now come up. Sigmund bade them help him. Thorgrim was slow to do so; but whispered low with his sons, 'Methinks Sigmund has more money about him than we've ever owned in our lives, and his gold ring is so very big. I counsel that we kill him and then hide the body. It won't ever be known.' His sons object for a while, but agreed at last, and they go to the place where Sigmund lay, and take him by the hair, and Thorgrim the Bad cut off his head with the axe.* And thus Sigmund loses his life, a most gallant man in many respects. They then strip off his clothes and ornaments, and drag him up under a bank, and bury him. The corpse of Thorir, which drove ashore, they bury side by side with Sigmund, and thus hid them both away."

The date assigned to this murder is A.D. 1002. A more affecting narrative we never read,—told, too, by a "barbarian of barbarians," as our scared monks, who only wrote down what they had heard within their monasteries, called these Northmen. Whereas in strength and freshness of character, readiness of speech, quickness of intellect, inventive power, and in all the higher notes of thought and feeling of which that age was capable, the "barbarians" were far beyond the duller, more calculating, unenterprising, plodding, mechanical race,

those tadpoles of Friesland, Angeln, and the Dutch borders, that pre-occupied the south of this kingdom.

The two cousins loved as few brothers in this overwrought age do. Constant companions in life, united many a time in the brotherhood of common danger, in death they were not divided. King Olaf's prophecy, uttered in his passion, when his face was red as blood, comes tragically true; and the fatal ring, which the King knew for an amulet or life-stone, taken by Hacon Jarl from the witch wife's finger in the temple at Hlada and given to Sigmund, proves his bane.

As for Thrand and his men, failing to track the fugitives, they return home. The fire was extinguished by the people of the mansion without causing much damage, and so the affair ended.

After her husband's death, as above recorded, widow Thurida—the Great Widow (Megin Ekkja), as she was called—ruled the household and brought up her children. These were too young to plead their cause before the Norwegian Court, so Thrand and Leif became joint masters of the Faröes; and for some years all was quiet in the islands.

At last, Thrand proposes that his foster-son Leif should look out for a wife, and the wife he has in his eye was no other than Thora, Sigmund's daughter! He would go with him, if he liked, and act as spokesman in soliciting her hand. This was quite the correct thing in those days—a custom which, were it in vogue now among ourselves, would save much trouble, and doubtless lessen the number of "lone birds without a mate" that do so abound. Leif, being a modest youth, hangs back; but Thrand, wisely observing that "faint heart never won fair lady," they start for the widow's abode. They meet with a cool reception.

* One tradition was that Thorgrim, having no weapon, bit out his throat, and was ever after yclept Thorgrim Dog in consequence. So Debes.

Thrand and Leif propose a reconciliation between the two families, the terms of it to be fixed by the best men in the isles, who should judge between them. This, too, was not entertained. Thrand now offers to settle a handsome sum of money on Leif when he married, a proposal which was approved by all but Thora. These were her words :—

“ ‘You must think that I’m in a great hurry to be married. I, for my part, shall fix the terms thus : If Leif can take an oath that he is not my father’s slayer, nor got men to slay my father, then I demand that he shall discover what was my father’s bane, or who caused his death ; and when all this has been done, then we can come to a settlement with the counsel of my kinsfolk and friends.’ ”

All thought this well said and wisely, and both parties agree to it. Not long after Thrand, with Leif and ten men, row over to Sandwick, and go up to the house of Thorgrim the Bad ; and a long *tête-à-tête* takes place in the sitting-room between him and Thrand.

“ ‘And what do men think was the death of Sigmund Brestison ?’ said Thrand. ‘Well, people can’t make that out exactly,’ replies Thorgrim. ‘Some think that thou didst find and kill him on the shore or in the sound.’ ‘That’s a bad surmise and an unlikely one,’ rejoined Thrand, ‘for all people knew we wished to slay Sigmund, so why should we try to hide it ? That was an unfriendly saying.’ ‘Some men say that they must have perished in swimming,’ proceeded Thorgrim, ‘or that Sigmund must have got to land, for he was a marvellous man in many ways ; and having no strength left in him, he was secretly murdered.’ ‘That’s not so unlikely,’ said Thrand, ‘and I verily believe it did so chance. But now, friend, is it not as I suspect, you were Sigmund’s slayer ?’ Thorgrim denies this most strongly. ‘It’s no use denying it,’ said Thrand, ‘for I’m positive you did the deed.’ He then calls in Leif and Sigurd from the outer hall, bids them fetter Thorgrim and his sons. He then has a large fire made in the kitchen, and four hurdles

set up in a square, and he marks out nine spaces all ways outside of the hurdles. Next seating himself on a stool between the hurdles and the fire, he bids them not speak to him, and so they do. Thrand sits thus some time, and presently a man walks into the kitchen dripping wet. They knew him ; it was Einar of Sudrey. He goes to the fire, and stretches out his hands towards it for a short time, and after that he turns him and walked out. After a while a man walks into the kitchen, goes to the fire and stretches out his hands to it, and then goes out. They knew him to be Thorir. A moment after, a third man stalks in. He was tall and very bloody. He had a head in his hand. They all knew him to be Sigmund Brestison. He stands still for a space, and then walks out. Then Thrand sprang up from the stool, gave a great gasp, and said, ‘Now you may see what was these men’s bane. Einar perished first, chilled to death or drowned, for he was least strong of the three. Thorir must have perished next, and Sigmund must have borne him, and thus got worn out, and came to land quite helpless. And these men must have slain him, for he appeared all bloody and headless.’

“ ‘Thrand’s comrades asserted this must be sooth. He now tells them to ransack the house, which they do, but find no proofs of guilt. Thorgrim and his sons asseverate their innocence. Thrand told them it was no good denying it, and bids his men to search again more closely. A large old-fashioned chest stood in the kitchen. He asked if they had searched that. They said they hadn’t, and burst it open, but there seemed to be nought in it but rubbish, among which they rummaged for some time. ‘Turn the chest upside down,’ exclaimed Thrand. They did so, and found a bundle of rags inside, which they handed to Thrand. He undid it ; there was a quantity of rags,* rolled together, and at last he found a BIG GOLD RING. This he recognised as Sigmund’s ring, the gift of Hæcon Jarl. When Thorgrim sees it, he owned to the murder, and narrates the whole transaction. He then points to the place where Sigmund and Thorir were interred, and they remove the bodies, which were afterwards buried in the church on Skufö, which Sigmund had built.”

The three murderers subsequently

* Tötrar, tatters.

confess their crime in the presence of a great Thing at Thorshaven, and were hanged on the spot. After this, Leif and his foster-father prosecute the suit for Thora's hand. The wedding takes place; a general reconciliation follows; and Leif takes up his abode at Ossur, his father's hall of Hof in Suderoe. Thoralf, Sigmund's eldest son, also marries, and makes his abode on Great Dimun. An interval of several years—or "winters," as these hyperborean saga-tellers phrase it, for a reason which it is not hard to appreciate—now elapsed, and the writer resumes his narrative in the year 1024. But it is necessary that we should go back a little. Olaf Haraldson, whose name was destined to live in history as St Olaf—his namesake, the King of Sweden, used to call him in derision simply "Stumpy"—was now on the throne of Norway. We English ought to have an especial favour for him, for it was he who, with Thorkel the Tall, helped our weak King Ethelred so valiantly against the Danes, and pulled down London Bridge about their ears, a victory which replaced our exiled monarch on the throne. Nay, to Olaf was at one time intrusted the whole land-defence of England. Subsequently he goes to Normandy, where the descendants of Earl Rognwald show the Northmen great courtesy. Leaving France, he is on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem by way of Gibraltar, when he dreams one night that he hears a voice saying, "Thou shalt be King of Norway." The salutation of the weird sisters to Macbeth did not impress itself more deeply on the mind of the future usurper† than did this augury on the aspiring exile. He at once returns to England, and hearing that Eric Jarl is coming over to this country, he

sails from Northumberland in a merchant-ship with 250 men. Landing in Norway, after a short struggle, his dream comes true, and the son of Harald Graenske is seated upon the Norwegian throne. His wonderful luck he looked upon as a special interposition of Providence.

A terrible persecutor of heathen folk was this man, a putter-out of eyes and cutter-out of tongues in his zeal for the Lord of Hosts. The sagas which mention this, pass no censure on him for such practices.

Matters being pretty comfortably settled at home, he turns his attention to the island dependencies of the Crown, the Orkneys, Shetland, Iceland, and the Faröes.

It was in the ninth year of his reign that a deputation of Faröese, by the King's request, proceed to Norway. There were Gilli the Lawman, our friend Leif Ossurson, and Thoralf of Dimun, the eldest son of Sigmund. Thrand of Gata was also to have been of the party, but in the very nick of time, when he was "boune" and about to start, he fell grievously sick and took to his bed. On their arrival, the King was not long in breaking his intentions to them. Faröe must pay tribute, and accept the laws given it by his predecessor King Olaf. The deputies must swear an oath to this effect, and the chief of them, Leif, Gilli, and Thoralf, take service with him. Seeing that the King was inflexible, they assented. Indeed, he was not a sort of man to be trifled with, this fiery devotee, the son of Aasta. "A man he was," says Snorri, "with eyes so piercing that one did not like to look in his face when he was angry." After this the deputies return home, and along with them a king's ship, to bring back the scat. This vessel never returned. The Faröese aver-

* In allusion to Olaf's thick-set build of body. His namesake never talked of him as "king."

† We follow Shakespeare. In virtue of his birth, if we remember rightly, Macbeth had as much right to the throne as Duncan.

red that it never reached the islands, and nobody knew what had become of the people on board.

When these tidings reached Norway, the King sent to Faröe requiring the presence of Leif, Gilli, and Thoralf, to explain. The islanders agree to despatch Thoralf to Norway for the purpose. Thrand, now convalescent, had his own very good reasons for not wishing a son of Sigmund's, who would be sure to hide nothing from the King, to come to speech with him.

"One fine day, when Thoralf's crew were 'boune,' and only waited for a breeze, Thrand goes into the sitting-room where his nephews, Sigurd, Thord, and Gaut, lay upon the dais, and says: 'Many things come to pass in one's life. It was a rare thing in my day for able-bodied fellows to be sitting and lying about whole days in fine weather. Our forebears wouldn't ever have thought that Thoralf of Dimun would be a more enterprising man than you. That craft of mine, too, lying all the while idle in the boat-house, and getting rotten under the tar! Here's our house full of wool and not turned into money!*' It would not have been thus, were I some winters younger.' Up started Sigurd at this, called to Thord and Gaut, and said he wouldn't stand being scolded like that! Out they go, launch the vessel, carry the cargo aboard, and get all ready in a few days. The same breeze took them and Thoralf out to sea. They saw each other all the passage, and came to an anchor one evening close together at Heren."

The intentions of Sigurd and Co. will soon become pretty clear. Thoralf goes ashore for a stroll with only one companion. This man is suddenly blindfolded from behind, seized, and cast into the sea. On scrambling out again, he discovers his master lying cleft through the

brain to the shoulder. King Olaf was in guest-quarters at Lygra farm in the Herdlö district; and on hearing the tidings he summons a Thing by an arrow-token.† At this the King is present in person, and both the crews. Olaf accuses Sigurd of the murder, and assigns as the object that he and his friends did not wish Thoralf to reveal the part they had taken respecting his missing envoys to the Faröes. "Dead men tell no tales!" Sigurd stoutly denies the charge, and offers to make a bodily oath of his innocence, and to undergo the ordeal of fire. How could he of all people in the world dream of such a thing! Thoralf was his foster-brother‡ and good friend. If he had had any grudge against him, he would have taken him off in Faröe, not in Norway, within reach of the King's clutches. Olaf's suspicions are not allayed, but at the prayer of his courtiers he consents, and Sigurd pledges himself to come ashore next morning and be put to the ordeal by the bishop. But in the night he told his shipmates that the King was no doubt the real assassin, and now wanted to throw the blame on them. And as for the ordeal by fire, he would think nothing of a little foul play. There was a breeze from the Fjeld down the Firth—they had better wind the sail up to the mast-head and be off; as for the wool, Thrand might sell it himself. For his own person, if he could only get clear away, catch him coming to Norway again! So said, so done. They get clear off in the course of the night, and reach Faröe in safety. Thrand was heard to express high dissatisfaction at the result of their

* An interesting light is here thrown upon the Faröese exports in those days.

† Before reading and writing were generally diffused, Things were summoned by token. The peace-token was a single stick with a spike; the war-token an arrow split into quarters, and sent out in different directions. A token in the shape of an axe denoted the presence of the King at the Thing; and one in the shape of a cross denoted that Church matters were to be considered.—Laing, i. 116. The fiery cross borne by Malise, is clearly of Norwegian origin.

‡ "A kinsman is a bit of your flesh, a foster-brother a bit of your heart."—Scotish proverb.

voyage. Perhaps he was vexed at its failure in a mercantile point of view. But, if we remember, he is described in the outset of the Saga as a very dark inscrutable man, "always plotting in his heart."

When the tidings of their escape reached the King he said little, but clearly thought that his suspicions had been well founded. In the spring, at a Thing in South Maeren, the King mentions his tribute from Faröe not being forthcoming, and proposes sending men thither for it. But everybody that he asked to go excused himself.

"Hereupon there stood up in the midst of the Thing a tall, active-looking man, clad in a red kirtle, a helmet on his head, and in his hand a halberd, and girded with a sword. If nobody else would go for the tribute, he was ready to do so. The King inquired who this bold fellow was. 'Karl of Maeren is my name,' he replied. 'Ha!' said the King, 'I should know that name; and, sooth be said, there have been times when, had we met, thou wouldest never have been able to tell the tidings.'"

In fact, this Karl had been a great sea-rover and freebooter, and the King had often set men to catch him and take away his life, but he always escaped. The man was of noble birth, and of no mean achievements. So the King agrees that bygones should be bygones, and at once took him into his favour in gratitude for the offer of his services. Before long, Karl departs on his errand, with messages and tokens from the King to his good friends Leif and Gilli, commending him to their protection. Upon seeing the King's tokens, they promise the envoy all the help in their power. Thrand, too, comes to greet him. How delighted he was that such a man was come on the King's errand, which all were in duty bound to obey! "Wouldn't Karl do him the exceeding honour of coming with all his followers to his poor abode, and spending the winter with him?" Karl politely declined

the proffered hospitality. He was engaged already to Leif, otherwise, &c. "Was there any other way, then, in which he (Thrand) could be of service to Karl?" Karl replied that he would be doing him a great service if he would collect the King's scat throughout the Northern Islands. Thrand said he was of course bound to afford all the help he could to the envoy of my lord the King, and he would do so.

Next spring Thrand was seized with a violent inflammation in his eyes. Still he went to the Thing, as was his wont. But to moderate the sun's rays, he had his tent lined inside with black cloth. After a few days' interval, Karl and Leif pay a visit to Thrand, with a numerous retinue.

"Outside the tent some men were standing, of whom Leif asked whether Thrand was within. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'We have an errand with him,' said Leif; 'bid him come out.' The messengers return saying that Thrand's eyes were so bad he could not venture out, and he bids them come in. Leif told his attendants to go warily when they came inside the booth. 'Don't throng together, and let that man go out first who comes in last.' Leif went in first, Karl next, his men following, fully armed, as though they were going to battle. Leif entered the dark part of the tent, and asked if Thrand had collected tribute in the Northern Islands. He replied he had not forgotten his agreement with Karl, and that the money was forthcoming. 'Here is a purse of silver; take it, Leif.' Leif looked round the tent, and could only see a few people about. Some lay upon the dais, but only a few sat up. Leif then went to Thrand, and took the bag, and bore it out to where it was light. He poured the money into his shield, and routs among it with his hand, and told Karl to look at it. They did so for some time. Then Karl asked what Leif thought of it. 'Think of it! why that every penny of it is as bad coin as is to be picked up in the Northern Isles.' Thrand heard this, and said, 'Isn't the money good?' 'No,' replied Leif. Thrand answered, 'My kinsmen are nitherings, and not of the middling sort either, when I can't trust them one jot. I sent them north to collect the

tribute this spring, as I was good for nothing myself, and they have had bribes from the bonders to take false silver in payment. We must now see the money that was paid me for land-tax.' Leif then bore the money back, received another bag, carried it to Karl, and they scrutinised it. Then Karl asked what Leif thought of it. 'Badly. I won't say it might not do for payment of some ordinary debt, but I am not going to offer such coin to the King.'

"The man who lay on the dais cast the cloak from his head, and said, 'Sooth is the old saw, "Older not bolder." It fares so with the Thrand, letting Karl Maerske pull your money about all day!' This was Gaut the Red. At Gaut's words up jumped Thrand in a passion and rated his kinsman soundly. At last he stopped, and told Leif to hand him the money. 'Here, take this bag of silver which my own tenants have brought me home this spring. I can't see, it is true, yet the shirt is nearer than the doublet.* A man rose up on the dais (it was Thord the Low), and said, 'It is no middling slanging that we are getting to-day from that Karl Maerske, and we ought to pay him out for it.' Leif took the silver and bore it out to Karl, and they examined it. Then said Leif: 'No need to look long at this silver; one coin is better than another: we'll have this. Thrand, get a man to see it weighed.' Thrand answered that Leif would do best for this. Leif and his followers now went outside, and sat down close by and weighed the silver. Karl took his helmet off, and emptied the money into it when weighed. They saw a man approach with a pole-axe in his hand, a silk hat on his head, a green cloak on his shoulders, with linen breeches tied round the leg, and his feet bare. He laid the pole-axe on the sward, and, as he went away, said, 'Look to thyself, Maera-Karl, that no harm happen to thee from my pole-axe.'

"A little after, men in full armour rush forward, crying out vehemently, 'Leif Ossurson must come with all speed to Gilli the Lawman's tent, for Sigurd Thorlakson has sprung into the tent, and mortally wounded one of his men.' Up jumped Leif, and went away to Gilli Lawman's tent, and with him

went all his tent-folk. But Karl kept sitting where he was. The Norwegians stood round him in a ring. Gaut the Red made a rush, and struck with his hand-axe over their shoulders, and the blow lit on Karl's head, but the wound was not great. Thord the Low caught up the pole-axe, and hit the axe from above, and drove it into his brain. A crowd of men hurries out of Thrand's tent. Karl was borne off dead."

Thrand was loud in his execrations of the deed, but offered atonement for it. Leif and Gilli set on foot the suit. Sigurd was outlawed for slaying Leif's man, and Thord and Gaut, for the murder of Karl. The Norwegians sailed to Norway with the news; but it was not fated that the King should take vengeance. Olaf was at war with Canute, King of England, who had sent a message to his cousin to say, "Norway is my property; but if thou wilt do me suit and service, thou shalt remain king"—a proposition which the fiery king rejected with scorn.†

The three outlaws, Sigurd, Thord, and Gaut, before leaving Faröe, abused Thrand roundly, accusing him of taking away their inheritance, and converting it to his own uses—which imputation Thrand as strenuously denied. Doubtless there was a very good understanding among them in spite of the hard words exchanged. Before they started it was given out that they were bound for Iceland. Soon after they set sail a storm arose and lasted for a week, and people had misgivings about their safety. In the autumn fragments of their ship were found on the shore of Osteroe, which seemed to realise the worst anticipations. But what reduced their fate to a certainty was, that Gata and many other places became haunted by them,

* "Sjálfs hönd er hverjum hollust."—Iceland proverb. Comp. also: "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself; if not, send."

† Olaf had been lucky in a freedom from foreign wars while establishing Christianity in his dominions. Canute, having plenty to occupy him in England, did not interfere in Norwegian politics; but in the spring of 1025 he sent for Olaf to come and swear allegiance to him.—Keyser's 'Kirken Historie,' p. 118.

and great scath was done to people thereby—such as broken legs and other bodily harm. Thrand, in particular, was so persecuted by the wraiths, that he durst not go alone. In the winter he sent for Leif Os-surson, as he had something to say to him. At the interview which ensued, Thrand proposed, to avoid all disturbances among themselves for the future, that it should be forbidden by law to come to the Thing armed. Leif and Gilli agree to this as far as the general public is concerned, the right of bearing arms being reserved to the King's men and a few others.

“Next summer, it happened one day at the Thing that Leif and Gilli took a walk together away from their tents and up a hill. And now they see to the eastward several men, thirty in all, mounting an eminence. Their fair shields, bright helmets, axes, and spears, gleamed in the morning sun. And a very fine set of fellows they seemed to be. In front was a man, tall and gallant to see, dressed in a red kirtle. His shield was of two colours, blue and yellow. A helmet was on his head, and a mighty halberd in his hand. They thought they recognised Sigurd Thorlakson. Next to him came a brawny man in a red kirtle, bearing a red shield. Surely, thought they, this must be Thord the Low. The third man had a red shield with a man's head figured on it, and a great axe in his hand. This was Gaut the Red. Leif and his companion hurried at once to their tent, while Sigurd and his followers advanced, all of them armed. Thrand at the same moment comes from his tent towards Sigurd, with a number of men in armour. Gilli and Leif had but few attendants compared with Thrand, and scarce any were armed. . . . Then said Thrand: ‘It so happens that my kinsmen, who went away from Faröe lately in such a hurry, are come back.* Now, we cannot submit to be bullied by thee and Gilli. Two courses lie open to you. Either I alone must be umpire between you and them, or I shall not prevent them doing whatever they like to be at.’”

There was no help for it but to

yield to the conditions imposed by the astute Thrand, so complete was the march that had been stolen upon them.

The three outlawed brothers are permitted to return and dwell where they pleased, and the government of the Faröes is divided into three parts, Thrand to have one part, Leif another, and the sons of Sigmund the third part. And, as a kind of sop, Thrand offers to bring up, as his foster-son, Sigmund, the son of Leif and Thora, and grandson of the hero of the tale. Leif leaves this last matter to his wife Thora, who acquiesced. Sigmund, who was then three winters old, and of great promise, went to be brought up at Thrand's:—*ἐχθρων ἄδωρα δῶρα, κ' οὐκ ἐνέησιμα*. This was A.D. 1029—i.e., a year before the battle of Stikklestad, where St Olaf, as he was afterwards called, fell, fighting heroically, by the hands of his revolted subjects, at the early age of thirty-five, after having been present in twenty pitched battles; and thus all Norway falls to King Canute without a stroke of his sword. Earl Sweyne, son of Canute, comes to Norway with his mother Alfifa, and mounts the throne. But the people soon find out their mistake, and begin to murmur against the severity of his laws. One enactment especially gave offence, that the testimony of one Dane in a court of law would invalidate the adverse testimony of ten Norwegians. Alfifa, too, gave much offence in another way. The slain King Olaf, the martyr of Stikklestad, when his body was exhumed a year afterwards, was red in the face, as when alive. A miracle! a miracle! was the cry. After a narrow inspection, the King's mother drily observed: “People buried in sand rot very slowly; it would not have been so if he had been buried in mold!” Nevertheless, with the consent of

* Of course they had never sailed away at all, but lay *perdu* in one of the many natural hiding-places with which the islands abound.

King Sweyne, who was a mere child in age and understanding, the Thing decided that Olaf Haraldson was a man truly holy.

By the year 1030 the country got tired of the new dynasty, and Magnus, the illegitimate son of St Olaf, is called to the throne, Sweyne retiring to his brother's court in Denmark. It is at this period that the Saga takes up the thread of events in Faröe.

Thrand, a money-making, hard-working man, after a time becomes dissatisfied with the unthriftiness (*óþrifnad*) and indolence of Sigurd, Thord, and Gaut, and turns them out of doors.

The quarrel this time does seem to have been *bonâ fide*, and a great fight of words and much mutual recrimination is the consequence. The three brothers betake themselves to Stromsoe, the most populous of the Faröes. The career of these accomplished villains is not devoid of stirring interest.

Sigurd fastens upon a rich bonder Thorhall, blessed with a shrew for his wife, Birna, or Stromsoe Birna, as she was nicknamed, who ruled him with a rod of iron. Between Sigurd and Birna the poor fellow becomes utterly ignored. The end of it is that Thorhall is stabbed in his bed by a Norwegian sea-captain, who in his turn is killed by Sigurd—though people suspected, and with good cause, that he himself had instigated the murder of Thorhall. He then marries the widow, and is a rich man. Gaut plays the same game with like results in Sandoe.

Among the victims is one Leif, the friend and namesake of Thora's husband. She and the "Great Widow" upbraid him for calmly submitting to such insults; but he tholes their hard language with great equanimity.

"It is said that Dame Thurida dreamed that her dead husband Sigmund appeared to her and said: 'It is I myself that am come to you by the leave of God. Do not harbour

hard and resentful feelings to Leif, thy son-in-law, for he is destined to avenge thy shame.'" She relates the vision to her daughter, and from that time they were better disposed towards Leif than before.

Meantime Sigurd suggests to his amiable brother, Thord the Low, the desirability of becoming a Benedict. He knows of a lady who would suit him admirably, Sigmund's relict, the "Great Widow." Why not? Thord thinks this is flying at too high game, but permits Sigurd, according to the approved fashion, to go wooing for him, which he does the very next day. The lady was somewhat cold about it, but went so far as to say she would consult her sons and daughter. Very sanguine was Sigurd about the result of his visit. Not so Thord, who suspected treachery. Nor were his suspicions without ground.

"Mother," said the sagacious Thora to Thurida, "if I am to advise, you must not reject him, at least if you have any thought of avenging the shame they have brought upon us. To my mind, no better bait than this can be found for getting them into our power. I need not place words in my mother's mouth, for many ways will occur to her of leading them a fool's errand."

Leif quite agreed with Thora's sage view of the case. Now, he said, was their chance of vengeance. "But," added he, "Thrand foresaw this long ago, when he offered to make our boy Sigmund his foster-child. That was thy fault, Thora, and it will be the death of thy son, if he is with Thrand when anything happens." "Henceforth," said Thora, "I don't intend for him to remain there. To-morrow we must go to Thrand's."

Thora's counsel prevailed; and next day, though the sea was high, they take boat for Thrand's, who receives them cordially, and has a fire made to dry Leif and his men, who were drenched with salt water.

Thora was conducted to a chamber, where she and her son Sigmund were left alone.

"He was then nine, and seemed a very sharp lad. His mother asked him what Thrand had taught him. He replied that he had taught him how to set on foot suits, and the various methods of procedure at law, in his own and others' behalf. In this he was quite at home. Then she asks him what teaching his foster-father had given him in Holy Writ. Sigmund said he had learned his paternoster and creed. Quoth she, I would like to hear it. On which he sang his paternoster, as she thought, pretty well. But Thrand's creed ran thus:—

'Given to us are angels good,
Without 'em gang I ne'er a foot;
Where'er I am, where'er I fare,
Five angels follow everywhere;
Pattering prayer, if so I be,
To Christ they bear them presently.
Psalms, too, seven can I sing—
Have mercy on me, God my King!'

At the same moment Thrand came into the room, and asks what they are talking about. Thora answers, and says her son had been rehearsing the Christian knowledge he had taught him. 'But the creed seems to me wrong.' 'Ah,' said Thrand, 'you know Christ had twelve disciples or more, and each of them had his own credo. Now I have my credo, and you have the credo you have been taught; and there are many credos; and they may be right without being all exactly the same!' And with that the conversation ended. In the evening they were treated to the best, and drank pretty deep. Thrand was in the highest spirits, and said he would have a bed made for them on the floor of the sitting-room. Thora said she wished Sigmund to sleep with her, and tell her about his progress in learning. 'That cannot be,' says Thrand, 'for I should never be able to sleep.' 'Thou must grant me this favour, Thrand mine,' said she; and so the lad did sleep with her. Thrand had a little room of his own where he always slept, and the boy with him, and very few besides; and as it was already deep

in the night he now retired. Leif be-thought him of sleep, and lay down, turning away from his wife. She touched his back with her hand, and bade him not go to sleep. 'Get up,' said she, 'and go about Osteroe this night, and damage all the boats, and make them unfit for sea.' So said, so done. Leif knew each creek, and they rendered everything afloat unseaworthy. Not a wink do they sleep all night, and get up early. Thora and her boy Sigmund went to their galley, while Leif repaired to Thrand's chamber, and bade him farewell; 'and thanks for thy hospitality. Thora will take Sigmund with her.' Thrand, who had himself slept little, said, 'Sigmund must not go.' Leif hurries to his boat, while Thrand, who now thought he saw through it all, bids his house-carls jump into a skiff. This they do, when in rushes the dark blue water, and they must fain get ashore again. Not a craft in the island but is in the same plight, and Thrand is forced to stay where he is, wold he, nold he."

Thus Leif gets safe home with his prize, and at once proceeds to collect a force of men to act in case of emergency. Indeed the very next day there was serious business on hand. He then expected Sigurd Thorlakson and his brother to come courting the "Great Widow"—an opportunity for ridding himself of these gentry by which he had resolved to profit.

On the morning of the eventful day the expectant bridegroom turns faint-hearted. He is certain his brother must be fey, or he would never be so eager about it. But Sigurd had given his word and was determined to be at the rendezvous. Thord croaked out he was sure they never would all come back in the evening safe and sound; and though he did join the party, it was with great reluctance. They were twelve men in all, fully armed, and after a

* Compare—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lie on.
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away."

A very ancient charm.

very boisterous passage they reached the island. Thord would not budge a step beyond the landing-place, so Sigurd went up to the homestead alone.

“As he nears the house, he perceives that the door is shut. Inside the *toun*, opposite to the entrance, stood the church which Sigmund had built. When Sigurd arrived between the dwelling-house and the church, he sees that the latter is open, and a woman is coming from it dressed in a red kirtle, with a blue mantle over her shoulders. He saw it was Thurida, and goes towards her. She greeted him warmly, and seated herself on a trunk of a tree which lay in the *toun*, and he did the same. She wished to sit with her face towards the church, but he preferred sitting with his face towards the house-door, and away from the church. She, however, got her own way, and they turned towards the latter. Sigurd asked what men were come. ‘Not many,’ replied she. He asked if Leif was there. ‘No,’ said she. ‘Are your sons at home?’ said he. ‘I may say they are.’ ‘What have they said about this match?’ asks Sigurd. ‘All we women say that we like thee best, and there would be very little delay on my part if thou wert a free man.’* ‘A great hole in my luck is that,’ says Sigurd, ‘but it can easily be managed that I shall get free.’ ‘That depends,’ said she; and then he embraced her, and tried to pull her towards him. She took hold of his mantle, and at this instant the house-door opened, and out sprang a man with his sword drawn. It was Heri, Sigmund’s son. On beholding this, Sigurd ducks down out of the cloak, and so liberated himself, leaving the garment in Thurida’s hands. More men now came out, and Sigurd rushes down the meadow. Heri catches up a spear with which he starts off in pursuit, and, gaining upon the fugitive, hurls it at him. Sigurd, seeing that it was coming fair for his shoulders, flung himself on the ground, so that the spear passed over him and stuck in the earth. In a twinkling he springs to his feet, seizes the missile, and sends it back right through Heri’s middle, killing him on the spot. Sigmund then rushed down to the descent. Leif comes to the spot

where Heri lay, passes quickly by, ran to the cliff, and sprang right over it on to the beach—a height, people say, of fifteen fathoms.† Lighting on his feet, he runs to the brothers’ galley. Sigurd was already there, and tried to leap on board. But in the same moment Leif made a pass at his side with his sword. The other slewed round, and as Leif thought, the sword went into his body. Sigurd then sprang aboard, and the boat pushing off, they separated. Leif returns to his men, bids them come to their boats instantly, and follow the fugitives.”

This is done, but a considerable delay ensues in getting the boats launched. Meantime,—

“Sigurd and his men had got to land in Stromsoe. Sigurd steered and spoke little. As he went ashore, Thord asked whether he was badly wounded. He said he could not say for certain. With this he went to the boat-house, which was close to the water, and leaned his arms against the wall. After clearing the boat, the others go up to the boat-house and find Sigurd standing there, stiff and dead.”

That night Leif attacks the house with thirty men, and sets it on fire. The inmates defend themselves stoutly. Steingrim, Sigmund’s son, has his knee-cap cut off by Gaut, and is a cripple for life; and Brand, another son, is slain by Thord, but both fall at last by the hand of Leif.

“When Thrاند heard the tidings, it touched him to the very quick, and he died of chagrin.”

Leif gained great fame by the enterprise. He was now become sole master of the Faröes, and going to Norway he was invested by the then king, Magnus the Good, with the fiefship of the islands, which he held till old age. After his death, his son Sigmund succeeded him, and with him abode his mother, who passed for a woman of no ordinary powers as long as she lived.

So here we take leave of the Faröese Saga, with its vivid and

* “And the bridemaids whispered, ’twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

† An exaggeration, surely; yet Debes narrates a parallel jump in safety.

varied incidents, its strongly-marked and individualised characters so well kept up throughout, with its delicate touches of humour and pathos, which lend the story an interest beyond that of a mere sensational drama.

There is a refined and high-toned chivalry about Sigmund, to our mind beyond that of the mere Viking, the dexterous wielder of

“The huge and sweeping brand
That wont of yore in battle fray
His foeman’s limbs to lop away,
As wood-knife shreds the sapling
spray.”

Not but what his wonderful trick of fence, his Leander-like swimming, his skill in every manly exercise, must render him a congenial character to your genuine Englishmen in an age which is just now engaged in the apotheosis of athletic sports.

But there is something nobler about his nature than belongs to the ordinary Northman. He was of the right stuff, no doubt; incapable of fear. “Don’t weep, cousin, but let us mind it long,” was his address to his playmate when their fathers were being murdered before their eyes. But though brave as a lion, and of great endurance, he was also faithful, tender, and true. Look at his behaviour to Thurida—he a great man at court, she the daughter of an outlaw; or his steady gratitude to Thorkel her father, who had sheltered him among the fastnesses of the Dovre Fjeld. Look at his romantic attachment to Ironskull, whom he had found a foeman worthy of his steel; and the way in which, though we have not brought out this episode at length, he beards his friend and patron, the fiery Hacon Jarl, rather than desert his newly-found friend, when he had persuaded him to accompany him to the Earl’s court at Hlada. Then again, witness how, after the Earl’s death, rather than be untrue to the memory of the fallen great, and

give up his dead patron’s present, he braves the ire of the imperious King Olaf; and then, further, the noble way in which more than once he spared his life-enemy, Thrand, when he was completely in his power.

Lastly, think how, with a lofty disregard of self, sooner than not help his old friend in his sore need, he risked and indeed lost his own life. Truly, the way in which he learned his lesson of Christianity was not by rote. Full many a prim monk who anathematised these pagan barbarians, we may imagine, without much lack of charity, would have cut but an indifferent figure if the virtues and vices of the two had been accurately weighed in the balance.

And, on the other hand, there is something very noteworthy in the other chief character, Thrand, who thought the old was better, and wanted no kings of Norway to come meddling in the Islands with their tax-gatherers and priestly missionaries, their paternosters and credos, and such newfangled ideas.

In fact there have not been wanting critics among his countrymen who admired his sturdy independence of mind, while they have much to object to Sigmund as the ready tool and obsequious courtier of the Norwegian monarchs.

The writer of the Saga, they think, was carried away by the popular and shining qualities of our hero, and was led in consequence to make the worst of Thrand, and exaggerate his craft and cruelty. It is true we cannot gainsay his surprising strength of purpose and tenacity of character. Never losing sight of his object, he managed to carry it in the long-run. An adept at soft sawder, when it suited his purposes, he often gained by subtlety what he saw was not to be achieved by force.

Conservatism may be said to have been his ruling passion, strictly identified, however, with self-interest and personal ambition, the re-

sult of which, to our mind, was a base and repulsive alloy. If "*quieta non movere*" might be said to be one of his mottoes, yet he had another upon which he always acted, "Put money in thy purse;"—take care of number one. And through the story these two features of the man are continually cropping up; and, in fine, the devil of the tale was, we conjecture, quite as black as he is painted. The characters of the women, too, are well drawn as far as they go, and we only wish that the pictures had been more filled in. The loving maiden, Thorida, of the Dovre, then the true wife, fighting "like any man" in defence of her husband and Penates, at last expanding into the dowager, the "Great Widow," of whom even Thrand stands in awe. And well he might, for it was she and the mettlesome quick-witted Thora, her daughter, who devised the scheme for his friends' ruin, and egged on Leif to carry it out. Both these women are in fact typical of "that simple fidelity, that craft and courage, deception and daring, that readiness in counsel, that fertility of resource, which made these Norsk women such thoroughly suitable mates for the stern Vi-

king brood, with their checkered life of vicissitude and danger."

Nor must we omit to call the reader's attention to the light here thrown upon the Northmen's love of litigation. Imagine the boy Sigmund, only nine years old, initiated already into the quips and quillets of the law, the ins and outs of the courts, while he picks up such a mere smattering of Christianity. Christianity, in fact, was—from the very hurry in which it was introduced—a muddle and a jumble: no better or truer commentary on which could have been imagined than the brief and piquant observations of Thrand upon the nature and obligations of creeds, their resemblances and their differences.

But it is time that our story should draw to an end; and if an apology is required for introducing our English readers to these far-away times and scenes, we must give it in the words of a writer in the *Times*, who is apparently no mean scholar in this field of letters: "Icelandic literature contains the germ of our institutions and the best traits of our national character, and it is worthy of infinitely more study and illustration than it has received."

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

AGRARIAN JURIES.

I WISH the English press, so indignantly eloquent on abortive criminal trials in Ireland, could be taught to remember that there are a variety of issues to be tried in an Irish jury-box besides the guilt or innocence of the prisoner in the dock.

The invariable pitched battle that precedes every criminal trial in Ireland over the selection of the jury, is the best possible evidence that party spirit is the great determining element in the verdict; and as the twelve men are sworn, it does not call for any remarkably prophetic intelligence to foretell the result. To instruct these gentlemen that they are to "disabuse their minds of all prejudices, to dismiss from their recollections all that they may have heard outside the court, and to discard any influence the opinions of their friends and neighbours might possibly exercise over them," is to tell twelve decent shopkeepers or small farmers that it would be very conducive to justice if they could rise not only to the valor of heroes, but to the purity of angels—not always easy to do in certain counties "west of the Shannon."

"How could you have the conscience to give forty thousand pounds damages in that seduction case?" was the question put to the foreman of the jury who tried the celebrated Bandon issue, where the defendant was an English peer. "Begorra! it was a fine thing to bring all that money into Ireland!" was the answer. And against such patriotic devotion what is to be said?

"So you found him not guilty?" cried another, when a palpable murderer was acquitted in defiance of the evidence and the distinct direction of the judge—"you found him not guilty?" "By my conscience I did!" was the reply of the juryman. "I'd like to see myself

hang him, and he the last life in my lease!"

Patriotic and ethical motives, however, are but a small portion of the influences that sway the mind of the Irish juryman. He has to bethink him, and very seriously bethink him, of what shape the public opinion will assume when the verdict is pronounced abroad. If the crime be what the cant of the day calls "agrarian"—that is, if the tenure of land enters in any way into the history of the offence—no great discernment is required to guess how popular feeling will incline; and the juryman who is burdened with a conscience, and feels the solemn obligation of an oath, has to bethink him how far he lives from the police-barrack—whether it be the season of long nights and dark ones—how many near relations the prisoner has—what their characters are—whether the gun he saw one of the family shooting crows with has a flint or a percussion lock, and where they usually buy their powder. These are not strictly evidence on the trial, but let me tell you, they will hold a very considerable space in the mind of the juryman notwithstanding; and with the best possible inclination to acquit himself honestly and faithfully, he will think of that long mountain-road he has to travel after he leaves the court-house, and how little daylight will be left by the time he reaches that lonesome bit, where the stone-pines throw their shadows over the path.

It is not easy to follow an intricate cross-examination or an involved summary of evidence with the full force of these considerations weighing on the mind. To say the least, they are very disturbing elements; and he is of no common mould whose calm courage will ex-

clude every thought of consequences, and not even spare a thought for what the priest will say next Sunday from the altar.

I know how ignoble and unworthy all this. I feel the humiliation while I write it; but still the "mere Irish" feel these things. I know well enough how little you in Piccadilly and Park Lane care for being denounced by the Rev. Tim Mulligan, P.P. of Ballynamortherum. I am certain that no coffin and cross-bones transmitted to your town address through the post would occasion you any lively fear, or indispose you to that excursion to Greenwich; but spare a little consideration for men who live where there is less gaslight and few police.

I rather winced at the answer a Neapolitan made me when I asked him to come out for a sail in my boat. "No," said he; "son troppo codardo!" Now it is not pleasant to hear a man say—and about such a very mild venture too—"I'm too great a coward to risk it;" but I am not sure I should take the same measure of an Irish jurymen's pusillanimity if he told me that he was afraid to convict, though he was assured of the guilt. The man who could say this might still be very far from a coward; he might be a husband and a father; he might be the chief stay and support of a young family; his daily life might oblige him to be much from home, to traverse long and lonely districts, to return late of night from fair and market; he might, perchance, have his dealings with men not always disposed to wish him well. It is not so easy to confront the world and find it without sunshine; nor even, if a man have nerve enough to dare all these, will it always be in his power to animate others with his courage, and disembarass his wife of the terror one hour late may inflict—the agony it may cost her if he should stop to get a nail in his horse-shoe at a smithy.

I say, therefore, before you com-

mit yourself to any wholesale condemnation of these timorous jurymen, as I have heard them called, bethink you if you should have behaved better had you been in their case. I don't mean to say that there will always be the penalty of life where a jury will agree to a conviction; but there are varieties of injuries short of being shot dead that are not easy to confront. It is not pleasant to be wounded even with slugs. It is not pleasant to have your dwelling-house set fire to, or your ricks burned. It is not pleasant to have your child beaten on his way from school, or your cattle houghed and your sheep hamstringed. Nor is your tranquillity more reassured when the priest has spoken of you from the altar, and declared that, without saying anything slanderous or actionable, "you may thank God you live in a very forgiving neighbourhood, and that he knows parishes where they are not so gentle in their treatment of evil-doers."

In the working of this system of agrarian assassination the man from Tipperary is often sent to shoot the victim in Clare or Donegal, and the Limerick man will frequently be despatched to Meath or to Leitrim. Still, when the day of the trial arrives, the sympathies of the public will be as certainly with the prisoner as though he were a native of their own parish, and every man in the jury-box had known him from a child; and simply because it is the cause they care for, and not the individual.

In the very ratio that they are interested for the man in the dock, are they incensed against his prosecutor. Nor is it mere hate they feel for him; their sentiment includes contempt as well as anger. To agrarian appreciation he is a poor-spirited shabby dog, who, in a fair game for life and death, took refuge in the law! A cowardly hound, seeking to shelter himself behind Statutes and Acts of Parliament, instead of coming out to be shot like a man! Their reasoning

goes to this:—Here is the landlord, who has rack-rented, harried, and evicted us for years back. There is not a condition he has not improved to his own benefit, nor a contract that he has not ratified to his own advantage. He has been hunting us with civil bills, bailiffs, and ejectments for many a day; and now, when he has had all *his* innings, and it comes to *our* time to play, he cries out, "Stop! I'm going to take the law of you!" That is to say, so long as his cards were all trumps, and the game went well with him, he was willing enough to play; but the moment fortune seems a little fickle, he rises from the table, and declares that he'll pocket the stakes and go home.

Not that the peasant does not see, and see clearly, the flaw in all this logic; but it suits him well to take this view, and it suits a number of others who are looking on to encourage him to this opinion. Now, I am disposed to disbelief as to the whole theory of landlord cruelty, not the worst argument against it being its gross impolicy; but certain flagrant cases now and then occur, where gross wrongs have been inflicted, and very severe reprisals exacted; and all these things do not tend to civilisation. If, however, it became the law that no man need ever pay for a pair of boots where they hurt his feet or cramped his toes, but that, putting up with certain inconvenience, he might for the future oblige that shoemaker to work for him for nothing, surely very few men would turn shoemakers; and it is to something like this we now seem to be coming in Ireland. On the assumption that some landlords have exercised the rights of property harshly and ungenerously, the cry is, "Let us have done with landlords; property is an abuse, and rent-day is an antiquated superstition it is time to get rid of." The Legislature, however, being slow to comprehend this brilliant discovery, Paddy has to illustrate his meaning by an example, and he

shoots his landlord. "Do you understand me now?" he cries; "or how am I to make myself more intelligible?"

"Don't shoot him," replies the Government; "that's inhuman, that's cruel. Don't shoot him; leave him to us, and we'll starve him." Pat has little confidence in Parliaments, and likes his own way best; and there is a considerable number, mere lookers-on, who take the same view of the case.

How can you expect juries to set themselves against a patriotic movement of this kind? It is not always that a man can be charitable and patriotic at the same moment, and by the same act; but here is a case of it. By acquitting the prisoner you are helping on the grand cause of confiscation. While you are taking off the fetters, you are tearing the title-deeds; "and is it not a fine thing," as the juryman said, "to bring all that money into Ireland?"

It cannot be too often repeated that successful intimidation is the curse of Ireland, and that **TERRORISM** is practised in that country with a skill and ability that enable its agency to be all powerful; and it is on this account that these monster-demonstrations have a force and a significance which you "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease" cannot possibly estimate nor even imagine.

When a great Minister declared at a civic banquet a few days ago, that, whatever happened in Ireland, "he, at least, was not the man to yield to menace—that of all methods, none would be less like to succeed with *him* than any based on coercion"—it never occurred to me to dispute the sincerity of his belief, nor the loyalty of his self-confidence. I am certain that his convictions went with his words; but I am equally certain that the whole opinion of Ireland is directly the reverse of this, and that in the public press of that country—from the 'Dublin Evening Mail' to the columns of the 'Irishman'—there

is but one cry, whether in sorrow or in exultation, that anything—everything—may be obtained from an English Ministry and an English Parliament by menace!

From the landlord who seeks to exact his rent, to the juryman who stands out for a conviction—from the man who is “denounced” at the altar, to that other who receives a death’s head and cross-bones by the post—the system is carried out with all the precision and formality of official usage; and it is far easier to discredit and despise this when seated within earshot of Mr Toole the toastmaster than when riding homeward in the dusk of the evening in Tipperary.

The Fenian press declare openly, defiantly, that Fenianism has uprooted the Established Church; the Protestant journals, such as the ‘Mail’ and the ‘Express,’ express concurrence with the avowal. The same newspapers proclaim that a like success is about to attend the land-tenure agitation; and that a

skilful pressure of assassination and argument will ultimately induce Englishmen to yield anything—particularly when that anything pertains to another—rather than endure the European disgrace of seeing Ireland as it is.

You will go to any extent in what you fancy to be conciliation. As you have sacrificed the Church, so will you give up the landlords, and after them you will yield the education to the demands of insolent menace; and when it is all done, you will stand face to face with the same discontented Ireland that you see now before you, for the simple reason that the intimidation you have been feeding will have grown so powerful under your treatment that it will stop at nothing.

Once more, then, I say, do not sneer at the cowardice of an Irish jury when you have examples of faint-heartedness nearer home, infinitely less excusable, and infinitely more ruinous in their consequences.

THE PORTE AND THE PASHA.

[Mr O’Dowd had evidently been in this case reckoning without his host; but, as this was written before the *fêtes* came off, the intention of the Sultan to be present at the opening of the Canal was generally believed, and the Khediv’s resolve to absent himself was notorious at Cairo.—ED. B. M.]

When the agent of some absentee landlord has, on the force of his representative character, got to have himself recognised as a county personage—when he has attained to a seat on the bench, and a high place in the grand jury—when, in his capacity of a resident at the “Hall,” he has succeeded in establishing himself in every respect as a cognate number in his neighbourhood,—nothing would seem more reasonable than that he should at last fall into the delusion in which he has involved others, and actually imagine he was the proprietor; and that not only because he has seen himself so long in the exercise of proprietary rights, but also from a secret and special

knowledge of the straits and difficulties of the real owner of the estate, and a warm consciousness of his own snug condition, suggesting the not improbable event of his one day purchasing the property—from these conjoined reasons, I say, he may, without any great extravagance of self-delusion, believe that he is the owner.

What more likely, then, that under this impression he should surround himself with pleasant company, invite friends to shoot his partridges or his pheasants, ride to his harriers, or fish his salmon-preserves—keeping country-house life in all the genial hospitality of that admirable institution?

That when he has sent off a

number of invitations to his most valued and distinguished acquaintance to come and pass some weeks with him, enclosing a little programme of the festivities with which he proposes to entertain them, and when for this occasion he has launched out into a very lavish expenditure, intending to make the event a memorable era in his life, at the same time that he shows the world how fittingly he occupies an exalted station, and how becomingly he dispenses the honour of the position—that at this moment, when every morning's post brings him some flattering acceptance of his invitation, a sudden express should arrive, a mere despatch by the wire, to say that the owner of the property was coming to stay a little time, and look over the estate,—that such a *contretemps* should utterly overwhelm and confound him is in no degree astonishing.

It is too late to put off his friends. Some are already on their way; some have sent to order post-horses at this or that station; nearly all have abandoned some other engagement to avail themselves of this one. The whole house has been “turned out of the windows” in preparation. Supplies and extraordinaries pour in at every moment; and the “cases” of potted delicacies from Paris, and the smart new liveries from Pooles’, are all so many additional claims to enforce fulfilment of the self-made contract.

What is to be done? In the presence of the real proprietor there can be no thought of playing the host. Let the owner be the most graceful and least assuming of men—let him desire to shroud his brightness, and leave his representative to shine in all the glory of his borrowed brilliancy—let him display the most accomplished tact and the most consummate good-humour,—he will never be able to divest himself of his character as the chief personage of the situation. Do what he may, in his own house he will at least appear to be the master.

But if, instead of these gracious qualities and these conciliating gifts, the great man should be a somewhat morose personage, little genial in his nature, and rather jealous of his agent's popularity, wasteful in his own habits, and, as will sometimes happen from that very reason, not disposed to pardon extravagance in others—if, I say, being a man of this temperament, and having heard what fine preparations his man of business has been making to receive his friends, he should thereupon determine to take that very moment for his visit, just because nothing could be more disconcerting or disagreeable, it will be no heavy demand on imagination to conceive the dismay—little short of despair—of the luckless subordinate.

This is precisely the calamity that has befallen the Khedivé of Egypt, by the Sultan's announcement of his intended visit to Suez. The Sultan has been hearing nothing for the last six or eight months but accounts of the splendid preparations of his vassal—how right royally he is about to play the host to the collective sovereignty of Europe—how a beautiful Empress is coming from France, a powerful Emperor from Austria, Crown-Princes by the dozen, and Royal Highnesses by the score—great warriors and statesmen and special envoys from every State of the Continent; and if not from ourselves, the motive will not be misconstrued by the gifted Pasha, who will readily comprehend that our national economies leave little margin for the indulgence of pleasures.

For this great event that is to turn the channel of the whole world's commerce—to leave England “out in the cold,” and render the Cape of Good Hope as little known as Behring Straits—the Khedivé has been making the round of the Continent, inviting everything, from kings and kaisers down to Chambers of commerce and the Austrian Lloyds. He has engaged every lackey and hired every donkey in

Cairo ; and if he has not perfumed the Nile and whitewashed the Pyramids, they are, I believe, the only attentions he has forgotten towards the welcome of his guests. Bands of music from Germany and *bal-lerine* from Italy are contracted for on the most liberal terms ; and from the loafing Yankee to the learned member of some profound association, every want is provided, from gin-sling to geology. Is it not hard, I say, to have arranged all these things, and yet see the "honours" of them done by another ? That the world of the "invited" will lose by the change of host, there can be very little doubt ; for I suppose we are to believe what they tell us, that the Pasha will sulk and stay away. He was in many respects admirably adapted for a display of this kind ; gifted with very genial ways and every little artifice of pleasant mannerism ; a very tolerable linguist ; a very thoughtful host, quick to perceive or even anticipate a guest's wishes, and unmindful of any cost to meet them ; conversant with all that is going on in the world of Europe, politically, artistically, and literately ; a good deal of a statesman, something of a soldier, and a most accomplished merchant ; —he could not fail to acquit himself well in almost every department of the motley throng he had assembled around him.

Besides all this, Egypt is a "show land," and the ruler of it must, out of the nature of things, be something of the showman. Isis and Osiris are not Gog and Magog ; and the Lord Mayor of the Pyramids is another guess person from him of Guildhall.

Now it is hard, there is no denying it, to have got up all this display, and then to see the "honor" of it done by another.

When the Irish viceroy politely sent his chamberlain to request that a native chieftain would take his place nearer the head of the table, the haughty reply was, "Tell him wherever the O'Neil sits, that is the

head of the table ;" and so will it be here. Let the Sultan be all that we are perfectly certain he would not be, let him be as gracious to the giver of the feast as any guest of the company, he will still be the master of the house, and the Khedivé only his representative when he is from home.

Lord Palmerston—of course being influenced in his opinion by the confident assurance of a great English engineer—always declared that the Suez Canal was an impossibility. The sea-level was not the same at the two extremities ; the embankments could not be maintained ; the drift-sands of the desert would soon fill up the ditch. Such and suchlike were all alleged as invincible obstacles to the work. Well, impossible as it was pronounced to be, there it is, and the really great difficulty—which, by the way, was least insisted on—is, Will it, can it, pay ? Will any tariff that can be safely imposed remunerate the cost of construction, and the expense for necessary repairs ? Will the saving of time in comparison with the long sea-route be such as to compensate for the cost, except in certain rare and exceptional cases ? Frenchmen say, Yes. So do also certain Austrians and Swiss ; but the opportunity of foretelling the decline and fall of England is too strong a temptation not to warp the judgment and influence the opinion of our dear friends and affectionate neighbours.

A very ingenious Italian chemist discovered, some short time ago, a method of making diamonds and rubies. His invention stood the test of the most searching scrutiny, and there was no quality of density, lustre, hardness, or insolubility which his manufactured gems did not sustain with success. There was, in fact, but one feature in which the discovery presented anything of discouragement. It was, that the fictitious stones cost about three times the price of real ones. Such will, I suspect, turn out to be the case

with the Suez Canal. It will be a great fact that won't pay.

There is a strange destiny that attaches to canals, wherever they be found, that they are almost always unremunerative. I have heard some scrupulous Christians declare that, as breaches of the commandment which forbids imitations of God's own creations, they deserved the failure they had provoked—though certainly anything as little like a river as a canal is not easy to imagine. At all events, their history is not that of successful enterprise.

Will the Suez Canal prove the rule or the exception? Will it be worth paying the turnpike for the sake of the short cut? For it must be borne in mind that M. Lesseps can make his own tariff. He is exactly in the position of a certain Irish firm who advertised their tick-covers and sacking in a Dublin newspaper, and concluded by saying, "As we are the only sack and canvas manufacturers in Dublin, we can therefore defy competition,"—a statement so palpably un-

questionable, I like to give it currency. Now M. Lesseps can say as much. He is the only canal-maker in Egypt, and he can defy competition.

Not so the unlucky Khedivé. *His* great rival has come down unmercifully upon him, and from being like Mrs Jarley, who has long been "the Royal Family's delight," he sees himself pushed rudely from his place, and obliged to cede the high stool, and the leadership of the orchestra, to one who had never rehearsed the overture, nor even tuned the instruments of the band.

It is very satisfactory to think that all this time these sublime personages are merely pieces on the chess-board, and that the real players are at Downing Street and the Tuileries. If any one, however, should have doubts as to where he should render the homage due to a host, let him remember that in Molière's comedy the difficulty is solved for him, and the "true Amphitryon," is decided to be "celui où l'on dîne."

IN THE NURSERY.

In this age of Fenianism, infanticide, wife-beating, and landlord-murder, I do wish that the ladies had not been so insistent on bringing before public notice the question of Woman's Rights. It is not easy, when surrounded by great and imminent perils, to turn one's thoughts away from them to the consideration of matters which demand calm reflection, a very varied knowledge, and a wide insight into the several classes and conditions of people who form the inhabitants of these countries.

There was, however, in the very fact of seizing a moment of national preoccupation—taking a time of unusual emergency and anxiety—something so perversely feminine, that I cannot but think the agitation of the question was purposely reserved for a season when it might be supposed men's heads were too

full of pressing troubles to care very much whether women became doctors of law or licentiates in surgery.

Here we are, after pulling down a Church, and just taking breath before we set about robbing the landed interest, with an unsettled Alabama claim and an unappeasable Ireland on our backs; and this is the happy moment our ladies take to tell us not only how unwarrantably they have been consigned to an inferior position—how deserving they are of a perfect equality,—but—and this is not to be overlooked—that the moral "nature of man must be cultivated and trained to accept a condition in which his 'musculosity' alone establishes his essential difference;" and that, as "men are not comporting themselves with dignity in the path they have chosen, nor maintaining their own ground," the sooner they

make way for their superiors the better.

As I believe the history of all agitations goes to show either that the agitators carry their point *in extenso*, or that, by dint of mere persistence, they so overbear their adversaries as to enjoy almost all the advantages of a complete success—whether, therefore, we yield gracefully or are wearied out by incessant remonstrance, I am disposed to believe that our “time is up,” and that nothing more remains for us to do but to stipulate for certain conditions of existence in conformity with our natural inferiority, when that happy day shall arrive in which the women shall “have their own again;” for I find, from the language of the little pamphlet—“Woman’s Rights”—from which I have already quoted, that it is a “restoration” is contemplated, and that man is enjoined to “invite and welcome woman back before he can hope for any just relations between them.”

I sincerely wish that the fair writer—and I dare to say there can be no doubt about the sex—of this little treatise had been good enough to tell us to what part of the world or to what age she refers, when women were in the enjoyment of greater privileges than at present. I grieve to think that, if there be any question of “welcoming back,” the ladies will have the worst of it. Assuredly it was not in a classic era, still less in the days of chivalry, that women asserted their fitness for all the arts of government, and accepted no other inferiority to man than in the matter of “muculosity.”

To say the least of it, I think the time was very ill chosen to bring this complaint forward; nor was it well judged for the ladies to ask us to vacate our places in an age when competitive examination is driving us half crazy with emulative ardour and jealous rivalry. Here we are, carrying into every department of public life a variety of

unservicable qualities and acquirements, in the hope of outstripping some other postulant for place, who may not have remembered how useful a knowledge of Chaldee would be to a clerk in the Customs, or international law to a letter-carrier—here we are in all the heat and turmoil of a personal contest, not for a seat in the House, but for mere standing-room in the world; and it is this moment—while the state of the poll is yet undeclared—while the Civil Service Rhadamanthus is going over our “papers” to see if our irregular verbs in High Dutch qualify us to carry H.M.’s despatches to Moscow—and this is the moment the ladies take to ask that they too may come on the hustings and contest the seat. If the experiment might not entail too costly consequences, I’d almost like to see it tried, and see what sort of treatment a female Colonial Secretary would extend to New Zealand, or how a lady would deal with reform in Chancery. The Admiralty, I am free to own, would present no critical test of capacity; and there is no reason why many old women might not have been First Lords on a cruise with a united squadron, and done fully as much for the public service as we have witnessed within a few weeks back.

Nor, if I did not see how ungenerously and ungraciously it is the temper of the time to treat the parsons, would I object to female bishops; but to add Mrs Proudies to disendowment would be indeed too merciless and too severe, and I’d rather even starve the clergy than worry them out of existence.

I would not be ungenerous, however, and I would willingly intrust to them the command of our Volunteers, and, if they desired it, the construction of our coast defences; and here, if they could not do better than us, it would puzzle them to do worse!

It is with no small satisfaction I turn from what, I am free to own, is a somewhat ill-natured considera-

tion of this subject, to a little paper which a courteous attention has forwarded to me by this morning's post, and for which I beg here to return my respectful thanks. The paper is headed "Nursery Reform," and reprinted from the 'London Mirror' of October 2 in the present year, and on reading which I could not help exclaiming, "Ah, si sic omnes!" If women in general had addressed themselves to such themes, if these were the rights she sought to assert, and this the spirit in which she proposed to vindicate them—how readily should we admit that there is a ground whereon her superiority is unquestionable and unapproachable—wherein her loving-kindness and gentleness, her patience, her forethought, and her closer sympathy with childhood, give her a place as far above us as in her nature of purity and self-sacrifice she is better than us all. The cruelties practised on the *children of the rich*, children born and reared in luxury—perpetrated by those not unfrequently extravagantly paid to be their protectors—called for the demand for some redress, and there was a cry for Nursery Reform; but the question would probably never have received any practical solution if "Mater" had not wielded her able pen, and in the 'Times,' Sept. 9, 1868, said :

"But I have a remedy, and a ready one, to propose, or I should not have troubled you with this letter. The plan which I have in view would, if adopted pretty generally, besides affording protection to our children, exert a beneficial influence upon the prospects of a large class of deserving and dependent gentlewomen. I refer to those who, from unforeseen misfortune, are compelled to earn their own livelihood. Instead of struggling for situations in the overstocked governess-market, in which their abilities enable them to take only a second or third rate position, why not seek the more useful and not less honourable capacity of lady superintendent or lady assistant in the nursery department? Wherever there are two nurses kept, the 'head' one usually does nothing that a lady might not do; for it is a rule with head-nurses to be waited

on, and to avoid the performance of everything 'menial.' Nothing, perhaps, would tend more to promote the proper mental and physical training of children than the watchful intelligent eye and the refined influence of an educated and conscientious person in the nursery, one who could fitly supply the place of the mother during the periods of voluntary or necessary absence from her family."

Here is a plan which confers an appreciable benefit on two classes, the rising generation and the reduced gentlewomen; and having sympathies with both, we advocate its adoption to the best of our ability. In a subsequent letter, "Mater" begs that such as have had any experience of the working of the system would state the results of their experiments.

It is not necessary to insist upon the advantages which will redound to the rising generation of the gentle born, nor contrast the evils that come of unintelligent, careless and unscrupulous superintendence with the benefits of watchfulness, of kindness, and of gentleness. We have only to remember what the nature and character of childhood is, to see what a part refinement alone will play in dealing with the caprices and whims of infancy; and how much more hopefully we may look to find a love of truth, a desire to please, and a sense of obedience inculcated by persons of "gentle-born condition," than by the inferior agencies of uneducated and often unprincipled hirelings.

Nor is the secondary benefit of this plan to be forgotten: here is a station which many dependent gentlewomen need feel no objection to accept. For my own part, I cannot but think it preferable to that of governess in a great number of cases, especially in those where the governess is, by her birth, her habits, and her culture, the superior of those whom the accident of fortune has placed above her, and where this conscious superiority will eternally be at war with her sense of obedience.

Nor will it contrast unfavourably with the position of the governess

who is taken "out" as the accessory of her pupils, the "complement" of their acquirements, the apologist of their deficient French or impossible German.

Let it at once be understood that the position is one which can be held by ladies; let it be recognised that the station secures certain *égards* which unquestionably no mothers are likely to refuse who may be willing to avail themselves of the benefit,—and the great, the only difficulty, is surmounted at once.

We have done a good deal of late years to reconcile men to situations which, in our fathers' and grandfathers' days, were deemed unacceptable by gentlemen. We have rescued a number of employments which were once held by lackeys and dependants, and now are filled by men of birth and blood; and we have the word of a Prime Minister to the fact, that the public service has benefited largely by the change. We have—there is no denying it—combated a good deal of that snobbery which, by identifying a man with his employment, would take no other measure of him than the traditional rank that attached to his place and the name it bore; but now that we have Queen's messengers as well-born and well-mannered gentlemen as the Secretaries of Embassy to whom they deliver their "bags," why not extend the benefit of a similar reform to women, who are, more than at any other time I ever heard of, eager to emancipate themselves from dependence, and who, class for class, are certainly fully the equals of men in the spirit of self-reliance?

If these had been the women's rights contended for, upheld on platforms, and sustained by pamphlets, I should have been very proud of my countrywomen; but when I look back at the pretentious demands of those who are seeking admission into public life—who aspire to chairs in colleges and seats in Parliament—who put forward their equality to man as regards fitness for all the hard work of life in

professions,—I know to which section of my countrywomen my sympathies incline me.

At all events, until the womanly occupations of women are exhausted—until we find that the spheres which are essentially best adapted to her influence and her temperament are filled,—let us put off the evil day—and for *her* a very evil day—of competitorship with men. I say this in no depreciation of her abilities, nor with any under-estimate of her intellect. I have had the honour of knowing some women who had—added to all the reasoning excellence of the male mind—quickness of perception and delicacy of distinguishment to which I have never seen anything at all comparable amongst men; but I say it, with some experience of the hard usage and the rough treatment the daily work of life obliges us to submit to, and the pitiless modes in which we get to treat each other in our race for existence, that I would willingly spare those who minister our best consolations in sorrow from sharing in ills which might unfit them for the highest service it is possible to render us.

When it is remembered that in this "rough and tumble" existence strong men with bold hearts and stout frames are every day breaking down—now in courage, now in health—that the race of life is every hour growing more and more difficult and exacting—it is scarcely wise to encourage women to share the contest. The "musculosity" that the ladies sneer at is not a mere physical quality. Let them be assured that the male temperament for continued exertion, for persistent labour, for resistance to opposition, and for recuperative power, under defeat, owes its strongest elements to that quality of manhood. Were there more women like "Mater," we should have less cant about inequality and injustice; and, what is more, we would be all the readier to own where women are better than us—immeasurably and undeniably better.

EGYPT AND THE STORY OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

[THE following paper was sent to us by a contributor before he started for Egypt to assist at the great *fêtes*. His paper descriptive of the opening of the Canal cannot reach us before we go to press, but we trust to lay it before our readers next month. In the mean time, we hope this will prove an interesting introduction to a subject on which our friend's literary and professional position well entitle him to speak.—ED. B. M.]

THERE are few minds that will fail to be moved at the mention of Egypt. So closely has that country been connected with all generations of the world, that to have no chord which vibrates at the name argues a low intelligence. Divine teachings, science old and new, history, tradition, fable, war, research, politics, commerce, colonisation—if there be any interest, if there be any pursuit, all own some association with that long-famous land. Nor are its relations with learning and science alone. They are interlaced with everyday life and household words. The Mummies, the Nile, the Pyramids, are nouns familiar even to the unlearned and unwashed. Our bluff countryman for whom, without much knowledge, suffices the faith in England's glory and invincibility, must turn to Egypt for some favourite instances. He can tell of Alexandria and Aboukir, though unwitting, possibly, of the hemisphere in which they lie.

And now again Egypt asserts her affinity with the active peoples of the world. Another stupendous work upon her soil, wrought by myriads of men, at a cost exceeding the value of many a principality, calls thither the great and talented and enterprising of the earth to celebrate the artificial union of two seas, and to stamp on men's minds the significance of the achievement. It is progress which gives this last prominence; it is anticipation of an unborn future that attracts the nations. A few days and the narration of the events on the Isthmus, and speculation on the

changes that are to follow, will be all-absorbing. But there is yet an interval of expectation before we turn the page, and it may profit us if, while we wait, we glance back at the wondrous records that lie behind. We will shout to-morrow for the Egypt of the nineteenth century after Christ, but to-day let us ponder over the Egypt of the past—the Egypt of Cheops and Sesostris, of Joseph and Moses—the Egypt of rites, and spells, and monuments, and symbols: marvellous, mystic land!

When we think of the great age of Egypt as a nation, how in her antiquity she stands alone, more venerable than any nation in the world, the truth cannot be grasped without an effort of the mind. Following the lead of the antiquary or the native annalist, we in these islands are lost in the maze of primitive barbarism when we have reached the Briton and his paint and his edged axle: this is withered eld; this is the beginning of things. But what is this epoch in respect of the old days of Egypt, which had passed her meridian, great in arts and arms, before the Druid or the Pict was heard of! Or if we take the days before England had a history, and mete the eras of Greece and Rome, or even of Assyria, we cannot attain to Egypt's early youth by this measurement. The Jews alone of all the nations of Asia can trace an antiquity approaching that of Egypt; and, even here, how stands the case? When Abram, representing in his single person the Jewish nation of his day, went down into Egypt, Egypt

was already a country with a settled government. Egypt is so old that no trace of her youth, and, *a fortiori*, none of her infancy, can be found. She first appears on the page of history armed, learned, subtle, and inscrutable, like Pallas from the brain of Jove! Not only her barbarous and fabulous period is lost to recollection, but the records which she may have left of her early strength have perished from very age. If it be asked, How can antiquity be proved beyond the records of it? the answer is, that

the very oldest remains to which we can affix a date are of such a character that they could have been produced by only an advanced and instructed people.

Comparison will be assisted by the insertion of a few dates. It should, however, be premised that the era of Menes, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy, is taken from the calculation of Mr Osburn, who brings it to a very late year by unsparingly correcting the chronology of others.*

First record of Egypt,	446 years before Abram =	2364 B.C.
Ninus the Assyrian,	.	2059 B.C.
Abram in Egypt,	.	1918 B.C.
Supposed date of Homer,	.	884 B.C.
Romulus,	.	714 B.C.
Socrates died,	.	400 B.C.
Cæsar invaded Britain,	.	55 B.C.

"There is no difficulty," says Mr Kenrick,† "in fixing on the country from which ancient history must begin. The monuments of Egypt, its records and its literature, surpass those of India and China in antiquity by many centuries."

The antiquity of Egypt is, however, only part of the wonder: to complete it her vitality must be taken into account. In the days of Noah, or soon after, she owned the same name and much the same character that she bears to-day. She has seen her vicissitudes, no doubt — she [has been triumphant and down-trodden at different times; but, while younger nations were all-powerful for a season—as witness the Assyrian, the Macedonian, and the Roman empires—and then perished for ever, she has battled with oblivion and obscurity, awoke up to life again after depression, and, like her mummy wheat, outlasting millenniums, has proved

the strength of her principle of life!

The conquests of Egypt have been pushed far beyond the bounds of Egypt proper, into Arabia, Judea, Assyria, and Ethiopia. On the other hand, foreigners have conquered and subjugated Egypt. But it would seem as if nature had forbidden the integrity and individuality of Egypt to be affected by these political changes. She did not absorb into the state the countries which she conquered, neither was she denationalised by her invaders. In many instances a native prince was, after the deposition of the legitimate king, set up by the conqueror, subject to the payment of tribute. Where this was not the case, the conquerors conformed to Egypt more than the Egyptians conformed to them, and the foreign invasions altered the native race no more than the Norman settlers, spoliators and rulers though they

* According to Herodotus, the Egyptian monarchy was founded 11,806 B.C.; according to Manesho, 3893 B.C. Mr Rawlinson says, in a note to his translation of Herodotus: "The Egyptian claims to a high *relative* antiquity had, no doubt, a solid basis of truth. It is probable that a settled monarchy was established in Egypt earlier than in any other country. Babylonian *history* does not go back beyond B.C. 2234, Egyptian begins nearly 500 years earlier."

† Kenrick's 'Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs.'

were, converted the race of these islands from Anglo-Saxon. Taken in connection with these recollections, the attitude of Egypt just now is significant. Twenty years ago she made a great stride towards freeing herself from the rule of Turkey, and she became a separate Viceroyalty. At this moment she is rousing herself to energy, and the memory of her old name and a desire to command respect seem to be animating her and her ruler. Who shall say that before the close of the century there may not be once more an independent Egypt—the same Egypt which was known to the Patriarchs and the Greeks—vying with European and Asiatic lands in modern arts and modern commerce?

And if Egypt's national life be wonderful, so also is her physical life—and her physical life is the Nile—a name as famous as any that the world can show. Many a river of the earth has had, or has, its distinguishing epithet and its stirring history. Horace, stamping the Hydaspes as *legendary*, traced in that word a title of nobility. But what word or what cluster of words can express the sublime ideas which awaken at the name of the Nile! "Egypt," said Herodotus 2300 years ago, "is the gift of the Nile." Mr Osburn says to-day, "Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt." If in pagan days divine honours were ascribed to the Nile, it was for a better reason than could be rendered for most heathen worship. To natural perception the river was the giver of all good things: its favour was health and plenty; the withdrawal of its benefits would be ruin. And its mysteries might well impress and awe the mind. Its beginnings, so men thought, were from everlasting: no one could declare its generation; its course was immeasurable; the waters rose and fell without apparent cause. A time came when the Nile ceased to be divine; but it did not cease, and has not ceased,

to be a marvel. Its crocodile and behemoth too are still hallowed by association, though the former is not now adored. In short, to regard the Nile with *sang froid* is impossible, steel our hearts philosophically as we may. That ark of bulrushes among its flags pictured to our imaginations when reason had scarcely dawned, *will* present itself amid our studies and our researches. Pharaoh's dream, the frogs, and the water of blood, the magicians with their enchantments, the rod of Aaron astonishing the monarch on the river's bank, cannot be driven away from the visible tide. Herodotus and his stories, Cleopatra and her charms, all these memories rush in when we think of the Nile. And this as if the Nile, devoid of interest in itself, required the aid of imagination to give it charm! Nay, the truth is rather that the Nile, in all senses gifted and affluent, and not as other rivers are, superadds a spiritual power to a surpassing natural grandeur. This volume of water which has rolled thus for forty or fifty centuries along a course of 2000 miles, has been and is one of the greatest physical wonders.

Mr Osburn, in his 'Monumental History,' shows us clearly how a daily observation of the Nile affects a visitor from Britain. About the winter solstice the Nile will be found, he tells us, "a magnificent expanse of tolerably clear water, with the blue tinge which also distinguishes the waters of the Rhone as they issue from the Lake of Geneva." The overflow is just past, and the scene is of a fertility and beauty unequalled. "The vivid green of the springing corn; the groves of pomegranate-trees ablaze with the rich scarlet of their blossoms; the fresh breeze laden with the perfumes of gardens of roses and orange-thickets; every tree and every shrub covered with sweet-scented flowers: these are a few of the natural beauties that

welcome the stranger to the land of Ham. There is considerable sameness in them, it is true, for he would observe little variety in the trees and plants, whether he first entered Egypt by the gardens of Alexandria or the plain of Assouan. Yet it is the same everywhere, only because it would be impossible to make any addition to the sweetness of the odours, the brilliancy of the colours, or the exquisite beauty of the many forms of vegetable life, in the midst of which he wanders. It is monotonous, but it is the monotony of Paradise."

But to comprehend the power of the transformation, the Nile must be viewed at midsummer, contracted, turbid, slimy, stagnant, with black sun-cracked mud forming both its shores. All beyond them is sterility and sand, with the forms of trees, dust-coated and scarce distinguishable, withering before the Spirit of the Desert. Thus must nature lie for a season that the reinvigorating power of the flood may have opportunity for beneficence. And lo! its harbinger, the north wind, cleaving the sandy, burning atmosphere, makes its presence felt. The dust disappears, the colours of nature shine out again, and all is expectation of the next great act. It comes at last. The word is heard from Cairo that the waters are rising, and the first green slimy condition of the augmented stream attests the fact. This greenness, however, is soon gone, and the waters wax more turbid as the tide advances rapidly. They become at last deep red like a river of blood, opaque and thick, throughout Upper Egypt. This is the Red Nile. The rise goes on now somewhat fitfully but incessantly. The thick opaque character sometimes partially disappears, but the deep red hue never, during high Nile, until the lower lands are reached, by which time much of the sediment has been deposited.

Along the banks nature a-tiptoe

waits for the welcome flood. Indefatigably it spreads itself over the burnt face of the wilderness, and the green herb is possible once more. Dams burst, and obstructions are carried away with a mighty noise, but the sound is not one of terror: all living things know it, and rush to meet the kindly power. And yet, though it comes to bless, its majesty, like the state of Jove, may be dangerous to the rash or improvident: an ill-fenced farm or village will be swept away like a hen-roost; but these are rare accidents. The general feeling is joy. "The men" (these are the words of Osburn, who has all along been followed in the description of the overflow)—"the men, the children, the buffaloes, gambol in its refreshing waters, the broad waves sparkle with shoals of fish, and fowl of every wing flutter over them in clouds. Nor is this jubilee of nature confined to the higher orders of creation. The moment the sand becomes moistened by the approach of the fertilising waters, it is literally alive with insects innumerable. It is impossible to stand by the side of one of these noble streams, to see it every moment sweeping away some obstruction to its majestic course, and widening as it flows, without feeling the heart to expand with love and joy and confidence in the great Author of this annual miracle of mercy."

By midwinter the river is again running blue within its banks.

And now, ere we pass to the chronicles of Egypt, a few thoughts are due to some important uses to which Providence has been pleased to put this land. Abram, perishing of famine, was led thither and nourished at a time when he was childless, and his death must have frustrated the splendid promises which were to take effect through him. Later on, his descendants, still a small band, preceded by Joseph, found an asylum in Goshen,

and multiplied there a peculiar people, although at length evilly entreated. Again, on the banks of Nile the compassion of Pharaoh's daughter reached the little being in whose doomed life were wrapped up, so to speak, the oracles of God, and the deliverance of His people. And, lastly, when another Joseph fled by night from the sword of Herod, and took the young Child and His mother, it was into Egypt that he departed. Thus were the purposes of heaven and the hope of the world made mysteriously to survive through the shelter of Egypt!

It is impossible, in a paper of the length to which this can reach, to give a historical account, however meagre, of the country and its government; and yet to say nothing of its annals would be to omit one of the most interesting of the topics proposed for consideration. Perhaps if some well-known epochs in other history be selected, and the measure of Egyptian periods be taken by them as a scale, we may get something of an outline which, filled in with a note or two, may take us irregularly down the stream of Time. For, as the learned reader will not require to be told, the Egyptians, as far as we know, were innocent of dates referring to any well-known era. They have recorded the lengths of reigns, but left it doubtful in regard to some of these whether they were distinct and consecutive, or wholly or partially contemporaneous. The student, therefore, can do no more than determine, to the best of his judgment, the actual succession and chain of kings down to some known date; and then, by means of the chronology so obtained, work back and reduce occurrences to our standard of time. It is an interesting truth, that the old Egyptians left a profusion of records in the forms of tablets, papyrus-rolls, obelisks, pictures, statues, mummy-cases, &c.; and that knowledge of the men and

facts to which these relate has by no means reached its fulness, as it was supposed a century ago to have done. On the contrary, the light, eclipsed at that time, seems to have been growing stronger ever since; and not only has knowledge of the most ancient Egyptians increased most remarkably, but there is the best reason to hope that the means of full and accurate knowledge exist, and that the science of deciphering is all that we want to make us intimately acquainted with this wonderful people and their long-spaced ages. Great learning and acumen have been brought to bear on this alluring subject; and the regret now seems to be, not that the means of knowledge fail us, but that time and opportunity will not in our day suffice for the use of a fraction of the means.

While we were ignorant ourselves, we moderns—after the manner of benighted and satisfied people—largely imputed ignorance and mendacity to chroniclers. Dear old Herodotus was reviled as a story-teller (in a bad sense) or a dupe; Manetho and Eratosthenes as wilful impostors; Diodorus and Strabo as men to be heard with extreme caution. But the admission of the light has tended to reconcile these ancients with each other, and with contemporary history. Discrepancies enough there are still; but instead of sneering at these, our pundits now indulge a hope that the difficulty has been only in ourselves, and that the keys of the enigmas are in the temples, or the pyramids, or the tombs, or graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!

We all remember how, in the Eastern story, Ali Baba, after he had robbed the robbers, took to measuring his gold in a vessel—he had so much that he could not possibly count the coins, and so he took account of them by the bushel. Something in the same way, Egyptian histories, embarrassed by the wealth of their lore, give us bush-

els or sheaves of kings, reckoning them by dynasties, not reigns. It is very well for Roman empires, French monarchies, and such ephemera, to note the names of consuls or kings: old Egypt tells off its Pharaohs as we buy hobnails—by the score. Thirty-one dynasties, say the authorities, make up the account of government from the beginning of history to the Macedonian subjugation. And now to raise some idea of what these dynasties were.

The most ancient fact popularly known concerning Egypt is, of course, the visit of the patriarch Abram. He found a Pharaoh on the throne, and this Pharaoh, as is said by some who have taken much trouble to investigate the matter, was King Acthoes of the 11th dynasty. The 11th dynasty, let it be noted! and Acthoes was the 6th* of his dynasty. There had, therefore, been ten dynasties and five reigns of another dynasty (to say nothing of god-dynasties and herodynasties) before the day of Abram. Who and what were all these dynasties? Well, some of the earliest—to wit, the gods and heroes who do not count in the thirty-one—were shadows, if not fables: shadows if, as some of the learned think, they represent Adam, Seth, Noah, and Noah's son and grandsons; myths if their literal character of gods and demi-gods be not removed. And perhaps it may be thought, if proof of antiquity be the object, that Adam might serve the turn of the most ambitious. This, however, is by no means the case, for Adam—the Adam that *we* are descended from—was created only 4004 years before Christ, whereas Egypt claims to have had a king 18,000 years before their first historical king; and further, the priests told Herodotus that the first historical king reigned 11,366 years before Herodotus was in Egypt—that is, 11,800 years before Christ! This

boast, however, their own chronicler, Manetho, does not undertake to make good. He is content with 3555 years before Christ as the time of the first-recorded Pharaoh, which takes Egypt back, at any rate, to a date anterior to the Flood; and we find that there are moderns who, with a sort of geological licence, by no means wish to limit the dates of Egypt to the Flood or the Creation. It is not here intended to say how these questions should be determined. Even if one of the god-kings be Noah himself, and another Phut his grandson, and another Mizraim, as some suppose, these, as Egyptian rulers, can hardly be called historical. And there is the less reason for dwelling on such speculations, that we do not get down very far in the lists before we come on a name that can be verified. Herodotus names a king Menes. Manetho's list has the same name at the head of the first dynasty—ten dynasties before Abram's friend. Now, a false list of names may have been given to Herodotus, and another false list may have been published by Manetho—nothing was easier: it was only to invent the names, and the thing was done. But when men in the nineteenth century after Christ begin to learn how to read Egyptian inscriptions; and when, on tablets and in tombs of undoubted antiquity, and of a date little posterior to the monarch, we find, fresh and uneffaced, his name and the names of his successors, and an account of his works; when some of the works themselves, and the remains and traces of others, are yet to be seen on the surface of the earth; and when the inscriptions and the works agree with the accounts of ancient writers,—then we begin to feel that we are on solid ground. And we have the above proofs, all the learned agree, in the case of Menes. There was such a king; he was Egypt's proto-mon-

* Or 16th, according to some. The more moderate calculation is here taken.

arch ; and if we put aside all calculations that would disagree with Scriptural chronology, and accept the most modest antiquity for Menes, we must even then put him down as having lived 446 years before Abram. He is known not only to have lived, but to have undertaken vast engineering works, which means that he reigned over an advanced people.

Menes, then, is our starting-point ; but we must not jump down to Abram yet. Another important king or two have to be noted before we arrive at Abram's friend. Lord Byron wrote :—

“What are the hopes of man? Old
Egypt's king
Cheops erected the first pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole and mummy
hid ;
But somebody or other rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid.
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of
Cheops.”

In truth it is highly probable that not one pinch of dust does remain of Cheops. As regards his mummy, therefore, the design has been a failure ; not so, however, as regards his memory ; for, even since Lord Byron wrote, this generation has made acquaintance with old Cheops, and (if we may parody Sir Lucius O'Trigger), though his dirty dust may have slipped through our fingers, his memory and his family pictures are as fresh as ever. The recognition came about on this wise. The pyramid *was* robbed, the sarcophagus broken, and nothing was demonstrable except that somebody had lain there. Nevertheless Cheops was a match for Time. They ransacked his tomb, and thought they had exhausted the secrets of the pyramid, but they had not. A cunning chamber was contrived in the mass of masonry, which was entered in the year 1837 or thereabouts, to which time, from the date of its construction long before Abram, it had never been seen by mortal eye,

never trodden by mortal foot, we may confidently believe. Before this discovery no hieroglyphic had been found in the pyramid, and it was believed that the invention of hieroglyphics was posterior to the building of the pyramid. The discovery of the chamber showed how little we knew about the matter. Whether or not it was a crafty device of Cheops to keep his inscriptions locked away by themselves, certain it is that he *did* secure his inscriptions until an age when men knew their value and could read them. And now we know that Cheops, otherwise Shufu, otherwise Suphis, did build the great pyramid. His name and titles are emblazoned therein, as are also the names of his kindred. Cheops was a king of the 4th dynasty.

Chephren, the brother of Cheops, built the second pyramid, in which his name is inscribed ; and the third pyramid was said by Herodotus to have been built by Mycerinus or Mencherinus, the son and successor of Chephren. Manetho calls the same person Mencheres. The story of the building, and the existence of Mencheres himself, were set down as fables by the scoffers, and the world was cautioned against receiving the imposture. Colonel Vyse, however, thirty years ago, vindicated the credit of the historians, and confounded the sceptics, by finding the mummy and cerements of Mencheres, and the top of his coffin with his name thereon. So now the deposed and somewhat friable monarch, personally produced in court at the tender age of about 4000 years, with a label to prove his identity—the oldest inhabitant being unable to speak to the fact—is reinstated in all his rights and privileges. To speak seriously, the proofs of Mencheres having reigned and built the third pyramid, and been buried in it, are accepted by the learned as conclusive.

From Mencheres down to Abram's friend Acthoes we do not care

to mention any name. Acthoes seems to have settled a long intestine strife which had been raging concerning the limits of the god Osiris for some generations; and we know that he was most attentive to Abram and Sara, and that he had a polished off-hand way of apologising for any little inadvertence.

Phiops, Apappus, or Aphophis, of the 14th dynasty, is understood to be the Pharaoh who reigned when Joseph was sold into Egypt. He reigned at Heliopolis, the Scriptural On. He lived to receive Jacob and the patriarchs, and to establish them in Goshen, and died being eighty years old. His son Melaneres, and his immediate successors, continued the same benevolent policy towards the Israelites, who multiplied and thrived in Egypt until the 19th dynasty, wherein "there arose up a new king over Egypt which knew not Joseph." This king, there is reason to believe, was no other than the great Rameses; and some commentators go the length of saying that the great Rameses is no other than the great Sesostris. Let this identity be accepted, and we have the illustrious Sesostris the first cause of the plagues and the Red Sea catastrophe. He is not, however, our hard-hearted acquaintance of the Book of Exodus. Sesostris was a great builder of cities, monuments, and forts, as well as a great warrior. He was of a different stock from the monarchs who were friendly to Israel, and he made the children of Jacob toil in his quarries, form his bricks, drag his huge statues, excavate tombs, &c., instead of allowing them to thrive in the land of Goshen as heretofore. Thus were they disestablished and disendowed when Moses was born and ordered to be thrown into the Nile. His daughter, the tender-hearted Thuoris, it is suggested, was the preserver of Moses, and his mother by adoption, who bred him up in all the learning and wisdom of the

Egyptians, with the intention of placing him on the throne of Egypt. For this compassionate princess had been, for political purposes, married to an infant husband,—a husband who was as young as Moses was when he lay in the bulrushes, and she did not hope to give birth to an heir. It may not have been her purpose at the time of the rescue to place Moses on the throne, because she had a brother then living; but this brother died soon after his father Sesostris, leaving a very young son, in whose minority Thuoris herself reigned, and it was during this reign of hers probably that she formed such a large destiny for Moses. This explains the amount of the sacrifice which Moses made when he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and preferred to suffer affliction with the people of God. When Moses slew the Egyptian, Thuoris was probably dead, and it was her husband Siphtha, now a middle-aged man, who sought to slay Moses. Siphtha, too, was dead before the day of the burning bush, by which time Sethos, the nephew of Thuoris, and during whose youth she had reigned, had succeeded to her throne, *vice* Moses, who declined the appointment. This Sethos is the man who could not be brought to see the importance of removing his Jewish disabilities, and who braved plagues and drowning rather than let Israel go. Besides his punishment while alive, he underwent that greatest of Egyptian misfortunes—that he could not be made a mummy of, seeing that he lay dead in the Red Sea.

For some time after the exodus the Scriptures say nothing about Egypt, until, in the First Book of Kings, we hear of Hadad, a young Edomite, who fled into Egypt, and married the sister of Tahpenes the queen. This must have been in the 21st dynasty. In the 22d we arrive at that Shishak to whom Jeroboam fled, and with whom he found shelter until after the death

of Solomon. This Shishak was the first of the many foreign enemies who entered Jerusalem and pillaged the Temple.

It is now necessary to hurry on or space will fail. Somewhere in the 24th Egyptian dynasty Rome was founded. About the same period the power of Egypt was declining, and she found it hard to keep off her Eastern enemies. Assyria now begins to be the great power, and to domineer over the neighbouring countries. In the 25th dynasty the Assyrians got a check from Tirhaka or Tehrak, but the evil day was only postponed. Egypt and Greece fought side by side for a season, and the former took a part in wearing out the Jewish kingdom. Neco slew King Josiah, and carried Jehoahaz prisoner to Egypt; but this same Neco quailed before Nebuchadnezzar, who afterwards, it is supposed, invaded Egypt. The glory was now rapidly departing, and the 26th dynasty was brought to an end by the Persian invasion. The old country had now to endure a whole dynasty (the 27th) of Persian kings, kicking hard all the time, but unable to remove her bonds, until at last, about 400 years B.C., she reconquered her freedom, and was ruled by Egyptian kings through the 28th, 29th, and 30th dynasties. Then again she was reduced by Persia, which furnished her 31st dynasty, and held her ground till the conquest by Alexander the Great, 332 B.C. Just before the Christian era Egypt shared the fate of the other countries of the world and became a Roman province—the story of Cleopatra marking the period as a romantic point in history.

The language of this remarkable people is another curiosity. There is every reason to believe that the native Christian population read their Bibles and preserve their hymns and religious books in the same tongue which was used in the days of the Pharaohs. It has not

been in common use since the twelfth century, but it would seem that there were persons who could speak it as late as the seventeenth century. This language has become a most important study, now that keys have been found for some of the hieroglyphics; for the country is absolutely covered with inscriptions, and most of these inscriptions contain information that we much desire to possess. Inscription, fortunately for the curious of this country, was a perfect mania with the old Egyptians. Not only did they inscribe great monuments, tombs, &c., but they put their mark on everything that could carry it. There are, we firmly believe, the means of ample knowledge if we can but find the wit to interpret. But, be it remembered, it is not so much the language (which, as has been said, is still preserved in sacred books) as the characters in which it was written, which present the puzzle. One perplexity arises from the fact that there were two languages—one for ordinary uses, and the other known only to the priests. Besides which there were varieties of writing, used possibly according to fixed rules, but very confusing till the rules shall be found. Three varieties are recognised thus far. One would appear to be alphabetical writing, although done in pictures—that is to say, there is a sign for every letter, and, unfortunately, more than one sign for each. A second is simply pictorial writing, wherein a drawing of the object stands for it. The third is a symbolical writing, where pictures do not stand for the objects which they represent, but for some other objects signified by them figuratively or arbitrarily. In this last kind, the representation of some natural object—as a bird, a serpent, a hatchet—may represent a whole word, a syllable, or a letter. There are no stops. It has, however, come to light that very often, besides the characters which form the word, a drawing of the thing intended is

given. The three kinds of writing are often intermixed in one inscription—wherefore, we know not—and thus a pretty complication was presented; indeed, it was no wonder that at one time the hieroglyphics were looked upon as little more than quaint devices of little or no significance. Great genius, however, and great patience having been exercised in respect of the writings, have at length solved some of the difficulties, and shown us how the rest may be solved. A stone was dug up at Rosetta in 1798, having on it an inscription in three different characters, wholly in each character, and repeated. One of the characters was the Greek, which could be read; and it being suspected that the other two were the Egyptian forms of the same words, the learned set to work, and before long had something like the beginning of an alphabet. It was not till 1822 that M. Champollion, the most successful discoverer, published his vocabulary, which gave at once a clue and a new impetus to the ingenious of all countries.

There are so many other heads under which it would be gratifying to write of ancient Egypt, that to have to turn away from them for want of space is grievous. Arts, sciences, religion, manners, monuments, dress, might all have furnished interesting periods. Possibly the pleasure of treating of these in a popular form may yet be in reserve, if the public mind continue to be occupied with Egypt. At present, it is imperative that we turn to those works of ancient Egypt which lead up to the achievement that has put modern Egypt on every man's tongue this day. Canals are not new things in Egypt. Menes constructed water-works on a magnificent scale. The draining of natural lakes and swamps, and the construction of artificial lakes, the diversion of the courses of streams (branches of the Nile), enclosing of stone reservoirs, and so

on, appear to have occupied all generations. The skill and labour-power being theirs, the application of them in this way was obvious, where terrestrial water was of such importance. It does not appear, however, to have occurred to any one before Sesostris to open up a water-communication with the Red Sea. He conceived such a design, and some say that he executed it; but there is no certainty as to whether he did the latter or not. Traces of a canal connecting the Nile with the Red Sea have certainly been discovered; and it is known that Pharaoh-Neco either re-formed that which Sesostris had before made, or was the author of the work. "It went off," says Mr Kenrick, "from the Nile in the neighbourhood of the modern town of Belbeis, supposed to represent the Bubastis Agria of the Greeks, and ran eastward through a natural valley, the Goshen of Jewish history, till it reached the bitter lakes, which derive their quality from the saline impregnations of the Desert. The influx of the waters of the Nile rendered them sweet, and they abounded in fish and aquatic birds. Issuing from these, it pursued a southerly course to Suez. Towards the western end its traces are very visible notwithstanding the deposit of the Nile, which has partly filled it up; towards the east, where the influence of the Desert is more powerful, it has nearly disappeared." Neco did not, however, perfect his canal, though he expended myriads of men in the excavation. Darius, who followed him on the work, effected the junction with the sea. Ptolemy II. completed the operation, and added a flood-gate. The work, after all, was abandoned, and became only a relic of past greatness and daring and skill. As an antiquity, the French explored its course during their occupation of Egypt at the beginning of the century.

Although to connect the Red Sea with the Nile was in a manner to

connect it with the Mediterranean, the junction of the two seas does not seem to be what the Pharaohs had in view. They desired to make a port on the Red Sea available for shipping their own produce, and for trade between Egypt and the East, and something like a dockyard seems to have been established by them at Suez. What thought of barbarous Europe or her interests had great Egypt when she did this? what recked Europe whether Egypt did it or not?

Now let fall the curtain on old Egypt.

Raise the curtain again on the latter part of the nineteenth century after Christ, and what is the scene? The nations of the West grown to manhood, and civilised as no nations of the earth have ever before been, have penetrated to the ends of the world, and carried wealth and skill and energy into every zone. They have made the sea a highway, and ploughed it with keels bornedown by mighty freights. The West and East, no longer strange one to another, advance each year in intercommunion and brotherhood. Means of intercourse, facilities of transport, increase apace, but as yet there is a stern physical impediment—the way is long. Who shall minister to the impatience of modern minds? Who shall abridge the passage between the rising and the setting sun? Then stands forth Egypt—the Egypt that was Pharaoh's—waking from a long sleep, decayed and halting, but trembling with a reflux of life. She vaunts that she will bring two seas together, that she will make the path of Europe and Asia straight. But men doubt—doubt her ability, her resources, her knowledge—doubt her, stamped as she is with the achievements of fifty centuries. She may fail; but while we can look at the pyramids and the sphinx and the labyrinth, it is impious to predict a failure.

Egypt came to the rescue, and we have the word of Egypt's Vice-

roy that the design of piercing the Isthmus was conceived by the native Government, and was not adopted on the motion of a foreigner. This, if we would judge impartially of the achievement, is a very important consideration; for we know how, from the very first, it has been imputed that European intrigue was the parent of the undertaking, and that political, not cosmopolitan, ends were to be served by it. If, then, the voluntary declaration of the Egyptian Prince can be relied on, it was with a view of regaining for his country an honourable place in the councils of the world, and of establishing her fame and his own, that he took the project under his protection, and resolved that the great idea should unfold into a mighty work. Well would it have been for the work and for its promoters if this had been understood ten or twelve years ago!—well, perhaps, for all concerned except M. F. de Lesseps. He is excepted, because, if there had been only smooth sailing—if there had been no imputation, no misrepresentation, no prophecy of failure, no scoffing—then the perseverance, energy, and confidence of M. de Lesseps could not possibly stand out as they now do. The opponents of the scheme have given opportunity to M. de Lesseps of proving himself to be one of the great. In a tableau toward which the regard of the whole world is directed, his is the principal figure. With the fame of a work which rivals the works of Sesostrius and of Cheops, the name of M. de Lesseps is associated for all time.

They who have been watching the close of the affair for the last year or two may well be astonished when they look back and perceive how men refused to believe that which is now a patent fact—nay, how they did believe in and affirm results which have never come to pass. Our English commercial bodies, it is true, highly approved of the scheme when it was pro-

pounded to them. They were taken captive, partly by the splendour of the conception, partly by the prospect of expansion which opened to their own profession. They signified their approval and good wishes, but this meant neither belief nor effectual support. It meant that, waiving the question of the practicability of the design in an engineering, a financial, or a political acceptance, they would be delighted to see accomplished the maritime canal which had been propounded to them by the lively portraiture of M. de Lesseps, or the forcible representations of Mr Lange. The living faith which is necessary to the excavation of long canals no less than to the removal of mountains, was not in them. They wished rather than hoped; and when they looked through the length and breadth of England, they found little to help their unbelief. The Prime Minister, a chief grown grey in worldly wisdom, to whom they were accustomed to look for a shrewd, penetrating, perspicacious opinion of public acts, took the lead in denouncing the scheme. The dismemberment of Turkey and seizure of Egypt by a rival power that should bar us from our empire in the East, were what he saw foreshadowed in M. de Lesseps' prospectus; in M. de Lesseps himself he saw a charlatan. He refused to believe that there was the least intention of making a canal; and boldly affirmed that, if attempted, the work would be frustrated by natural impediments, and the promoters ruined by the failure. Such was the tone of the head of the Government, who did not fail to sway his subalterns, or to send a general misgiving through the country. Referring to the tone of the press, we find many a journal that is now lauding the Canal in all its numbers, and preparing to electrify its readers with a description of the opening ceremonies, pointing the finger of scorn, dropping about such terms as "swindle," "bubble,"

and otherwise damning with praise far beyond faintness. This encouraging notice would be kept up all the week, and, at the week's end, the weekly mentor which cannot err would decree that the thing was impossible and ruinous. Such dicta, inferior only to the words of fate, if inferior to them, would have stopped any ordinary man. Then it was set forth how M. de Lesseps was living deliciously—how he was madly flinging away the money of his dupes—how he was in league with the Viceroy to devote the Egyptians to a worse than negro slavery, and to death in the wilderness. "The Canal will be a stagnant ditch," said some. "It will be a wild unmanageable current," said others. "It will silt up with the deposit of the Nile." "It will be filled by the sand of the Desert." "The bitter lakes, through which it is to pass, will be filled up with salt." "The Mediterranean entrance cannot be kept open." These, and many more, were the cheering prophecies that M. de Lesseps was complimented with in English journals, which, after deciding that the Canal could not be made, were especially careful to affix to it the brand of commercial infamy by showing that it would not pay.

M. de Lesseps procured a concession from the Viceroy sanctioning the commencement of the works; but this concession was not good without the Sultan's ratification, and great pressure was put upon the Sultan to induce him to withhold his approval. The difficulty was at length overcome through the perseverance and insistence of M. de Lesseps, who forthwith made a demonstration by commencing the works. The scorn with which this act was treated by some of our writers could hardly be exceeded. It was an impudent pretence, they said, got up to quiet the weak minds of his dupes—paltry, futile, and disingenuous. In spite of this, M. de Lesseps worked on.

Now, whether the Suez Canal will prove a triumph of engineering, whether it will ultimately be a paying speculation, and whether it may be made to operate injuriously to England, are questions which it is not intended here to decide. They must receive a solution shortly, and we may await it. But many of the accusations against M. de Lesseps and against his work have already been repelled. He has answered the taunt, that he never contemplated any real work, by actually completing a very great work: he has shown that an enormous amount of dredging may be kept continually in process. He has made no slave in the wilderness. M. de Lesseps is clearly no charlatan. If he should fail, it will be said of him as of Phaëthon, "*magnis tamen excidit ausis.*"

It is time now to say something of what M. de Lesseps undertook to do, and, the better to understand this, it will be well to look at the map which accompanies this paper, and which is reduced in scale, by permission of the author, from a map which was appended to Mr Hawkshaw's, F.R.S., Report to the Egyptian Government in 1863, concerning the Canal. The ultimate design was to pierce the Isthmus from the Bay of Pelusium to Suez by a ship-canal, but, in order to do this, preliminary works were necessary. Suez had no fresh water save what was brought in tanks from Cairo; it therefore was required, for the existence of the workmen and for the prosecution of the works, that plenty of fresh water should be forthcoming. A fresh-water canal from the Nile to the ship-canal was in consequence designed and executed. It leaves the Nile near Cairo, and takes the course indicated by the line on the map to Lake Timseh. It is 26 feet wide and 4 feet deep. While it was in progress water had to be brought to the workmen on the backs of

camels; but when it was once complete, a supply along the line of the ship-canal was possible. Having thus got water, the next care was the construction of a depot, and this was established on the north shore of Lake Timseh. Ismailia is the name of it, derived from that of the Pacha Ismail. This town has now grown so large that it contains 5000 inhabitants.

In making the fresh-water canal, the Company foresaw that by this means much land heretofore desert might be brought into cultivation. They therefore procured the right of cultivating such land as they might render fertile. This right they afterwards sold back with the fresh-water canal to the Egyptian Government, who are bound to maintain the Canal works. The sale appears to have been much to the Company's advantage.

Nothing now barred the realisation of the project of the ship-canal, which was accordingly proceeded with. This canal takes the line (see map) from Port Saïd, a creation of the Company, in the Bay of Pelusium, by Lake Menzaleh, Lake Buleh, Lake Timseh, and the bitter lakes, to Suez. "In that part of the Isthmus of Suez," says Mr Hawkshaw, in his Report,* "extending from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, there is a remarkable valley or depression of the soil. Beginning at the upper end of the Red Sea, this depression passes from Suez round the north-eastern side of the mountain of Génэффé, by El Ambak, Serapeum, Timsal, El Guisr, and Kanlara to Port Saïd, and sinks in places below the surface of the Red Sea and of the Mediterranean." It was along this depression that the ship-canal was intended to run. Formerly a belief existed that the Red Sea level was higher by 30½ feet than the level of the Mediterranean. A survey made at the end of the last century, by direction of the first Napoleon, seemed to

* Report of John Hawkshaw, F.R.S., to the Egyptian Government, 3d Feb. 1863.

confirm this belief. The belief was nevertheless proved to be an error, by the incontrovertible evidence of M. Bourdaloue, who, in 1846, executed a most careful survey, and ascertained that the levels of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, if they differ at all, differ by only a few inches; that is to say, inappreciably as regards the Canal.

It was of course proper to execute the different portions of this great work in such order that every part done should aid the completion of the remainder; and communication between the Bay of Pelusium and Lake Timseh being manifestly an auxiliary, the first instalment of the ship-canal was a channel of comparatively small dimensions, joining those points. This work appears to have been at first of about the same section as the fresh-water canal before mentioned, sufficient, nevertheless, for the passage of flat-bottomed boats of small draught of water. It was formed by dredging through Lake Menzaleh, and by digging and excavating over the ground between Lakes Menzaleh and Timseh. A portion of the jetty at Port Saïd was likewise executed, and another depot, with workshops, plant, and machinery, was there established. This work at Port Saïd, not more than seven years old, was the germ of a town which now contains 10,000 inhabitants. Not only has the town been built, but much of the site of it has been reclaimed from the sea in that interval. Beginning by drawing its provisions, water, and fuel from Damietta, a town far to the westward, the town of Port Saïd, as it and the works of the Canal advanced together, gradually threw off its dependence on Damietta, and a co-operative relationship between Ismaïlia and Port Saïd ripened. The fresh water is now pumped by a fifty-horse-power engine through pipes from the canal near Ismaïlia to Port Saïd, and of course to every intermediate station on the line of the maritime canal.

At this stage then, we have, 1st, The water of the Nile brought to Lake Timseh; 2d, Port Saïd and Ismaïlia established; 3d, A boat-canal, in working condition, from Port Saïd to Ismaïlia; 4th, Fresh water carried all along the line north of Timseh; 5th, A jetty, partly constructed, at Port Saïd. Lake Timseh was generally dry, or nearly so; and when its basin was connected with the Mediterranean, as recorded above, the waters of the sea rushed into the basin, and began to fill it. It was five months before the basin was full. Let it be noted that the levels of the fresh and salt canals are not the same, and that they are separated by two locks. It will be seen at once how stone, quarried anywhere along the line between Ismaïlia and Port Saïd, could be made available wherever wanted for the works. Stone from the shores of Timseh is in the jetty of Port Saïd.

The next undertaking was the extension of the fresh-water canal to Suez; and this was successfully carried out. Suez now, like Port Saïd, enjoyed its continuous supply of fresh water, and new and excellent stone-quarries at Génэфé became available for the whole works. The southern branch of the fresh-water canal runs, through part of its length, in the channel of the old canal of the Pharaohs. It need not be added, if the reader has kept his eye on the map, that as soon as the fresh-water canal was complete to Suez, there was water-communication for flat-bottomed boats from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. All that was yet done was, however, but preliminary work. The formation of a harbour at either end, and the great canal for ships, had now to be proceeded with, and the last five years have been spent in indefatigably pushing forward these operations.

The whole length of the Canal is about ninety miles. From Suez to the bitter lakes is above twelve miles; the passage through the bitter lakes

is about twenty-four miles; eight miles from these to Lake Timseh; through Lake Timseh, three miles; on to Lake Buleh, eleven miles; eleven more to Lake Menzaleh; and through Lake Menzaleh, twenty miles. The established width is 325 feet; but, where difficult cuttings occur, the width is less. The sides slope to a width at bottom of 246 feet. The highest ground cut through is at El Guisr, where the excavation is 85 feet. At Serapeum there is a cutting of 62 feet. Nearer Suez there is a cutting of 56 feet. Through the lakes the channel was of course dredged. The depth of the Canal is 26 feet.

The last act recorded was the letting in of the waters of the Red Sea to the bitter lakes, which, it is presumed, are still filling, they having been almost dry till the Canal was made.

Two jetties or moles stretch into the sea, one nearly 3000 yards long, the other 2000 yards, to form the harbour of Port Saïd. At 3000 yards from the coast-line a water-depth of 30 feet is found. The harbour-works have, of course, been very heavy and expensive. At Suez the Company are forming a mole of 900 yards long, under shelter of which the ship-channel to deep water has been formed by dredging.

Somewhere about £12,000,000 has been expended upon the work. The quantities of earth excavated and dredged out have seemed fabulous when put in figures. The machines used have been, to a great extent, invented for this work, and are of great power and ingenuity. The dredging and pumping has gone on night and day. A railway,* it should be added, has been made from Suez to Ismailia.

Such is the work as it stands. All who may see it will say that it is gigantic; but they will only half appreciate the achievement if they

view it independently of the force and constancy with which it has been pushed forward.

So far every difficulty has been overcome. It still remains to be proved whether access to, and depth in, the Canal can be maintained with reasonable labour, and whether, if it be maintained, the income will exceed the outlay. It is certain that the ancient canals of the Isthmus were for some reason or other abandoned, and that the result was the same on every occasion of their trials. But the conditions in the present day are widely different from what they have ever before been; and there is every reason to expect that the skill which, so far, has overcome all difficulties, will not have been at fault in reckoning the ultimate value of the performance.

Before this paper can be in type, the initial sufficiency of the Suez Canal will have been tested by the passage of a fleet of steam-ships freighted with the great, the beautiful, the rich, the curious. Let Great Britain wish success with all her heart, casting aside dark forebodings and narrow jealousies. It has been her boast hitherto that she has made her greatness consist with the progress of mankind, not that it has been antagonistic thereto. New defences, new treaties, a new policy, will doubtless now be necessary; and should some knot worthy the remedy gather, we must cut it, as we have done before, with the sword. There is a parry for every thrust; therefore let us turn from the speck of shadow, and look towards the extended prospect of brightness. That which brings Europe near to India, brings also India near to Europe, and India is England's. We must do our duty by India, and make her a tower of strength; then we, and not our rivals, will be the gainers by the piercing of the Isthmus.

* Not shown on the map.

EARL'S DENE.—PART II.

SECOND PART—IN ENGLAND.

Containing the events of Twenty-two Years.

I.

THE reader has now made the acquaintance of at least one of the *dramatis personæ* of this history. It is the object of the second part of the Introduction to make him more or less acquainted with most of the others, and also, to some extent, with a certain English town with which they had much to do.

This town is called Denethorp, and is one of a numerous class of places that have been ruined by railways. Once upon a time it was not a mere country town like any other country town. As far back as the reign of Elizabeth it had been famous for its manufacture of woollen fabrics, and its weavers and clothiers formed a privileged class, and were a real power in the land. The curious may still see, in the office of its clerk of the peace, two or three charters, of various degrees of antiquity, conferring upon the place various strange, valueless, and impolitic rights and immunities. For a long time its prosperity continued. Machines became invented and improved; and one of the most celebrated inventors and improvers was a Denethorp man. Then the place improved also. Mills began to be built on every side; new settlers came from a distance; and, what with strikes and machine-breaking, the Recorder of the day began to find his hands quite full. But, when machinery began to be applied to locomotion, and when the country began to find out that the goods which formed the staple of the place were more easily and cheaply obtained from the north than from the south-west, the prosperity of the place simply collapsed, never to be restored. It

is difficult now to see what use is fulfilled by its existence, except to provide the neighbouring parishes with a market for the purpose of selling corn by sample.

It was here, then, in this little town, that, in the days of its modest prosperity, and before those of its vain ambition, "the Doctor," as he was called by neighbours, or Mr Warden, as they should have called him, was sitting with his young wife in the parlour of his newly-furnished brick house that stood in the outskirts of the town, and that had a sort of prescriptive right to be the house of the doctor for the time being. He was a young man who had not long since come from Redchester, and had paid money for his practice in Denethorp. It was upon the strength of that practice that he had taken a wife.

Young as he was—he could not well be more than thirty—the most unskilled observer could not have taken him for anything but a country doctor of a well-known but not of the highest type. He was tall and robust, but inclined to fatness, with a red full face that told of much exposure to wind and weather, and with a little of that undefinable look about him that belongs to a man who spends a great deal of his time on horseback as part of his regular day's work. His hands were large and red, but well trimmed and cared for; and his expression—which was by nature that of a good-humoured, easy-going fellow, who would complacently take the good and ill of life, whichever might happen to turn up, without making any particular effort to

secure the one or to avoid the other—had already acquired something of that unmistakable sort of artificial gravity that is peculiar to and inseparable from the profession of medicine. Women of his own rank of life, which was obviously not very high, who regarded only his number of inches, his curling brown hair, his blue eyes, his white teeth, and his round and jolly voice, were unanimous in thinking the new doctor a handsome man : and, doubtless, his plain, quiet-looking wife, the daughter of a druggist in Redchester, had been of that opinion also. With the men of the place, too, he got on famously. They set him down as a good fellow, and considered him an acquisition to the club of tradesmen that met nightly behind the bar of the King's Head. Thus, what with his personal and social advantages, his youth did not tell much against his professional prospects. Indeed, for that matter, when he first came to Denethorp its inhabitants had to exercise Hobson's choice in the selection of their physician. Patients had either to go to "the Doctor," or else to doctor themselves : and it soon became an understood thing that people must avoid being taken suddenly ill when the hounds met within the reach of a man who kept but one horse.

On the whole, it was thought by her friends that Mrs Warden had done very well indeed for herself and her family in marrying the doctor at Denethorp. It is true that, when she and her husband had become well settled down, she found that she had to spend a good many solitary hours ; but that she took as a matter of course. To spend his evenings among his acquaintances, settling the affairs of the world, the nation, and the town, until he had drunk more punch than was quite good for him, was, according to her experience, only a necessary phenomenon of the masculine nature. Her father

had always done the same ; so had her brothers ; so had every tradesman and professional man in her native place ; and, had her experience been very much wider than it was, she would have found much the same state of things everywhere throughout the kingdom. It was, at all events, a symptom of the time, of which she never complained or dreamed of complaining.

But on this particular evening it was far too cold to tempt the Doctor to turn out unnecessarily, even to go as far as the King's Head. So he contented himself with drawing his chair well in to the fire, placing his big feet on the brightly-polished fender, mixing himself a stiff tumbler of hot grog, filling his long clay pipe, and so preparing to enjoy a domestic evening with his wife, who was devoting to needlework all the attention that she could spare from the baby.

It must not, however, be supposed that the hour was by any means late. The Doctor used to begin his evening as soon as he had dined, supposing that his patients had not kept him from home ; and the church-clock had struck no more than four when he took the first sip from his glass. By the time that he had taken a second, a horn was heard, of which the well-known sound announced the arrival of the coach from Redchester.

"Poor devils of outsiders !" said the Doctor. "They must be frozen to each other's sides. Well, thank the Lord, I'm not likely to be wanted to-night."

"How is Anne Webb, Jack ?"

"Oh, she can't be so unmerciful as to be confined on such a night—except to the house ;" and he laughed at his own joke. "Not bad that ; eh, Lorry ?"

Mrs Warden smiled, but merely out of sympathy ; for anything like a joke was altogether beyond her.

"I say, Lorry," he said after a pause of some ten minutes, "this

frost is a confounded shame. I meant to have had at least two days. But that's always the way when the meet's hard by and one has just a bit of spare time."

Just then the clock struck the quarter; and as this is the whole of the conversation that passed between them in the space of fifteen minutes, it may be fairly assumed that the Doctor belonged to that numerous class who are by no means so sociable at home as they are when abroad.

But he was not fated to lose his evening's gossip after all. The clock had not had time to chime another quarter when a knock at the door announced the arrival, cold as the evening was, of a young man of about the same age as the Doctor, but of a smarter and sharper appearance.

"Why, White, my boy!—well, I do call this friendly. Hope nothing's the matter, though?"

"Nothing but cold, and that you can set right for me without going to the surgery. How snug you are in here! Have you any sisters, Mrs Warden? Because then——"

Mrs Warden smiled pleasantly.

"Have you looked in at the Head, White?" asked her husband.

"For a minute; but it was dull as ditch-water. There were only Willet, you know, and old Smith; and I couldn't stand that, of course. So as I knew my fire would be out, I came on to yours."

"Make yourself comfortable, then."

"I will. What's the news?"

"Oh, there's a good crop of rheumatism just now, and that sort of thing. But, between you and I, the place is a bit of a sell."

"Why so?"

"One can't make much out of rheumatism. What I like are patients with gout, my boy; they're the sort to pay."

"I see."

"We're not like you lawyers;

we can't make patients if they're not ready made."

"I don't know about that."

"Well, anyhow, it's a poor sort of place, only to have one good family within a dozen miles."

"The Raymonds? But then they're a dozen in themselves."

"Poor little things!" said Mrs Warden, compassionately.

"Yes, they take a lot of physic; but then they give one a lot of trouble. Mrs Raymond seems to think one has nothing to do but run after her children if one of their little fingers aches. And what's the news with you?"

"With me? oh, nothing. But there's some news of one of our clients that'll interest you—and you too, Mrs Warden."

"And what's that?"

"Old Clare's coming back."

"What!—to Earl's Dene?"

"Yes—and Miss with him."

"Then there'll be some fine doings this winter, I suppose?"

"Hm! The old gentleman's coming to be quiet, he says: and Miss must have changed from what she was if we get any fine doings out of her."

"What was she, then?"

"She wasn't down here much, you know. But she was very odd—damned odd, in fact; and I don't think she and the old gentleman used to pull too well together."

"Will of her own, eh?"

"And a very queer will too. I don't believe she ever danced since she was born."

"Methodistical?"

"Proud, I should say."

"Pretty?"

"So, so. But I don't care much for that style. I think a pretty woman's one that'll let you kiss her—ha, ha, ha!"

"For shame, Mr White!" said Mrs Warden.

"Why, there were a lot of fellows mad about her, I know; and she'd never speak to one of 'em. And well they might be, for I don't mind saying that I'd give a round

plum for her myself if I had it, and be a good many pennies the richer."

"Perhaps she did her flirting up in town?"

"She was queerer up there than down here."

"What did she do there, then?"

"I have to see the old gentleman sometimes, you know, up in London; so I've met her at dinner. I sat next a bishop once, at the last election time. I wonder who'll stand for the county now?"

"And Miss Clare?"

"Miss Anne? She talked—didn't she talk! The bishop was scared out of his seven senses, and the old gentleman got to look like a lobster—and no wonder."

"And what did she talk about?"

"Lord knows what she didn't! But she made out everything to be shams—Crown, and Lords, and Parliament, and law and all: and as to the Constitution—damme, I can't say what she didn't say; I know she made me stare."

"But that was treason!" said the Doctor.

"And blasphemy!" said his wife.

"If I'd been her father, I'd have whipped her and packed her off to bed. I expect that's why he sent her abroad."

"Why, the devil must be in the girl," said the Doctor. "I must get up diseases of the brain before they come home, and lay in a stock of strait-waistcoats. We are to have nice neighbours, it seems."

"It must be a great trial for the poor old gentleman," said the lawyer; "and he member for the county, and a good Tory, and all. You'll have two good patients, I expect, in a day or two."

"How long has she been abroad?"

"Oh, it's some years now. It was just before those damned Frenchmen began to play their pranks."

"Began to? as if one didn't know what the French were, ever since—ever since one was born. A cowardly pack of vermin! I

wish I had the doctoring of a few."

"Oh, John!" said Mrs Warden.

"I do, though. I know what dose I'd give a Frenchman. He wouldn't care to try it twice, I fancy. Ha, ha, ha!"

"What'd you give him?" asked the lawyer.

"Something that'd soon make him bring up his frogs, anyhow."

"I thought you meant you'd treat him surgically."

"So I would, too. I'd cut his frog-swallowing throat, and hang him up by his own wooden heels; and that's surgical enough, I think."

Mr Warden was certainly beginning to get comfortable. Indeed he was getting remarkably so, when a neat-looking servant-girl entered the room with the unwelcome news—does it not always happen so?—that the Doctor was wanted.

His first words on being disturbed were about as complimentary to his patients in general as his last had been to the French nation; his next were a distinct refusal to turn out, even if the message had come from Earl's Dene itself—which was not likely, seeing that Mr Clare was in London and Miss Clare abroad.

"But hadn't you better see who it is, John?" asked his wife, quietly.

"And who the devil is it?"

"'Tis Dick, ostler from the Head, sir. A lady's been took bad in the coach."

"Confound her! Couldn't she wait till she got to Sturfield? Well, if I must I must, I suppose. Where is she? At the Head? I daresay it's nothing."

With his wife's aid he wrapped himself up, and then, having primed himself with another stiff half-tumbler, he set off towards the market-place, accompanied by the messenger.

"What is it, do you know, Dick?"

"Not I, Doctor, nor nobody. Lady's got a genelman, as is from

foreign parts, belike. Leastwise none on us can't make 'em out, not none; not even missus."

"Then, Dick, if the missus can't, nobody can."

"Right for you, Doctor. She be a sharp un!"

The King's Head was in a state of extraordinary commotion, which hardly calmed down even upon the arrival of the Doctor. The ordinary bustle consequent upon the change of horses was over; but the landlord was staring and whistling in a bewildered way, the chamber-maid was running wildly, and without an object, up and down stairs, and the sharp mistress was scolding everybody impartially, and without reason. One or two *habitues* of the parlour, whom no weather had been known to keep away for twenty years, were both talking at once and giving all sorts of contradictory advice, to which no one listened.

The Doctor himself was seized upon by the landlady, who at once led him to an up-stairs bedroom.

He saw a woman lying upon the bed, a man, whom he guessed to be her husband, standing by her side

in a state of helpless distress, and a little girl, of some three or four years of age, crying in a corner. On addressing the man, he found him to be a Frenchman; but, as neither could speak a word of the other's language, the discovery was not of much use. Turning, therefore, his attention to the woman, he saw that she was in a raging fever that would in all probability confine her to her bed for many weeks to come, even if it ever allowed her to leave it alive.

Having done what he could under the circumstances—given the landlady such directions as he thought necessary—told her not to be alarmed about the expense for a day or two—and had another glass of grog at the bar—he went straight home, and, as he always did under circumstances that at all ran out of the usual groove, consulted his wife. She, as she was apt to do, said little, but did the wisest thing that could be done. She made her husband go to bed, went to bed herself, called at the King's Head early the next morning, and then, without delay, went to see Mrs Raymond of New Court.

II.

There have been so many good women in the world—for everybody knows or has known one, and most people know or have known more than one—that it would be unfair and invidious to say of any one woman that she was the best who ever lived. Nevertheless, had all Denethorp and all its neighbourhood been polled on the subject, it would have given an unhesitating and unanimous vote for this Mrs Raymond. She more than supplied the want of a resident family at Earl's Dene; and if New Court had but little political influence, it had all the love and affection that Earl's Dene wanted. If she had lived beyond middle age it may safely be said that none of the com-

plications of this history would ever have been brought about; for nothing with which she had to do was ever known to go wrong. As for her husband, he was anything but a nonentity; he was a most admirable country gentleman—and than that what higher praise can be bestowed?—but he believed in his wife as much as the rest of their world, or even more, if that had been possible. There are some women whose husbands at their death have nothing left but to sit down and die for company; and Mrs Raymond of New Court was one of these women.

This excellent lady lost no time in becoming acquainted with the unfortunate strangers, whom she

found out to be French refugees trying to make their way to London—not because they had friends or prospects there, but just because they knew not where else to go. The child, she learned also, was not a daughter, but an orphan niece of Madame. As much through her care and kindness as through any skill of his, the Doctor's patient recovered; and there would have been no difficulty about his bill even had he made any. And then it ended in Monsieur and Madame Lefort establishing themselves in Denethorp for good and all. They could teach a great many things between them; and so they joined that large army of emigrant teachers with whom those of us who can date back the days of their instruction to the beginning of the century have so many recollections, half ludicrous, half pathetic.

At first, of course, Denethorp did not afford these two very much opening; and they had to thank their patroness for tiding them over a great many early difficulties. In acting thus towards them, the lady of New Court was no doubt mainly moved by the generosity of her heart; but she had another motive. Her little girl, her only surviving child—for, as a mother, she had been as unfortunate as she had deserved to be the reverse—was within a year or two of needing teachers, and the mother could not but feel what an admirable thing it would be to have two persons close at hand who would save her from being obliged to send her child away too soon. In a few years, too, the new prosperity of the town created a class of mill-owners' daughters with an ambition of becoming fine ladies; and a girl-school sprang up in the place which was patronised by many Redchester people. So that, ere long, the position of the foreigners considerably improved.

They were both young at the time of their arrival; and, not very long after it, Madame Lefort bore

her husband a daughter, who was christened Marie. About ten years afterwards she gave her husband a second family, as it were, in the persons of a boy and a girl—in giving birth to the latter of whom she, after having been in chronic ill health for some years past, died.

Death, indeed, had been busy at Denethorp just then, and had carried away at least three of those who have been mentioned in this chapter—mentioned, apparently, only that they might immediately disappear.

Not only had Madame Lefort left her husband with a young family upon his hands, but her friend Mrs Warden and her patroness Mrs Raymond were also no more; and Alice Raymond, the young heiress of New Court, was soon left not only motherless but fatherless also.

The latter, when Europe was once more at peace, was sent by her guardians to finish her education abroad; and, at her own request, was allowed to take with her the niece of Madame Lefort, who had always been a pet at New Court, and had to a very great extent been a sharer in the lessons and games of its heiress. Alice managed this arrangement quite as much for the sake of her own pleasure and comfort as in order to keep up her mother's kindness to the family; indeed, her affection for her playmate was that of a sister. And so now she carried her off to Paris as her companion, both in name and in fact.

Marie, however, had never been so fortunate as to have had much share in her cousin's advantages. While the two were yet mere children, and the latter was spending half her time at New Court, she was left pretty much to the companionship of the Doctor's two children. The elder girl was clever, pretty, and interesting: Marie was plain, not clever, and decidedly uninteresting. She was so quiet, so shy, and, in consequence, so awk-

ward, that she was worse than unnoticeable; and as everybody told her how stupid she was, she naturally came at last to deserve the reproach to some extent. In truth, she was not so much stupid as slow; but, as the difference between slowness and stupidity is almost always imperceptible, it is no wonder that those about her did not perceive it. Such merits as she had were negative, and were such as by their very nature draw no attention and interest no one. Two of these were merits, however, that, uninteresting and unobtrusive as they are, must be allowed to compensate for a want of those brilliant qualities with which they are so seldom combined: she had the sweetest temper in the world, and she was wholly free from the slightest taint of jealousy. She was no more jealous of the affection that every one showered upon her cousin, and gave to her so very sparingly, than the moon is jealous of the sun. She was indeed herself her cousin's warmest and devoted admirer; and the more her heroine was admired the more she herself was pleased.

As these two grew up the difference between them widened and widened, even when approaching womanhood made Marie less absurdly shy and much less plain. Indeed, in point of looks, she became even good-looking enough to be spoken of by strangers, if they noticed her at all and her cousin was not by, as a rather pretty girl. But no one had ever said so to her face; nor was she very likely to meet with any one who would. If any such remark had been made in the hearing of any of her friends who had known her from her infancy, one and all would have stared amazed, and she would have stared the most of all. And so, when her divine cousin went away with her grand friend, Marie was quite content to stay at home with her father and her little brother and sister—to find all her serious

occupation in mending, washing, and suchlike pursuits—and to look for her whole amusement in strumming on the old harpsichord, and in taking gossiping walks with Laura Warden, the Doctor's daughter, who, poor girl, was plain, stupid, and uninteresting in an absolute and positive sense. It was this Laura Warden who, with her brother Mark, had been Marie's early and only playmates. Hers was indeed a dull, poor, stupid life; it scarcely contained sufficient material to feed even a quiet spirit that dreamed of nothing more.

In the course of one of these walks of theirs, the two girls, having been as far as the lodges of Earl's Dene, were strolling homeward by the banks of the Grayl. It was the close of a summer day, and the country had reached the second stage of its beauty.

The Doctor's daughter was in reality the younger of the two, but she did not look so. She was not very unlike, for a girl, what her father had been in his younger days, except that, instead of being tall and stout, she was short and inclined to be stout. In other respects she had no particular figure to speak of—a round, more than rosy face, short turn-up nose, blue-grey eyes, and light curly hair. Even as the Doctor had been considered rather a handsome man by the women of Denethorp, so was she considered a pretty girl by its men. Altogether, she looked like a good-humoured country girl; and her dress was rather fine, rather slatternly, and wholly unfashionable. Marie, on the other hand, though she looked little more than a child, had in reality arrived at the advanced age of eighteen years. Her figure was neither short nor tall, but was elegant in its carriage, and that of a lady, without being so graceful as to be remarkable. Her face, which was rather of the square order, and somewhat Flem-

ish in its complexion and contour, wore an habitual smile that was rather sweet than bright. Her dress, like that of her companion, had but little to do with any of the fashions of the last four years; but it was in as good taste as can well be contrived with a purse narrow to the last extreme. They were certainly not a distinguished-looking pair, and not such as would have received a second look from any ordinary pair of eyes.

The one chattered, the other listened; and, as a matter of course, the chatter had a great deal to do with "He."

"What do you think, Marie? Don't you think He is very ugly?"

"Really I haven't noticed. No—not so very."

"What a girl you are! You never notice anybody, I think."

"Oh yes, I do."

"Come, don't pretend. I'm sure Mr Brown looked your way at church. I saw him."

"That can hardly be, Lorry, when I don't go to church."

"Oh, I forgot you were a Dissenter. Then of course he couldn't have."

"A Catholic, Lorry."

"Oh, it's all the same. I suppose it was at Mrs Price's girls, then."

"I shouldn't wonder."

"La, Marie, how provoking you are!"

"Why?"

"Because you are. I'm sure I wouldn't look at him for the world. He's not so good-looking as that comes to. Would I?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't, if you like."

"I think even Mark's better looking—don't you?"

"Than Mr Brown?"

"Of course—who else? Oh, Marie! look—there's a water-rat! I'd throw something at him if I had it."

"Is that because of his colour, Lorry?"

"How you do go on about Mr

Brown!" replied Laura, with delightful injustice.

"And pray who is Mr Brown?" suddenly asked a voice behind them. "I shall be jealous if you don't take care; and then——"

Miss Laura started and turned round. "La, Mark, how you do make one jump, to be sure!" she exclaimed. Marie held out her hand, with just a little more colour in her face than before.

Not that either had the least reason to be alarmed. Mark Warden was only a manly-looking boy of an uncomfortable age, with little remarkable about him except that he was singularly unlike his sister, and that the want of likeness was entirely in his favour; for he was tall and lank, with a thin pale face, square forehead, straight nose, strong thin lips, and sharp decided grey eyes, which were just now lit up triumphantly.

"You didn't expect to meet me, you two?" he asked. "I've got some news. Guess."

"Oh, do tell us!" exclaimed Lorry.

"You see before you, young ladies, a scholar of Saint Margaret's College, Cambridge."

"La, Mark, what in the world's that?"

"It means some one that'll be a fellow of Saint Margaret's one of these days—perhaps a bishop! What do you say to that?"

"Oh, Mark, what *do* you mean?"

So then he explained to them both his great success, with that glowing flow of spirit that is born from no success in life but the first. Both the girls caught, each in her own different way, the contagion of his triumph; and both to the full shared his interest in the immediate fact that he was no longer a schoolboy, and would be a full-blown Cambridge man in October.

"And the young squire'll be there too, I hear say," said Lorry, who was as much impressed by the fact that her brother would be with

the young squire as by any part of the story.

Mark looked contemptuous, but smiled, for this meant something to him also. He did not explain to them the difference between a scholar and a fellow-commoner.

To be no longer a schoolboy ! That in itself is a great thing : it is to feel that one is really a man—to feel it much more strongly, alas ! than when manhood does really come, and one finds out how little it means after all. Mark at this moment had the sensation of being a new creature altogether, and he looked at the outside world with altogether new eyes. He even found out already, for instance, that feminine sympathy was a pleasant thing, especially when it flowed from one who was not his sister. Possibly it was some unconscious instinctive feeling that this was so with him that had called up the shadow of a blush upon the cheek of Marie on meeting her old tyrant and playfellow.

Besides, Mark Warden had always been, not only her tyrant, but her hero—not an unusual combination, by the way. She was by nature prone to hero-worship, and, next to her cousin, the Doctor's son held the highest place in her little social pantheon. She naturally, and as a matter of course, admired most in others the strength and talent in which she was supposed, and supposed herself, to have no part. Now Mark Warden was not a boy of the most ordinary sort, although there are plenty of boys like him. What his character became when fully formed will appear in due course. But at present it may be said that he apparently inherited but few of his father's qualities. The Doctor used to say of his son, with pride, "Look at my son Mark ; there's an old head on young shoulders for you !" His schoolfellows set him down as being a prig, and his masters held him up as the model boy, alike in point of character, of industry, and of talent.

But his father, his schoolfellows, and his masters were all wrong. In such a matter the instinct of a girl, however young she may be, is infallible ; and no young girl ever admires an old head on young shoulders, a prig, or a model boy. It is of the nature of a Sophia to hate a Master Bliffl. In point of fact the head of Mark was to the full as young as his shoulders, and was filled, besides, with all sorts of impossible dreams : he had no real love of books ; he cared not a straw for the good opinion of anybody ; his talent was not brilliant ; and his freedom from scrapes was simply the result of his industry, which itself was utterly against the grain of his nature.

Does this sound inconsistent ? If so, it is not because it was really so. The square brow and the strong mouth, so early developed, were sure signs that the boy, young as he was, was capable of forming a purpose, and of resolutely keeping to it when it was formed. Every large school contains some such boys, though of course in an inconsiderable minority.

Now Mark, like most whom nature has rendered fit to do something in the world, was a born dreamer ; and as he strolled with his rod and line along the Grayl and through the park of Earl's Dene, he felt to the full that discontent with his lot in life which every professional dreamer knows so well. His own position, his own prospects, were poor enough. His father, now that Denethorp had grown in size and in consequence, no longer in his own person represented the colleges of surgeons and physicians. The Doctor had at first flourished simply because he had had the whole field to himself ; for, as may have been gathered already, he had no qualities that render success superior to accident. It is not necessary, indeed, that a country surgeon should possess the suavity and polished manners so essential to the well-doing of his *confrère* of

the city. A certain roughness and bluntness is in by no means ungraceful keeping with the character; but then, if he has them not, he must have something better. Now, while the ladies of the place, who no longer consisted of his old admirers, but to a great extent of strangers whom the mills had gathered together from various parts of the country, were disgusted with his loud and what they considered vulgar manners—for the ladies of the mills were mightily particular on the score of vulgarity—with his utter want of tact, and with the flavours of tobacco and spirits from which he was now seldom free, their husbands found out that, good fellow as he certainly was in the smoking-room and hunting-field, he was never to be found when wanted; that he took no personal interest in his cases; that he never kept an appointment with anything like punctuality; and that, from carelessness, though not from dishonesty, there was always something wrong about his bills. Besides these easily perceptible defects, his skill was not extraordinary, and his knowledge behind the time; for he never read, and saw no practice but his own, from one year's end to the other. Perhaps, on the whole, he did not kill quite so many patients as either of his two rivals, but then he certainly allowed a great many more to die.

The result of this state of things will readily be imagined; and Mark could not help comparing himself with the heir of Earl's Dene, for instance, who was scarcely so old as he, and who was yet, for no reason that his dissatisfied mind could find out, a spoiled favourite of fortune. Gradually and unconsciously, as with many another boy

of lower birth and worse prospects, the idea of one day becoming rich and great became part of his very nature, and this, in due course, grew from being an unconscious idea to be a set, conscious purpose. By the time he was fourteen he had even chosen the means. These suggested themselves to him in a sudden flash, as it were, when he happened once to be in Redchester at assize time, and was told that the judge whom he saw sitting in scarlet and ermine, and heard addressed as "my lord," was now a peer of the realm, but had once swept out a shop in a country town. So he made up his mind to become a barrister—not quite so easy a step to take in those days as in these. But, for him, the best road to the bar was through a college-fellowship—his only road to the university was a scholarship—and to gain that he must work hard at school. And so he did set himself to work hard, and thus gained his first step towards the woollack.

But also, like most dreamers, he was reserved. He kept his schemes locked in his own breast, not because he was afraid of ridicule, but because it was simply not his nature to make confidences. Indeed, to a certain extent, he was in the same position as Marie. There was no one about him capable of giving him sympathy, far less of aiding or directing him. His father was proud, and his sister fond, of him; but he was outside, if not above them both, and he knew it, exaggerating the distance with the conceit of his age and nature. And thus it was that, unamiable as his character may be thought, it was quite strong enough to gain the admiration of the strength-worshipping Marie.

III.

Above all things, however, let it be remembered that he was, after all, but eighteen, and that a few

months of comparative idleness, after many months' very hard work, were now before him.

These two facts lead to the very germ whence this story springs.

In the very first paragraph of the first part of this introduction to it, the reader received a warning. That warning is repeated here, because, in spite of what people profess, they are, in fact, perpetually craving after complete consistency of character, and are disappointed when they do not find it. Of course, verbally, and as an abstract proposition, everybody is always quite ready to admit that there is no such thing in the world, except, just possibly, in the case of consistent stupidity and consistent obstinacy. But this creed is not held so practically as its orthodoxy deserves.

It will doubtless be gathered from this solemn opening, that the resolute and practical Mark Warden, with a by no means impossible dream of the enforced celibacy of a fellowship before him, fell under the influence of an altogether inconsistent dream, and that he indulged both these dreams simultaneously. In point of fact, youth and leisure, and sudden freedom from the fetters of hard work, are fully sufficient to account for this. But, unhappily, tellers of stories have, for the most part, combined to treat the conscious wish to marry for love as a proof of youthful unworldliness and want of practicality. In reality it is not a proof of anything whatever. On the contrary, the most worldly, the most prudent, the most practical, are just as likely to make absurd and imprudent marriages for love as their neighbours.

In short, there is scarcely anything that a man may not do, however inconsistent it may be with his general character, without offending against the laws even of common probability. David betrays Uriah, and yet remains the most pious of men; Hector runs away at the mere sight of Achilles, and yet remains the bravest; Nero cannot find it in his heart to sign an ordinary death-warrant, and yet remains the most cruel; Napoleon marries his first

empress for love, and yet remains the most heartless. And so, to compare very great things with very small, Mark Warden spends his holiday in falling in love with his sister's friend, without ceasing to be as ambitious, as practical, and as prudent as ever.

But more than this. When a self-willed and practical boy has made up his mind that he is in love with a woman, he is far more likely to attempt to push matters to their extreme point than if he were older, or were of a romantic and sentimental nature. And yet it must not be thought from this that the reader is going to be called upon to swallow such a monstrous notion as that one of Mark Warden's character should, even for love's sake, throw up his chances and projects, and at once burden himself with a penniless wife and her relations. However inconsistent men may be, and are, that would be too absurd.

Nevertheless, if all this is borne in mind, and if it is also remembered that, with a great amount of self-will and a strong disposition to self-indulgence—all the stronger because it was kept under restraint—Mark Warden had always taken care to be clear of all scrapes, and to be on the safe side; that, with a determination to do everything that he wished to do, whether the object were prudent or no, he invariably chose the most prudent means of doing it; that he had quite made up his mind to become a fellow of his college and to make Marie his wife; and if, besides this, are borne in mind the nature and disposition of Marie—her entire subjection to Mark, her intense belief in him, her complete want of any one to whom she might look for advice and rational sympathy—then it will be easy enough to account for what took place before the end of October.

It is presumably unnecessary to go step by step through the whole history of Mark Warden's first love. In its outward progress, no love-

affair of boy and girl could be more natural or free from any but the most ordinary excitement. So delicate, intangible, and, for the most part, so unimpassioned a subject as first love, hardly falls within the coarse grasp of prose. Its very nature abhors the minute elaboration rendered necessary by any attempt to confine its subtle spirit in the bonds of definite words and regular sentences. But still, in this particular case, there were some peculiarities that demand notice.

Now of first love there are two kinds. The first is of that kind which may be called calf-love *par excellence*, when a very young man idly fancies himself in love with the first woman outside his own familiar circle who comes to hand, be she old or young, fair or foul, marchioness or milliner: this dies out as soon as the lover has seen a second. But there is another kind, which is as strong as love's later growths, and even stronger. The first kind is almost invariably absurd. Ten to one the lady is utterly unsuited to her adorer in respect of character, position, age—in short, of everything; and a hundred to one she laughs at him into the bargain. When, however, it happens, as it does sometimes, that the love is only a development of long standing and affectionate acquaintance on both sides; when age, character, and position are all as they should be; when the girl looks up to instead of down upon her lover; and when the latter, though a boy in years, has the power of forming fixed resolves: then, though he will very probably fall out of love again, still, while he is in love, he does not love in play. Men, after all, fall out of love fully as often as boys; so that first and last love may sometimes be much the same thing in every respect.

It very seldom happens that one so young as Mark was now finds himself really looked up to by any girl or woman outside his own family. The peculiarity of his posi-

tion in this respect was in itself more than enough to flatter the vanity, which he held in common with all mankind, into a very good imitation of love, even had other circumstances not brought about something much more than a mere imitation of it. There was certainly no doubt that he was now Marie's hero more than ever. As his self-confidence increased, so did her diffidence. And this feeling of hers, absurd in itself, was not altogether unreasonable by comparison. She, having seen nothing of the world, could only judge what it and its inhabitants were like from her experience of Denethorp; and she was quite right in thinking that her lover, intellectually speaking, was the best man in the place. And then, when he who was her hero told her that he loved her—her, the plain and stupid Marie—the surprise of her sudden glory was enough in itself to make her whole soul overflow in return.

To wish for a thing, and to try to get it at once, are with the Mark Wardens of the world one and the same thing. They do not care for the pleasures of anticipation, and revel in *coups de main*. And so, with him, to wait for the end when he could seize it without having to wait for it was simply out of the question. But then his coming college career—what was he to do? Of giving up that, especially after his recent success, he was just as incapable as of waiting for Marie. Ambition and impatient love were fairly at war.

Meanwhile the days and weeks slipped by with that rapidity of flight that belongs to all things in that magical world in which both were now living. Marie developed wonderfully and in many ways under this new and strange influence. Life had come to mean something now beyond a round of mending and washing, and walking with her friend; and the whole of life was absorbed in pride and happiness.

Generally speaking, a girl of

seventeen is far older than a boy of eighteen—but it was not so in this case; and instead of being mistress of the situation, she was only too willing to deliver up her whole self into his hands if he required it. Indeed, had she been less innocent than she was, the position would have been full of extreme danger for her. The relation between lovers is almost invariably of much the same character as that between a tyrant and a slave, either one way or the other; and, in this case, Marie was certainly not the tyrant. Mark could not even quarrel with her; he could not even invent the smallest cause for imaginary jealousy. If the vacation had lasted much longer, his happiness must have inevitably become tame; and Marie, to whom up to the end it was nothing but a period of the wildest and most intense excitement, would never have dreamed of keeping him up to the proper fever-heat by such artificial means as women for the most part know so well how to use.

But the vacation flew by only too quickly for both; and it was fated that before it was over she was to pass through a period of excitement indeed.

One day her impatient tyrant asked her to marry him—to marry him before the beginning of his approaching three years' absence, and to marry him secretly. He was, of course, not wholly open as to his motives for making this proposal, even to himself. But he was wholly honest in what he did say. He laid before her his great love for her: he told her how upon her depended, as he sincerely felt, the whole of his happiness: how, in fact, he *must* marry her at once—an illogical but always a most powerful argument in such cases: how, on the other hand, all his prospects in life depended upon his success at college: how he should, as he fully believed, do nothing there unless his mind and heart were at ease: how, if he felt that it was for his

wife he was working, he should do everything in the world: and, lastly, how all his fine prospects would be ruined should their marriage be known to others before the end of at least three years. In a word, he argued, she would destroy him if she refused to marry him at once, and ruin him if she did not marry him secretly. Of course he urged all this in a far more lover-like manner; but this is what it all came to.

Not only was Marie singularly poor in friends, but if she had had troops of them, their united opinion would not have weighed a feather, or rather a tuft of down, against the wish of Mark. Besides, the proposal itself was made, as it were, under the seal of confession. Still she could not help feeling, in spite of her ignorance of the world's ways, that somehow she had been asked to do what was not right. She would have been content to wait for twenty years—why should not he? And so, almost to his anger, she did for once show very nearly the spirit of a mouse, and gained time to think.

But even so does the mouse gain time to think when the cat suffers her for a moment to get a few inches away from his inevitable claws. Marie did think, or rather fancied that she thought; and this was what all her thinking came to.

Self-denial was with her a habit. To please any one she loved she would willingly have jumped from the top of the church-tower: to save her lover there was absolutely nothing that she would not have done. Every word that he, in his wisdom, had said to her she believed implicitly. How or why should she not? And she could not, when she came to reason, seriously think that what he wished her to do could be really wrong. If to do what he asked her involved self-sacrifice, why, so much the better. And then, after all, to conceal what she meant to do from others would cost no effort and no

shame. Her shyness, beyond the surface of which no eye but his had cared to penetrate, had grown into an artificial reserve that was none the less a part of her now for having but little to do with her real nature. No one ever caring to know her thoughts and feelings, she had acquired a habit of not telling them; and as no one ever asked her questions about what she did or where she went, she naturally assumed that no one cared. Though not self-confident she was self-sufficing; and so in this matter too, she, as a matter of course, followed the advice of her own heart.

As to how and where the ceremony that was to make them husband and wife was to be performed, there was but little real difficulty. Mark Warden was not likely to be conquered by mere details.

In Denethorp secrecy would have been impossible, and but little less so in Redchester. But in the neighbouring county, some thirty miles away, was the large and important city of B——, where a man might do many more difficult things than getting married without a soul being the wiser. Mark Warden, some few weeks before the beginning of the Cambridge term, found out that he wanted a tutor for mathematics. He told his father so, who, as usual, thought that whatever his son did was all right, and who, in fact, never thought of actively interfering with his children so long as what they wanted to do did not interfere with his own momentary comfort. He therefore scarcely listened when Mark went on to say that he must find the required help at B——. Indeed he would have been much more interested had he been told that it was likely to be a wet day. As to expense, the scholarship was henceforth to cover everything for ever. He happened to have a little money by him just then; and so he gave his son a few guineas, on a

sort of semi-understanding that he was never to be asked for any money again, and, if the truth were known, was not very much grieved when the house was left once more to himself and Lorry; for Mark had come to take not over-kindly to his shiftless ways and acquaintances of the bar parlour. So the future Fellow of St Margaret's went to stay for a while in B——, and in the beginning of October, when all was arranged, sent Marie enough money to bring her there too.

Then, it is true, she felt frightened at what she was going to do; and she would have given anything to have been able to draw back. But it was certainly too late now. So, with much sinking at the heart and much confusion, she made a half-true excuse for going over to Redchester. Thence she reached B—— in the forenoon; and from B—— she returned home the very same evening.

Of course they had, to say the least of it, been guilty of a desperate piece of folly. But enough has now been said to show that, under the circumstances, their folly was not only natural, but almost a necessary consequence of their respective characters, and of the relation in which they respectively stood to each other and to those about them.

When the next morning came, Marie found herself half proud, half frightened, to think that she was now a wife—at least in law and in name; for what being a wife means she knew no more now than two days ago. Her first unconscious feeling when she woke, was one of wonder that the world had not come to an end. She almost thought that she must have been dreaming; and she almost anxiously felt under her pillow for the ring that she was not allowed to wear. But in spite of the secret that filled her heart, the feeling with which she met her father was neither of fear nor of shame. Mark would be a great man one of these days;

and, like the child she was, she looked forward to telling her father the news, when the time came to tell it, as a pleasant surprise. Her only really uncomfortable thought was, that she was not allowed to tell her friend Laura that they had become sisters. She was certainly terribly innocent.

But if her innocence had caused her to commit a great error, it had also stood her in good stead. After all,

“The surest panoply is innocence;”

and so it had been with her.

In a day or two her husband in name and in law returned, and a day or two after that he came to bid her good-bye. It was a real parting; for at that time to go to Cambridge from so distant a place as Denethorp did not mean, at least in the case of a poor man who really intended to devote himself to the work of the place, to be absent for a few weeks at a time, and then to come home for weeks or months. It meant with Mark an almost unbroken absence of three years.

To him, with all his ambition and hope, the parting was full of pain. To her it meant almost desolation. But there was no help for it; and at the last moment, as he passed her window on his way to the coach, she bravely held back her tears for a moment in order that she might give him a smile of hope and encouragement, which made his old purpose seem faint indeed. He felt that to make her happy, and not himself great, must be his purpose now.

So much at present for these. Meanwhile, it must not be forgotten that there was such a person in the world of Denethorp as Miss Clare of Earl's Dene; and this must be more especially borne in mind, as she was now, in fact, Denethorp's great lady.

With her earlier life, as has already appeared, her Denethorp subjects were not very familiar. Her

mother had died soon after giving her birth, and she had been almost constantly in London with her father, and scarcely ever at her country home, for which, being a man of pleasure and politics, he had no taste. It was generally supposed that she had refused countless offers of marriage from countless suitors, who were attracted by her wealth or beauty, or both; and it was known that at about the age of four-and-twenty she had gone abroad with her aunt, a Mrs Lester, whose husband was something in the diplomatic service. After some years she returned home again, and then both her father and herself took up their residence at Earl's Dene, where, very soon afterwards, Mr Clare died. She was his only child and sole heir; and by the time that she came to the property, all her vague reputation for “oddness” had entirely passed away. She was a great lady; and she evidently intended to play out her rôle of great lady to the fullest extent. So successfully did she carry out her intention, that she very soon became regarded with an almost awful reverence by all within reach of her influence, and with rebellious dislike by those with whom she, as a stanch Tory and High Church woman, had long declared open war—that is to say, by the reformers of the cloth-mills and the growing body of Dissenters. To those who acknowledged her authority she was generous and even kind; but to those who did not, she was certainly not kind, and could be very often ungenerous. She was, in fact, endowed with no little of that political asperity which has been said by a great politician to be as unbecoming to a woman as a beard. Her views about Church and State were both decided and practical, and, like the lady in *Molière*, what she wished she wished furiously.

But certainly these present views of hers would have desperately astonished those persons who re-

membered her youth, not in Dene-thorp, but in London, where it had been principally passed. These, too, had considered her odd, and with reason.

Nature had given her, besides her beautiful person, a precocious intelligence, an energetic mind, strong passions, quick feelings, a most excitable imagination, and an amount of obstinacy that, in so young a woman, was perfectly appalling. Circumstance and education had given these dangerous qualities a peculiar direction. The times in which she lived were peculiar, and she was, from her cradle, wrapped round in an atmosphere of politics. Her father lived for politics. In the circle in which he moved nothing but politics was talked from morning till night. Politics formed her whole idea of life and society. Being singularly impressible, and only too ready to take an active interest in anything that was brought before her notice, she caught the contagion fully. But, unhappily, hers was one of those minds that are never satisfied unless they are in chronic opposition to the general or predominant views taken by the world in which they move. Of course, this love of opposition for its own sake is anything but uncommon. But, while the Lydia Languishes of her age and acquaintance were dreaming of romantic elopements with impecunious ensigns simply because their friends wished them to marry sensibly and to be well off in the world, she was bent upon saying and doing things that made everybody stare, simply because her friends wished her to live the life of a conventional fine lady, and either not to think for herself at all, or else to think as she was told. It was certainly not that she in reality liked being a fine lady less, but that she loved opposition more. Had she been a woman of real genius or genuine independence of character, she would very likely have made a name for herself ;

but, as it was, she only got called names by the society in which she lived, which could not comprehend how an English girl of good family could even play at holding such strange and revolutionary notions as hers.

The truth was, that, considering her character, there was nothing more strange in her holding these notions than there would have been in her holding the very opposite, had circumstances been different. She was simply wild, romantic in her own way, and ambitious of notoriety. Had her father and his set been the friends of Mr Fox, she would, on the same principle, and with no more reason, have called herself a Tory of the extremest sort ; but, as he and his friends were steady supporters of the Cabinet of that day, she was bound, in order to be in her natural state of opposition, to take up with the other extreme. Not only so, but her natural tendency to eccentricity, which, in her childhood, had led her to scorn dolls and to rebel against needlework, caused her, when she grew up, to affect a learned and philosophical contempt for the usual amusements and pursuits of her age and station. Her heroes were Washington and Lafayette ; her authors, Godwin and Rousseau. She scribbled a little herself, both in wild prose and vapid verse, and even carried her speculations into regions to which a young and unmarried woman is generally supposed not to possess the key. As may easily be imagined, her father—who never had time to see very much of her, who was quite unable to control her, and who could not in the least understand her, partly, no doubt, because the greater share of her obstinacy was a part of her inheritance—was terribly annoyed, and even alarmed. It was certainly not a pleasant thing for him to hear the arguments of the “ Political Justice ” retailed openly at the head of his table before Cabinet Ministers ; and those of the “ Natural

History of Religion" before Bishops. He made the grave mistake of fancying that she might make a final display of her strange form of romance by perhaps running off with some democratic adventurer, just to prove her belief in the doctrine of universal equality—that she might do worse than marry a penniless ensign, even if she cared to go through the ceremony of marriage at all. Of course, in fancying any such thing he only showed how little he understood her real character. Her republican ideas did not in the least affect her family pride, which was greater than his own. But the mistake, under the circumstances, was not unnatural; and he was accordingly only too delighted when, after many unpleasant domestic scenes, his wife's sister, Mrs Lester, offered, for a time, to relieve him of this *enfant terrible*.

But, as has been said already, they became good friends again before he died; and woe now to any one who, in her presence, should drop a slighting word even of my Lord Castlereagh. Her opinions had changed, but not her nature. Nevertheless, with all her politics and all her narrowness, she was a very good woman in her way. She tried with all her strength to do what she thought was right, and she hated with all her soul what she thought was wrong. Doubtless she would have been a better woman still—better, at least, as a woman—had it been her lot to have had children of her own upon whom to expend some of the spare energy of her nature. She had, to a great extent, endeavoured to supply the want by adopting, not only as her heir, but as her son, the orphan grandchild of Mrs Lester, who was now, like Mark Warden, about to proceed to Cambridge.

Certainly in every material sense the chosen heir of Earl's Dene was to be accounted one of fortune's favourites. With whatever faults or drawbacks it might have—for nothing is quite perfect—no finer place, no better estate, could well be found, out of the hands of the peerage, in all England. If, in addition to the enjoyment of its real advantages, its owner should take a fancy to have a handle to his name, he would have but to ask and to obtain. Indeed it was rather a matter of surprise in the neighbourhood that the late owner had not done so. The artist could admire it for its beauty; the sportsman for the capabilities for sport of every sort and kind that it afforded; the politician for the member that it had as a matter of course sent to the House of Commons ever since the days of the Earls of Wendale; and everybody for the productiveness of the land and its complete freedom from serious encumbrances. But to the angler especially, who had spent a long summer day by the Grayl, and who then, after sauntering past the deer in the Lodge Park up the long avenue, and round the walks of the flower-garden, whose fragrance was such as belongs to those gardens only that have been mellowed by time, and filled with the sweet memories of many generations of fruits and flowers, had been privileged to crown his day with the nobler fragrance of the claret, for which the cellars of Earl's Dene, in spite of frequent feminine rule, were renowned far and wide, the place would indeed seem to be a true province of the earthly paradise into which no trouble might come. And now it is time that its story should fairly begin.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE COUNTRY.

MR GLADSTONE'S recent speech at the Mansion House has called forth a good deal of comment, amounting here and there to somewhat sharp criticism from the newspapers. It is described as more than ordinarily turgid, as singularly deficient in generosity and good taste, and in its general tone as lugubrious, deprecatory, full of much humility, and despondent. We are not prepared to subscribe to the entire justice of these remarks, if they be applied to this particular speech as distinguished from other speeches. Mr Gladstone's oratory is always turgid. He is at no loss for ideas, certainly, let the subject under discussion be what it may; but words seem to crowd in upon him so fast, and in such numbers, that he cannot express a thought, be it ever so brilliant, without overlaying it, as it tries to escape from him, with big sentences. We cannot say, therefore, that we find in his after-dinner speech of the 9th of November last, any excess in the quality of iteration and expansion above what may be detected in others of his speeches, whether in the House of Commons or on the hustings. That he made a mistake in letting such an occasion pass from him without a word of generous praise to the memory of a great rival departed, may be true enough; but let us remember, for what the fact is worth, that Mr Gladstone's mistake in reference to this matter was not like the blunders of other members of the Cabinet. The noble President of the Council, in particular, to whom the Lord Mayor afforded the opportunity, and, ultra-Liberal as he is, set so creditable an example, did not say a word, in replying for the House of Lords, about him who only a few weeks before had been its greatest ornament. Nor would it be candid to omit reference to the fact

that Mr Gladstone no sooner heard of the lamented death of Lord Derby than he wrote to his son, the present Earl, a letter full of earnest, and, we quite believe, honest sympathy. We acquit him, therefore, of everything like a purpose to throw such discredit upon one of the noblest characters of the age as could come from the omission to pay to it the tribute of a passing eulogium on a public occasion. But in all that has been said of the tone of the speech itself we entirely agree. It was lugubrious, it was deprecatory, it was full to excess of humility, real or pretended. It made a revelation of despondency on the part of the speaker such as was probably never before exhibited in the utterances of any public man since the days of Lord Falkland. And to the ascendancy of this feeling over himself we attribute Mr Gladstone's entire forgetfulness of what was due, not so much to the memory of the illustrious dead as to the reputation of the living. For who, when his mind is darkened with doubts, fears, and anticipations of coming ill, ever has had, or ever will have, such control over himself as to attend when he is speaking to the mere punctilios of oratory? No. Mr Gladstone, doubtless, like most of his colleagues in office, found it hard enough, circumstanced as he was, to get through the ceremonial of a Lord Mayor's dinner at all. It would have been too much to expect of him or of them that they should be able to exhibit in their speeches either the quiet grace that is gendered by perfect confidence in their own powers, or the lightness, not to call it levity, which not unfrequently marks the utterances of statesmen who have a desperate battle to fight, and are prepared to enter upon it with true

courage. Accordingly the Lord Chancellor was prosy, Mr Cardwell and Mr Childers were singularly commonplace, and Lord de Grey pedantic and rapid beyond his wont; and Mr Gladstone so heavily weighted with anxiety and care, that his habitual earnestness became, as he went on, painful to witness. The Chancellor of the Exchequer alone rushed into jokes, which were wild, loose, sarcastic, reminding one more of the hilarity of a criminal on the scaffold than anything else. It is true that Mr Lowe's wit is seldom, at the best, the wit that sparkles without wounding. On the memorable occasion of which we speak, it was the banter of a reckless man, who knows his position to be desperate, and partly for bravado's sake, partly because he is nervous and excited, makes a buffoon of himself when he would have done more wisely to have held his tongue. Is all this to be wondered at? Does it require the gift of the second-sight to account for it? We think not.

It might be too much, perhaps, to say that in the history of the nation there never was a period so fraught with peril to the commonwealth as the present. It would be a mistake, at all events, to affirm that the dangers which beset us now are more imminent, more surely and immediately threatening, than those which surrounded our fathers, and from which they escaped seventy years ago. When the Funds were down at 47; when the continent of Europe was in arms against us; when a civil war raged in Ireland, and in England and Scotland sedition and disaffection were rife,—our very existence as an independent State quivered in the balance. The loss of one great battle at sea, a little lack of firmness on the part of the Government at home—either or both of these mishaps might have proved fatal to us altogether. Our position as an independent State was therefore even more critical then

than it is now, because a single failure would have been fatal to us. But the extent of a danger is not always to be estimated according to its imminence. The life of the soldier who mounts a breach seems not to be worth a minute's purchase. The looker-on certainly says of him that he is in greater danger by far than the doctor and the chaplain, whose duties confine them to the hospital, where fever rages and gangrene pollutes the atmosphere. Yet the soldier may escape both bullet and wound, and come back from his one great hazard unscathed; while the doctor or the chaplain, catching the fever, dies—more slowly, no doubt, but just as surely, as if a round-shot had torn through him. So, it seems to us, are we circumstanced at this moment in comparison with what our fathers went through seventy years ago. We are not now, as they were, threatened with some sudden blow, under the weight of which the State shall fall to pieces; but a poison has been introduced into our social system, which, if its progress be not stayed, and stayed soon, must corrupt the juices of our national life, and destroy us quite. Just consider the state to which the empire has been brought by years of misgovernment. Just look at the economical condition of the people—the relations that subsist between the mother country and its dependencies—the exasperation of party feeling in Ireland—the bitterness of sectarian strife everywhere; and say whether, in anticipating the not impossible dislocation of the whole machine, we are fairly chargeable with exaggerating our case. We ask our readers to take note of a few significant facts, and to judge for themselves. Here they are.

With respect to the economical condition of the people, and the consequent health and vigour of the State, the common practice of all Governments, and of all supporters of a Government, is to bid us look

to the state of the public revenue, and to the returns of the Board of Trade, and to judge from these whether the fortunes of the commonwealth be rising or falling. Now we are quite aware that the public revenue of the country exhibits, at this moment, no sign of decadence ; neither are we ignorant that the official returns of exports and imports, as these come to us through the Board of Trade, are all that could be wished. But he must be a very careless observer of passing events, who fails to understand that these things may be so with us, as they have been with other nations, both in ancient and modern times, in juxtaposition with the most widely spread distress, and its never-failing concomitant, discontent in the great body of the people. Rome never was richer as a State, her commerce was never more extensive, than just before the work of disintegration began within her. The Mohammedan empire in the East was richer as a nation under the immediate successors of Aurungzebe than it had ever been before ; yet there was discontent everywhere, and we know the result. Even the French monarchy in the reign of Louis XV. exhibited all the outward tokens of wealth and greatness, while the sufferings of the masses were goading them on to what they did under his successor. In like manner England is, at this moment, at once enormously rich and miserably poor. There is no difficulty in realising whatever amount of taxation it may please the House of Commons to impose. But in thousands and tens of thousands of English homes, bread enough to supply the needs of the inmates is all this while wanting, and the hearts of those who suffer are naturally hardened towards the institutions which they blame for their sufferings. Again, the official tests of our exports and imports seem to prove that as a working and trading people we are more busy now

than we have been for many years past. What a magnificent array of articles these set forth ! How uninterrupted and intense must be the labour of our artisans, if they provide all the articles of manufacture which go forth from our ports ! But what are the facts of the case ? That never, within the memory of living men, were there so many of the working classes out of employ. It may be that for this state of things the working classes are themselves, in part at least, to blame. But we are not now looking about for parties on whom to cast censure ; and if we were, surely the Government, which is weak enough to shut its eyes to a great evil instead of applying a remedy to it, is at least as much in fault as the deluded men who commit the evil and suffer. What we have now to deal with are facts, and here are some of them.

The shipbuilding trade, once so flourishing on the Thames, has almost entirely deserted its banks. Machine-making, both in London and elsewhere, which used to keep thousands of hearths warm, is passing rapidly to the Continent. Spitalfields, Coventry, and Macclesfield, now swarm with paupers. In Lancashire the factories are either closed altogether or work at half-time, and in all our iron districts very many furnaces are extinguished. Meanwhile the poor-rates are rising in every union, and breaking down by their weight householder after householder, who, till the additional shilling or two came to be exacted of him, was just able to keep his head above water, and that was all. For there is no confidence anywhere. Capitalists do not care to risk their earnings in business which no longer pays. And if all this be true, what can it matter to the half-starved operative and artisan that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not put to his shifts, and that the salaries of the officials who in civil and military life serve the Crown are paid with

commendable punctuality? They, poor creatures, have a right to live; and if they entertain the persuasion that the means of living in comparative comfort are taken away from them through mismanagement on the part of their rulers, who can wonder if they begin to believe also that it is time to try whether they cannot exchange these rulers for better and wiser men?

It is curious enough that of the hopes which were held out to the public during the progress of that war of principles which ended in giving to this country Free Trade, not one has been realised. Not one nation in the world has followed our example. We alone, among civilised communities, do our business by buying in the cheapest market, and selling, if we can, in the dearest. All the rest adhere religiously to the conviction that it is best for each particular State to foster its native industries, and to import from abroad only such articles as cannot be produced at home. Now, we are not going, at this time of day, to contend that the commercial principle which operates in France, in Germany, in Russia, in the United States, is the sound principle, or that ours is unsound. The merest learner in political economy knows the reverse. But was it wise in us to adopt the principle, which in theory is a sound one, and to apply it to practice, before we had succeeded in persuading any one of our neighbours to throw in his lot with us? The men of Lancashire and Birmingham are beginning to affirm that it was not wise. Mr Cobden, when he advised and negotiated his commercial treaty with France, made virtually the same affirmation. What business had he, if his faith in his own doctrine was as firm as his admirers assure us that it was, to enter into a commercial treaty at all? Was this done to beguile our neighbours—to their own benefit—into our views of things? So say Mr Bright, Mr Foster, and the

other surviving leaders in the great movement which carried Sir Robert Peel along with it; but what then? Does not this admission on their part justify the demands of the Reciprocity Association? Surely it does. If it was wise to treat with France in the view of bringing her to fall, by degrees, into a more liberal system of commerce, why did we not make our first advances in that direction by contracting treaties of commerce with other nations? And above all, if we are to have commercial treaties at all, why not try to make them remunerative to both parties?

It is a long time ago since we guarded our machinery, our coal, and even our iron in bars—the first by laws which prohibited its exportation altogether, the two last by the heavy duties upon them on export. We then possessed a monopoly of the cotton-manufacture in all the world. But there arose among us clever men, who made it appear that the laws which prohibited the export of any article of English manufacture were unjust laws; and English machinery became, like English-made cotton thread or cloth, attainable by all who chose to purchase it. Probably the repeal of the laws of which we speak only anticipated, by a few years, what would have sooner or later come to pass. English machinery got into the hands of clever Frenchmen and others, and the models from which they worked were soon worked up to, and in some instances surpassed. New fabrics sprang up in consequence, which the Continental Governments fostered with all their might. But coal and iron were so much cheaper and more accessible among us, that we stood up manfully against these heavy duties, and to a certain extent prevailed. By-and-by came Mr Cobden's Treaty, which made the French nation a present, as it presented to all the world, not only English machinery, but English coal and English iron, the raw materials wherewith to

make it, on payment of a duty all but nominal. Observe what has followed. In the first place, the machine-makers of France and Belgium are beating us both at home and abroad. Half the railway companies of the kingdom now import their engines from these States. In the next place, we find ourselves virtually excluded from Continental markets in that particular fabric on which, more than on all the rest, our national greatness was believed to depend; while the French manufacturers, getting their work done at a much cheaper rate, thrust their goods, not unsuccessfully, into our markets, and beat us there. Observe the stimulus which has been given to the cotton-trade of our neighbours, as indicated by the amount of raw material imported by both countries respectively. A few years ago England used to absorb, of the raw cotton sent by the United States to Europe, about seventy per cent; France took at that time five per cent, or rather less. England now takes only forty per cent; France absorbs not less than twenty per cent. The result is, such a state of things in the great seats of our manufacturing industry as it is at once painful and alarming to contemplate, and which we prefer to describe in the words of the 'Times' reporter, rather than incur the risk of being charged with exaggerating the case were we to speak of it as from our own knowledge:—

"MANCHESTER, Oct. 1.—The leading features of the market are again flatness and depression. This is but the natural result of the fluctuations in cotton. Some few weeks ago the price of middling Orleans cotton in Liverpool was close upon 14d. per lb., and it had declined yesterday to 12½d., while good qualities of Indian cotton were down as low as 9½d. per lb. To-day the cotton-market is again depressed and irregular. Oscillations of prices like these almost destroy the market for manufactures. In shipping yarns a moderate business has only been done to-day by accepting the low terms of last Friday. The slight advance obtainable on Tuesday

has been entirely lost. For home-trade yarns the market has been very flat, and but very little business has been practicable at ½d. per lb. decline on the rates of Tuesday. The slight improvement we had to notice in cloth at the close of last week seems now to have entirely disappeared, and since Tuesday the market for these goods has been gloomy and depressed, the depression of yesterday almost amounting to a panic. The decline in the value of goods has been very marked, and the quotations now current are lower than any point touched since the commencement of the decline of prices about a month ago. To-day it appears almost impossible to effect sales at all in any class of manufactured goods, and buyers are holding off with such pertinacity that it appears doubtful if even a further concession would tempt them to operate. The characteristic feature of the market appears to be an absence of offers for all descriptions of cloth, and we close with an exceedingly small business realised. In such a state of things the most likely cure appears to be a curtailment of production, and how earnestly this has been set about is apparent at Preston and Blackburn, out of 51 mills in Preston 35 having closed, and out of 80 in Blackburn 25 being closed, while in both these towns the mills not closed are working short time."

Again, a month later, we have this account:—

"MANCHESTER, Nov. 12.—The demand for shipping yarns has been flat. All descriptions of yarns, except such as are suitable for the trade with China, are lower in price, but there is a demand for these, where they can be obtained for early shipment, at rather full rates. There is not much disposition to operate in home-trade yarns, and prices may be quoted fully ½d. per lb. down since Tuesday. The cloth-market has also been flat since Tuesday, and prices are weaker. The offers for cloth during the last few days have been, in nearly all cases, at lower rates, and the general feeling among buyers seems to be against operating. In some few cases low offers have been accepted, at any rate to a sufficient extent to establish a lower scale of values; but the decline in values has not been recognised by manufacturers to a sufficient extent to induce a large business. To-day the market is very irregular in prices, and the offers making are again lower. Contracts could not be placed at a still fur-

ther decline, and, as manufacturers are not disposed to entertain the only terms possible, very little business has been done."

The silk-manufacture was never with us of first-rate importance. It gave employment, however, to a good many hands, and up to the date of the French treaty could in some of its branches well hold its own. Now it is down at zero, as the enormous and progressive increase of pauperism at Macclesfield, Coventry, and Spitalfields too surely proves. For we cannot accept as proving anything, in the teeth of this acknowledged fact, the letter of the Secretary to the Macclesfield Silk-Weavers' Union. The letter in question shows only that of the master manufacturers some contrive to keep afloat; it does not so much as attempt to account for the circumstance, that of the hands very many are out of work altogether, and the rest working for starvation wages. The depression of the silk-trade among us is notorious.*

Again, be the causes what they may, the fact is past dispute, that capital and labour have entered in this country into a condition of almost universal antagonism. Trades-unions among the men avow their determination to dictate to masters the terms on which their work shall be done; and masters, combining to resist the aggression, find it very difficult to get their work done at all. Observe that in this stage of our inquiry we do not profess to deliver any opinion in regard to the rights and wrongs of this miserable quarrel. We only notice the fact itself, because it furnishes one more proof that, whatever may be the condition of trade as set forth in the Board of Trade returns, and however flourishing the state of the revenue, the economical and social condition of the commonwealth is

most unsatisfactory. But this is not all. Free Trade, which was to have given us the necessities of life for next to nothing, finds us certainly not in a better plight in regard to this important matter than before it came into fashion. Bread is as dear now as it was in 1844; meat is very much dearer. We are paying for our butter just one-third more than we paid five-and-thirty years ago, and half as much again for our cheese. On the other hand, French wines, which the working classes never touch, are poured in upon us largely; and the inferior descriptions are undoubtedly cheap. But how are the people benefited thereby, or rational individuals in what are called the higher classes either,—most of whom have found out long ago that if they wish to escape heartburn, disordered stomachs, and all the ills that come of sour weak drink, they must stick to the generous wines of Spain and Portugal, or to the first-class productions of the grapes of Germany and France, all of which keep up their prices in the market?

That we do not exaggerate in the slightest degree the amount of distress prevalent among the working classes in England, every man who reads his metropolitan or provincial newspaper must be aware. The writers in these journals may differ, and do differ, according to the political bias which sways them, in regard to the causes, immediate and remote, of this national calamity, but to a man they pronounce it to be real. There seems also to be growing up a very general conviction that the only remedy for it is to be sought for in emigration. The following account of a recent meeting of persons interested in the promotion of that object we extract, rather because of

* Mr Chapman himself admits that the Macclesfield manufacturers as a body are of opinion that, as the French send their mixed goods into England free of duty, the English manufacturers, as a matter of simple justice, ought to be allowed to send their mixed goods into France free of duty.

the support which it affords to the general view of the case which we have taken, than because, in the present state of the inquiry, we consider ourselves called upon to approve or disapprove the specified remedy proposed for the evil :—

“A public meeting, which had been convened by the North London Emigration and Home Colonisation Society, took place at St Pancras Vestry Hall, Camden Town, to take into consideration the present distress caused by want of employment, and to urge upon the Government the necessity of adopting immediate measures for its relief.

“Mr William Turner, one of the churchwardens of St Pancras, presided, and having briefly explained the objects for which the meeting had been convened,—

“Mr E. James, hon. sec., read an address which stated that the want and distress prevailing amongst the working classes, owing to the scarcity of employment, which had been steadily increasing for some time, had now assumed such gigantic proportions that nothing short of direct Government interference could remedy it. It therefore became necessary to meet the difficulty by the best means in their power. The first that occurred was emigration, and if carried out on a sufficiently large scale it would no doubt secure the desired result. The next appeared to be the employment of labour in the cultivation of waste lands at home; and it was their object to urge on Government that the country at large is uneasy upon the subject, and that the time has arrived when prompt measures must be taken, and the Society therefore submitted plans.

“Mr Winn moved the first resolution: ‘That in the opinion of the meeting the time has arrived when it is absolutely necessary the Government should be called upon to take immediate steps to relieve the distress amongst the labouring classes caused by want of employment.’

“Mr D. Smith seconded the resolution, and said there were a million and a half of working men out of employment at the present time.

“Dr Edmunds having spoken to this resolution, it was put, and carried amidst applause.

“A further resolution was adopted to this effect: ‘That this meeting approves of both emigration and home colonisation, and hereby empowers the

North London Emigration and Home Colonisation Society to arrange a deputation to the Government, urging upon them the necessity of immediate action, the meeting pledging itself to give every assistance in its power to enable the Society to carry out its object.’

“Several other gentlemen having addressed the meeting, a deputation to the Government was appointed, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman.”

The last evidence which we think it necessary to adduce in support of the views here taken of our industrial prospects, is that of a set of men whose means of acquiring information are the best in England, and who cannot possibly be suspected of distorting facts. Ask any of the Custom-house officers along the Thames how the balance of trade stands. They will tell you, as they have told us, that nothing can be more deplorable—that England has become in the main a country which exports raw material—and that the bulk of the manufactured goods consumed by the people of England is of foreign produce. “Sir,” was the remark of one of these persons the other day, “we are going downhill as fast as we can. The foreigner not only beats us in the cheapness of his articles, but he imitates our trade-marks, and sells in England many a bale of his own cotton-cloth, which, knowingly or otherwise, his customers receive and sell again as of English fabric.”

But it is not thus, exclusively, that the mystification of a flourishing revenue, running side by side with absolute stagnation of trade, is kept up. Besides that our exports are largely in raw material, there is reason to believe that not a few of the manufactured goods entered at the Custom-house for exportation first come to England from abroad, and then leave England for some foreign market. A memorable example of this species of deception was given in the ‘Standard’ of the 8th of October last, by one who evidently knew what he was

writing about, and had good cause to know it. His case might not be of the first order, so far as the importance of the articles quoted was concerned, but it is one strictly in point, and must be judged of more as a sign of what goes on in other departments of commerce, than because of the extent of damage done in this particular instance to British industry. Among other articles set down in the Board of Trade returns as exported to a considerable amount from this country is jewellery. Now the jewellery so exported turns out to be not an English production at all, but the produce of the industries of French and German jewellers, who, for some reason or another, find it convenient to ship their goods first for England, before sending them on, as they habitually do, to South America and elsewhere. Thus a French manufacture passes muster in two ways at our Board of Trade—first as a foreign commodity introduced in the regular course of barter to England, and next as an English commodity cleared out and sent on commission or otherwise to a foreign market.

We subjoin the letter of a Birmingham manufacturer, which is conclusive on this head, and shall be glad if the hint which the writer throws out be understood and acted upon by others of his class:—

“SIR,—In the list of exports published by the Board of Trade ending the eighth month (August) I find under the head of ‘Jewellery’ a large increase in the return over last year. Now, every one having had to do with the jewellery trade for the past twelve months knows to his own cost it has been as bad as it was possible for a trade to be; consequently we naturally ask each other, How do you account for this? By watching the papers your readers will find periodically inserted—such a vessel left Southampton for South America, &c., with passengers, gold, French jewellery, so many thousand pounds worth; English jewellery, a few hundreds. It is quite evident the larger amount given by the Board of Trade is

for French and German jewellery imported into this country and re-exported, thus swelling the figures of our imports and exports.

“It is idleness to ask what benefit the English manufacturer, shopkeeper, and workman, derive from these figures. If the returns for other trades are in the same proportion as the jewellery trade, it is easily accounted for our manufacturing trades being in the state they are in, and the Board of Trade being in a position to publish to the world how prosperous we are.

“By inserting these few lines they may be the cause of other manufacturers watching the imports and exports of his own trade, and in due course we shall then be better able to judge what weight the returns of the Board of Trade have with us, when we investigate as to how far our present Free-trade policy is really for the good of the country.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
A MANUFACTURER.

“BIRMINGHAM, Oct. 2.”

Thus far we have spoken only of the condition of what are called the operative classes, including under that head factory hands, artisans, and working men—such as congregate mainly in our large towns—masons, carpenters, ship-builders, and suchlike. If we look next to the economical state of the rural population, of the labourers who till the ground, and of the small tradesmen and shopkeepers whose customers they chiefly are, we shall find that neither in this instance has England any reason to be proud of herself. Observe that we treat as exaggerated and ridiculous the statements of many of the speakers at the meetings of that most empty of all empty bladders, the Social Science Association. Canon Girdlestone, for example, is, we are sure, a most benevolent person. Probably he has taught himself to believe that the persons whose champion he has undertaken to be are as ill used as he describes them. But even Canon Girdlestone can see only one side of his subject. The weekly wages in money of the agricultural labourers in the south and west of England are un-

doubtedly inadequate. It is simply impossible that a single man—not to speak of the father of a family—can keep soul and body together, or do a good week's work, for nine or even ten shillings. But Canon Girdlestone puts out of view the fact that the persons so paid have their cottages generally at a moderate rent—that most of them have gardens, sometimes orchards—that at haymaking, harvest, and hopping, they earn a good deal of money. And even the cider, at which the Canon affects to sneer, is to them very much what his glass of port or sherry is to the squire, and his home-brewed beer to the farmer. The labourer works the better for it. He prefers it to a proportionate rise in his money-wages. It warms, and therefore strengthens, him. Again, the agricultural labourer and his family, if sickness overtake them, are tenderly cared for and looked after by neighbours, and not least by the rector and his wife, who perfectly understand what they need, and are prompt to give it. No doubt the future of the agricultural labourer is seldom a very brilliant one. He has not yet learned to make it so by respecting himself in his youth. But whenever he does so respect himself, avoiding the cider-shop and the beer-house, the chances of advancement are not less fair for him than for the steady artisan. We have an instance in our eye at this moment, of a person who came into the parish where he now lives, esteemed and respected, with eighteenpence in his pocket. He rents, at this moment, land to the extent of a thousand acres and more, and purchased, a short time ago, an estate for £9000, which came into the market. Admitted, his case is a very exceptional one. Still, don't forget that what has been once may be again. The labouring man's future need not be bounded by the workhouse, unless he himself so

restrict his own vision. At all events, the condition of the married labourer, even in the south, if he be sober and of good report, with his tidy wife and well-ordered cottage, is infinitely preferable to that of the artisan, whose wages, when he can find work, probably exceed the wages of Hodge threefold. If anybody doubt this fact, let him go to a Herefordshire village at the season when hops are gathered, and mark the difference between the children of the soil and the crowds which pour in from what is called the Black Country to help them. There can be no doubt as to which is the superior class of animal. At the same time, it would be ridiculous as well as false to describe the condition of the labourer in the best-managed of our English counties as perfect. It is not so—it is very far from it; and that it is not better than it is, is just as much the fault of our rulers as it is owing to the blunders in legislation that our artisans are starving and our operatives out of work.

The remarks which we have hazarded in regard to the state of trade and of the operative classes in England apply with equal force to the condition of things in Scotland. Glasgow, which depends upon many industries, is just able to stagger on. Among the factory hands there is great suffering; while the artisans combine, and by so doing keep themselves and their employers in hot water as zealously there as in London and Birmingham. Paisley lives, and that is all. Dundee, depending mainly on the hemp and linen trade, is better off than either. The agricultural labourers, on the other hand, would be extremely well to do if they only knew it. The country, being much underpeopled for its surface extent, is free from the pressure which occasionally makes itself felt in the south, and the hind and ploughman thrive in consequence. But even

into this class the mischievous spirit of combination is creeping, and we are very likely to hear ere long of a universal demand for either increase of wages or partial communism in the ownership of what the land produces. We say nothing, at this stage in our general survey, of the spirit of religious and political rancour that prevails—the hatred of everything in Church and State that rises above the level of democracy. That spirit is positively rampant throughout the length and breadth of the land. Mr Bright may find, and probably will when the push comes, that the flattery of his Irish allies ends as it began—with words.

We turn our attention next to the relations which subsist between what may be called the centre and the extremities of the British empire, and we find them to be very far indeed removed from what every lover of his country wishes them to be. Many causes have contributed to bring about this result, to set forth the whole of which in detail would require a volume, and the attempt to compress, or even to make selections from them, would lead only to confusion. We content ourselves, therefore, with observing, that the first efforts at colonisation made by England were rude enough—that the troubles incident to the great rebellion changed their character altogether—and that they resulted in a state of things which bore no resemblance whatever to the model which had originally been set up—a scheme intermediate, so to say, between that adopted by the Greeks and that followed by the Romans. The Home Government neglected its offshoot till its offshoot had become able to take care of itself, and then it interfered only to worry and coerce. Nothing was done to transplant English polity in all its branches to the Western hemisphere; everything to make English emigrants anxious to rid themselves of

their allegiance to the old country. And we know what followed. Now there was no reason in the world why the American provinces should not have been placed, before the middle of the last century, in the same relation towards the British Crown and British Parliament as that in which Ireland at that time stood. There was nothing to prevent, even then, the creation of a colonial nobility, and the setting up in some well-chosen colonial capital of two Houses of Parliament—one of Colonial Lords and the other of Colonial Commons. Had this been done, the British empire would have been at this day such a Power as had never before existed on the face of the globe. It was not done, and the thirteen provinces broke off from us, and became the United States of America. The loss of these States induced a change of policy in the dealings of the Home Government with the colonies which remained, not unwise in principle, but which seems to have missed its mark because in detail it has been carried either a great deal too far or not far enough. It was well to give to each colony, as it became capable of profiting by it, the boon of self-government. It was not well to give that boon to any colony subject to no restrictions. The Dominion of Canada, for example, the Cape Colony, Australia, and New Zealand, are all as much entitled to regulate their own internal affairs as the city of London or the great county of York. But if the Dominion, and the Cape, and Australia, and New Zealand are to continue parts and parcels of the great British empire, they are not entitled, through their local legislatures, to establish a commercial system for themselves which shall be at variance with that which has been determined upon by the Imperial Parliament. What should we say to the Common Council of London if it were to pass a law imposing heavy duties on all silks

which are not manufactured in Spitalfields; or to the magistrates of Yorkshire if they were to protect the woollen trade of their own county by taxing the carpets of Wilton and the broadcloths of Stroud Valley?

Again, it is not only becoming, it is an arrangement rendered necessary by due regard to the honour of the Crown and the integrity of the empire, that wherever the Union-jack is hoisted, there a garrison of imperial British troops should be stationed. Our fathers were too slow to recognise this truth in their dealings with America, partly, no doubt, because till comparatively recent times a standing army was a nuisance to England; partly because, as we have just said, England took no interest in the proceedings of her offshoot till the offshoot had grown strong enough to take care of herself. But the absence from these provinces throughout their growth to maturity of an Imperial garrison unquestionably tended to make the colonists forget that they were subjects of the British Crown; and when the garrison came at last, it came just in time to aggravate the spirit of discontent which already prevailed among them. We repeat, then, that it is essential to the integrity of the empire that wherever the British ensign waves, there a corps of British Imperial troops—more or less numerous as the case may require—shall be stationed. But, on the other hand, it is equally just that in this, which is an Imperial expenditure, the colonies should take their share. Before England and Scotland and Ireland became one nation, garrisons of Imperial troops were quartered in all; but the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland voted the supplies necessary for the maintenance of those portions of the Imperial garrison which fell to their share. What good reason is there why the Dominion, and the Cape, and Australia, and New

Zealand, should not in like manner contribute as much as shall be necessary to maintain their portion of this common Imperial garrison?

In conceding to the colonies the boon of self-government, our statesmen entirely forgot to provide for three incidents. They gave, for example, to Canada what they could not refuse—the right to set up her own constitution. They did not, at the same time, stipulate that Canada, under its local constitution, should stand towards Great Britain and Ireland in the same relations in which, previously to the Union, Scotland first stood towards England, and Ireland subsequently towards Great Britain. The same blunder was committed in dealing with the Cape, and with Australia and New Zealand. And now, instead of negotiating with the leading statesmen in these several provinces for a frank and manly correction of a mistake which ought never to have been committed, we find our Colonial Minister writing stern letters to the Government of New Zealand, and enunciating the doctrine, that forasmuch as New Zealand enjoys the privilege of legislating for herself, therefore her inhabitants are not to look to the mother country any longer for troops to aid them in a terrible war, even though they be willing to pay for such troops.

Again, in conceding to the Dominion and to New Zealand the boon of self-government, our statesmen would appear to have overlooked the fact that they were not signing a deed to disintegrate the empire, and were therefore bound to provide that disintegration should be guarded against. Of the Dominion and of New Zealand only portions, and these, as compared with the rest of the country, very minute portions, are inhabited. To whom does the wilderness belong? If we be still one empire, the answer is obvious enough. It belongs to the Crown, and by the Crown

alone it can be allotted and portioned out. But they who arranged for us the terms on which the people of the old and of the new territories are to live, seem either to have been ignorant of that first principle in the science of government, or to have acted in contravention of their knowledge. Here are we, at home, suffering from excess of population; yet we cannot relieve ourselves by settling on the waste portions of her Majesty's dominions hundreds and thousands of her Majesty's subjects who pray to be conveyed thither, and whose presence is all that is wanted to convert the wilderness into a garden; for the local legislature has been intrusted with unlimited authority—in that matter the Crown is powerless.

It is impossible to exaggerate the extent of evil already done by all this blundering. It is hopeless to expect, unless some speedy remedy be applied to the evil, that the empire will not go to pieces. We, the mother country, did wrong both to ourselves and to the colonies when we mocked them with the sort of self-government which has led to the state in which both parties now stand. We have no right to denude any portion of the empire of an Imperial force. We are not justified—we never were—in failing to require that towards defraying the expense of maintaining these Imperial garrisons the colonies, as integral portions of the empire, should contribute their share. And we greatly deceive ourselves if the colonies—were the point put fairly before them—would refuse even now to come to a right understanding in the matter. Show them that, with their local legislatures empowered to regulate their internal affairs, they have no more right to dictate its general policy to the empire than Ireland had seventy, and Scotland an hundred and eighty, years ago. Show them—what indeed they know already—that it is not for

them to negotiate treaties either of peace or war with foreign nations, independently of the mother country, and on their own account. Let them understand that if this power were conceded to them, they must cease at once to be British provinces;—and the logical conclusions to be drawn from premises so explicit will be accepted by them as a matter of course. The empire is bound to supply garrisons to Scotland and to Ireland; and the Scottish and Irish people, being subjects of the empire, contribute their just quota for such garrisons in the taxes which they pay. The empire is bound to garrison Canada, Australia, the Cape, and New Zealand; and the inhabitants of each of these provinces are, equally with the Scotch and the Irish, liable for their own share, and no more, of the expense incurred thereby.

And here, in passing, we would draw the attention of our readers to two admirable and original letters in the 'Army and Navy Gazette,' from the pen of Major C. E. S. Gleig, late of the 92d Highlanders. The Major's immediate object is to show how an army of reserve can be kept up, not only without pecuniary loss to the State, but greatly to its advantage. He suggests that our regiments, both at home and abroad, should be trained to habits of industry in the reclamation of waste land, and that each well-conducted man should be settled, at the expiration of five or seven years' service, on the land which he had helped to bring into cultivation. His view is to create military settlers, superintended and controlled in time of peace by military magistrates, and made liable, with these magistrates, the latter being officers, to take the field when war breaks out. Now this, as it seems to us, is exactly what we want, especially in the Dominion and the great islands of the Pacific. It was thus that Louis XIV. settled Canada at the close of the great war of the Spanish

succession ; and thus, also, might the British Government, if it were alive, as it ought to be, to the true interests of the empire, not only drain bogs in Ireland, and possibly cultivate waste places in England and Scotland too, but create such a population in the dependencies as would render them secure from any force that could assail them. But where is the Government that is prepared to act thus ? Certainly not that which now misguides public affairs, and is naturally so cast down by the contemplation of the work of its own hands, as to be unable, either collectively or separately, to speak words that cheer when filled with the Lord Mayor's good wine, and invited by the Corporation of London to talk politics.

We hold, then, that from whatever point of view the subject is regarded, our Government has entered upon a short-sighted and mistaken course of policy in denuding the colonies of their Imperial garrisons. The Imperial garrison represents the head of the State. Take it away, and the provinces will forget that they have any other head than their local legislatures. Their Imperial garrison, if the men be encouraged to marry, and to clear the waste, will supply the provinces with the sort of population of which they stand mainly in need. Does any thinking man believe that, if this point were fairly represented to the colonies, any one of them would refuse to pay, in proportion to its ability and resources, for the best possible means of raising itself to affluence and power ? On the other hand, can any argument be adduced in support of the policy which is now in fashion that will bear sifting ? "We withdraw our garrisons," so says the Home Government to the Dominion and to New Zealand, "not with any wish to weaken you, but to strengthen ourselves. The state of the world requires that the heart of the empire should at all times be guarded

against sudden danger. It is only while we are at peace that we leave you to yourselves. Let war with a civilised Power come, and we will immediately send troops to co-operate with you in repelling any attack with which you may be threatened. Meanwhile it appears to us that against Maories, Kaffirs, and other savage tribes, there are in all our colonies men enough of English blood to hold their own, and more than hold their own, if they be willing." But, in the first place, what if the men of English blood in these places deny this conclusion ? What if the New Zealanders, in particular, affirm that we expect more from them than they can render ? Are they likely in this case to retain any love at all for England or the English connection ? Is it not well known to them that there are other Powers willing to protect them, if only they consent to break off from the old country and join themselves to the new ? The United States are quite prepared, we believe, to extend to Australasia the protection which England refuses, on conditions. But this is not all. The colonists will have truth on their side when they allege that, whatever the pretext may be, the real cause of their desertion by English troops is a short-sighted eagerness on the part of the Government for economy. For it is not the fact that the home garrison is strengthened in the ratio at which the garrisons of the extremities are weakened. The army has been reduced within the last twelve-months by not fewer than 20,000 men. The numbers withdrawn from all our foreign possessions put together do not amount to 10,000.

With this progressive cutting asunder of the bonds which till of late connected them with the mother country, not one of the colonies is satisfied. So strong, indeed, were the remonstrances from the Dominion, in particular,

a year ago, that the Home Government was constrained, after issuing orders for the return of certain regiments, to countermand these orders. The Dominion, however, not less than our offshoots in Africa and Australasia, know that the evil day is coming; and though little may be said of it openly, it is no secret to those whose opportunities are good of knowing how the case stands, that the relations between the several portions of the empire are much less satisfactory at this moment than they ever were since the thirteen provinces began to speak of independence.

It remains now to speak of Ireland—a task which we purposely put off to the last, because in that unhappy land there is not a single object—economical, social, or political—on which the eye of a patriot can rest except with anguish. The message of peace which was sent last session to the Irish people proves to have been but a declaration of more extended war. Not for a moment does priest or demagogue profess to be gratified, far less contented, with what has been done. New cries are raised, as all who could see a mile before them anticipated would be the case; and a fresh and sterner strife between order and confusion awaits us. It seems scarcely credible that the leaders of the party which carried the great measure of last session could have been so infatuated as to imagine that it would operate as a sedative to Irish agitation. At all events, whether they laid that flattering unction to their souls or not, events have entirely falsified their expectations. We are in for a more desperate struggle to maintain among our fellow-citizens across the Channel the supremacy of law, than any man now living has as yet seen, or probably ever expected to see. What is the condition of the unfortunate country over which such a cloud of darkness seems to be gathering?

Ireland, economically considered

—that is to say, looking to the physical condition of the great mass of the population—is undeniably in advance of what it was even twenty years ago. The soil is better cultivated; the breeds of sheep and cattle are prodigiously improved; the farmer makes a great deal more of his produce; and the labourers are better paid, better fed, and better housed. Beyond this, however, except in the north, we cannot go, because Ireland is just as much and just as exclusively an agricultural country now as she was at the beginning of this century. Of the factories which enterprising individuals endeavoured from time to time to establish, not one outside the province of Ulster has flourished. Mr Wilson, we believe, just holds his own, and that is all, in Limerick; and as to Dublin and Cork, the manufacturing wealth contained in one of the back streets of Belfast would probably suffice to buy up the whole which both cities combined could show. Something is gained, however, by the undoubted progress that has been made in the staple industry of the island. The people are still squalid, ill dressed as compared with their Scotch and English neighbours, not over-industrious, nor remarkable for the cleanliness of their habits. But they have within their reach the means of at least contentment, if they could be prevailed upon to grasp them. There is no positive want, there is very little real poverty, in the country now; yet is the country as far removed from what its best friends could wish it to be as east is from west.

The great misfortune of Ireland is, that among the many gifted sons whom she has reared, not one has ever seriously bent himself to the task of trying to create in his people a love for the pursuits which make tribes and nations great and prosperous. The burden of all the addresses of all her national leaders, from those of Grattan to the shrieks

of O'Connell and Mr Moore, has been, and continues to be, outrageous abuse of England. Ireland is poor, because England has made her so. Ireland is disaffected, because she feels herself to be a conquered and oppressed nation. Ireland will do nothing for herself, and cannot be expected to do anything for herself, till she has succeeded in throwing off the yoke of the stranger. You advise her people to turn to other industries than agriculture, and give encouragement to the embarkation of capital in trade and manufactures, by showing that they who come to trade and weave among them will be well received ; to take advantage of the teeming fisheries which surround their shores, and become, as they easily might be, the chief purveyors of that species of food to the rest of the United Kingdom. You may as well address yourself to the north wind. The Irish imagination cannot stoop to things so matter-of-fact as these ; the Irish orator would not condescend to notice them—a far higher flight is his. He agitates, and stirs up others to agitate, for the righting of Ireland's wrongs ; his remedy culminating in this, that Ireland must be given over to the Irish.

Another great misfortune to Ireland has undoubtedly been, that, as well before as after the Union, successive Governments have neglected to foster the growth of habits of steady industry among the people. We concede the point that, at the outset, England, under her Revolution rulers, was mainly to blame in this matter. The infant industries of Lancashire were jealous of rivalry elsewhere, and easily persuaded the Whig Government of that day to legislate for the suppression of Irish manufactures. But let us not forget that the Irish Parliament, in that memorable interval to which Irish patriots still look back as the most glorious in her annals—when the volunteers gave the law to both Houses—not content to undo

what the British Parliament had done, went on to retaliate on the English nation. Laws were passed prohibiting the export to England of articles which the English were willing to receive, and laying a heavy duty on manufactures of British growth. There followed, as a matter of course, the rapid decay of the few industries which Ireland had learned to set up, her own Parliament cutting her off from the only markets that were open to her. Happily for the north, it was peopled mainly by a race conspicuous for self-reliance even among the various genealogies which make up the population of these islands. These men laid the foundations of the linen industry amid difficulties which would have restrained any others than themselves, and when better times came they raised it to what it is now. Everywhere else the Celt betook himself to his conacre and his bog, out of which no human being, whether demagogue or representative of the Imperial Government, sought to raise him. He was fruitful, and multiplied in a condition of life intellectually degraded, and physically close to starvation-point.

A third great misfortune to Ireland has been the dominance among her people of the very worst type of that particular form of Christianity which is in its nature the least provocative of independence of character and steady industry among the laity. Let us not be misunderstood. The Church of Rome is not necessarily adverse to the growth of industrious habits and self-reliance in a people. There is not a more industrious, nor, in their social relations one with another, a more amiable people in Europe than the Belgians. But the Belgians are industrious and kindly and self-relying, not because they are Roman Catholics, but because Romanism, though the Church of the State, is restrained by the State from intolerance, and because all classes of the people, except the very

dregs, refuse to be priest-ridden. Now, in Ireland, Romanism has since the Reformation shown itself, whether persecuted or persecuting, in an aspect the very reverse of this. The priests have been, and still continue to be, to the great body of the Irish people, their chief advisers; and their abhorrence of the English connection, their hostility to every proposal which has for its object the progress of English civilisation and manners of life in Ireland, is notorious to the whole world. From generation to generation, their spiritual guides have industriously taught the Irish people that they will never be free, prosperous, or happy, till they have broken away from England altogether, and, as a necessary and blessed result, stamped out Protestantism from among them.

Till the great famine of 1847 the priests had it all their own way in Ireland. Since the tide of emigration set strong from Ireland to the United States, and an Irish party consolidated itself abroad as well as at home, a sterner spirit than they perhaps were desirous of evoking has shown itself among their flocks. Fenianism is undoubtedly the result of priestly training; but we suspect that it is scarce the sort of result which priestly training was intended to bring about. The priests, however, finding it too powerful to be restrained, put themselves at its head, for the ostensible purpose of giving to it a new direction. They made use of it to bring about the destruction of the Protestant Established Church; and they will divert its force next to the attainment of the two great ends on which they are bent. First, they will make it subserve, if they can, their designs on the Education question; and next, they will work it for the settlement of the Land question. The priestly settlement of the Education question is a very simple affair. It is intended to undo all that has been done in the course

of the last thirty years, and to hand over the youth of the nation to be taught as the hierarchy shall direct. Queen's colleges, national schools, Trinity College itself, are all to go by the board, and seminaries, presided over by priests and nuns and their creatures, are to rise on their ruins. As to the Land question, that must be settled on a principle which shall make them virtually the arbiters of Ireland's destiny. Remember who the Irish priests are, from what class in society they spring, what their education is, what their social status. The sons of small farmers, all their sympathies are with the farmer class. Dependent for their own subsistence on dues and fees, they are naturally desirous that their flocks shall be in a condition to pay them liberally; and their flocks consisting almost exclusively of farmers, cottars, and small tradesmen, among them they are anxious that the property of Ireland should be divided. Now it matters very little whether this division be brought about by a bold act of the Legislature, confiscating the land at once, and parcelling it out again in fee-simple among the occupiers, or by a milder measure which shall declare the owner and the occupier to be joint-proprietors. In either case the priest will attain his end. But why speak of the cases as two? Such a settlement as is openly demanded at all the farmers' clubs in the south of Ireland can only be a stepping-stone, and nothing more, to pure confiscation. For how long, does anybody suppose, will the occupier of the soil be willing to continue his payments to an annuitant whom he never sees, and who does nothing for him in return for the annuity? No, no. Priest and occupier equally look beyond a consummation so futile as, for convenience' sake, they now put forward. Ireland for the Irish is their motto, and they will take the realisation of the project implied in it in no sense except their own.

Meanwhile, with a view to smooth down differences, priest and layman address themselves with equal zeal to one object. They demand that the Fenian traitor-felons whom the Government still keeps in prison shall be set free. In the shout that is raised for that great end, all minor noises are drowned. The order and discipline that prevail among the masses who take it up and carry it on, is, moreover, marvellous. Crowds go where they are ordered, do as they are bidden, wear such badges as their leaders require them to wear, and march to the sound of seditious music. All their emblems, all their mottoes, are treasonable. The harp without a crown is prominent on their banners. Their scrolls bid "God bless Ireland," but not a word of blessing to the Queen. Here and there, under false pretences, they commit outrage on their Protestant neighbours; but in general they are harmless in the consciousness of their own great strength. Nor may we refuse to take notice of the simultaneous growth of agrarian outrage, and the secret compact into which jurymen seem to have entered with one another not to convict the assassin of a landlord or an agent, be the evidence against him what it may. The scene in Clonmel, where the would-be murderer Barret was tried, surpasses everything of which the record has been preserved even in Ireland. On the whole we agree entirely with the writer of the following sentences, not because a Tory newspaper gives them circulation, but because they enunciate an alarming truth:—

"The situation in Ireland every day grows more serious. It is impossible for any one to disguise from himself the fact that the agitation which is now spreading over the country presents some features such as Irish discontent has never before assumed, or at least which were never so broadly conspicuous. Side by side with the chronic agrarian disaffection, with the ordinary incidents of murder and roadside out-

rage, and closely allied with it in its character and aims, there has sprung up, under the disguise of a movement for the release of the Fenian prisoners, a spirit of bitter and violent hostility, not only to the English Government, but the British nation. The demands of the malcontents are no longer confined to the redress of real or sentimental grievances. The tenant-farmers no longer agitate for fixity of tenure simply. The Fenian sympathisers no longer appeal to either our justice or our mercy. Even the roadside assassin no longer lurks in secret, depending for his immunity on the passive sympathies of the rural population. All these various representatives of anarchy, of disorder, and of sedition, have for the first time in Irish history joined their forces. The meetings at which the names of Gladstone and Bright are cheered, are the same which agitate for fixity of tenure, and for the release of the Fenians. The hero of the 'agrarian outrage' is the recognised 'national champion.' The men who applaud the vehement national speeches of Mr G. H. Moore and Father Lavelle, are the same as those who sympathise with the agrarian assassin, and who insist upon perpetuity of tenure. The symptoms all point to one and the same feeling, which is of open and undisguised enmity to the British connection. Fenianism, from having been the skulking trade of a handful of foreign desperadoes, has suddenly advanced into the declared faith of the masses. All the old varieties of Irish disorder seem to have combined in producing one great national revolt against the British Government, of a character sufficiently grave to demand the earnest attention of all sober politicians."

So much for the 'Standard.' Now hear the 'Times' on the same subject:—

"Almost every mail brings us news of very remarkable scenes which are now occurring in Ireland. Green flags and bay leaves, with 'the thousands of gallant Tipperary' crying out for the release of their imprisoned heroes, are too ordinary phenomena to call for special notice; but the present demonstrations in favour of the release of the Fenian convicts recruit from among high sheriffs, members of Parliament, and similar dignitaries. The Irish Church question has faded in Ireland itself into the far distance. If recollected at all, the emancipation of the

Catholic majority from the yoke of a Church of the minority is remembered only as an instalment of a debt, or as an additional title on the part of the prisoners to their countrymen's gratitude. By the side of this fascinating new occasion for uttering sedition and menaces even the Land question itself is reported to be grown already obsolete, and superannuated before it has been fairly born. The character of these displays makes us fear that there has been some little misapprehension across the Channel of the recent Irish policy of the Imperial Government. It will be for the good both of England and of Ireland to let it be clearly understood at once what it is which has been conceded, what further can be conceded, what cannot be conceded, and the reasons both for doing so much and for not doing more. The circumstances of the Fenian insurrection must be still fresh in the memory. If ever an insurrection deserved punishment, one so utterly reckless and aimless as this rebellion did deserve it. On the contrary, the Government treated its leaders very properly, but at the same time very leniently, rather as if they had been lunatics than incendiaries. In other countries again, an outbreak like Fenianism would have been caught at as an excuse for the severest coercive measures against the districts which had harboured it; but English Liberals only took occasion from it to examine the past conduct of the State towards Ireland, in order to discover some apology for the folly. The result has been the Irish Church Act."

It was with the conviction on his mind that these things were so, and that by himself and his party the country had been brought to the condition in which it is, that Mr Gladstone sat down, on the 9th of last November, at the hospitable board of the chief magistrate of the city of London. How could he be expected to exhibit any tokens of hilarity, or even of contentment, there? He knows that eighteen months ago Ireland was returning fast to a state of quiet; that Fenianism was stamped out; that the priests were overawed; that the tenant-farmers were begin-

ning to see how little they would gain by further agitation; that agrarian outrages had well-nigh ceased to be chronicled. He is perfectly aware that the Government which he succeeded in displacing had matured its plans for re-establishing in England the reign of confidence; and that whatever wounds might still rankle between the colonies and the mother country would have been healed up by generous forbearance on both sides. It did not suit his book to let the healing process go forward. Madened by defeat in his race of ambition, he appealed to the two moving springs of action in the heart of the Irish Celt—his hunger for land, and his abhorrence of Protestantism; and, backed by all the strength which sectarianism in England and in Scotland could give him, he broke through the Constitution into office. That he is little satisfied either with the work already done, or with the not less terrible task which is before him, but from which he cannot turn aside, nobody who knows anything at all of the man can doubt. He cannot, however, stand still. Like the hero of the German story who has bartered his soul away to the devil, for him there is no retrogression—no, not even the power of halt. Observe how he has begun to deal with the House of Lords. Ten peers created in one batch, all of them partisans, two of them Roman Catholics: we have had nothing like this among us since the custom of creating peerages by patent began. Is there no significance in this? Does it not imply that regard for the independence of the House will weigh with him no more than respect for the Church Establishment did, if it threaten to stand between him and the accomplishment of a purpose which is necessary to keep him where he is?

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